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Nov 3. 1911

Mr. Stransky Philharmo[nic]

Gets Fine Effect with Orchestra at New York Debut—Mr. Zimbalist a Success.

Herald

Aided by a new conductor, a new soloist and a new concert moster, the Philharmonic Society began to be seventy years young with last night's concert in Carnegie Hall. It marked the American début of Mr. Josef Stransky, the Bohemian conductor: the New York début of Mr. Efrem Zimbalist, and the elevation of Mr. Henry P. Schmitt to the post of concert master.

Mr. Stransky came from Berlin to fill the post left vacant by the tragie death last spring of Gustav Mahler. His first impression was decidedly favorable. He is pleasing in appearance, young looking, smooth of face and wth short cropped curly hair streaked with gray.

He is free in his gestures when conducting, but has no marked eccentricities. There is no mistaking the demands he makes upon his orchestra, for his beat is decisivo and clean cut. HHe has a singularly winning gesture with his left hand when he coaxes for a greater volume of tone. At no time are his gestures angular or ungraceful, but at climaxes he raises both hands defiantly high over his head. All these movements are means to an end, for Mr. Stransky seems to get out of his orchestra exactly what he is after. He is an emotional conducor, not a pedantic one. He conducted entirely from memory last night, save when leading the accompaniments for Mr. Zimbalist.

Mr. Stransky made friends quickly with his audience. The applause that greeted him when he made his first appearance on the platform was a warm, but conventional welcome, extended a stranger. But after each movement of the Beethoven Eighth Symphony, with which the programem began, there was heary applause, that came to a climax after the Liszt "Tasso." Then a laurel wreath was laid at his feet, nd he ws recalled nearly a dozen times while more enthusiastic ones shouted "Bravo."

After the final number, Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger," a storm of applause again assured the new conductor that he had won his first audience. Immediately after the concert he retired to the artists' room, and while puffing a cigarette, said:—

"I am delighted with the responsiveness of the New York public, am delighted with the Philharmonic Orchestra and am proud and happy to be here."

His best effects were achieved in Liszt's "Tasso," where the finale was really stirring, and in the milder moments, of which he showed poise and sentiment. His interpretation of the Beethoven Symphony was very interesting, but gave occasional traces of nervousness, as might have been expected at a début. Nor was the playing of the orchestra beyond reproach in this number, while in "Tasso" and "Meistersinger" prelude they played with extraordinary spirit and dash.

And now for the soloist, Mr. Zimbalist, a Russian who is only twenty-two and looks much younger. He is a wonderful artist, possessing a tone that is at times as full as that of a 'cello, and is always beautiful. His intonation is flawless, and yet he has temperament in abundance without any of the usual outward signs, such as tossing of head and swaying of body. He sttands almost rigid and pours out this wondrous tone. He played the Glazounow Violin Concerto, not by any means a pleasing or grateful writing, yet he roused his audience to a pitch of excitement.

It was a great night for the Philharmonic Society.

Nov 3 1911

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

LUDWIG HESS MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

Sun.

An Interesting Programme of Music by Richard Wagner—Mr. Hess a Typical German Tenor With a Good Natural Voice but Bad Tone Production.

The Philharmonic Society gave its "first extra" concert yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The title "extra" is without doubt intended to describe those concerts which are not included in the subscription series and the significant numeral "first" intimates that there will be yet more of these entertainments. Those who hope that the Philharmonic season will be prosperous (and who does not?) will be glad to see a long vista of "extras" stretching away down to the very last days of the musical year.

Yesterday's "extra" was devoted to the music of Richard Wagner and the introduction of a German singer, by name Ludwig Hess. Conductor Joseph Stransky offered for the delectation of the large audience the "Flying Dutchman" overture, the "Siegfried Idyl," the "Götterdämmerung" funeral march and the last pages of "Die Walküre." Mr. Hess sang *Lohengrin's* narrative and the prayer of *Rienzi*.

Altogether it was an interesting programme and the audience appeared to enjoy it greatly. The temptation to comment in great detail on the performance of the orchestral numbers may be resisted. Mr. Stransky's readings were in no way disturbing. His "Flying Dutchman" overture was well planned and in general well executed. There were excellent touches in the funeral march, such as the unusually sharp attack of the stopped horn repetition of the Rhine daughters' motive in the minor mode near the end. The effect was dramatic.

On the other hand it is not unlikely that when Mr. Stransky is more familiar with the acoustics of Carnegie Hall he will moderate the vigor of his brass. There were passages yesterday in the overture and again in the march when the tone of the brass choir suffered from forcing. It was a pity, for the quality of the Philharmonic brass is naturally good. But it cannot be expected that a director who finds himself in strange surroundings will take their measure at the very outset. The least satisfying part of the orchestral performance was the "Siegfried Idyl," which lacked smoothness and richness of tone. And there were moments also when the intonation was not all that it should have been.

It was perhaps unfortunate that such bold claims had been made in advance for Mr. Hess. He disclosed himself as a typical German tenor, free from some of the faults most cherished in Teutonic ideals of singing, but possessing some of the others in the fulness of their demerit. His voice is one of great natural beauty, but his method of tone production, as revealed yesterday, is fundamentally vicious.

Only those who are well acquainted with the ideals of singing beloved by Germans—and to which they are always enthusiastically false when Caruso goes to their cities—can understand how it is that a man with such an excellent organ should use it deliberately to project ugly sounds into an auditorium. "Throaty" is the term commonly employed to characterize such singing. As of old, the German first closes his throat as tightly as he can and then by sheer force squeezes the tones through it. The result is distressing to the sensitive musical ear.

On the other hand Mr. Hess can sing and does sing a good legato, and this is something which the Germans as a rule discourage. They prefer to hear the consonants so sharply articulated that the flow of tone is subjected to numerous and violent interruptions. Again Mr. Hess has merits in his declamation and in his general style. The neutralization of some of them by the unpleasant quality of his tone was one of the regrettable features of his singing. He is to give a song recital on Tuesday, and it is said that in this department of his art he is at his best. Perhaps the impression will then be better.

THE MANNES RECITAL.

Times

Music for Piano and Violin by Mozart, Reger, and Brahms at the Belasco.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes gave last evening in the Belasco Theatre the first of their three sonata recitals for violin and piano which are their annual contribution to the music of New York. There is much to give pleasure in these performances of chamber music, in which the two players have so complete an understanding of each other, and in which style of chamber music, and its intimacy, are so carefully preserved. The programme last evening consisted of Mozart's sonata in B flat, a "Suito in the Old Style," by Max Reger, Op. 93, and Brahms's sonata in G major, Op. 78; Reger's suite is unfamiliar matter. It consists of a prelude, a largo, and a fugue in which the composer has indulged his fondness for the style of Bach with his own ideas of harmony, which are not at all in the style of Bach; and this is especially to be observed in the prelude, of which the theme is stoutly modeled on an eighteenth century formula. In the largo and fugue there are moments of real charm; but the incessantly chromatic and shifting harmonies give a feeling of unrest. The performance was carefully studied and finished, but Mr. Mannes's tone suffered apparently from unfavorable atmospheric conditions.

Nov 13 — 1911

The Symphony Society.

It was made very plain, not only by the care and enthusiasm bestowed upon the performance by Mr. Damrosch and his men, but also by other evidences, that Rachmaninow's Symphony in E minor was looked upon as the chief feature of the Symphony Society's concert in the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon. It certainly was in the matter of length, for it consumed more than half of the time devoted to the concert; but even a most amiable disposition must be pretty hard put to it to explain why the contents of this work should require a full hour in their exposition and illustration. Both the Boston and Russian orchestras produced it here last year, and in its home city the former organization felt called on to play it twice. If the Boston public really cared so much for this music as the bald fact of the repetition indicated, it is either a keenly discerning public or one easily befooled; but in any case a patient one. Such honesty in the choice of thematic material as Mr. Rachmaninow has manifested is praiseworthy, admirable, even thrice admirable; such willingness to exploit the material by the cheap device of mere repetition is simply deplorable. Who of the listeners with a lingering memory of the "Eroica" symphony of the day before, with its demonstration of what development of theme really means, could endure the half hour of iteration and reiteration of theme which consumed thirty minutes, with patience? Who, intelligently appreciative of what Tschaikowsky did with the descending scale in his so-called "Pathetic" symphony (toward the close of each movement) could fail to be impatient of Rachmaninow's effort during the last ten minutes of his work to give it a symphonic significance, instead of the probably poetic or programmatic purpose which it had in the mind of the Russian, who was incomparably greater as a creative genius than the very admirable, very ingenious Mr. Rachmaninow. But though the music was wearisomely long, and though it might have been wished that the composer had either begun or ended (preferably the latter) when he so plainly indicated a close in the slow movement (a really noble flight), the symphony, which Mr. Damrosch read eloquently and his men uttered vitally, made a fine impression and will, no doubt, go down on the records as a significant incident of the season.

Between this opening number and Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Miss Parlow and the orchestra played Bruch's fantasia on Scottish airs, a tricksy and troublesome piece always, and doubly so yesterday, with the meteorological conditions so subversive to pure intonation as they were. The weather stood in the way of perfect enjoyment of the music, but so, also, did the lady's ultra-sentimentality in the proclamations of the good old tunes.

H. E. K.

Nov 14 1911

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—AIDA; opera in four acts and seven scenes. Book by A. Ghislanzoni (in Italian). Music by Giuseppe Verdi.

Il Re	Mr. William Hinshaw
Amneris	Mme. Margarete Matzenauer (Her debut in America.)
Aida	Miss Emmy Destinn
Radames	Mr. Enrico Caruso
Ramfis	Mr. Adamo Didur
Amonasro	Mr. Pasquale Amato
Un Messaggiero	Mr. Angelo Bada
Una Sacerdotessa	Miss Lenora Sparkes

Time was when Verdi's "Aïda," which was given at the oponing of the soason at tho Metropolitan Opera House last night, would not attract an audience of great size in this town. Even in the days of Maurice Grau's brilliant casts, when such singers as the two De Reszkes, Nordica, Mantelli, Scotti and Plancon were assembled to fill its exacting rôles, it was not performed with great frequency nor always to what managers gleefully call "capacity." But operatic taste has changed since the period when the public intorest centred upon the French and German impersonations of Joan de Reszke.

The most potent magnet in the local operatic world is the voice of Enrico Caruso and *Rhadames* in "Aïda" is one of the parts in which its most brilliant tonos are permitted free play. In addition to this the opera provides a field for other admired singers and for the exhibition of those glorios of scenic attire which have become familiar elements of contemporaneous productions.

Without doubt there would have been a large audience at the Metropolitan last night for anything except one of the most exacting of the Wagnerian dramas. It is "the thing" to be at the opera on the opening night. All the world and his wife being present, it was plain that there was no small amount of curiosity as to the state of Mr. Caruso's voice. It may be too that some wero interested in hearing the new contralto.

But to Caruso belong the spoils. Caruso all right? Yes! Then the season is a success. The question was happily answered last night. In the "Celeste Aïda" there were some doubtful moments and "Immenso Phtha" has at times been more immense, but Mr. Caruso easily proved that his skill and experience knew how to meet passing troubles, and in the Nile scene he had his customary triumph. His voice sounded beautiful in all moderato passages and the forte passages were good enough to please all hearers except the most anxious.

The performance as a whole was excellent. It was so chiefly because of its cohesiveness, and this was due to the firm guidance of Arturo Toscanini's master hand. There had undoubtedly been some rehearsal, for the unanimity of principals, chorus and orchestra in the ensembles was noteworthy, and throughout the evening there was a fine elasticity of nuance.

Miss Destinn as *Aida* sang with great art and dramatic feeling, while Mr. Amato hurled volumnes of virile tone into the auditorium as *Amonasro*. Mr. Hinshaw was a new representative of the *King*, and a good one. His enunciation was a delight. Mr. Didur occupied his old place as *Ramfis* and succeeded in making the domination of the priesthood quite as unpopular as it became centurics aiter the era of the opera's story.

The début of the evening was that of Margarite Matzenauer, late of Munich, as *Amneris*. She is a woman of imposing presence and has a mobile and expressive countenance. Her action was dignified and had delineative value. Of her singing there will be abundant opportunity to speak in the course of the season, but there need be no hesitation in saying now that she achieved a pronounced and deserved success with the audience last night.

She has a superb, rich and very flexible voice of true contralto quality, and she used it last night with genuine vocal art and with a fine dramatic intelligence. Temperamental she is, but judgment governed her delivery. Volume of tone she possesses, but she employed her middle force with admirable continence and disclosed a piano of exquisite smoothness and color. It is justifiable to expect much of her in the season now happily opened.

Opening of the Opera Season.

More words, and different, are likely to be expected this morning in a description of the incidents connected with the opening of the opera season than in a critical discussion of the performance of the opera. When "Aïda" is performed there ought always be something to say, even if the singers and instrumentalists, the scenery and the manner in which the conventional marionettes moved about in the stage pictures; and there generally is, but the public is more likely to be entertained by the old, old story of how the public gathered, what it looked like, who formed its brilliant foci and what was talked about in those diverting moments between the acts. The critical department is likely to be more concerned in the question whether or not an admired singer is suffering from fatty degeneration of voice than in whether or not he has added to the integumental tissue of his frame since last he was heard, or has promised to marry any one of half a dozen of women whose names have been associated with his by the industry of scandal mongers or the ingenuity of promoters of publicity. Also the critical department, turning an eye for the moment away from the idol who has filled it often and long, may cast it upon a newcomer; and even then feel a disposition to view some of the large things which are lost sight of in the popular disposition to think that an opera is a concert in which two or three popular singers sing tunes which are bound to be pretty so long as they come from the throats of the admired.

Taking up this last point first it might be permissible some day to wish that no matter who represents Radames, or Aida, or Amonasro, or Amneris in Verdi's Egyptian opera, that the interest of an archæologist might be employed, if for no other reason than to test the question whether or not something better, more pleasing to the eye, more quickening to the imagination and more satisfactory to good taste might not be substituted for the tawdry tinsel which makes "Aida" gorgeous and thrilling and all that sort of thing. What a waste of time to bring up such a subject this morning after the twenty-sixth "brilliant" opening of the Metropolitan Opera season! And yet it might modestly and piously be wished that the fantastic flora of opera land would not be permitted to push its foliage to the impossible ceiling of the temple of the Egyptian Hephaistos and all but conceal the architecture of all the other buildings in ancient Thebes.

A truce to all that. Caruso sang and sang with a tremendous opulence of voice; so great an opulence, indeed, that as usual it had to be accepted in place of the smooth ecstasy which Verdi put into "Celeste Aïda," which is the very essence of the exquisite song. But his heroics were of the sort with which only those will ever cavil who wish that he might be more sparing of them so that he might endure for a larger portion of the season.

There was a newcomer—and an interesting one—a singer to be greeted cordially and gratefully. It was Mme. Matzenauer, contralto, who sang and acted the role of Amneris—sang it with a large and luscious voice, with ample evidences of a fine knowledge of the art of singing, and acted it so as to make it something more than an operatic marionette. There must be cordial praise for her now—there will doubtless be more cordial praise for her when she takes her place in the operas in which she is to the manner born. Then Mr. Hinshaw emerged from parts in which he has heretofore been less conspicuous, looming up large as the figure of a king, making all his hearers wish that his voice was commensurate with his size, but delighting the judicious with his clean, distinct, distinguished enunciation of the text. Others, like Didur, as Ramfis, and Amato and Miss Destinn, as Aida, were familiar figures; but we do not know that any opportunity ought to be missed which enables a reviewer to say that since "Aida" began New York has heard no singer in the titular role who shows such finished vocal art in it as she.

H. E. K.

Nov 15 T. Globe

Yesterday's Doings and the Philharmonic Society.

There were three concerts scheduled for yesterday afternoon, but the interest caused by the brief and inexplicit announcement that Mr. Joseph Pulitzer had endowed the Philharmonic Society to the extent of $500,000 in his will engrossed the attention of music lovers more than the concert of violin and violoncello music given by Lucie and Fritz Bruch at the Carnegie Lyceum, the pianoforte recital of Adriano Ariani at the Belasco Theatre or the song recital of Ludwig Hess at the Harris Theatre. All these were new candidates for public favor, and all would have received more attention had they presented themselves severally under more auspicious circumstances. The pianist seems to be an artist of fine poetical grain musicianly and of gracious deportment toward his art, if not of such large calibre as to challenge wide attention. The German singer, who left a mixed impression by his singing of Wagner's airs at a Philharmonic concert on Sunday afternoon, did not quite succeed in clarifying it by his concert of songs. There seemed to be a disposition on his part to outdo Wüllner in the matter of sentimental expression; but he is his model's master as regards voice quality and tone control, while his capacity for humorous expression, as illustrated in his arrangement of the Low German folksong "Jan Hinnerck," is quite inimitable.

There was much speculation touching Mr. Pulitzer's gift to the Philharmonic Society, which was not ended when inquirers learned the conditions attached to it. Until late last night the officials of the society had not learned the form in which the bequest was made, and consequently were not in a position to discuss it. The society is an incorporated one, having received its charter as long ago as February, 1853. In order to accept the benefits of the guarantee fund raised three years ago it had to modify its organic law very greatly, and whether or not this was done wisely, well and within the law will probably have to be investigated and determined before any advantages can accrue to it under the Pulitzer bequest. It is very plain that such an incorporation as the will prescribes is fundamentally different from that which has existed heretofore. Mr. Pulitzer was a subscriber to the extent of $10,000 or $15,000 to the guarantee fund, under which the orchestra is operating at present, and there has been a question as to whether or not its legal status has remained intact. There is no president and there was no annual meeting last year, but Mr. Richard Arnold is still, nominally, at least, vice-president of the society, and maintains that its corporate existence remains unimpaired. A reorganization and reincorporation on the basis proposed by Mr. Pulitzer's will, making it a popular instead of a professional and co-operative body, as it was for two generations, would also raise a question touching the disposition to be made of the pension fund for which Mr. Elkan Naumburg laid the foundation. Mr. Pulitzer's bequest has given much to the symphony lovers of New York to think about, and it is doubtful if anything will be done in haste concerning it.

H. E. K.

Nov 15 1911

MR. ARIANI'S RECITAL.

A Young Italian Pianist Heard for the First Time Here in Belasco Theatre.

Mr. Adriano Ariani is a young Italian pianist who comes unknown and unobtrusively into the New York musical season, and had his first hearing here yesterday afternoon in the Belasco Theatre. He played a programme not much different from that of the conventional piano recital—an arrangement of Bach's A minor organ prelude and fugue, Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata Schumann's "Carnaval," pieces by Chopin, and Liszt's twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody. But he played them in a way not wholly conventional, that was calculated to give pleasure.

Times

Mr. Ariani is not a heaven-storming virtuoso, nor is he a pianist of highly commanding powers—one who makes a vivid proclamation of vehement emotions. He cultivates a lesser but none the less charming style—one in which repose, delicacy, clarity, clear-cut finish and a singing tone are predominant. His playing is musical and sincere in its feeling, and at its best it shows tenderness of sentiment and true poetic insight. His technique is ample; but it is not a matter to rivet the attention of his listeners, and it is evidently not, to him, the matter of chief importance. His tone is not large nor does it show as great a range of expression and of color as he might well put into it, especially by a somewhat freer use of the pedal. Yet there is a singularly happy union of qualities in his equipment that makes his playing what it is, though it may not be the glory of the celestial.

Mr. Ariani's playing of the arrangement of Bach's fugue was clear and well proportioned. In the "Appassionata" sonata the denotement of passion was restrained, not impulsive, and the work took on under Mr. Ariani's fingers proportions less, perhaps, than its own. The whole stature of Beethoven was not revealed here. There were certain phrases and passages delivered in an unaccustomed manner; yet it could not be said that thereby Beethoven's thought was falsified. The performance of Schumann's "Carnaval" was perhaps the best that Mr. Ariani gave. It was of true poetic beauty, sensitive to the changing moods of the successive movements, of which he made pictures subtly expressed in miniature, but vividly imbued with a characteristic significance. It was a pleasure to hear this composition treated in such a manner rather than as the publication of stormy passions and overwhelming emotions and as the vehicle for the triumphant sweep of a transcendent technique which is able to play many of the movements so fast that their real meaning becomes almost unrecognizable.

There was an audience of considerable numbers that evidently derived much pleasure from Mr. Ariani's playing.

LUDWIG HESS'S RECITAL.

The German Tenor Heard in German and English Songs in Harris Theatre.

Ludwig Hess, a German tenor of repute in his own country, who had made his first appearance in New York last Sunday in the Philharmonic Society's concert, gave a song recital of his own yesterday afternoon in the Harris Theatre. His programme contained songs by Schubert, songs in English by Campbell Tipton, Harriet Ware, Bruno Huhn, Hugo Kaun, and Sir Henry R. Bishop, songs by Schumann and two folk songs, "Sandmännchen" and "Jan Hinnerck."

Mr. Hess's voice has both beauty and power, and there are certain excellent qualities in his singing that give it an unusual value. He seeks diligently after characteristic and dramatically potent expressions, whether it be sentiment, pathos, passion, tragedy, or humor, and he succeeds in giving it the fullest utterance. He appears to have modeled his style in some measure after that made so familiar here a season or two ago by Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, and has some of his intensity and concentration, and also a trace of his mannerism; although it would be unfair to call him an imitator of that unique personality. It is unfortunate that Mr. Hess prevents the natural beauty of his voice to count for all it should on account of his faulty manner of producing his tones, it gives them a constricted quality which is often unpleasant; and there is a so much unevenness in them. He is fond of the use of head tones, in which he is apt to overindulge, though often he uses them with skill and effect. His general conception of the songs he sings, his phrasing, his diction, are generally admirable, and his singing gives the impression of deep sincerity. In his English songs he treated the language with clearness and showed little accent.

There was a good deal of exaggeration of the sentiment of Bishop's song, "My Pretty Jane," that frequently overlapped into sentimentality, but there was none in the tender little "Sandmännchen," and there was real fervor in his treatment of Kaun's "My Native Land" and Wolf's "An die Geliebte," and a note of contagious enthusiasm in the latter composer's "Fussreise." More can be made of Wolf's "Der Tambour" than he found in it. Perhaps his most successful effort, in one way, was his singing of the folk song, "Jan Hinnerck," in low German, full of drastic low German humor, which he reproduced with inimitable spirit.

New Theatre Work Stops Temporarily.

LUCIE AND FRITZ BRUCH PLAY

Nov 15 1911

Violinist and 'Cellist Are Little Better Than Accomplished Amateurs.

Lucie and Fritz Bruch, a youthful pair, appeared in a form of concert which is infrequent in New York yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Lyceum. Miss Bruch plays the violin, and Mr. Bruch the 'cello, and the two were heard together in several ensemble numbers, including Vieuxtemps's double concerto in A major.

Their style of playing is not much better than might be expected from accomplished amateurs and would doubtless give pleasure to those who are interested in such performances. Miss Bruch's intonation was often defective, and her technique scarcely adequate to cope with the imitative effects which Vieuxtemps employs throughout his work. Mr. Bruch plays with better tone, and perhaps a more finished style.

Besides the concerto the programme included a serenade by Godard and a passacaglia of Handel's arranged by Halvorsen. Mr. Bruch played alone the andante from Golterman's A minor concerto, and a Hungarian rhapsodie of Popper and Miss Bruch was heard in a ballade and polonaise of Vieuxtemps.

Tw 16 1911

KOENIGSKINDER SUNG AT METROPOLITAN

The King's Son.....Hermann Jadlowker
The Goose Girl.....Geraldine Farrar
The Fiddler.....Otto Goritz
The Witch.....Florence Wickham
The Woodcutter.....Adamo Didur
The Broommaker.....Albert Reiss
A Child.....Cleo Gascoigne
The Senior Councilor.....Marcel Reiner
The Innkeeper.....Antonio Pini-Corsi
The Innkeeper's Daughter.....Rita Fornia
The Tailor.....Julius Bayer
The Stablemaid.....Marie Mattfeld
Conductor.....Alfred Hertz

Engelbert Humperdinck's opera "Königskinder" was given at the second performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was one of the most successful of the new productions made last season, and the fact that the management put it into the repertory again so early this season indicates that it is expected to keep alive the public interest that its first performances aroused.

It is easy to understand that a score so saturated with melody as this and that depends so little upon the devices of the very latest dramatic styles to make its effects should find its way easily to the hearts of the public. Humperdinck's music is as old-fashioned as Wagner's; and it derives so directly from Wagner in its musical style and all the methods of musical treatment that appear in it that it cannot be called a work of the highest originality, and hence of lasting quality.

But the composer has shown in it a freshness of inspiration that never deserts him. He has the highest skill and accomplishment in writing an orchestral score that is of entrancing euphony, with a richness and variety of orchestral color that is never lacking in transparency. There is a modern art of combining themes in orchestral counterpoint with a perfect indifference to the resulting cacophany. Prof. Humperdinck follows the older and much more difficult art of doing it, with results of increasing beauty. His score is, in fact, a tissue of such combinations in which this beauty is an essential part of the potent dramatic expressiveness. There are objections that may properly be raised against certain features of the book of this "fairy opera," against the difficulties and unnecessary problems of its symbolism, and especially against the unskillful and ineffective manner in which the ending is wearisomely prolonged after the real climax of the drama in the last act. But there is much that is poetically beautiful in it, and the final scene of the second act is infinitely touching.

The performance last evening, though it had none of the factitious glamor of the first night and lacked the glamor of certain great names, was heard by a large audience. It is possible that this audience was attracted by the opera itself, its own beauty and charm. The performance was in the hands of the same artists who carried "Königskinder" to success last season. Mme. Homer's place in the part of the Witch was taken by Miss Florence Wickham, who had sung it before and who did it acceptably. Miss Farrar is a charming representive of the Goose Girl and her impersonation is marked by poetic feeling, gracious simplicity and naïveté. It is, indeed, one of the most successful, one of the most truly felt, and skillfully rendered of all her operatic characterizations. Her singing last evening, however, was calculated to give her admirers some uneasiness; it was deficient in power, and she seemed to be reserving her voice to such a degree that it at times hardly carried beyond the footlights. Nor did its quality show the beauty that rightfully belongs to it. She was obviously indisposed. Mr. Jadlowker and the others who were associated with him in the performance, Messrs. Goritz, Didur, Reiss, and the lesser characters in the scene of the market place, were all of their old excellence. The performance was under the direction of Mr. Hertz, who conducts this opera with evident zest and affection and who brings the beauties of the score to a true realization.

Jean Prostean, Violinist, Appears.

Jean Prostean, a Hungarian violinist, new to New York, gave a concert last evening in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, assisted by Rafael Romero de Spinola, pianist. Mr. Prostean played Vieuxtemps's concerto, opus 4; a Humoreske by Dvorak, Hubay's "Zephyr," and Paganini's "Witches' Dance." Mr. de Spinola was heard in numbers by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and Liszt.

IRVING PLACE THEATRE

Nov 16 1911

"Die Lustige Wittwe."

There have been many productions here of Franz Lehar's most successful operetta, whose clever book and happy airs will be long in going stale, so easily do they lend themselves to the talents of singers and actors of even moderate capacity. Last night New York saw "The Merry Widow" for the first time in real Viennese dress, and the experience was most exhilarating. The spirit of the operetta seemed to be a little better preserved, and its humor a little better conveyed by performers familiar with the types whom Leon and Stein drew, and the verisimilitude of the situations was made a little more apparent.

Miss Grete Meyer was a delightful widow from the Balkan swine ranges, singing charmingly and exercising effectively all the attractions consistent with the part. Much credit is due to Mr. Murauer for his impersonation of Count Danilo. He was restrained, natural and most convincing, never falling into the over-sentimentality of the average singer of this role. Mr. Becker and Mr. Lamberg were unctuously humorous, and Miss Conti, as usual, graceful and engaging.

The performance was received with genuine enthusiasm and well deserved it. Persons who have a warm spot in their hearts for "The Merry Widow" ought not to lose the opportunity to see her cavort and sparkle at the Irving Place Theatre.

The cast was:

Baron Mirko Zeta, pontevedrinischer Gesandter.....Herr Fried. Becker
Valenciennes, seine Frau..Fraulein Vilma Conti
Graf Danilo Danilowitsch, Gesandtschafts-Sekretär.....Herr L. Murauer
Hanna Glawari.....Fraulein Grete Meyer
Camille de Rosillon..Herr Leo Pfeil-Schneider
Vicomte Cascada.....Herr Richter
Raoul de St. Brioche.....Herr Home
Bogdanowitsch, Konsul.....Herr Waldmann
Sylviane, seine Frau.....Fraulein Jacobs
Kromow, Gesandtschafts-Rat.....Herr Sell
Olga, seine Frau.....Frau Home
Pritschitz, Militär-Attache.....Herr Gruenau
Praskawia, seine Frau.....Fraulein Richter
Njegus, Gesandtschafts-Kanzlist.....Herr Lamberg

Times Nov 17 1911

MISS TEYTE'S RECITAL.

The New Soprano of the Chicago Philadelphia Opera Co. Heard in Songs.

Miss Maggie Teyte, one of the latest additions to the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company, who has attracted considerable attention by her singing in Paris, made her first appearance in New York yesterday at a song recital in Carnegie Hall. She is a young Englishwoman, whose training has been mostly in the hands of Jean de Reszke, and who has evidently been chiefly influenced by the ideals and methods of singing that prevails in Paris. Her voice is an almost startlingly powerful one to come from a person of her diminutive stature, and she showed in her singing yesterday a talent and temperament of no common order. In its best tones, which one heard in her mezzo voce, the voice has real beauty, though it has not great range of color and expressiveness. It is not a luscious voice. It has often a reediness; its prevailing color is pale. When it is used with greater power it is aps to take on a hard, even acidulous quality. In certain of her songs Miss Teyte showed a command of a true legato, but it was no tso often in evidence as might have been wished, and sometimes an excess of portamento was made to do duty for it.

In many respects, however, Miss Teyte showed much skill in the use of this organ. She is a singer of exceeding intelligence, of fine taste, and musical feeling, of a commanding temperament that produces results sometimes unlooked for. In phrasing and in finish of style her best is of remarkable excellence. She was on the whole most successful in her French songs, in a diversity of styles, from Méhul and Dezède to Debussy, Hue, and Dupare. She has the power of entering deeply into the spirit of what she sings and finding characteristic expression for it, and in her most successful attempts the results were exceedingly interesting and had individual beauty. Such were the two poetical songs by Dupare, "Invitation au Voyage" and "Extase," and Hue's "Jai plenré en rêne," presented with a seizing intensity. Wholly charming was her singing of the air "Voila le mal qu'on nomme amour" from Méhul's opera, "Le

Trésor Supposé," and another from Dezède's "Blaise et Babet," in which there were the grace and repose truly befitting the style of their period. Equally appropriate to their character was her singing of songs by Debussy, "C'est l'extase langourouse," from Veraline's "Ariettes Oubliées," the "Fantoches" from "Les Fêtes Galantes," and "La Chenelure." There was less of this perfection of feeling in the one with the extraordinary title "Green." The "Fantoches," in which she found the right note of fantasy, she had to repeat.

She was somewhat less successfull in her German songs, especially in Liszt's setting of "Mignon's Song" and Strauss's "Heimliche Aufforderung," but there was a finely chiselled delicacy in Grieg's "Im Kahne." She sang also in English a singularly unimportant group; a song by Maude Valerie White, "So We'll Go No More Aroving," in which there could be nothing more exquisite than her delivery of the phrase, "So late into the night"; "The Birth of Morn," by Leoni, which she had to repeat; Landon Ronald's "Down in the Forest," and Georg Henschel's "Spring." Her enunciation in the songs in her native tongue was not quite so good as in the French ones.

Times

This soprano possesses a voice of peculiar charm. It is a fresh and unworn voice, small and light in character, but having for such an organ an unusual warmth of timbre in the middle register. As far as the top of the medium the voice is almost perfectly equalized, but the upper tones were not always well placed yesterday and too often took on an acidity which the rest of the voice did not lead one to expect.

Miss Teyte phrased well and enunciated with clearness. Furthermore, she sang with no small amount of musical intelligence, and with much taste. It is not to be denied that there was no broad range of expression in her art, but this is very rarely found in voices as light as hers. That her delivery was in general artistic and interesting was unquestionable, while the beauty of her tones and the freedom of their emission throughout most of the scale gave delight to sensitive ears.

Some Notes on Concerts and Recitals.

Tribune

Miss Maggie Teyte, who used to be Miss Maggie Tate when she was a student of singing in London (and obviously a good one, and who became Miss Teyte to please the stubborn disposition of the French to pronounce names according to their peculiar notions, but who is domestically Mme. Plumont, and who is now a member of Mr. Doppil's Chicago-Philadelphia or Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, according to circumstances, gave a song recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. What she shall be called doesn't signify just now. It was a pleasant surprise to meet publicly an opera singer who has so serious a view of music as to desire to sing for the first time in New York in a recital of songs; and it was also a pleasure on the part of song lovers to discover that she was justified in her ambition. Under the circumstances there could not have been large expectations, and if there had been they would not have been fully realized; but they were sufficiently so for public gratulation. Miss Teyte has a voice of which no one is likely ever to speak effusively so far as its volume is concerned, but it is not volume alone that is necessary to make a voice effective, even in such a room as Carnegie Hall—it is quality. And it was most gratifying to hear a small voice, unsatisfactory in quality only in the lower register, at all times fill the large spaces because its purity and the admirable art with which it was put forth. This does not make up the sum and substance of song singing, of course, but add to it honest emotional utterance and there does not remain much with which a song lover can take issue. Miss Teyte might have been more distinct in her enunciation of German and English (strangely enough), but her French songs were most admirable, and if some phrases in Strauss's "Heimliche Aufforderum" were not understood by the audience it was perhaps for the general moral welfare. Young women should not extend such invitation in public—the poet did not intend that they should. But, on the whole, Miss Teyte must be welcomed as a singer of such genuine artistic qualities that it is a matter of regret that she was not made a member of the local opera company. Perhaps she does not fit into the Italian régime.

The second evening subscription of the Philharmonic Society for this season took place in Carnegie Hall last night. Half of the programme was of the kind that always causes wonderment at the artistic attitude of concert givers in a metropolis like New oYrk. Why should a fragment of "Tristan und Isolde" be performed on the bare platform of a concert room, when the drama itself is to be represented in its entirety at one of the finest operatic establishments in the world twenty-four hours later? A question of musical æsthetics (and morals) which is vain, of course, for the precedents of a score of years have proved its folly. But this can be said: The orchestra under Mr. Stransky played the César Franck symphony with splendor yet continently, and Mme. Gadski, after the labors of a rehearsal, sang with an opulence of voice that was thrilling not only in the music which was impertinent, but also in the aria from "Oberm."

H. E. K.

PUCCINI'S 'GIRL' IS SUNG AGAIN

Minnie	Emmy Destinn
Dick Johnson	Enrico Caruso
Jack Rance	Pasquale Amato
Nick	Albert Reiss
Ashby	Adamo Didur
Sonora	Dinh Gilly
Trin	Augelo Bada
Sid	Giulio Rossi
Bello	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Harry	Pietro Audisio
Joe	Lambert Murphy
Happy	Antonio Pini-Corsi
Larkens	Bernard Begue
Billy	Georges Bourgeois
Wowkle	Marie Mattfeld
Jake Wallace	Andrea de Segurola
Jose Castro	Edoardo Missiano
The Post Rider	Lamberto Belleri
Conductor	Arturo Toscanini

Another of the new operas produced for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House last season was given a place in the first week's répertory in Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West," which was performed last evening. The opera was successful in retaining the public interest last season, and attracted again a large audience last evening. This latest product of Mr. Puccini's genius remains a strange departure from the path in which he set out, and the oftener it is heard seems more like a straining after effects of novelty with a minimum of musical idea. It is difficult to head in this music any real spontaneity of invention or anything but a laborious attempt to make a decorative and highly colored background to a drama that requires no such background, and that gains nothing but rather loses by it.

There is undoubtedly much ingenuity in the music of "The Girl of the Golden West," and the student of orchestral effects may find much that is new in the score, though little that is beautiful and only occasionally anything that is not crassly materialistic or that serves the purpose of idealizing or intensifying the emotions and pasions represented upon the stage. Mr. Belasco's melodrama, it was found when the Italian setting of it was first heard, is more interesting and more effective as he wrote and produced it than with the musical back-ground. It still seems so, and the crucial moments of it, moments of intense suspense so skilfully managed in the spoken drama, lose rather than gain by the association with them of music.

But the opera gives advantagcous opportunities for displaying the powers of Mr. Caruso, Mme. Destinn, and Mr. Amato, as well as of the other members of the company who are concerned in it. In some respets the part of Master Dick Johnson is one of Mr. Caruso's best ones, and both Mme. Destinn and Mr. Amato give admirable interpretations of the characters of Minnie and Sheriff Jack Rance, considered as operatic characters. There have been some changes among the less conspicuous members of the cast, but the most important ones remain—Messrs. Reiss, Didur, Gilly, de Segunola, Pini-Corsi.

There have been some cuts made that may be recorded with gratitude, especially in the very long first act, as the incidents of the reading of the letters from home, and the character of Jack Rabbit the Indian and his doings have been elided without loss to the local color of the Western mining camp saloon which Mr. Puccini labored so valiantly to depict in his music.

The performance, which was under the direction of Mr. Toscanini, has lost none of the finish which was so laboriously acquired in the preparation of the opera last year with the assistance of Mr. Belasco. And so far as the orchestra was concerned, Mr. Toscanini gave the fullest effect to all of Mr. Puccini's elaborate series of experiments.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Times

Mr. Stransky Fails to Give Full Effect to Cesar Franck's Symphony.

The Philharmonic Society added another to its subscription series of concerts last evening in Carnegie all, when a programme was presented which included César Frank's D minor Symphony, the prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde," the Overture to "Tannhäuser," and the air, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," sung in German, from "Oberon."

César Franck's symphony is heard too seldom in New York, although of late there seems to be a desire on the part of conductors to dust off the score and bring it to the light of the desk. Its performance last evening was therefor welcome. It cannot be said, however, that Mr. Stransky's performance of it was one which contributed to its beauties. This is a work in which sliding scales of nuances play a large part, and Mr. Stransky's love of sharp contrasts made it impossible for him to give it its full effect.

Mme. Gadski was the soloist of the evening. It is a brave soprano who sings the "Oberon" air. It abounds in difficulties, both of interval and tessitura, and toward the close there is small chance for a singer to take breath between tones. It cannot be said that Mme. Gadski was equal to all its demands. She was heard to better advantage in the "Liebestod," which she often sings at the Opera.

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"Tristan und Isolde."

Signor Toscanini's attitude toward "Tristan und Isolde" has obviously been so sincere from the time that he first undertook its direction at the Metropolitan Opera House that it has done much toward blunting the shafts of criticism directed against the policy pursued by the management during the last two years. It is true that an aching void in the representations, which has long been felt and often been deplored, was found still to be yawning last night when Wagner's great drama had its first representation this season, but it is one of the kind that can be most easily forgiven. What might be called a desire for artistic justice and ethics calls for a mending of the flagrant scenic deficiencies or extravagances of the first act; but Wagner's music, like Shakespeare's poetry, puts all thoughts of the merely external picture so far into the background that, so we can have it eloquently proclaimed (as it was last night), it becomes almost a matter of indifference whether or not the ship which is carrying the Irish princess to Cornwall has a mast to uphold its sail and shrouds (sometimes it has one, sometimes not—last night it was in the first case), whether or not anything is being achieved by the exertions of the sailors when they strenuously pull, at the tackle, or whether or not the heroic pilot can fairly be imagined as guiding the ship into harbor, with all view ahead of him cut off by the curtains of the royal cabin.

Here the raised imaginatiton to which the poet-composer makes his first appeal, comes into play, and lesser things are forgiven; forgotten, too—but, sometimes only for the moment, for when reflection returns the lovers of the great German masterpieces are likely to wonder why these works should receive so little intelligent attention as to their smaller details from the management of an institution like the Metropolitan Opera House, when so much has been given to the "Willis" and "Wallys" and "Germania" which—as the world knows—have been produced only as tributes to a business policy which is (in the old common law phrase) "Contra bonos mores."

But, as has been intimated, there was so much to be grateful for in last night's "Tristan und Isolde" that the grumblers, however righteous their displeasure, will almost be ashamed of themselves if they reflect on the things which are inconsequential. The gratitude which was obviously felt by the splendid audience had much to expend itself upon. No one would think of beginning with the composer if it were not that whenever one of his masterpieces is brought into juxtaposition with that of a manufactured idol of the later day, like Puccini, for instance, he looms so large that an expression seems necessary to the preservation of one's self-respect. And next, the conductor, who was last night the truly interpretative artist, who passed the music of the author through a finely receptive mind and gave it out again with so much of his own emotionality mixed with it as to make his work also creative—moving and compelling like a marvellous improvization. Then the orchestra, as the bearer of the largest message, and after that the individual performers.

The most obviously ignorant, dishonest and malignant attack ever made on the Metropolitan establishment, was written last spring by a German visitor who professed to have attended a performance here of "Parsifal." To him the representation was nothing more than beautiful voices spectacularly clothed. The beauty of the voices of our singers is something that even the jaundiced opinion of Germany must concede; but he would disclose a sorry appreciation of art who would record nothing more than that after last night's "Tristan"; who would not marvel even though he had observed its growth, at the splendor of Mme. Fremstad's impersonation of the heroine; at the beauty of her singing merely as song, irrespective of its dramatic message; at the variety and loveliness of her action, the plasticity and gracefulness of her poses; the expressive mobility of her face. Long memories, which are always affectionate, go back to representations in which there were greater moments, which made the listener recognize that "Tristan," like the Shakesperian plays, is full of quotations; but even such memories will not recall a performance of such sustained and continent beauty.

Mention of newcomers in the great cast must, of course, be made. They were Mme. Matzenauer, as Brangäne; Hermann Weil, as Kurwenal, and Lambert Murphy, who, as the unseen sailor singing at the masthead, does so much to create the atmosphere which flows through the first act. That function he performed well last night. Mme. Matzenauer's generous outpouring of her large voice seemed at times to stimulate Signor Toscanini to an equally generous outpouring of the orchestral tone;

but it was one of the delightful features of the evening that the combined voices, human and instrumental, made so rich a concord.

More might have been asked of Herr Weil, whose tones were a trifle unsteady, though his barytone was agreeable and his command of it commendable. His was, at the worst, only a case of a little exaggeration of emotion, natural enough perhaps to one trying to make a deep impression upon an untried and unknown public. Herr Burrian, it must be added for the sake of the record, who has often sung and acted the part of Tristan well, was in such poor vocal condition that consideration was asked for him after the first act. The parts in the representation were distributed as follows:

Tristan	Carl Burrian
König Marke	Herbert Witherspoon
Isolde	Olive Fremstad
Kurwenal	Hermann Weil
(His first appearance here.)	
Melot	William Hinshaw
Brangaene	Margarete Matzenauer
Ein Hirt	Albert Reiss
Der Steuermann	Julius Bayer
Stimme des Seemanns	Lambert Murphy

Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

H. E. K.

Nov 911

"LOBETANZ" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

A Pretty Old Story Set to Simple and Unaffected Music—The Production One of Great Beauty and Taste—Mme. Gadski and Jadlowker the Lovers.

"Lobetanz," a musical play in three acts, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon for the first time in this country. The author of the book is Otto Julius Bierbaum, one of the most popular of the contemporaneous writers of Germany, and the composer Ludwig Thuille, a Tyrolese musician, long a student and afterward a teacher at the Munich Conservatory and for some time conductor of a male chorus in the Bavarian capital. His "Lobetanz" was first given in Mannheim in 1898.

The disclosure of a new work at a matinée was in the nature of an offence against tradition, but "Lobetanz" ought to be especially a matinée opera. It is short and simple and its appeal is made without the aid of any of the pretentious machinery, metaphysical, dramatic or musical, so extravagantly provided for the manufacture of most modern lyric plays. The writers of this piece call it a "musical play," but that is merely a euphemism. It is an opera, a comic opera at that, although the prison and the gallows figure prominently in it.

The story is far from new and doubtless the folklorists will gratify themselves and entertain their readers by rehearsing the delectable history of all the sick princesses who from the mists of human antiquity to the present have been cured by the advent of the poet or minstrel with the sovereign balm of his soul stirring song. Even fact has not hesitated to imitate fable in this uplifting conception, for did not the tenor Raff heal by his song the melancholy of the Princess Belmont, and Anthony the Trumpeter the woes of many a good vroew of the Manhattoes and the Connecticut valley?

The *Princess* in this little opera is very sick and all the minstrels of her father's court cannot better her state. *Lobetanz*, a wandering fiddler, awakens her interest and she sits up and takes lively notice of him. Thereupon the minstrels declare that he is exercising magic. He flees. In the second act we behold *Lobetanz* reposing in a bower in a forest. Thither wanders the *Princess*, and the two are brought together again to their manifest joy. Naturally they sing a love duet and inevitably the *King* and the incompetent minstrels catch them. This time *Lobetanz* does not escape.

Next we see the youth in prison, waiting to be hanged as a sorcerer. The other prisoners twit him with an outpour of what the Germans call "gallows humor." But he responds with a mad and merry song, and they all join in a wild dance. Then comes the hangman and takes poor *Lobetanz* to his doom.

The final scene shows us the gallows. *Lobetanz* is brought forward, and at the command of the *Judge* the *Princess*, pale and almost dead, is laid on her bier, where she can be revived by the inspiriting spectacle of the execution. *Lobetanz* has the right of a last request, and he asks the *King* to let him try to revive the *Princess* before the hanging.

As soon as he begins to fiddle she begins to blush. When he sings she opens her eyes and presently she sits up, then stands up and at last rushes into his arms. So the *King* joins their hands, and we are left to suppose that they lived happy ever after. And lest a vital point be overlooked, let it be stated right here that *Lobetanz's* last song is a waltz and that it sets the whole stage dancing.

"Lobetanz" is one of the greatest blessings that ever fell upon the weary heads of the professional critics. It is an opera without symbolism or leading motives. There is no buried ethical lesson to unearth, no complicated web of representative musical fragments to unravel and label with more or less informing titles. It is just a pleasing little lyric play, made without pretentiousness without any large originality, without any endeavor to find a new style. It plainly aims at nothing more than to afford a brief season of innocent entertainment, in which petty sentiment is paired with agreeable and unambitious music. It is a slight work and should not be broken on a wheel because it is not in the same class as "Tristan und Isolde" or even "Tosca."

Without doubt most observing operagoers will take note of some harmless resemblances in the incidents of the first act to their forerunners in "Parsifal" and "Die Meistersinger." The chorus of maidens and its interruption by the entrance of *Lobetanz* suggest *Parsifal* and the flower girls, while the entrance of the *King* and the ridiculous minstrels—admirably made up and enacted by the choristers—will recall the "Meistersinger" procession with a multiplication of *Beckmessers*.

But when these superficial resemblances have been noted there remains a thoroughly charming act, replete with the spirit of the good old fairy tales, mediæval in its pictorial aspects and musically quite delightful. On the whole this seems to be theatrically the best act in the little opera, for its combination of allurements for the eye and the ear and its subtle appeal to our immortal affection for the good old days of Orpheus work together to leave us with the illusion that we have been in Germany in the age of Teutonic fable.

Musically this first act has a gentle charm, for the choir of girls has delicate measures and *Lobetanz* himself utters melodic phrases of unaffected tunefulness. The entrance of the court is decorated with knightly trumpet calls and with much of the pomp and circumstance of orchestration. The air of the *Princess* is daintily conceived and also daintily developed, and the act is brought to an effective conclusion.

The chief charm of the second act is the monologue of *Lobetanz*, which is altogether captivating in its declamation and its snatch of folksong melody. The duet with the *Princess*, with its canonic beginning, is pretty and the situation suggests "Tristan und Isolde" reduced to the measure of a child's tale. The act as a whole is tenuous in substance, but it has ingratiating fancy to commend it.

The third act is in some respects the most striking of the three. With the prison scene the composer has carried his muse and his hearers into a new territory, that of the grotesque. The taunts of the ribald crowd, the bravado song of *Lobetanz*, the wild dance of the prisoners, the gruesome "Tooraloo" of the oldest of them, and the sudden interruption of the hangman's entrance to carry off his prey—all these are depicted with the skill of a musician who knows well the standard materials of his art. The dance with its staccato notes on the xylophone is genuinely clever, though no one would regard it as remarkably original.

The final scene is well written, though without doubt many will feel that the waltz is below the level of the rest of the score. The song of the young peasant is most pleasing and the last appeal of *Lobetanz* is well made. The waltz, though not an elevated piece of composition, will probably find favor with the general public, or at least with that "tired business man" who vainly seeks in the opera house the spicy joys of the so-called "comic opera."

As a whole this score leaves the impression of facility in construction without large gifts of invention. Thuille's music is well planned to fit the situations. It embodies the gentle emotions of the story perfectly. It interests the musical hearer without calling upon him for profound analysis. It ought to win favor with the casual operagoer by reason of its frank melody and the simple directness of its style.

The treatment of the voices is skilful throughout. The choruses of the girls in the first act are excellently devised and the prisoners' chorus meets the requirements of the scene well. The solo parts are carefully made, though naturally the lion's share falls to *Lobetanz*. But it is a pleasure to listen to an opera in which so much is done to entertain without exaction and to refresh without surfeit.

The performance was admirable. Hermann Jadlowker had the title rôle and disclosed an artistic stature larger than that hitherto supposed to be his limit. His singing was worthy of the warmest praise. His treatment of tone was beautiful and founded on fine skill, while his enunciation ofthoe text, his phrasing and his employme net t ofn nuashowed dramatic intelligencerc f no odinary type. Mr. Jadlowker's *Leoetanz* should win for him a much greabɹ measure of popularity than he already enjoys.

Mme. Gadski was the representative of the *Princess*. This is not a large role, but it calls for the resources of an accomplished singer. It is no news to attentive operagoers that Mme. Gadski has gained much in finesse in recent seasons. But certainly at no time has she sung anything with such exquisite finish as she sang the solo in the first act yesterday. Her perfect command of her piano tones, the certain poise of the voice, the unerring judgment of force and the delicacy of the shading resulted in a piece of poetic delivery seldom equalled on the local stage. The rest of her music was not so exacting in its demands and she proved easily equal to it. Her impersonation as a whole was most charming.

The other members of the cast discharged their duties most creditably, and it is no disparagement to any of the rest of them to make special mention of the uncommonly pretty singing of the boy's solo by Lambert Murphy. The mounting of the opera was beautiful and Mr. Gatti-Casazza deserves high commendation for it. The costumes were rich and tasteful and the three scenes models of stagecraft. The stage management was satisfactory, and finally Alfred Hertz conducted the performance with the greatest artistic enthusiasm and with most sympathetic feeling for the poetic character of the play. The full cast was as follows:

Lobetanz	Hermann Jadlowker
The Princess	Johanna Gadski
The King	William Hinshaw
First Dark Girl	Lenora Sparkes
First Fair Girl	Anna Case
The Forester	Basil Ruysdael
The Hangman	Oscar Sannee
The Judge	Herbert Witherspoon
First Prisoner	Basil Ruysdael
Second Prisoner	Julius Bayer
Third Prisoner	Paolo Ananian
Fourth Prisoner	Ludwig Bürgstaller
An Old Prisoner	Stefen Buckreus
A Youth	Lambert Murphy

THE RUSSIAN SYMPHONY.

Large Audience at Carnegie Hall at Opening of Society's Ninth Season.

The Russian Symphony Society, under the leadership of Modest Altschuler, opened its ninth season with a concert at Carnegie Hall last night. The orchestra's new concert master, Karl Klein, filled the chair recently left vacant by Nicolai Sokoloff. The Russian pianist, Arthur Friedheim, was the soloist.

The purpose of this society is to bring forward the works of Russian composers, new and old. A departure from this plan was made last night by the introduction of Liszt's E flat concerto on a programme otherwise devoted to Tschaikowsky. Three of Tschaikowsky's compositions were presented, his "Pathetic" symphony, the adagio cantabile from the D minor sextet for strings, entitled "Souvenir de Florence," and the "Slavic March." The sextet for strings was put down on the programme as adapted for orchestra by Mr. Altschuler and thus played for the first time.

The orchestra rendered its part of the music last evening with an interest wholly admirable. Its skill was not always flawless, but in slow movements it displayed much discriminating feeling for mood and effect. The large audience present enjoyed its work and gave generous applause.

Mr. Friedheim made his first appearance

Nov 20 1911

MUSIC

A Concert of Dvorak's Music.

The fourth of the Sunday afternoon subscription concerts by the Symphony Society at the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon was devoted to music by Dvorak. With the overabundance of orchestral music which is being forced upon New York of late, Mr. Damrosch's efforts to arouse interest by special programmes can only be commended; the public needs to have its curiosity piqued, and when this can be done with compositions by so sane, sound and unaffected a composer as Dvorak it is a matter of gratulation. For Dvorak, we are strongly tempted to say, was the last of the absolutely ingenuous composers, and his message comes like a refreshing breeze through the hot atmosphere which many of his contemporaries created because they were unable to think and express music in the idiom which once was thought to be proper to music.

Mr. Damrosch is wise in not overburdening his audience. Yesterday he produced the symphony "From the New World," a group of four songs and finally the Slavonic Rhapsody in G minor. The songs were the least familiar feature of the scheme and were sung by a singer still less familiar—Miss Helen Reusch, who, as the programme stated, was effecting her American debut. It is saying more than a little to say that she maintained the interest created by a peculiarly eloquent performance of the "American" symphony by the wholehearted sincerity of her singing and by the freshness and warmth of her voice. At times greater distinctness of enunciation might have been wished, for only a few of Dvorak's songs are popularly known, and it seemed desirable that

such fine examples as "Lasst mich allein," "Am Bache" and the one set down as "The Maiden's Lament" should be permitted to make their fullest appeal; but on the whole the newcomer acquitted herself so well that as warm a feeling of gratitude went out toward her as to Mr. Damrosch for his exquisite accompaniments.

H. E.

Cio-Cio-San	Geraldine Farrar
Suzuki	Rita Fornia
Kate Pinkerton	Helen Mapleson
B. F. Pinkerton	Riccardo Martin
Sharpless	Antonio Scotti
Goro	Angelo Bada
Yamadori	Pietro Audisio
Lo Zio Bonzo	Bernard Begue
Yakuside	Francesco Cerri
Il Commissario Imperiale	Giulio Rossi

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY" SUNG.

Nov 21 1911

Geraldine Farrar and Riccardo Martin in the Puccini Opera.

"Madama Butterfly," with Miss Farrar as the fifteen-year-old *Cio-Cio-San*, was the opora offered at the Metropolitan last night, which was the second Monday night of the season. The popularity of Puccini's excursion into the land of Japanese screens and fans seems to be quite as great as it was when the sinuous little heroine made her earliest musical bows to a publio which already knew her as a speaker and not as a singer. The Metropolitan Opera House has been a home for the works of Pucoini and its patrons dearly love his lush melody. In no other of his operas has he gathered together more sensuous charms than in "Madama Butterfly."

The house accordingly was crowded last evening and behind the rail assembled in goodly numbers those birds of good omen, the "standees." The performance for some unaccountable reason did not evoke as much enthusiastic demonstration as usual. Perhaps it is no longer fashionable to applaud vigorously, and Monday night is the fashionable night.

Miss Farrar's impersonation of the unhappy little Japanese fan girl is familiar to this public. It would be idle to try to make extended comment on her interpretation, because it has not altered in any essential since it was first made known to New York. Perhaps the possibilities of the rôle are not so great as Puccini's most ardent admirers would have us believe. But at any rate Miss Farrar's *Cio-Cio-San* seems to be a finished product, and it is a very good one.

The singer had a better equipment of tone last night than she had last week in "Königskinder." There was still something to be desired, for the penetrating brilliancy which was in her first appearances associated with all her upper register was too frequently replaced by a dull and lifeless timbre. In the medium, however, the voice sounded decidedly more healthy and here Miss Farrar sang with ease, sustained phrasing and lovely color.

Riccardo Martin sang the musio of *Pinkerton* with great beauty of tone and elegance of phrasing. His action showed increased acquaintance with stage business. Many hearers doubtless wish that Mr. Martin's lyrio utterances of passion had more warmth of color, but it is hardly to be expected. His voice, though a tenor, has a character not unlike that of Melba. It is silvery and sparkling, but it cannot take on the fire of red gold. Mr. Martin is wise in not trying to simulate this by changing his method of tone production. If he did try he would gain nothing and lose much. We must enjoy his beautiful voice for what it can give us and not grieve for what it cannot. It is one of the few really fine tenor voices now to be heard in opera, and Mr. Martin sings well.

Mr. Scotti was once again the excellent *Sharpless* and he lent his usual distinction to the rôle. The minor parts were respectably performed. Mr. Toscanini conducted and under his hand the musical qualities of the score lost nothing. The orchestra played excellently.

Nov 22 1911

The Margulies Trio.

The first of the concerts of chamber music for this season by the Adele Margulies Trio took place at the Carnegie Lyceum last night. The three artists composing this organization, devoted to the diffusion of a very high type of music—Miss Adele Margulies, Leopold Lichtenberg and Leo Schulz—have been playing together for quite too many years to be mentioned by one desirous to be gallant to the lady and during the entire period they have shown a most commendable ambition to avoid the conventional ruts and produce music of a high class and interesting, also, because it was unfamiliar to the general public. Last night their programme con-

tained no absolute novelty, but it was none the less fascinating. So far as the performance was concerned there was only the one drawback, that it sounded less finished in ensemble than the individual excellence of the artists justified the critical listener to expect. That deficiency has been felt before, and perhaps its explanation is to be found in the fact that the trio's public and private performances are too few; an organization devoted to chamber music must have opportunity to work out its programmes as assiduously and patiently as a solo performer does his—more so, in fact, if the taste of the fastidious is to be met. And an audience at a chamber concert is not worth playing for unless it is fastidious. Chamber music is not for the many, but for the aristocratic few—tho few in sympathy with the music and the players. There was a recognition of this in the impression which the sonata for pianoforte and violin by Paderewski, played by Miss Margulies and Mr. Lichtenburg, made, as compared with the effect of the trios by Haydn and Bossi which preceded and followed it, though it was pleasant to observe the continence disclosed in the first—an indication on the part of the players, especially by Miss Margulies, that they recognized the fact that the musical voice of a century and a quarter ago must not be confounded with that of to-day and made to sound like it. Miss Margulies showed so little disposition to force the tone of the pianoforte that the wish was not far that she might have had a harpischord on which to display her digital skill and show the delightful balance and relationship of tone which existed when this kind of chamber music was written.

H. E. K.

MR. ZIMBALIST'S RECITAL

Nov 22 1911

Violinist Plays One of His Own Compositions at Carnegie Hall.

Efrem Zimbalist gave his third violin recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon before an audience that nearly filled the auditorium. On the programme was a composition by the violinist himself, a Suite in the Old Style. It proved to be a musicianly piece of work, melodious and graceful.

Mr. Zimbalist also played Handel's Sonata in E major, Bach's Chaconne for violin alone and Bruch's "Scotch Fantasie." He played them with wonderful warmth and purity of tone, with broad, free style and faultless technique. The audience forced him to several encores.

Nov 23 1911

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—FAUST, opera in four acts, by Charles Gounod.

Tribune

Faust	Mr. Hermann Jadlowker
Mephistopheles	Mr. Leon Rothier
Valentin	Mr. Dinh Gilly
Wagner	Mr. Bernard Bégué
Marguerite	Miss Geraldine Farrar
Siebel	Miss Jeanne Maubourg
Marthe	Miss Marie Mattfeld

The Metropolitan Opera House turned to its childhood again last night and gave a performance of "Faust." It was probably as good a performance of "Faust" as is usually seen nowadays at the Broadway tabernacle of song, but it is doubtful if Charles Gounod would have crowned the brows of any of the participants, with the possible exception of the Valentine. Dinh Gilly, besides being the possessor of a voice of unusual resonance, has been trained in the true traditions of French opera. He proved this again last night. The Mephistopheles of Mr. Rathier was also good in a conventional fashion, and his voice adequate, while Mme. Maubourg made of Siebel a most ingratiating figure.

There remained the Faust of Mr. Jodlowska and the Marguerite of Miss Farrar. As to the former, it is only fair to say that he was in far from good voice and the falsity of his intonation was probably largely due to physical causes. But in spite of occasional bits of excellent singing it was not a performance such as the Fausts of time gone by would have recognized.

Then there was Miss Farrar. It was officially stated that Miss Farrar had during the summer become fifteen pounds lighter, and those who were present last night had no reason to doubt this announcement. Never had she looked prettier nor more charming. But mere charm won't carry Marguerite, and Miss Farrar's voice in the upper register sounded at times painfully worn. As for her acting, Miss Farrar's ideas of Marguerite's method of exposing her unsophisticated innocence have always been sui genesis. They originated with her and it is to be hoped that they will end with her. Last night's Marguerite gave every evidence of having had at least a peek or two at Nuremberg's Great White Way.

Giuseppe Sturoni, formerly of Mr. Hammerstein's forces, made his first appearance as a conductor at the Metropolitan. His performance was a vigorous one, though there were edges that might easily have been improved by greater polish. The same prehistoric scenery remembered by our grandfathers again did service. It would be of interest to learn in just what section of the Bronx was discovered that garden of the second act.

Nov 22 1911

CONCERT MUSIC OF ONE DAY

Nov 22 1911

ZIMBALIST GIVES ANOTHER VIOLIN RECITAL.

Sun

An Interesting Performance at Carnegie Hall—The Adele Margulies Trio Plays Music by Haydn, Paderewski and Enrico Bossi in the Evening.

Efrem Zimbalist, the young Russian violinist, gave a recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. His programme comprised Handel's sonata in E major, Bach's "Chaconne," Max Bruch's "Scotch Fantasia," his own suite in the old style, Schumann's "Abenlied," Kreisler's "Caprice Viennoise," Tor Aulin's "Humoresque" and a tarantella by Sarasate. There was an audience of good size, but there was room for more. The applause was highly specialized.

Mr. Zimbalist's violin playing gave promise at the outset of becoming one of the most interesting studies of the current season; but if yesterday's recital had been the first disclosure of his powers, the close observer might have been deceived into the conclusion that the measure of his stature had been too easily reached. There were more evidences of immaturity yesterday both in style and insight than in previous appearances. Nor were the technics always impeccable. Perhaps the young player was tired, for even the young man rejoicing in his strength is prone to overdo things.

The most satisfactory performance was that of the Handel sonata, in which there were beautiful repose and finish of style coupled with ravishing richness and smoothness of tone. Here, too, Zimbalist's finish and polished coolness were entirely in keeping with the spirit of the cleancut classic.

The Bach chaconne was unevenly performed. In the beginning it disappointed by reason of its repression, while in certain of the variations there were moments when the intonation was at least doubtful. But the reading was on the whole one of high dignity and sincerity and the latter half of the work was interpreted with breadth. In the Bruch fantasia Mr. Zimbalist again wavered at times in his intonation, but the instances were few and might pass unnoticed in the art of a player not so generally accurate as this one. In the middle movement of the composition there was a beautiful display of tone and finished bowing. The finale gave the violinist an opportunity to publish once more his incisiveness of rhythm, but in some of the bravura he was not as distinct as he usually is.

The impression left after the playing of the three larger works on the programme was that there had been more violin performance than interpretation, more outward style than emotional penetration. Yet what had been given was so admirable that it fully deserved the vigorous and bravely sustained applause of the faithful.

In the evening the Adele Margulies Trio gave its first subscription concert at the Carnegie Lyceum. The programme consisted of Haydn's E flat trio, Paderewski's sonata in A minor, opus 13, for violin and piano, and Enrico Bossi's trio in D major, opus 123. Mr. Paderewski's sonata is one of his earlier works. It preceded the "Polish Fantasia," opus 14, by a long interval, and while it is musical and ingratiating it is hardly in the more serious and ambitious manner of the pianist's subsequent works.

Bossi, not so continent as Paderewski in the matter of composition, was addicted to a greater severity of style in his earlier days. It has been suggested that this severity was what made it impossible for him to become an opera writer, as all good Italian musicians should. He even called the work heard last night a "Trio Sinfonica," which is at least a formidable title.

The Adele Margulies Trio is composed of the capable pianist who gives the organization its title, Leopold Lichtenberg, violin, and Leo Schulz, 'cello. These three artists play well and have earned a firm place in the regard of music lovers.

Nov 24 1911

Siegfried	Carl Burrian
Gunther	Hermann Weil
Hagen	Putnam Griswold
Alberich	Otto Goritz
Brunnhilde	Johanna Gadski
Gutrune	Rita Fornia
Waultraute	Margarete Matzenauer
Woglinde	Lenora Sparkes
Wellgunde	Bella Alten
Flosshilde	Florence Wickham
Conductor	Alfred Hertz

Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was brought to a conclusion last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. It will be begun some time later in the season and in all human probability the middle will be heard before the beginning. But that is the way we do things after the four dramas become repertory pieces. However, if the other portions of the work are as well done as "Götterdämmerung" was last night we may hope for a season of much interest when the four are marshalled in their proper order in that sacred "cyclus" which blooms with the crocus in the spring, tra-la.

The performance last night had a notable cast and in this respect it renewed some of the older traditions of the Metropolitan. Its one newcomer was Putnam Griswold, who was heard as *Hagen*, but Mme. Matzenauer as *Waltraute* and Mr. Weil as *Gunther* were new to their rôles here. The other principals were: Mme. Gadski as *Brünnhilde*, Miss Fornia as *Gutrune*, Mr. Burrian as *Siegfried*, Mr. Goritz as *Alberich*, and the Misses Alten, Sparkes and Wickham as the Rhine daughters.

Sun

Mr. Griswold sang in this city in Mr. Savage's production of "Parsifal" in English. Since that time he has become one of the foremost basses of Germany and he came to New York from Berlin, where he was one of the greatest favorites at the opera. His *Hagen* justified the reputation which preceded him, and this is an achievement which deserves a record. His voice sounded somewhat hoarse last night, but its fine quality and power were not disguised. He sang with breadth of style and his declamation showed both dramatic insight and artistic culture. His interpretation of the part had sinister significance and was full of intelligent details of action, utterance and facial expression. This admirable impersonation added much to the general effect of the representation.

Mme. Matzenauer sang *Waltraute's* narrative superbly. Her delivery of it held the large audience breathless. It was intensely emotional, seldom overdone in the matter of tone, and excellently varied in its touches of mood. Mr. Weil's *Gunther* was a decided improvement on his *Kurvenal* and showed that he ought to prove a useful addition to the company.

The others in the cast repeated with glory to themselves impersonations now familiar to this public. Mme. Gadski sang well and Mr. Burrian had returned to the full possession of his vocal powers. Mr. Hertz conducted and the orchestra played with abundant color and sonority—perhaps occasionally a little too much of the latter.

HONOR MAHLER'S MEMORY.

Times

The Philharmonic Gives Memorial Programme, Including Funeral March.

The Philharmonic Society is devoting its regular concerts in the subscription series this week to a memorial programme in honor of Gustav Mahler, the conductor of the organization for two seasons. The first of these occurred last evening in Carnegie Hall, when the programme, which will be repeated to-day, included the Funeral March, which is the first movement of Mahler's fifth symphony, excerpts from "Parsifal," and Beethoven's third symphony.

Gustav Mahler was born July 7, 1860, and died May 18, 1911. Both these dates fall outside of the period during which the orchestra is giving concerts and, therefore, it became necessary to choose some arbitrary date for the programme given in his honor. It might have been more appropriate to devote more of the programme to Mahler's own music, especially as "Parsifal" is to be heard in the opera house next week. However, the compilation of memorial programmes is a delicate matter, and perhaps Mr. Stransky intends to play more Mahler symphonies later in the season.

Whether the audience gathered to pay tribute to the dead musician, or was attracted by the programme, no mere reporter of musical doings can be sure, but the fact remains that, without a soloist, the Philharmonic Society last night drew the largest audience of its present season up to date.

Aside from the line printed in heavy black type on the programme, "In Memory of Gustav Mahler," there was nothing either in the way of platform decoration or announcement to add to the special nature of the occasion, and applause followed all the numbers.

Mr. Mahler's Funeral March is a particularly poignant composition, and by many is regarded as a part of his best work. The fifth symphony, of which it forms a part, has not been performed in New York, if memory serves, since the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Wilhelm Gericke, played it here in 1906. Its first American performance was by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in 1905.

The orchestra, under Mr. Stransky, last evening played with less sonority, so far as the brass was concerned, and with more emphasis laid on the strings, a decided gain in effect. It was also observed that the conductor's love of sudden contrasts was curbed to a degree. His reading of the "Eroica" symphony, therefore, had very much more to commend it than his performance of Beethoven's eighth work in that form.

Nov 25, 1911

DOUBLE BILL AT THE OPERA.

Large Audience Hears "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," with Caruso as Canio.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.

Santuzza	Emma Destinn
Lola	Jeanne Maubourg
Turiddu	Riccardo Martin
Alfio	Dinh Gilly
Lucia	Marie Mattfeld

PAGLIACCI

Nedda	Bella Alten
Canio	Enrico Caruso
Tonio	Antonio Scotti
Peppe	Angelo Bada
Silvio	Dinh Gilly

Conductor, Giuseppe Sturani.

The "double bill" of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," with Mr. Caruso in the latter and Mme. Destinn in the former, attracted an enormous audience at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, as this familiar combination of two dramas of sultry Italian passion may be relied upon to do. Both performances presented features that have long been well known to operagoers, and are evidently highly approved by them. And it is no wonder that Mme. Destinn's Santuzza should be so, so filled is the impersonation with deadly intensity, so beautifully sung. There is little that is new to be said now of Mr. Martin's Turiddu or Mr. Gilly's Alfio or Miss Mattfeld's Lucia. Mme. Maubourg gave interesting evidence in her singing of the music allotted to Lola of an improvement in her style and vocal method. It was charmingly shown in the little song that she has to sing as she first enters upon the stage.

The gayety of the proceedings in the first scene of "Pagliacci" when the strolling company of players arrives was enhanced by the independence of the donkey that draws the cart. He decided to rest upon the ground; and it engrossed the attention of the comedians for some moments to free him from his trappings and set him upon his feet again. Gayety is short lived in "Pagliacci," however, and matters soon became very serious, indeed, with the complications in which the passions of the human actors were involved. Mr. Caruso found them never more so, and they roused him to some of his most boisterous and vehement singing. He has rarely been more prodigal of his voice or more reckless in his outpourings or in his accentuation of all the sobbing passion that he feels as Canio, reaching its climax in the song at the close of the first act. There was no continence or circumspection here, and he roused the audience to riotous demonstrations of enthusiasm. Mr. Scotti sang the part of Tonio in his accustomed manner; Miss Alten was the Nedda and Mr. Gilly the Silvio. Mr. Sturani's conducting had energy and a certain authority, at least, if not finish.

Nov 26, 1911

"LOHENGRIN" AT THE OPERA.

First Appearance of Mme. Matzenauer and Mr. Weil as Ortrud and Telramund.

Heinrich der Vogler	Herbert Witherspoon
Lohengrin	Hermann Jadlowker
Elsa von Brabant	Olive Fremstad
Friedrich von Telramund	Hermann Weil
Ortrud	Margarete Matzenauer
Der Heerrufer des Koenigs	William Hinshaw

Conductor.....Alfred Hertz

Times

An excellent performance of "Lohengrin" was given at the matinée at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday, where it was enjoyed and applauded by a very large matinée audience. It was a performance of much spirit and dramatic force, and it had unusual excellences on the musical side in the way of ensemble and in the performance of several of the leading members of the cast. Mme. Fremstad's Elsa, as is well known, is beautiful in conception and in appearance, eagerly ingenuous and tender, and of virginal youthfulness. She was in excellent voice, though not always wholly fortunate in the delivery of her highest notes when they were to be sung pianissimo. But how full of the poetry and dreamy passion of the music was much of her singing, how potent a means for the expression of the dramatist's conception! Mr. Jadlowker's Lohengrin has vocal brilliancy and power, and it has youth and energy in its favor; but apparently has not gained in poetic imagination.

Mme. Matzenauer made her first appearance as Ortrud, and added another to the series of successes that she has already won at the Metropolitan Opera House this season. It was a dramatically powerful impersonation, finely composed, finely executed in detail. She expended her vocal resources upon the music lavishly, and there were thrilling moments in her singing, as in the invocation to the heathen gods in the second act. Mme. Matzenauer was somewhat disposed to use an excess of portamento; for the most part her declamation was admirable. Mr. Weil's Telramund had many excellent qualities, vocal and histrionic, and in certain passages in his long colloquy with Ortrud in the second act he showed a fine intelligence. Mr. Witherspoon acquitted himself creditably as Henry the Fowler, a part that can scarcely be expected to communicate inspiration, and so did Mr. Hinshaw as the Herald.

There was much excellent work on the part of the chorus.

"LOHENGRIN" AT THE OPERA

WAGNER'S POPULAR WORK IS HEARD BY BIG AUDIENCE.

Good Cast and a Performance of General Excellence. Mme. Fremstad as "Elsa"—Mme. Matzenauer Sings "Ortrud"—Others in the Music Drama.

"Lohengrin" was brought forward at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon and the popular work, provided with a good cast, drew to the theatre a great audience. The performance was one of general and high excellence, and its various elements had a musical and dramatic coherence which had its influence on the audience. As usual in presentations of operas demanding sustained singing combined with dramatic action of much significance, the most striking defects were in the musical part of the performance, while at the same time there were to be found the most admirable merits.

All of which is no more than saying that the eye may be easily satisfied by the spectacular features of an opera, while the psychologic messages must be conveyed through the medium of the song. The celebrated Pisaroni was so ugly that when a manager offered her an engagement she always sent him her photograph before accepting his signature to a contract. Yet it is said that she conquered her audiences with her first phrase.

If this meant anything it was that Pisaroni distracted the attention of the eye by her eloquent appeal to the mind through the ear. Now yesterday's performance of "Lohengrin" made a strong appeal to the ear, but not always to the mind through the ear. Many of its finer musical episodes had more superficial beauty than profound inwardness, while certain others had dramatic meaning without perfect musical embodiment.

The appeal of *Elsa* (Mme. Fremstad) in the first act was exquisitely poetic and imaginative in conception, but the tonal qualities of it in the aerial regions were very uncertain. But Mme. Fremstad's *Elsa* is on the whole a well conceived and well executed impersonation. The singer understands the spiritual unrest and discontent of the woman whose very moment of triumph plunges her into a deeper sea of doubt. If, therefore, the voice part occasionally calls for sustained piano singing in the high register and the artist has some tribulations therefrom we must not be too censorious.

Mme. Matzenauer's *Ortrud* was a capable interpretation, but not as finished vocally as some of her previous offerings. She made a most vigorous appeal to the gods in the second act and sang her share in the duet with *Telramund* excellently. Mr. Jadlowker's *Lohengrin* had much vocal beauty, but there was no convincing communication of the mysterious character of the Knight of the Grail.

Mr. Weil was a good and intelligent *Telramund*. Mr. Hinshaw delivered the proclamations of the *Herald* admirably and Mr. Witherspoon sang the music of the *King* well. Mr. Hertz conducted. The orchestra played capably and the singing of the chorus was unusually good.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON MUSIC.

Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony Directed by Conductor Josef Stransky.

The Philharmonic Society gave its second regular Sunday afternoon concert yesterday at Carnegie Hall. Music by Russian, Italian, French and Hungarian composers was offered, and a large audience followed with keen attention its performance. Leo Schulz was the soloist, and he played the Saint-Saëns concerto in A minor for violoncello. Conductor Stransky devoted the first half of the afternoon to Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony. The playing of the orchestra throughout the familiar work was characterized by a firm incisiveness of rhythm and was enriched by poetic feeling and tonal beauty.

The audience was very responsive in its appreciation. Following the symphony came a new composition by Nicola Laucella in the form of a symphonic poem entitled "Consalvo." Laucella is a flautist of the Philharmonic Orchestra. Born in Italy, he is by training largely American. For three years he played in the Pittsburg Orchestra under Emil Paur, and was chosen for his present post by Gustav Mahler. The compositions he has written are of orchestral and chamber music forms. "Consalvo," the symphonic work played yesterday for the first time, is dedicated to Josef Stransky. The name is taken from a poem by Giacomo Leopardi. In this poem the poet no doubt sets forth sad sentiments reflected from his own life, as magnified by a morbid philosophy. Laucello's music characteristically depicts to some extent the contents of Leopardi's text, where belief in mankind is restored by death. With much rich, native material in hand the composer has employed a knowledge in his poem of orchestral draughtsmanship that is good, frequently dramatic, and of a particularly interesting textural design. The reception given Mr. Laucella after his music was heard yesterday was hearty, and the young composer was repeatedly forced to make his acknowledgments.

The playing of Saint-Saëns's concerto was characterized by the artistic excellence always expected of Mr. Schulz. Contrasted brilliant effects, a charming delicacy and an impressive elegance were some of the features happily adjusted in his performance yesterday. Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody in F minor, arranged by himself and Franz Döppler for orchestra, closed the programme.

The Russian pianist Manfred Malkin and his brother, Jacques Malkin, a violinist from Paris, gave a recital at the Belasco Theatre yesterday afternoon.

Manfred Malkin has been heard before in New York, one occasion being his own recital some six years ago in Mendelssohn Hall. The programme offered by the two players yesterday was of a serious nature and opened with Beethoven's sonata for piano, opus 57. This was played by the pianist in a manner disclosing only a musicianly purpose. In his forte passages an undesirable hardness of tone was heard, nor was his phrasing always polished. But as a whole Mr. Malkin's playing of the sonata revealed some poetic and subtle touches of style. He was heard later in some solo pieces, as was the violinist, who chose for his chief number the Mendelssohn concerto. There was a large and very friendly audience present.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Plays Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" Symphony and a New Work.

What the most popular opera is these days of five subscription performances and certain favorite singers there is no means of telling, but it is safe to say that the most popular symphony is Tschaikowsky's so-called "Pathetique," both with audiences and conductors. The placing of the work upon a programme assures an organization of a well-filled theatre, and conductors are further allowed to gratify their desire to create an effect with this symphony, the success of which has been sensational since it first appeared on the musical horizon shortly after the composer's death.

Joseph Stransky, the new conductor of the Philharmonic Society, brought the work forward yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, as it might have been expected that he would sooner rather than later, and as is the custom of conductors these days he gave the work a "reading." The "allegro con grazia" in five-four time, for instance, he played much more slowly than one has been accustomed to hear it. In the third movement he made great distinctions in the time between the part containing the triplet figure and the brilliant march. The march was played at so slow a tempo that it very nearly lost its brilliancy. As for the final movement, no two bars were played in the same time. The use of the tempo rubato was almost extreme.

In dynamic effects, however, Mr. Stransky held himself more in check. He paid more attention to nuance and less to violent contrasts, although there were some beatings of the kettle drum which might have shocked delicate ears. As for the effect of the performance on the audience, there can have been no reasonable doubt. It applauded with might and main after every movement and at the close.

A feature of the programme was the first performance of a symphonic poem, "Consalvo," by Nicola Laucella, a flute player and a member of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Laucella is very young, (he was born in 1882) and it would be a pleasure to say pleasant things about this, one of his first works, but the fact remains that it did not make a deep impression, and will probably not be heard again. The melodious portions of the work have not any great distinction or significance, and as for the extraordinary series of dissonances which precedes the B major chord, according to Mr. Krehbiel, with which the work concludes, it can be said with good faith that it has scarcely its equal in modern music. However, the composer was called forward.

Leo Schulz the 'cellist, was the soloist of the afternoon, and he played Saint-Saëns's concerto in A minor in a manner which is worthy of high praise. In the pretty minuet he won from his instrument a ravishing tone of real beauty. His technical equipment was displayed in the other movements of the work. The concert ended with a performance of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody in F minor.

The Offerings of a Sunday.

The closing of Mendelssohn Hall having resulted in the opening of theatres to chamber music concerts and recitals, will doubtless also add to the number of Sunday entertainments. This was, at least, presaged by the concert of pianoforte and violin music given by the Messrs. Manfred and Jacques Malkin at the Belasco Theatre yesterday afternoon. With a Philharmonic concert of a particularly enticing kind as a counter attraction, it was scarcely to be wondered at that the people who gathered to hear the music from pianoforte and violin at the theatre seemed to be chiefly friends and pupils of the concert givers. This was in no wise to their discredit, but it helped to explain the size and character of the audience. Under more auspicious circumstances something more might have been recorded touching the merits of the artists and their recognition on the lines which are both complimentary and substantial.

Very naturally, the large interest of the afternoon lay in the concert of the Philharmonic Society, in Carnegie Hall, where Mr. Stransky conducted the "Pathetic" symphony, by Tschaikowsky, for the first time. A blessing for all conductors is that symphony, partly because of its unjustified title, to which the publishers have clung in defiance of the expressed wishes of the composer, but more because the character of the music is such that every conductor can make a success with it, no matter what his reading. In fact, as the New York public have had opportunities to learn, the more extraordinary and outré the reading the greater the success. It is dramatic, even spectacular, music. The composer knew that it reflected things which were going on in his own soul while he was writing it; but he did not dare to tell what they were, and those who knew him intimately do not wish to publish their guesses now that he is dead.

But this has no bearing either one way or the other on the beauty of the music as such, and so the symphony has won its almost unexampled popularity. That Mr. Stransky presented it vividly, picturesquely, poignantly, will be understood, of course, after what has been said heretofore of his skill as a conductor. The rest lies in that dubious region of interpretation in which judicious men may well refuse to venture when asses bray so loudly as to stifle all other voices—as in this blessed period of St. Liszt. Wherefore, perhaps, there is also no need to descant on the policy of performing a transcription of a Liszt Hungarian rhapsody at a concert of the Philharmonic Society. Time was—half a century or more ago—when that would have appeared natural enough. Time also was—in a later period—when the Philharmonic Society stood for only the great things in music—when such a proceeding would have been impossible even in a Liszt celebration.

There was a novelty at yesterday's concert—a work by a local composer, which had its first performance anywhere. It was a symphonic poem, entitled "Consalvo," after a poem by Leopardi, composed by Nicola Laucella, one of the flautists of the orchestra. The work, recently finished, is dedicated to Mr. Stransky and the society. The composer is a young man; his education has been acquired in New York, though he is a native of Italy; he displayed no little skill in his choice of a subject and no little ability in the invention of themes to illustrate the moods of Leopardi's poem. The subject is an excellent one for musical delineation—a dying poet burdened by physical and mental misery, whose last moments are brightened by the benignant presence of a woman, whose kiss tells him that, after all, "love and death" are desirable—this is a motive which almost craves for musical expression. The young artist took up his task with more than cleverness, but disclosed his apprenticeship in the hurried manner in which he reached his climax, and after that his conclusion. When Wagner composed his work which with unusual modesty he entitled "A Faust Overture," Liszt called his attention to the fact that he had neglected the feminine element. The same criticism might be passed on Mr. Laucella's symphonic poem. His delineation of the poet's gloomy outlook on the world is out of proportion to the glimpse of paradise which gives a turn to his philosophy at the end and which naturally provides its close. Yet it was pleasant—not only that but comforting and encouraging also—to meet a young composer who seemingly did not think it his duty to modern conceptions of his art to assault the ears of his listeners as long as police laws—which unfortunately do not apply to musical performances, so far as we know—allow. Having said what he had to say he stopped—somewhat abruptly, it must be admitted. As for the rest, it is a pleasure to recognize in Mr. Laucella the capacity of inventing significant themes and giving expression to poetical moods. With encouragement the rest will, no doubt, come. Mr. Laucella had a foretaste in his calls before the orchestra.

The solo feature of the Philharmonic concert was the performance of the concerto in A minor of Saint-Saëns by Leo Schulz, the first 'cellist of the orchestra. A familiar work and a well known and long admired virtuoso, what shall be said of it? If the greatest violoncellist in the world had been the performer the effect produced could not have been much more profound than that produced by Mr. Schulz's refined playing. There is nothing deep in the music, and its superficial delights were brought forward amply by Mr. Schulz.

Then there came an orchestral transcription by Liszt and Doppler of the former's Hungarian rhapsody in F minor. But orchestral transcriptions of Liszt's pianoforte pieces ought to be taboo in a Liszt year. The real Liszt is the Liszt of the pianoforte. No critic will disturb that glory.

At the popular concert in the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening (which again drew an overflowing house), the chief attraction was Mr. de Pachmann, who played the first of Chopin's two pianoforte concertos. There were other features, such as songs by Mme. Gluck and Mr. Witherspoon, but the one feature (as it turned out) was Mr. de Pachmann's performance. Dissociated from the player's harlequinisms there has been nothing more marvellous in this season's musical offerings than this performance of the familiar concerto. But serious consideration of it is absolutely excluded by such monkey shines as Mr. de Pachmann made it. It is most deplorable. H. E. K.

Nov 28 1911

The first concert of the Barrère Ensemble took place yesterday afternoon in the Belasco Theatre. The programme comprized Mozart's serenade in E flat, Schubert's introduction and variations for flute and piano, opus 160, an aubade for flute, oboe and clarinet by De Wailly, a "Danse Villageoise" by Emanuel Chabrier arranged by André Caplet, conductor at the Boston opera, and Rimsky-Korsakov's quintet in B flat for piano, flute, clarinet, horn and bassoon.

This was a very agreeable concert. Mr. Barrère and his associates have already won a place for themselves in the musical activities of New York, and it is altogether likely that they will continue to minister to our pleasure for a long time to come. Much of their success is due to the judgment of Mr. Barrère in making his programmes. That of yesterday, none too profound at any moment, was no exception to the rule.

In music for wind instruments the chief difficulty is to avoid monotony. This Mr. Barrère accomplishes first of all by arranging his programmes with a view to variety in the styles of music and the combinations of instrumental colors. The second factor in evading the usual pitfalls of organizations such as the Barrère Ensemble is the exquisitively graded playing of the artists.

The compositions offered yesterday ranged far in interest and style. The Mozart serenade, for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons, was in a small way the symphonic number of the list, for its first movement provided something for moderate reflection. But probably most of the auditors enjoyed chiefly the Schubert variations. Mr. Barrère and Ernesto Consolo, the pianist of the concert, gave a performance which for delicacy of finish and sympathetic interpretation was quite enchanting. Comment has been made here before on the gamut of expression which Mr. Barrère finds in a flute. It is exceptional, and in the Schubert music yesterday it was exhibited in a most favorable light.

No auditor expected anything very serious in the aubade or the village danse, which were as intermezzi between the more serious numbers. But they were dainty bits and daintily performed. The Rimsky-Korsakov music was composed as long ago as 1876, but was not published till after the composer's death, which was recent. The first movement of the three was by far the best, for here the composer had bright and captivating thematic material and treated it with some firmness of purpose.

In the other two movements he apparently was not wholly certain as to his own ultimate objects. At any rate he wandered about through mazes of key changes and rhetorical pauses, repetitions of his themes, and piano passage embroideries till he had used up enough pages of paper and then came to conclusions. Mr. Barrère deserves thanks for giving the composition a hearing, but it is unlikely that it will figure often on his programmes. In this work Mr. Consolo again showed himself to be a most admirable ensemble player.

"LOBETANZ" HEARD AGAIN.

The Light and Pleasing Work Interests Its Second Audience.

"Lobetanz" had its second performance at the Metropolitan Opera House last night and was thereby for the first time brought to the attention of the "smart" Monday evening set. It was a brilliant audience from the social viewpoint and it appeared to be thoroughly well pleased with Thuille's melodious opera. There was a burst of applause after the spectacular entrance of the King and his court in the first act, and after the first fall of the curtain there were numerous and hearty recalls for the principal singers.

The performance was smooth and musical throughout. There were no evidences of carelessness on the part of any

of the performers or on the part of Mr Hertz, who continued to conduct the work with great discretion and the most delightful results. Mme. Gadski employed a larger tone in her solo in the first act, but it cannot be said that this improved the effect of the number. It was better as it was sung at first.

Mr. Jadlowker's singing and acting as *Lobetanz* were again worthy of high praise. The action of the effective prison scene was well done, as it was before, and this scene again convinced observers that it was the best in the opera. "Lobetanz" is a light work, and its gentle parodies of certain Wagner dramas (in its first act) are so amusing that not even a scoffer should regard them as weak imitations. They are obviously meant, and they have even humorous parody in their musical phraseology. It is a pretty and charming evening's entertainment and it ought to have a prosperous career.

PAUL DUFAULT'S RECITAL.

An Evening of Songs Enjoyed at the Carnegie Lyceum.

Paul Dufault, tenor, gave a recital last evening at the Carnegie Lyceum. He had the assistance of Charles Gilbert Spross as accompanist in presenting a programme consisting largely of French songs. A cavatine from "Dardanus," by Sacchini, was in the opening group, which included further two operatic excerpts from Lully's "Armidis" and Méhul's "Joseph en Egypte." Following these were Paladilhe's "Psyché," "Ma Vigne et ma Mie," by Cuvillior, and two Debussy songs, "Romance" and "Mandoline." Mr. Dufault's fine interpretative taste stood him in good stead last night in the songs that called for a lyric delivery of style. It is to be regretted, however, that with a voice of natural beauty he was not always successful in its employment.

His medium and lower tones were not always even and clear, nor are his registers of an even quality. But he knows how to sing with an effectiveness made up of much charming refinement and the warmth of romantic feeling, as in the Debussy "mandoline" song, which had to be repeated. The four English songs chosen by Mr. Dufault for his programme last night were by Loepke, Kernochan, MacFarlane and Riker. These were followed by two more French groups. The recital giver had many listeners, and his singing afforded them evident pleasure.

Nov 29 1911

VOLPE ORCHESTRA CONCERT

A NEW OVERTURE BY AN AMERICAN.

A Composition by Dr. Percy Goetschius Heard for the First Time—Rudolph Ganz Gives a Brilliant Performance of Some Tschaikowsky Piano Music.

The first concert of the eighth season of the Volpe Symphony Orchestra took place last night at Carnegie Hall. The programme comprised Liszt's symphonic poem "Les Préludes," Tschaikowsky's B flat minor concerto for piano and orchestra, Dr. Percy Goetschius's "Christmas Overture," and César Franck's D minor symphony. The pianist was Rudolph Ganz. The audience was one of fair size and its applause was most liberal.

The Liszt composition had a place on the programme in belated recognition of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the musician. Of course people wish to hear Liszt's music from time to time, but it may be that some will be thankful that his two hundredth anniversary is a long way off and that celebrations of the centenary of his death cannot begin before 1986. The generation which is in its youth at that time will get it all over again in 2011.

Also it may be remarked in passing that César Franck's symphony appears to be on the verge of becoming pervasive in the current season. The musical year is yet in its infanoy, and already this work, which says so much to Frenchmen and so little to most others, has been played twice.

Such things being true and now matters of lasting and important record, the chief attention of the present oomment may be turned to the two central numbers of last evening's programme. The Tschaikowsky piano concerto is no stranger to local concert audiences and it has deservedly grown in favor. The composer had no want of melodic ideas and he knew well how to give both piano and orchestra something to say about them. The concerto, with its ponderous sonorities and its blaze of piano passage complications, suited the artistic character of Mr. Ganz admirably.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to recall another performance in which the brilliancy of the music had a more satisfying disclosure. Mr. Ganz revelled in the largo phrases, the plangent utterances of the first and last allegros, and the massive challenges of the orchestra by the solo instrument. Mr. Volpe let loose a torrent of orchestral tone in the fortes, but the song of the piano rose ever triumphant.

And this must not be interpreted as meaning that Mr. Ganz played only forcibly. His reading had musical proportions and not a few moments of genuine eloquence. Technically it was a splendid exhibition of virile virtuosity cast in the large mould. The enthusiasm of the audience was prolonged and thoroughly merited. Mr. Volpe showed a full acquaintance with the score and provided a sympathetic if not altogether refined accompaniment.

Percy Goetsohius's overture, which has been played in Europe, was heard here for the first time. Mr. Goetschius was born in New Jersey, and the appearance of his music on last night's programme was in pursuit of Mr. Volpe's avowed purpose of giving American composers a hearing. According to the programme notes, which were justified in this matter by the music, this overture is not a programme composition. The title is perhaps rather an indication of the general spirit of the work than a literal label.

In the slow introduction with which the overture opens the composer has caused the trumpets and horns to sing a harmonized chant intended to be a setting of the text "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." This theme is heard again in the finale, where it is built up to a sonorous climax.

A derivative of this melody is the principal theme of the allegro of the composition. The cantabile theme is in clear contrast and is sung first by the wood and next by the strings. Both themes are well defined and direct in character. The working out is by no means complicated, and it must be admitted not profoundly interesting. It is the writing of a musician who well understands his craft but who was possibly less moved by a compelling inner force than by a desire to produce something to his own credit.

The orchestration did not appear to possess any special distinction, but again was generally good. There were spots in which the joints of the structure were more exposed than the highest art would have them. But on the whole the composition deserved to be heard, and it is not going too far to say that music by composers residing in foreign lands is often played here with less reason than this had.

Mr. Volpe conducted this composition without a score, showing that he had bestowed upon it careful and affectionate study. His orchestra performed it well, though the wood wind—that troublesome part of most orchestras—had some palpable troubles.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK SINGS.

Her Song Recital at Carnegie Hall Has a Large Audience.

Mme. Schumann-Heink gave a song recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The auditorium was crowded and the applause indicated that the admirers of the contralto are of the opinion that she sings as well to-day as she did when she first interested music lovers in this town by the range of her voice and the extraordinary boldness of her style. It would be a joy to agree with this army of worshippers, but candor makes it impossible.

Mme. Schumann-Heink never was technically a singer of the highest rank. Her gifts were exceptional, and while her physical powers were in their prime the deficiencies of her vocal art did not betray themselves as they do now when technical resource might perhaps be called upon to cover the ravages of time and hard usage.

Clever makeshifts, such as the singer employed in "Die Forelle," suffice to delude the inexpert, but they have no value for the connoisseur. There were many evasions of musical verity in the delivery of the melodies on yesterday's list, and these could only bring regret to those whose memories are green.

On the other hand there were some high and noble moments of interpretation and the best of these came with the group of Schumann songs in the middle of the programme. "Stille," the "Intermezzo" and "Frühlingsnacht" were all given with feeling and no little skill in the communication of it, but the climax of excellence in the entire recital was reached with "Mondnacht," which Mme. Schumann-Heink sang with profound emotion and much beauty of tone.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK SINGS

Her Recital in Carnegie Hall Heard by a Large Audience.

Times

A song recital by Mme. Schumann Heink is one of the annual occurrences of the musical season. This season's occurred yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, which was filled with the concert giver's zealous and enthusiastic admirers. They industriously applauded, and some of them doubtless were responsible for the large and handsome bouquets that the ushers laid at her feet on the edge of the platform. Mme. Schumann Heink has accumulated friends in the years in which she has been singing in New York. Her voice has been and still is of great power, and, when it is heard at its best, of the richest and most ponderous contralto quality. She has not always sung with well considered and well assimilated art and fine taste, but there have always been dramatic power, whole-souled heartiness, and apparent sincerity in her singing that are sympathetic.

At her recent appearances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra Mme. Schumann-Heink sang in many respects better than she had before of late years. This was especially true of the long and declamatory monologue by Bruch. The style of dramatic declamation is what suits her best; in music of a more lyrical sort she is often less successful, and this was the case yesterday. Her programme comprised first a group of Beethoven's songs, beginning with the majestic "Die Ehre Gottes," in which she directed her efforts toward a powerful sonority that was sometimes forced; there was more beauty in "Vom Tode." To these songs she appropriately added another of Beethoven's, "Neue Liebe."

There was a group of Schubert's songs, in which she was, on the whole, less fortunate, and of which the best adapted to her style was "Die Junge Nonne." She forced the sentiment in "Du bist die Ruh" and took "Die Forelle" at a pace so rapid that its significance was in part lost. After this group she added another song of Schubert's, "Die Allmacht," in which again large drafts were made upon the power and resonance of her voice, with results that seemed to make an impression. A series of Schumann's songs followed, in certain of which she did some of her best singing, as in "In der Fremde" and "Mondnacht." In many of these songs, Schubert's and Schumann's alike, she did a good deal to mar the effect by that form of "scooping" known as portamento, carried to excess. But there was always the earnest search for pointed and characteristic expression, variety, and contrast. It seemed strange that she made no more than she did out of Brahms's deeply emotional "Von Ewiger Liebe." She rioted in his vivacious and voluble Gypsy Songs; but by this time there were signs of weariness in her voice and there was less accuracy in its pitch and less fullness than there was in the beginning.

Mme. Schumann Heink paid the tribute to the American composer that few song singers now omit, by closing her concert with a group of songs by Marion Bauer, Mary Turner Salter, and Harold.

THE VOLPE ORCHESTRA.

A New Piece by Dr. Goetschius Played —Rudolf Ganz Sololst.

The Volpe Symphony Society began its eighth season with a concert in Carnegie Hall last evening, under the direction of Mr. Arnold Volpe, as it has been since the beginning. These young men play very much as they have in previous sessions, with a great amount of ruggedness and strength and enthusiasm, but not much finish or regard to the nicer matters of beauty and balance of tone. The wood wind players, in particular, had to skate over some rather thin ice. Mr. Volpe adopted the popular expedient of celebrating Liszt's centenary by playing "Les Préludes." It seems to be about the easiest way, as well as one that avoids risk, and has been largely adopted in New York and elsewhere.

The symphony was César Franck's, already once heard here this Autumn; and a piece new to this city, Dr. Percy Goetschius's "Christmas Overture," was also played by the orchestra. Dr. Goetschius is a well-known theorist and pedagogue, and perhaps not unnaturally a conservative in music. According to the information of a note to the programme, he wishes his overture to be heard as music and not as an illustration of an extra-musical idea, notwithstanding its title. There is, indeed, a suggestion of shepherds watching their flocks in the pastoral opening, and then of the angelic proclamation, which is made the first subject of a development in the orthodox form. The overture is not remarkable for the force and originality of its ideas, nor for its beauty of orchestration, but it is not dull and is perhaps something more than "respectable." It has logic and clearness and seriousness of purpose, and at least one passage of real eloquence.

Mr. Rudolf Ganz, a pianist who played not a little in New York some years ago, and who has returned this season, was the soloist. He played Tschaikowsky's concerto in B flat minor. Mr. Ganz seems to added quite unnecessarily to his muscular strength since he was last in New York, and has besides unfortunately hardened his tone and set his interpretation into rigid lines. His playing of the concerto was, in a way, brilliant. It could not well have been louder; it was also very matter of fact, and failed to touch the real Tschaikowsky at any point. And so it wanted a tremendous enthusiasm that resulted in the recall of Mr. Ganz numerous times to the platform.

Nov 30 1911

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—LA GIOCONDA, opera by Ponchielli.

La Gioconda	Miss Emmy Destinn
Laura Adorno	Miss Florence Wickham
Alvise Badoero	Mr. Andrea de Segurola
La Cieca	Miss Theodora Orridge
Enzo Grimaldo	Mr. Enrico Caruso
Barnaba	Mr. Pasquale Amato
Zuane	Mons. Bernard Bégué
Un Cantore	Mr. Edoardo Missiano
Isepo	Mr. Pietro Audisio

"La Giocohda," sung in the Metropolitan Opera House, for the first time this season, coupled with the first appearance in New York of Miss Theodora Orridge, an English contralto, kept the interest of a huge audience tuned up to concert pitch last night. Miss Orridge had only a small part, that of La Cieca, but she acquited herself with credit and proved that she has an amply resonant voice of pleasing quality in the lower tones.

Not many in the audience suspected that Mr. Amato, who sang Barnaba, was suffering from a cold. Cards announcing his indisposition had been printed and were ready for distribution, if his sold should become worse, and Mr. Dinh Gilly was on hand, ready to take his colleague's place. Save for a slightly strained quality in some of his high notes, however, Mr. Amato sang well and made dramatic use of his voice, particularly in the difficult monologue of the first act.

Mr. Caruso, as Enzo, was again in his vocal element, singing his Cielo e Mar with a wealth of golden tone. After it there was almost a riot, many shouting "Bravo" and "Bis," while others hissed them to let the opera proceed. It sounded for a minute like an Italian version of Monday night's Irish Players' Donnybrook.

As Gioconda Miss Destinn sang admirably. Miss Wickham as Laura, at times scarcely measured up to the artistic level of her associates, but still she did some good singing. Mr. De Segurola was not very satisfying as Alvise, his voice lacking resonance.

Mr. Toscanini conducted with interest and authority, and the orchestra played in a way to make it proud of itself. The chorus was right up to the mark and the ballet "Dance of the Hours" evoked applause.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Amilcare Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," a most potent and eventful opera, was revived last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Emmy Destinn was seen in the part of the street singing heroine, and M. Enrico Caruso as the naval and incendiary hero who loves the first contralto and is loved by the primate lady. This division of amatory sentiment in Italian opera at least connotes a suicide, and Madame Destinn accordingly met her fate vocally and bravely, while the villain, a mixture of Iago and Richard III. and Sherlock Holmes, hissed in her ear that he had just casually murdered her blind mother.

These things often happen in operatic Venice, though no Venetian expressed his disapprobation last night by the hurling of a potato or even by the projection of a watery and collapsible tomato, supposedly an appropriate missile of national protest.

"La Gioconda" is some thirty-six years old—this is lyric history and not a personality—and may therefore still be assigned to that style of musico-theatrical composition referred to by essayists as "Young Italy." It is picturesque, semi-spectacular, and alive with scenic and musical incident, while its graceful and descriptive ballet, known universally as "The Ballet of the Hours," has always been regarded as one of its most agreeable features. Each of the soloists has, moreover, an oppoprtunity of self-display, of which the most is naturally made.

Some golden minutes are spent with a very beautiful rosary song, the broad and luscious melody of which "are as a string of pearls to me" and thee and every one else.

This aria, written by a composer who thoroughly understood the possibilities of the voice, has never been effectively sung at the Metropolitan since the contraltoship of Edyth Walker, whose surrender of the part of La Cieca was a bitter loss, and whose successors in it have hitherto been a barren gain. The chief strains of "Voce di Donna" are used as a leading motive at various tense moments in the dramatic process of the opera. It is, therefore, well that the "Voce di Donna" should be emphasized, and that the achievement of such stress calls for a fine voice and a broad, important style. It fell ysterday to Miss Theodora Orridge, the latest scion of a musical family and an Englishwoman, who made her debut.

Another newcomer to the cast was the statuesque Miss Florence Wickham as Laura Adorno. Most modern operas have no contralto at all, but this one has two, and Laura is a bit of a cut-up, instead of being, like the contraltos of other operas, a withered witch, a pathetic mother, or a jaunty youth with a letter to noble seniors.

Dec 1 1911

Amfortas	Pasquale Amato
Titurel	William Hinshaw
Gurnemanz	Herbert Witherspoon
Parsifal	Carl Burrian
Klingsor	Otto Goritz
Kundry	Olive Fremstad
A Voice	Florence Wickham
First Knight of the Grail	Julius Bayer
Second Knight of the Grail	William Hinshaw
First Esquire	Lenora Sparkes
Second Esquire	Henrietta Wakefield
Esquire	Albert Reiss
Esquire	Lambert Murphy
Pastor	Alfred Hertz

New York's unique privilege of hearing "Parsifal" upon a few special occasions in the course of the musical season is evidently appreciated by the musical public of the city. There was a large audience present yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House at the first performance of the "consecrational stage festival play," which, as often in previous years, was given on the Thanksgiving holiday. The occasion is marked as one differing significantly from the usual operatic performance, it is felt as such by the audience which listens in a mood different from that of the usual operatic audience. Mr. Hertz deserves much praise for his success in keeping the representations from falling, as they so easily might fall, into a rut of perfunctoriness and indifference on the part of the singers and players. Thus the New York performances of "Parsifal" remain, as they should be, one of the signal distinctions of the musical life of the city.

There was nothing that had any element of novelty in yesterday's performance. Mme. Fremstad's marvelous representation of Kundry continues to be its greatest single merit; and the co-operation of Messrs Burrian as Parsifal, Amato as Amfortas, Witherspoon as Gurnemanz, and Goritz as Klingsor is worthy of it. Mr. Hertz's part in the performance, especially the playing of the orchestra, brought results of rare beauty and finish. There were some defects that marred the work of singers and players. Mr. Amato, who had sung the previous evening the part of Barnaba in "La Gioconda" with evident difficulty, was still in serious trouble with his voice, which had little of its own proper resonance and carrying power, and this injured the effect of his impassioned monologues in the first and last acts.

The complicated scenery of the drama, which from time to time falls under the spell of some power of evil, fell yesterday at a new point. In the transformation at the end of the first scene of the second act, when Klingsor's castle disappears and his magic garden should flash into view, there was trouble. The platform upon which Klingsor stands would not sink; and to conceal the excrescence which it made in the garden scene the lights were kept down until it was finally got out of the way, which took some minutes. The flower maidens had to sing in the dark until this was effected, when the rest of the act was carried to its end without further untoward incident.

It was unfortunate, but it did not, and could not, obliterate the otherwise superb excellence of the performance where fate had not touched it.

In the evening "Il Trovatore" was sung for the first time this season with the following cast:

Leonora .....Johanna Gadski
Azucena .....Theodora Orridge
Inez .....Eloma Borniggia
Manrico .....Riccardo Martin
Il Conte di Luna.....Dinh Gilly
Ferrando .....Giulio Rossi
Ruiz .....Pietro Audisio
Un Zingaro .....Edoardo Missiaoo

The novel feature of the cast was the Azucena of Mme. Theodora Orridge, the new English contralto of the company. Mme. Orridge's performance was somewhat uneven, and it can hardly be said that she made so favorable an impression as at her début the previous evening in the rôle of the blind mother in "La Gioconda." Still her performance had its merits.

The singers that undertook the other important parts have all sung them here more or less frequently, and did not depart conspicuously from their customary interpretations. Mme. Gadski, who sang Leonora, was in good voice, and so was Mr. Martin, who sang Manrico, and their efforts won cordial applause from the audience. Mr. Gilly was not in such good vocal form, and some of his singing of di Luna's music, especially where fine schooling is demanded, left a good deal to be desired.

Mr. Sturani had his forces well in hand, and there was abundant spirit in the work of chorus and orchestra. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

Harold Bauer Wins a Great Triumph In Brahm's D Minor Concerto.

The Philharmonic Society's programme last evening at the fourth concert of its regular series contained only three numbers, but the third was Schubert's C major symphony, a fact sufficient to account for the numerical brevity. Swetana's symphonic poem "Vysebrad," the first in his patriotic series of six, was the first piece. It is rather singular that it had never been played at the society's concerts before. It is "programme music" of the more imaginative sort, in which the composer does not follow a literary schedule in a manner to subordinate his musical inspiration. Swetana had a spontaneous gift of invention, and this composition, like the others of the set that are familiar in New York, is picturesque music, not without truly imaginative touches, and, above all, fluent and euphonious. It is very agreeable to hear, and makes few exactions upon the listener in the hearing.

In this, as in Schubert's symphony, Mr. Stransky presented a performance of many excellent qualities, spirited, vigorous, and finished. In the symphony he set forth its poetry, its freshness and exuberant vitality, upon which the touch of time has made so little impression. It was vitalized by a strong rhythmic sense, and there were balance and proportion in the adjustment of the orchestral tone. It was a straightforward and unaffected reading, based on an intelligent understanding of Schubert's spirit that shines so characteristically through this music. Only in one matter did he raise doubts in the listening mind—in the scherzo, after the climax before the trio had been reached, the retardation of tempo seemed excessive and beyond what the composer indicated or the sense of the music demanded.

Harold Bauer was the soloist, who played Brahms's first pianoforte concerto in D minor—a work that is most rarely heard and that pianists have studiously avoided. It is anything but music for display, or for the exploitation of a solo performer; nor is it music that makes an easy appeal to the public. It is of Brahms's earlier years and has something of the austerity and reserve that belongs to much else of this period of his production; it rises also to some of his loftiest heights and gives utterance to some of his most personal and characteristic ideas in his most personal and characteristic modes of expression. It is music of great beauty, of grave majesty, of the most intimate poetical spirit in the adagio and the rondo. But its beauties are not to be fathomed except by one who approaches it with love and entire sympathy.

So Mr. Bauer approached it, and in this work, apparently so inaccessible to the general, he achieved a remarkable triumph. He played it with the most admirable devotion, with a complete divination of all that Brahms put into it. His performance laid bare the beauty of the music so that his hearers entered with him into the fullest realization of it. In accomplishing this, as difficult a task as confronts the interpretative artist in all the range of modern music, he roused them to enthusiastic expression of delight, delight such as comes from the possession of a new artistic enjoyment. Mr. Bauer was rapturously applauded, and again and again recalled to the platform.

YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA

VERDI IN THE AFTERNOON, PUCCINI AT NIGHT.

Mme. Rappold and Mme. Orridge Assist Mr. Caruso in "Aida"—Miss Gluck and Mr Martin in the Support of Mr. Scotti in "La Boheme."

Verdi's "Aïda" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon for the pleasure of an immense audience. All the seats were occupied and the standing room was uncomfortably crowded. The dictribution of the rôles showed some important changes. Instead of Miss Destinn, Mme. Rappold was put forward as *Aïda*, while Mme. Matzenauer, who was to have sung *Amneris*, was indisposed and for her Mme. Orridge was substituted.

But such changes signified little or nothing to an audience which had assembled apparently with the object of hearing Mr. Caruso as *Rhadames* and secondarily the opera itself. It was therefore fortunate that the famous tenor was in better voice than he was at the previous representation or indeed at any other time in the current season. His delivery of "Celeste Aïda" disclosed some weaknesses, but in the more declamatory music he was heard with manifest delight.

Mme. Rappold sang with a thin, pale tone and in a style quite devoid of dramatic significance. She sang in tune, however, and for this at least deserved thanks. Mme. Orridge's *Amneris* was even more of a disappointment than her *Azucena*. It lacked both authority and intensity. Mr. Amato was in improved vocal condition and in the Nile scene especially sang the music of *Amonasro* well. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

In the evening Puccini's "La Bohème" was given at "popular" prices and before a large audience. The burdens of the evening fell chiefly upon the shoulders of Alma Gluck as *Minie*, Riccardo Martin as *Rodolfo*, Bella Alten as *Musetta* and Antonio Scotti as *Marallo*. It would be cruel to say much about the others.

None of the principals mentioned was new to the rôle of last evening. Of the four the one who held the highest honors was the experienced Scotti. Those who go to the opera just to hear tones may not get from Mr. Scotti in these days all they crave, but to those who appreciate style and the fine skill of delineation his *Marcello* will continue to be a delight.

Alma Gluck has made decided improvement in her delivery of the music of *Mimi*. Her voice is excellently suited to this part and last night there was a most agreeable certainty in the placing of her tones which aided materially in bringing out their best qualities. This was most noticeable in the upper register, where the tones were charming in their lightness and transparent quality. Her interpretation of the character was simple and unaffected, as it should be. *Mimi* was not a Maeterlinck lady.

Mr. Martin sang *Rodolfo's* music suavely and flexibly. But there was not much of the atmosphere of Perisian Bohemia about this decayed poet. Giuseppe Sturani misconducted the evening's music with remarkable success. Several times he left the singers stranded high and dry on the banks of ritardandi, which he apparently did not suspect, and generally speaking his tempi had more originality than merit.

RUSSIAN MUSIC AGAIN.

Symphony Society of That Nation Here Gives a Pleasing Programme.

The Russian Symphony Society gave its second evening concert at Carnegie Hall last night. Modest Altschuler presented an interesting list of Russian compositions. The soloists were Rosa Olitzka, contralto, and Boris Hambourg, cellist.

The programme opened with a spirited performance by the orchestra of Rachmaninoff's second symphony, in E minor. This symphony received its first performance in New York from the Russian Symphony Society in 1909, and it was again played by the society at one of its concerts last winter.

Mr. Hambourg was heard in the solo part of Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," for violoncello with orchestra. His playing was effective and of artistic excellence. It contained a happy mingling of refined taste with good technical accomplishment.

Further on the programme were two orchestral pieces, namely, Liadow's music entitled "Enchanted Lake," which is descriptive of a Russian folk tale, and a "Russian Dance" by Rubinstein. Between these numbers came a group of songs: "Esblinkt der Than" of Rubinstein, "Nur Wer die Sehnsucht Kennt" of Tschaikowsky and the two songs by Rachmaninoff, "Russian Folk Song" and "Spring Floods."

The audience present was large and appreciative.

THE RUSSIAN ORCHESTRA.

Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony Repeated—Boris Hamburg and Rosa Olitzka Soloists.

At the second evening concert of the Russian Symphony Society, given yesterday in Carnegie Hall, Rachmaninoff's second symphony was the principal number of the programme. Mr. Altschuler was the first to play it in New York, and it has several times since been repeated here, most recently only a few weeks ago by the New York Symphony Orchestra. Not many recent symphonies have had so many repetitions as this. There is much that is fine in it, yet much also that is unfortunate—its excessive length and prolixity, its fullness of orchestration, almost unrelieved, the manner the composer has of repeating his melodies in continuous chains. He had, however, realy something to say; and it was heard with appreciation last evening.

Mr. Boris Hamburg played with finish, but with a rather small tone. Tschaikowsky's "Rococo" variations for the viloncello, with orchestral accompaniment, and being recalled, played a long piece with the piano; a piece of which the composer had not been blessed with plenary inspiration. A second soloist was Mme. Rosa Olitzka, contralto; some years ago of more or less prominent at the Metropolitan Opera House, who sang songs with piano accompaniment, by the Russian Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky and Rachmaninoff; also a Russian folk song. She took the place of Mme. Rappold of the Metropolitan company, who had been announced originally upon the programme, but whose appearance in "Aida" at the opera house in the afternoon would have been enough, without any other reason, to preent her from singing in this concert.

Liadow's fairy tale picture, "The Enchanted Lake" and Rubinstein's setting for orchestra of a Russian dance, called the "trepak" were the other orchestral numbers.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony and Selections from "Eugene Onegin" Given.

The concert of the New York Symphony Society given yesterday afternoon at The New Theatre was devoted to Tschaikowsky; the first half to Tschaikowsky the symphonist, as represented by his fifth symphony, the last to the lyric dramatist, as represented by excerpts from his opera, "Eugene Onegin." The fifth symphony seems more and more certainly his best work in the domain of symphonic composition as time goes on; its substance seems more lasting and of stronger fibre than that of the sixth. The performance under Mr. Damrosch's direction was an uncommonly stirring one, carefully wrought in detail, and yet preserving the large sweep of line. There was full permission taken of the composer's license, expressly given, for freedom of tempo and expression, and there was much elasticity in these respects.

The selections from "Eugene Onegin," one of Tschaikowsky's most widely popular operas, of which Mr. Damrosch gave a concert performance not long ago, were the "Letter Scene" and aria of the heroine, Tatjana; the air of M. Triquet, and the waltz from the second act. Tatjana's air was sung by Miss Florence Hinkle with altogether uncommon success. She has a voice of real beauty, clear and equal in quality, very well under her control, and produced and delivered with ease and spontaneity. Her singing of the air with its preceding recitative was artistic, and expressed much of its deep-seated emotion. One of Miss Hinkle's special excellence was the clearness and finish of her diction.

John Barnes Wells sang Triboulet's air acceptably. He gave the recitative in broken French-English, and the air itself in French. There might have been more unction in his style of delivering both portions, but the voice itself is agreeable. The waltz for orchestra is pleasing, perhaps a little obvious in its melody, which might have more allurement in its place in the dramatic performance as the musical motive and ground work of a brilliant scene upon the stage.

THE RUSSIAN SYMPHONY.

Drops Russian Music for Wagner at Yesterday's Concert.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra, which seems to be broadening its activities, both as to number of concerts and the choice of programmes, devoted itself to the music of Richard Wagner yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Modest Altschuler, of course, conducted, and the soloists were Mme. Rose Olitzka, who sang Adriano's air from "Rienzi" and "Träume," and Karl Klein, the concertmeister of the orchestra, who played an arrangement of the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger."

The orchestral selections included the overture to "Tannhäuser," the "Vorspiel" and "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde," the Ride of the Valkyries, the "Vorspiel" to "Lohengrin," the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried," and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The audience was not a large one.

Schumann-Heink Sings in Concert.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was the soloist especially engaged to sing at last evening's concert at the Metropolitan Opera House. The contralto was heard in an air from Mozart's "Titus," and "Mon Coeur s'ouvre à ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila." The other soloists were Mme. Fornia, who sang airs from "Trovatore" and "Romeo et Juliette," and Hermann Weil, who was heard in the "Abendstern" song from "Tannhäuser" and a ballad from "Czar und Zimmermann." The orchestra was under the direction of Josef Pasternak.

Russian Balalaika Orchestra Concert.

The Russian Balalaika Orchestra gave its second concert of the season at the Hippodromo last night before a large audience. The orchestral programme consisted of folk songs, including "El Ukhnem," or "The Volga Boatmen's Song," which has always been the most popular of the orchestra's numbers. Owing to an illness of one of the members of the quartet with the orchestra this year, some changes were made in the vocal part of the programme.

DOUBLE OPERATIC BILL PRESENTED

"Haensel und Gretel" Is Sung for the First Time This Season at the Metropolitan.

"PAGLIACCI" IS REPEATED

"Haensel und Gretel" and "Pagliacci" comprised the double bill last night at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"Haensel und Gretel" was performed for the first time this season, and "Pagliacci" for the second. Miss Marie Mattfeld and Miss Bella Alten sang Haensel and Gretel, respectively, and Albert Reiss failing, a contralto who knows the part was the Witch.

M. Caruso and M. Amato in the Italian opera aroused general enthusiasm.

TWO CHAMBER CONCERTS.

Arthur Whiting's Old Music Performance and the Flonzaley Quartet.

Arthur Whiting gave a concert of old music yesterday afternoon in Rumford Hall. The programme heard at his concert was taken from the courses in chamber music which Mr. Whiting gives at several prominent institutions of learning. The works chosen were Corelli's sonata in A major for violin, flute and harpsichord, three numbers by Bach, Handel's sonata in B minor for flute and harpsichord, and Purcell's "Golden Sonata" for violin, viola da gamba, flute and harpsichord.

The Bach numbers were two movements of the sonata in D major for viola da gamba and clavier, the second of the three, two movements of the E minor suite for violin and harpsichord, and four dances, polonaise, gavotte, sarabande and bourrée for harpsichord. It is needless to say that the suave and melodious character of all this old time music gave great pleasure to the hearers. It also may be said that plenty of it ought to be heard in these times when chaste and elevated music is rarely composed.

The performance of all these numbers was creditable and in some instances worthy of warm praise. Mr. Whiting had the assistance of Constance Edson, violin

the George Barrère, flute, and Paul Kefer, viola da gamba. Miss Edson, the unfamiliar one of these musicians, played well in the Corelli sonata, but disclosed the full measure of her powers in the Bach music. She played her part of the sonata with admirable spirit, good technic and a genuinely fine style.

The first subscription concert of the Flonzaley Quartet at the Carnegie Lyceum last night called together an audience of large size. The programme offered by this deservedly admired organization comprised Haydn's G major quartet, opus 17, No. 5; the quartet of Maurice Ravel, and Boccherini's quartet in A major, opus 33, No. 6. None of the music in this list was new, the Ravel composition having been made known here by Mr. Kneisel and his associates.

It remains therefore only to call attention once more to the fervent devotion, the musical intelligence and high technical skill with which Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Ara and D'Archambeau bring to all their performances. This quartet was organized some years ago by E. J. de Coppet of this city, and at first was heard only in private. Since its first public appearance the quartet has gained continually in excellence until now listening to it is one of the most valued privileges of the critic and joys of the public.

TENOR AND SOPRANO SING.

Song Recitals by George Harris and Margaret Huston.

George Harris, tenor, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at the Harris Theatre. Mr. Harris is an American. He has received his vocal training in this country and in Paris. He was heard here early in the season at one of the Liszt centenary concerts given by the Symphony Society.

On his programme yesterday Mr. Harris drew attention to a good list of songs. In the opening group there were two arias, one from Verdi's "I Lombardi," and another from the "Don Giovanni" of Mozart. Between these came Schubert's songs, "Du Bist die Ruh'" and "Die Forelle." The modern German composers represented in the second group were Strauss, Brahms and Wolf. Among the French and English songs on the second half of the programme were an aria from "Zemire" by Grétry, "Cœur Solitaire" of Moreau, Hammond's "The Pipes o' Gordon's Men," "The South Wind" of Salter and "The Moon Drops Low" by Cadman.

In his delivery yesterday of songs that were varied in character Mr. Harris disclosed a communicative taste that was wholly artistic. His voice is naturally of good quality and large in volume. Its upper tones are of an especially good timbre. With these excellences at his command Mr. Harris will probably look to a further broadening of their power. He will acquire a steadiness of tone that was obviously lacking at times yesterday in his singing. He might seek for a more fluent legato style and still finer artistry in diction. This, however, on the whole, was good. His accompaniments were well played by Walter Kiesewetter.

Margaret Huston gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at the Belasco Theatre. Songs by Kaun, Reger, Strauss, Wolf, Debussy, Viardot, Bruneau and others were on her list. She displayed a voice which might possibly have been of more vibrant quality had it not been affected by a slight hoarseness. In some of her songs, however, she showed excellent enunciation and considerable interpretative purpose.

MISS HUSTON'S RECITAL.

Sings a Programme Including Several Irish Folk Songs.

Those who remained until the close of Miss Margaret Huston's programme yesterday afternoon in the Belasco Theatre were provided with a few moments of keen enjoyment through the group of Irish folk songs which concluded the doings of the afternoon. These songs are humorous, racy, spirited, and tuneful as only real folk songs can be, and it seemed as if Miss Huston sang them with just the spirit they needed—now with abandon and now with charm, always with a delicious brogue.

The programme as a whole contained many interesting songs, including four by Hugo Wolf, three dramatic dances with words by Catulle Mendes and music by Bruneau, three poems of Verlaine, set to music by Debussy, including the beautiful "Le Faune" and the grotesque "Fantoches"; Viardot's charming "La Marquise" and Puget's stirring "Chanson de Route," two songs in English by Mrs. Beach and Leo Smith, and songs by Reger, Kaun, and Richard Strauss.

The performance of the sections of the programme containing these songs was not on a very high plane. Miss Huston has intelligence, which permeated her performance of all these songs, but her voice production is so faulty, although her voice is a good one, that it destroys the effect of much that she might otherwise do. More than anything else, it makes much that she sings unintelligible, although her pronunciation of French and German, when they could be understood, seemed to be particularly good.

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MUSIC

A Song Recital by Mme. Alda.

It is to be feared that the term "song recital" is in danger of being abused. Certain it is that a great many singers do not show a proper appreciation of its dignity, nor an understanding of the fact that it invites, if it does not directly challenge, a severer standard of judgment than used to apply when the best of vocal artists thought it necessary to vary their concerts by including pianoforte or violin music, or both varieties, in their programmes. Many concerts having but the one aim of calling public attention to the existence of a singer known only in the choir loft or swallowed up in the complex of an operatic institution, their purpose became comparatively easy of achievement when the old operatic or miscellaneous concert was supplanted by the so-called "recital"—a term which has begun to pall on the critical if not the public taste. The singing of "lieder," as the Germans (foremost in the creation of the type), or "mélodies," as the French (who have also produced many admirable examples) call them, is a distinct form of art and ought not to be undertaken carelessly. A singer may be admirable in the operatic field, and yet fail to interest the judicious in German lieder, French mélodies or English ballads, without suffering humiliation on that account. And one may be a fine singer of artistic songs without having the qualifications demanded by the lyric stage. The forms call for entirely different intellectual and artistic outfits—a fact which the public feels, even if it does not always understand the underlying reason.

Knowledge of these facts, coupled with respect for the conclusions which flow from them, would save singers, as well as listeners, many disappointments and heartburnings. Had Mme. Alda, who is not with us at the opera this season, but who gave a song recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, confined herself to operatic music of the kind in which she has given pleasure at the Metropolitan, it would be possible to praise the purity, freshness and limpidity of her voice and not necessary to deplore the monotony of its color and the lack of characteristic declamation which her singing disclosed. As it is, praise must stop with the variety promised in the list of her selections, but little realized in its performance, and the admirable distinctness of her enunciation of all the languages which she essayed. A large audience, which included a numerous contingent of artists from the Metropolitan company, heard Mme. Alda and overwhelmed her with flowers.

H. E. K.

MME. ALDA'S RECITAL.

An Interesting programme of Songs in French, German, and English in Carnegie Hall. Times

Mme. Frances Alda gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, the outward aspects of which were brilliant. There was a large audience of friendly disposition toward the singers, cordial in its greeting, demonstrative in its applause; there were flowers without number of the most gorgeous description, with which the ushers lined the edge of the platform. She presented an interesting and varied programme, in which she drew upon many different styles and periods of composition—eighteenth century French airs by Dalayrac, Monsigny, Philidor, and others, examples of the German Lied by Beethoven, Schumann, Wolf, Brahms, and Weingartner; songs by the Russian Gretchainow, modern French songs by Debussy and Chausson, songs in English by Mr. Albero Randegger, who played her accompaniments with much taste, discretion, and artistic skill, and the American composers Charles Gilbert Spross, Frank La Forge, and L. V. Saar.

The older as well as the newer French songs were mostly unfamiliar and had more than the interest of novelty. Debussy's "Il Pleure dans mon coeur" and Chausson's "Le Colibri" and "Apaisement" have an unusual beauty and individual quality. A charming little berceuse by Gretchaninoff, Mme. Alda had to repeat, as she did Mr. Randegger's "My Heart," after making him rise to bow his acknowledgements. After the Russian songs she added Leoni's pretty, "The Birth of Morn," and at the end Cadman's well worn "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water."

Mme. Alda's voice was of a power and sonority that easily filled Carnegie Hall without apparent effort on her part. It did not seem to have improved in quality since last March, when she gave her first recital in New York. It still has an unsteadiness that makes it seem often off the pitch, above or below; it still has an unpleasant shrillness, especially when she sings with power in her higher ranges. It is more agreeable in songs where she makes less exacting demands on it, as in the charming little Russian cradle song that she repeated; and in certain passages of Debussy's sitting on Paul Verlaine's verse.

"LOHENGRIN" AT THE OPERA.

Mme. Gadski Appears as Elsa in the Popular Opera. 1911

At the Metropolitan Opera House last night *Elsa von Brabant* called once more for the knight of whom she had dreamed to come and be her "Streiter." He came in his little swan boat and declined to tell who he was and whence he came. He declared that *Elsa* was "frei aller Schuld" and dared *Friedrich, Graf von Telramund* to prove to the contrary. In the presence of a swarm of witnesses these two agreed to fight it out fairly and to use no magic. Then they fought and *Lohengrin* just held his sword up, did not strike *Telramund* with it, and yet the latter fell down and took the count.

In the second act when *Telramund* declared that *Lohengrin* had broken the rules of the ordeal by combat and used magic no one would believe the poor fellow, and in the third act the Grail Knight killed him with that same sword. Wagner wrote in the score of the first act the explicit direction that *Telramund* was to be felled by a mighty blow. It certainly was not Wagner's intention that *Lohengrin* should be open to the charge of winning by a trick, but some of Wagner's successors at Bayreuth know much more than he did, and so this ridiculous piece of stage business holds its place in the drama, to the confusion of those who know the text.

The performance, the second of "Lohengrin" this season, was generally good. The cast differed from that of the first representation only in that Mme. Gadski instead of Mme. Fremstad was the impersonator of the dreaming maiden who was not satisfied with her good fortune but had to ask the forbidden question. Mme. Gadski's singing was excellent, despite the fact that she had appeared in "Götterdämmerung" in Philadelphia the previous evening.

Others in the cast were Jadlowker as Lohengrin, Mme. Marie Matzenauer as Ortrud, and Hermann Weil as Telramund.

Alfred Hertz conducted.

GUSTAVE WALTHER'S RECITAL.

A New Belgian Violinist Heard at the Carnegie Lyceum.

Gustave Walther, a Belgian violinist, played yesterday afternoon in the Carnegie Lyceum. His programme contained no less than four numbers, arranged by Fritz Kreisler, and in the Tartini "Devil's Trill" he used Mr. Kreisler's cadenza. This tribute by a violinist to a contemporary was graceful. Mr. Kreisler's name is not infrequent in current programmes of violin music and this seems to indicate that other artists readily recognize his skill in musicianly adaptation. Mr. Walther honored Saint-Saëns twice in his list, his opening number being that master's concerto, nor did he shrink from the challenge of Bach's "Chaconne."

Mr. Walther's playing had some excellent qualities to commend it. His tone, while not distinguished, was good and his technic generally good. There were some moments of doubtful intonation, and there were parts of the cantilena in the concerto which lacked suavity and polish of nuance. But on the whole Mr. Walther left the impression of a violinist of good training.

Dec 8. 1911

BOSTON ORCHESTRA MUSIC

KATHLEEN PARLOW PLAYS A FRENCH CONCERTO.

The Young Canadian Violinist Arouses a Large Audience to Enthusiasm—Conductor Max Fiedler Reads Superbly the Fourth Symphony of Brahms.

It is a few days more than a year since Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian violinist, made her first appearance before a New York audience. It was on December 4 of last winter at a concert of the Russian Symphony Society. She was heard often in the subsequent course of the season and it was realized pretty thoroughly by music lovers that a new violinist had come to stay.

Last evening in Carnegie Hall, at the second concert of the twenty-sixth New York season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Miss Parlow played the B minor concerto of Saint-Saëns and considerably enlarged her circle of local acquaintances. She also caused those who have watched her sudden flight into the zenith of artistic celebrity to wonder whether she might perchance essay, like Icarus, to fly too near the sun.

But it is more likely that greater maturity will grave a deeper repose upon this youthful player's now overworked style. It is indeed a fine thing to have a G string that sounds like a cello, but it is possible to force it, and this Miss Parlow occasionally did last night. A big tone is an invaluable asset, but it should be treated as capital, and not spent as if it were mere interest.

Sentiment, too, is something without which music is but a shell. But it is not in accord with the high chastity of art to employ sentiment to excess. This Miss Parlow did in some passages of the cantilena of the first movement of the concerto. Aside from these blemishes her performance was one to call for the warmest applause. This it received at the hands of a typical Boston Symphony audience.

Miss Parlow's sweeping style, the magnificent boldness of her bow arm, her brilliant and unerring finger technic and her masculinity of performance again made their usual impression. The resources of violin tone she explores pretty thoroughly, and all the way from her sonorous low scale (when not pressed) to her full blooded harmonics she calls from her instrument the most generous of its sounds.

Her style shows progress in balance and symmetry. She treats her phrases more judiciously than she did a year ago, and she shows a clearer insight into their relationship with the plan which the composer had in his mind when he developed his work. She is, as we have said, still young, and yet she has fewer of the faults of youth than she had a year ago.

She is evidently a student and a thinker. She encourages high hopes for her future. Technically she is already one of the foremost performers of the day. As an interpreter she has yet not a little to learn, but there is excellent reason for believing that she will learn it.

The programme began with Cherubini's "Lodoiska" overture, a work which, it is safe to say, few of those present had ever heard before. It is a less imposing overture than the same master's "Anacreon," but it is so sound in structure and general treatment that it makes what the Scotch call "a good hearing."

The second number was the E minor symphony (No. 4) of Brahms. It would be difficult to recall a more inspiriting performance of this beautiful symphony. The tonal qualities of the Boston Orchestra were heard at their best, and although there were a few moments of uncertainty in attack in the first movement the customary unanimity and precision of the organization were restored before the movement came to a close. The glorious third movement was played superbly, but the climax of the interpretation was reached in the last movement, which was delivered with something very like inspiration.

Such a proclamation of the gospel according to Brahms Conductor Fiedler has not given us before and it ought to remain in the memory of every one who heard it. The concert was brought to a conclusion with Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture fantasia.

The Boston Orchestra.

Mr. Fiedler and the Boston Symphony Orchestra provided a joyous occasion at Carnegie Hall last night for the so-called "Brahmins" in music. They played the Fourth Symphony of the man whom a few hundred thousand music-lovers in Germany, France, England and America believe to have been not entirely devoid of talent, namely, that is to say, one Johannes Brahms. They not only played the symphony, but played it gloriously, as if they themselves found delight in the pleasure which they knew they were providing for their hearers. As for the audience, there was no chance to debate for a moment whether or not it was appreciation of the composition and its performance; the applause which followed every movement settled that question. The reading on the part of Mr. Fiedler and the exposition on the part of the orchestra were equally eloquent and admirable, and the incident of its performance will be underscored with a broad line in the memory of all the lovers of symphonic music who heard it.

Extended comment will scarcely be expected on the other features of the programme. The notion, to which wide publication was given, that Cherubini's overtures had so fallen into desuetude that a revival of that to "Lodoiska" needed to be trumpeted forth as an incident of large and curious significance could only have grown out of Boston's habitual disregard of New York's musical doings. While the Philharmonic Society remained what it was planned to be the most Beethovenian of all Beethoven's contemporaries was never neglected. Nevertheless, it was a pleasure to hear the old overture again and to recognize its great value as a corrective of popular taste. Miss Parlow played the concerto in B minor for violin by Saint-Saëns in her freest and most audacious style—the style which sometimes makes one imagine her not as what Von Bülow called Mme. Norman-Neruda, "the violin fairy," but as the instrument incarnate; she seems so to respond to every one of its vibrations, or it to every one of hers. The concert closed with Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet."

MR. LAMSON'S SONG RECITAL.

A decade or so ago Mr. Gardner Lamson took a not insignificant part in the musical life of Boston. Since then he has been in Germany, acquiring those very essential things for an artist, experience and routine. Yesterday afternoon he gave a song recital in the Carnegie Lyceum, and incidentally disclosed some of the bad as well as some of the good effects which generally follow such a course as he has pursued. His old gift of a voice wide in range and agreeable in quality in all its registers except when improperly—one might easily be tempted to say viciously—employed was still in evidence. To this elemental merit there were added the virtues which show brightest in all that he did—a keen intelligence and a fine dramatic or (since it was a recital of songs chiefly poetic instinct which gave interest and moving power to his songs (let us be specific for the sake of emphasis and mention the two ballads by Loewe, "The Unwonted Suppliant" and "Henry the Fowler"), in spite of the defects of vocalization which also marked them. It was a pleasure to note how the spirit of these fine ballads had been grasped by the American artist despite their characteristic Teutonism, and bodied forth in his declamation. In a group of songs by Strauss his striving for literary interpretation came into unpleasant conflict with their musical essence, which was not only marred but frequently destroyed by the unsteadiness of his voice. There are two musical sins which seem to be looked upon as venial in Germany and Italy (not to make the indictment wider), but which American taste will not tolerate—Glory be! One is bad intonation, the other the vocal "wabble."

H. E. K.

Gardner Lamson's Recital.

Gardner Lamson, an American basso who has spent some dozen of his years in German opera houses, gave the first of a series of three song recitals at the Carnegie Lyceum yesterday afternoon. Mr. Lamson sang music by Schumann, Marschner, Löwe, Strauss, Wagner and Chadwick. His voice showed signs of long and grievous wear, but his enunciation was most excellent.

AT THE OPERA.

Though it would take more than Ariadne's thread to lead an audience unversed in the Italian language through the mazes of the plot of Ponchielli's "Gioconda," the audiences nevertheless respond. In fact, the New York public appears disposed to solve the problem of an operatic art unified and illuminated by the complete wedding of words and music by dispensing with the words, and it is safe to assume that if Mr. Caruso had chosen to sing the "Cielo e mar" in Hindustanee or Esperanto there wouldn't have been the difference of a dollar in the size of last night's audience. That audience came to hear and see Mr. Caruso, to revel in the sensuous beauty of his voice, to gratify perhaps a little its curiosity, while of the matter essayed fourfifths probably understood as much as they do of the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian mummy case.

Yet, last night the gold of Mr. Caruso's voice was not without alloy, and there was an unwonted tremulousness in his upper tones. Miss Destinn, in better voice than at her previous performance, sang the title part. Mr. Amato was the Barnaba, and Mrs. Orridge, La Cieca. Mrs. Wickham, as Laura, again showed how much her voice has gained since last year, her tones being firm, well rounded and well produced. Mr. Toscanini conducted with magnificent authority, bringing out the melodies of the old score, until "Cavalleria," "Pagliacci" and their ilk seemed thin, indeed.

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY" AT THE METROPOLITAN

Puccini's Opera Repeated and Attracts a Large and Enthusiastic Audience.

The still trustworthy "Madama Butterfly" settled last night on the Metropolitan Opera House, and by virtue of the beauty of her iridescent wings attracted one of those large houses which of late have been in the nature of a habit at the opera.

The singers were Miss Geraldine Farrar, who was heard as Cio Cio San, the lady with the Japanese training and the European heart.

The heartless naval officer, who took an instalment of marriage and then ran away, was Riccardo Martin. Antonio Scotti sang the sympathetic Sharpless, Miss Rita Fornia sang Suzuki and Miss Helen Mapleson presented a pretty and graceful figure as the second Mrs. Pinkerton.

Arturo Toscanini conducted.

FRIDAY CONCERTS GALORE.

Symphony Society, Eugen and Elise Haile, and Antoinette Boudreau.

There were more concerts scheduled for yesterday in New York than is usual even in this metropolis, and the concertgoer who wished to take them all in must have been at a loss. The Symphony Society gave a concert at the Century Theatre in the afternoon, at which, however nothing untried was brought forward. There was a repetition of Rachmaninoff's second symphony and a performance of Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture. Walter Damrosch prefaced these with a few remarks about their contents.

At Rumford Hall, Eugen and Elise Haile gave a concert devoted to German folk songs, a field of recital work which has not been much plowed in this vincity. Folk songs always have an interest for music students and an appeal for the public as well.

Antoinette Boudreau, soprano, and Frederick Wemple, baritone, gave a concert at Carnegie Lyceum in the afternoon. Bruno Huhn played the accompaniments. The programme included songs in many languages, but most of them were modern and the names of Hué, Debussy, Massanet, Chadwick, and MacDowell loomed high.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA MUSIC.

Kathleen Parlow Plays Bruch's "Scotch Fantasia" Very Well.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra matinée at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was one of those musical entertainments of which little can be said except in the form of a Gilbertian exclamation, "O joy, O rapture." The programme set forth the information that three compositions would be offered Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherezade" suite, Max Bruch's "Scotch Fantasia" and Brahms's "Academic" overture. The solo violinist in the Bruch number was Kathleen Parlow. There was a large audience and the applause indicated that the rapture was not modified, as it sometimes is in Gilbert's text.

The performance of the Rimsky-Korsakov music was beautiful, and Anton Witek, the concert master of the orchestra, delivered the bewitching remarks of the narrator to the Commander of the Faithful with good tone and technic. The composition itself is without much doubt the best production of the Russian master. It is bubbling over with happy fancy. Its melodic material is most engaging and is treated with the greatest spontaneity and with a wealth of admirable instrumental device. The whole work is captivating in mood and manner and it is thoroughly muscial, which cannot be said of some of its more pretentious successors.

Miss Parlow's playing of the Bruch music was one of the most satisfying achievements she has disclosed to this public. It showed clearly the progress she has made since her début a year ago. Her plan had been carefully elaborated and her effects were distributed with a real musical intelligence. Particularly the first movement was the dignity of her reading worthy of the warmest praise, while in the last one the vigorous preservation of the rhythm of the fundamental melody in all intricate passages was a brilliant and musicianly accomplishment.

Throughout the composition she played with great beauty of tone and with a delightful freedom from exaggeration. The gentlemen of Boston provided a rich, sonorous and sympathetic accompaniment.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Rimsky Korsakoff and Brahms Played —Miss Parlow Again the Soloist.

There were but three numbers on the programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday, and the chief interest, so far as the music was concerned, lay in Rimsky Korsakoff's symphonic suite, "Scheherazade," that began it. It is not only the composer's finest work; it can properly be called the finest work that the younger Russian school—they that cast out Tschaikowsky from their fellowship as too much of a cosmopolitan—has to its credit. There are in it a large sweep of imagination, richness of musical idea, admirable skill in orchestration. It is programme music that leaves the listener free to let his fancy play and to submit himself wholly to what the composer had to express in a specifically musical way. The titles of the four movements are enough, even though, as Mr. Hale points out in his programme notes, they are largely indefinite. But the music stimulates. The rhapsodizing phrase that suggests the narrator is of itself a musical personality. The picture of the sea that is given by the broadly undulating first movement has, as such, hardly its equal in music; and the other movements are of graphic picturesqueness. Their Oriental quality is especially fascinating; the suggestion of the oriental reiteration and monotony is conveyed, and yet the music is not of itself monotonous or wearying. The quaint and characteristic instrumental solos that from time to time figure as the narrator were exquisitely played, especially those for the violin, the oboe, and the flute; and the performance as a whole had sonority and breadth.

Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist, again played as soloist; she gave Bruch's "Fantasia on Scottish Airs," which is receiving public notice this season to a degree beyond its deserts. It was heard for the third time yesterday afternoon, and the Winter is yet young. Miss Parlow, who is responsible for one of the previous performances, plays it with a splendid nerve and gusto, with fine tone and finished technique; and this time without the bit of sentimentalizing that she put into the piece when she gave it some weeks ago with the New York Symphony Orchestra. It is the ripest and most artistic performance that Miss Parlow has given here; and it is in many respects violin playing of the highest rank. It seems clearer at every appearance she makes that a place is reserved for her among the masters.

The concert was brought to an end with Brahms's "Academic Overture."

"Tristan" Again at the Opera.

At yesterday's matinée performance at the Metropolitan Opera House "Tristan und Isolde" was given again for the third time this season. It once more held a large audience in its spell, and the performance created a deep impression. Mr. Putnam Griswold appeared for the first time in New York as King Marke. Mme Matzenauer reappeared as Brangaene, and the rest of the cast was as it has been this season before, with Mme. Fremstad and Messrs. Burrian and Weil. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

Concert by the Symphony Society.

Sir Edward Elgar's New Symphony—An American Pianist.

Mr. Walter Damrosch has so happy a faculty of talking to his audiences about the music which he performs and interpolating his remarks with illustrative examples played upon the pianoforte that he never fails to irritate the curiosity of his listeners and open their imaginations and hearts to the evangel which he thinks the music proclaims. He supplies "programmes" for the compositions, and by awakening the interest of his listeners beyond the ordinary he accomplishes a great good. It is not necessary to accept his interpretations as truthful and unquestionable expressions of the things which occupied the mind of a composer when engaged upon a work the form and scope of which indicate that he wished it to be looked upon as significant; it is enough that he supplies a "programme" without which—in modern music, at least—a listener comes into the audience room like a blind man groping in the dark. A "programme" is not necessarily—as has been asserted by no less an historical and critical authority than Ambros—a certificate of poverty, an admission by the composer that his art has got beyond its natural bounds. Its primary value is that it fixes a starting point for the listener's fancy. Its next that it quickens that fancy in its operations. But a discreet "programme" can do more than this—it can not only make perception more susceptible to the sensuous beauty of music *per se*; it can also arouse thoughts which will stimulate pleasure. It can also prevent a gross misconception of the character of a composition and the aims of its composer. Now, these things are undeniably good, and it is therefore not the use but the abuse of "programmes," or verbal interpretations, which is to be condemned, for, after all, the final appeal goes to the beauty and expressiveness of the music itself and not to the composer's "programme" or that of the self-appointed interpreter.

To come, now, to Hecuba. At the concert of the Symphony Society in the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon, Mr. Damrosch gave a hearing to the second symphony of Sir Edward Elgar—a work which had its first performance in London on September 24 of this year and has thus far been on only two American schemes—those of the Cincinnati and Boston Orchestras. On Fridays, when his audiences are composed almost wholly of women, Mr. Damrosch talks about the principal work which he is to bring forward; on Sundays, as a rule he does not, evidently believing that the tired business man, who has his deserved compassion, would rather hear restful music than a lecture. But Sir Edward Elgar's symphony is a serious matter, and Mr. Damrosch wished to have it appreciated at a high artistic value, as its predecessor had been when he produced, it three years ago. So he prefaced the performance with an explanatory talk with illustrative examples at the pianoforte. He found a provocation in the circumstance that the English analysts of the work had disagreed widely in their opinions as to the psychological or poetic contents of the symphony. The trouble grew out of the fact that the composer had written two lines from Shelley's "Invocation" in the score as a motto:

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight

If this motto was to be interpreted—thus Mr. Damrosch argued—as applying to the symphony as a whole, the music would have to be a lamentation; if, however, it was true, as another English expounder had said, that the symphony was an expression of happiness and delight from end to end, the second movement, which was a dirge and burdened with woe, was inexplicable. These Mr. Damrosch's ideas—not his words. He, therefore, transposed some of the verses of Shelley's poem, reading the second and third stanzas as an expression of the gladsome spirit of the first movement, the first stanza (which begins with the lines already quoted) as the sentiment of the funeral second movement, and the stanza

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure;
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure.
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings and thou wilt stay,

to the supposedly playful third movement, which in this case has the form of a rondo instead of that of the customary scherzo. For the last movement Mr. Damrosch confessed he could find no commentary in the poem; it might be interpreted as a summing up—the plisophy of one contented with the enjoyments which had been his in youth or of those which had taken their place.

Mr. Damrosch's solution of a perplexity invoked by himself was ingenious, and apparently gave satisfaction to his hearers, who were helped by it to exercise their fancy while the music was sounding and therefore enjoy it the more. But we fancy that this second symphony of Sir Edward's, like his first, would better not be burdened with a programme. Like Mr. Damrosch, an English critic found the spirit of a Dionysiac festival in a section of the music, and the suspicion lies very near that the inspiration in both cases was the adoption by the composer in the section of harmonic and instrumental colors which came from the palette of Debussy ("L'apres midi d'un Faune"). Moreover, though Mr. Damrosch is unwilling to believe it, and the interpretation of the symphony is an expression of joy in the delight of living, the fact remains that Sir Edward did set down the lines

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight,

as a motto for the work as a whole. Why try to impose the poet's thoughts upon the composition in all its details? It is the pleasure of composers nowadays to mystify their hearers. That Sir Edward is not superior to the device he showed long ago when he wrote a series of variations on a theme, and said that while the variations were delineative of some of his friends, the theme itself was a variation on a fundamental theme which he refused to divulge. So, too, Richard Strauss likes to amuse himself by writing descriptive music and denying, for a space, at least, that he had any programmatic intentions. In transposing the stanzas of Shelley's poem he relieves himself of the embarrassment which Beethoven created for the poetical interpreters of his "Heroic" symphony when he placed the funeral march before the scherzo.

But Mr. Damrosch did no more than Liszt did when he rearranged some of the stanzas of Schiller's poem "Die Ideale" to make them fit the progress of the music of his symphonic poem. The instance is doubly striking, for not only is the parallel between the poems of Shelley and Schiller most marked, but Liszt, like Elgar, had to go beyond their respective poems from a framework on which to hang their musical finales. Of Shelley's poem it has been said that as a whole it depicts the reflective regret of a man well past his youth for the earlier days, in which he was more often blessed with happiness of spirit, when his soul was illumined by the very spirit of delight which was afterward withdrawn from him. "Thus it is a poem of melancholy with only a gleam of hope at its conclusion." Lord Lytton, who translated Schiller's poem, described it "as an elegy of departed youth." "The sweet beliefs of the dream created beings of youth passed away, what once was divine and beautiful, after which we strove ardently, in which we embraced lovingly with heart and mind, become the prey of hard reality; already midway the boon companions—love fortune, fame and truth—leave us one after another and only friendship and activity remain with us as comforters." This the content of Schiller's poem. To it in his symphonic poem Liszt added a note saying that to hold fast, to realize the ideal, is the highest aim of life; so he supplemented the poem by a jubilantly emphatic resumption of the motives of the first section of his composition in the concluding apotheosis. There was something like this in the conclusion of Elgar's symphony, music which was as transporting in its serene beauty and profound sentiment, as all that had preceded it in the movement was wearying to the mind and unattractive to the ear.

There is much that is admirable in this new symphony of that there can be no

doubt; but the moments of supreme delight come rarely, rarely. It speaks the thoughts of the times and its utterances are in the idioms of this latter day; yet it is strongly individual. Its polyphony may be Straussian and, as in an instance already mentioned, its colors Debussian, but it is still the voice of the composer who wrote the work in A-flat which to this reviewer seemed like the finest symphony written since Brahms's last. Its thoughts are neither as noble nor as loftily sustained. Its all-pervasive polyphony becomes wearisome because so much of it seems to exist for its own sake and not for the exposition of an ideal of beauty; but it is marvellous how self-reliant it all sounds—self-reliant and purposeful. It is doubtful if it disclosed all its secrets to many at this its first hearing; neither did the first symphony, though it probably made a profounder impression at its first performance than did that which made its first appeal to us yesterday. But the composer would have been as gratified had he been present as Mr. Damrosch must have been at the rapt attention with which the work was listened to and the genuine enthusiasm created by every one of its four movements. No doubt Mr. Damrosch will repeat it, as he did its predecessor.

After the symphony Mr. Arthur Shattuck, a pianist who hails from Wisconsin and studied with Leschetitzky in Vienna, played the solo part of Rachmaninow's first concerto in F sharp minor—a composition that has little to interest or charm. Mr. Damrosch did not always modulate the voice of his orchestra to fit the accents of the solo instrument, and Mr. Shattuck seemed heedless of the charm of cantabile and tonal color; so, though the concerto was graciously welcomed and the performer warmly commended, the occasion was scarcely momentous to the hearers who were critically disposed. H. E. K.

RECITAL OF FOLK SONGS.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Haile Heard in Rumford Hall.

Eugen Haile, barytone, and Elsie Haile, contralto, were heard in a recital of folk songs yesterday afternoon in Rumford Hall. The programme was a repetition of one given by them at the same place last Friday afternoon. Mr. Haile is a local German composer and a programme of his compositions was presented by Mr. Van Yorx, tenor, at Mendelssohn Hall some three years ago. A considerable number of the songs set down in the list yesterday were by unknown writers, such as "Wenn Alle," "Brünnlein Fliessen," "Es Was Einmal ein Graf" and "Von der Edlen Musik." Other songs were by Gehricke, Silcher, Kuecken, Glück and Haile. Two of the latter's were entitled "Kleines Bächlein Fliesse Munter" and "Christabend." The programme was of interest for students of musical history, and it had been arranged with a musical intent that specially included variety of mood and feeling. Mr. and Mrs. Haile's voices blended ingratiatingly in the songs which they sang as duets, and they avoided a monotony of color easily lent to a recital entirely folk song in character.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Liszt Centenary Again Celebrated at This Extra Concert.

The Philharmonic Society gave a concert outside of its regular series yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The only number on the programme which had not been heard before this season was Liszt's "Wanderer Fantasie," arranged for piano and orchestra after Schubert melodies. The Liszt Centenary up to date has many things to be responsible for, but how much longer will it be necessary to hear a continuous stream of compositions and transcriptions by the Abbe Franz?

The "Wanderer Fantasie," which doubtless was played to allow the E flat concerto a brief respite, is not a work into which much interest can be infused, except by a very great pianist. Yesterday it was played by Paolo Gallico, who performed portions of the work admirably, especially those which required delicacy of touch and refinement of feeling. A more solid tone and more force were called for at times than the pianist had at his command.

The programme also included Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vysehrad," the "Prelude und Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde," and Beethoven's third symphony. All of these works have been conducted recently by Mr. Stransky, and further comment on their performance is therefore unnecessary.

PIANIST AT OPERA CONCERT.

Arthur Friedheim, Renowned as Liszt Player, at the Metropolitan.

Arthur Friedheim, a pianist who is renowned as a Liszt player, appeared at the Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, playing Liszt's E flat concerto, which he has already performed here once this season, a Rubinstein bacarole, and a Chopin polonaise. After the concerto he added a Liszt rhapsodie.

Riccardo Martin sang Mario's air from the third act of "Tosca," which he was forced to repeat. Mrs. Gluck sang the "Ave Marie" from "Otello," and "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto." Mrs. Orridge sang Adriano's air from "Rienzi," and "Ah, mon fils" from "Le Prophète." The orchestra, under Josef Pasternack, was heard in several selections.

That other pianists besides Gallico love Liszt was established by Arthur Friedheim at the Metropolitan Opera House, who played his E flat concerto.

Mme. Theodora Orridge, mezzo-soprano, sang arias from "Rienzi" and "Le Prophete." Miss Alma Gluck chose the "Ave Marie" from Otello" and "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto.' Ricardo Martin's number was "E Lucevan le Stelle" from "Tosca." The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Josef Pasternack, played "The Merry Wives of Windsor" overture, Bach's Air for string orchestra, Martucci's Nocturne and the Rakoczy March from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

There was another crowded house.

Borwick played

Something of a surprise was sprung at Carnegie Hall on Friday afternoon of last week when Leonard Borwick, an English pianist, made his first New York appearance. Mr. Borwick has just completed a tour of the world and has approached New York from the Pacific Coast. No great claims had previously been laid for his abilities and this added not a little to the favor which the audience showed him. In the following program Mr. Borwick showed himself an artist of very decided merits:

Fugue, G Minor, Bach; Choral-Prelude, "Sleepers, Awake!" Bach; Organ Compositions, arranged for Pianoforte by L. Borwick; Gigue, B Flat Minor, C. H. Graun; Gavotte, A Flat Minor, op. 14, Sgambati; Capriccio, E Major, Scarlatti-Tausig Sonata, op. 1, 11, Beethoven (1770-1827) Maestoso-Allegro con brio ed appassionato; Arietta con Variazoni, Adagio molto semplice cantabile; Barcarolle, F Sharp Major, op. 60. Scherzo, No. 3, C Sharp Minor, op. 39, Chopin; Thème varié, A Major, op. 16, No. 3, Paderewski; Prelude, C Sharp Minor, op. 3, No. 2, Rachmaninoff; Etude de Concert, G Flat Major, op. 24, No. 1, Moszkowski.

"TOSCA" SUNG AT OPERA.

Miss Farrar Shows Improvement in Title Role—Scotti's Scarpia Classic.

Floria Tosca.....Geraldine Farrar
Mario Cavaradossi.....Riccardo Martin
Cesare Angelotti.....Giulio Rossi
Il Sagrestano.....Antonio Pini-Corsi
Spoletta.....Angelo Bada
Sciarrone.....Bernard Begue
Un Carcerieere.....Paolo Ananian
Un Pastore.....Jeanne Maubourg
Conductor—Arturo Toscanini.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, with her old smile, a new hat and a renewed voice, sang "Tosca" last night for the first time this season, and a Monday night audience of unusual brilliancy turned out to welcome America's most popular soprano. When, two seasons ago, Miss Farrar announced that "Tosca" was to be added to her repertory, the wise ones shook their heads. They shook them even harder when she finally burst forth into the Church of St. Andrea Della falle, a petulant beauty whose ideas of the Roman actresses's character were as varied as the plumes that crowned her fair head.

But since then Miss Farrar has grown older, and her plumes no longer wave so deflantly. Her ideas, too, have crystallized, and her impersonation last night observed a unity of impression that was absent during her first two seasons in the part. Not that Miss Farrar is as yet the ideal tragic actress of Sardou's imagining, for it was in the comedy of the first act that she showed to greatest advantage; but in her scene with Scarpia there showed at least the beginnings of a tortured woman's soul. Here she had gained in facial expression, and the elaboration and the final synthesis of detail had grown firmer and more authoritative. From the ideal Manon to the ideal Tosca is a long, long road, and two seasons will scarcel accomplish it. Let us be thankful that Miss Farrar has gone the distance that she has.

Antonio Scotti was, of course, the Scarpia, a Scarpia whose voice no longer as in the old days soared triumphant over the orchestra, but a Scarpia that was none the less still unforgetable. Time has dimmed the brilliance of Mr. Scotti's tones, but his impersonation was as incisive, as pregnant with wild beast passion, as finely aristocratic as when his voice was in its prime.

Mr. Martin's Cavaradossi is one of his best parts, and he made the most of it last night, his voice being strong and clean throated. A special word of praise should be added to Mr. Pinicorsi for his amusing impersonation of the sacristan.

Mr. Toscanini directed the orchestra and in some hidden manner contrived to bring out beauties scarcely suspected in the score. But this is becoming a habit with Mr. Toscanini. So it was that every one had a pleasant evening, and every one said that Miss Farrar's voice had never been better, and that she had never looked prettier, and that her gowns had never fitted her more snugly. And as two-thirds of the audience were there to see Miss Farrar there is not much use of adding more, except that from his property throne in the other world "Papa" Sardou probably smiled beningly at the thought of a jeune fille who is actually succeeding in his "Tosca."

THE MACDOWELL CHORUS

Performance of Liszt's "Legend of St. Elizabeth."

At Carnegie Hall last night the MacDowell chorus gave a performance of Liszt's work, half opera, half oratorio, entitled "The Legend of St. Elizabeth." For weeks it has been announced that the performance was to be the first in New York, but that is a small matter, its chief interest lying in its illustration of the fact, long observed, often commented on, that the generation of to-day is prone to think that nothing happened before it came upon the field of activity and that nothing formerly done could by any possibility have been half as well done as it is done now. Especially is this true of new organizations and young conductors. So far from last night's performance being the first performance of Liszt's work in New York, it was at least the third in the Borough of Manhattan and the fifth or sixth in what is now the city of New York. The Deutscher Liederkranz performed it in 1870 and repeated it two or three years later; the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn gave it on February 28, 1885, and repeated it, as a memorial to the composer, on December 17 and 18, 1886—the year of Liszt's death. Perhaps the matter is inconsequential, but it is amusing because it so chimes in with the disposition of our foreign friends to ignore all that has happened in America and make light of the idea that anything now doing can have the lightest value as bearing on the present state of musical culture in the United States. The presence of a few singers, chiefly Caruso, at the Metropolitan Opera House, has had the effect of opening the eyes of our foreign friends to the fact that New York supports a notable operatic institution; but that the institution is a matter of cultural growth (in a way—here modified rapture is the proper expression), which has been going on for more than a century, will never, it would seem, penetrate the foreign skull. Oh, yes! The land of dollars can command the services of great singers; but what do the barbarians in New York know about music? That is the foreign attitude on the subject, and as yet there does not seem any means at hand to change it. Even the visits of foreign artists do no good, for, having made their American harvest, they howl with the foreign pack as soon as they recross the water. It has been forgotten here, no doubt, but it ought not to be, that when a Vienna singing society, devoted to summer perambulancy, visited us a few years ago its conductor wrote articles for a Viennese journal deliberately calculated to create the impression that so barbarous were the conditions in American cities that the noble red men (for whom he felt a great sympathy) roved through the streets of those cities and starved to death because the law forbade innkeepers providing them with food and drink. We refrain from repeating what he said about our music. The writer (we can't recall his name on the instant, but it doesn't matter) is likely to leave about as deep an impress upon the music of the Austrian capital when he has gone to his happy drinking grounds as he did here; but he had the opportunity of letting the Viennese know that the public concerts of symphonic music given by our Philharmonic Society are as old as the Philharmonic concerts of the Austrian capital. He did not choose to do so, and that was his matter; but it ill becomes any local organization of to-day to adopt the same tactics touching the music of the past.

But it is a long time since "St. Elizabeth" was heard here, and it is likely to be a long time before it will be heard again. The death of Liszt gave the first occasion in Brooklyn; the hundredth anniversary of his birth gave the one under present consideration.

It has been said that the oratorio or religious opera, as one chooses to look upon it, was specially composed at the instance of the Grand Duke of Weimar for a festival held at the Wartburg on August 28, 1867, in commemoration of the eighth centenary of the founding, and in honor of the restoration, then just completed, of the Wartburg, near Eisenach, where the famous contest of minstrels celebrated by Wagner in his "Tannhäuser" was held and where Luther, in hiding, translated the Bible into German and gave his countrymen a literary language. All this is true, but the legend was performed in Pesth and Eisenach two years before the Wartburg festival. The famous castle had been enriched by six frescos by Moritz von Schwind illustrating the chief episodes in the history of St. Elizabeth, and these were the starting point of Liszt's inspiration. Otto Roquette wrote the words for six scenes, which Liszt grouped into three divisions and set to music. These scenes, in brief, can be described as follows: I. Arrival of Elizabeth, as a child, at the Wartburg. She is accompanied by Hungarian magnates and is received with joy by the children, her playmates, and by the nobility. II. Elizabeth has matured and been married to Ludwig of Thüringia. On a hunting expedition the landgrave detects her carrying bread and wine to the poor, contrary to his commands. He upbraids her, but opening the basket discovers that a miracle has changed the viands to roses. III. Ludwig, at the head of his vassals, sets out on a crusade. IV. Ludwig dies in the Holy Land and the landgravine, Sophia, usurps Elizabeth's rights and drives her out of the Wartburg. V. Elizabeth dies, surrounded by the poor, whom she had befriended and with whom she shares her last crust of bread. VI. Burial of Elizabeth in the Cathedral at Marpurg, in which she was canonized.

The dramatic idea has been kept uppermost in the setting of these scenes, and Wagner's scheme of typical melodies, or phrases, has been accepted and consistently carried out. In the choice of his themes Liszt has proceeded in a manner which enables him to infuse poetical purposes into the work which were touched upon only lightly by the poet. One of them has added local color to the score, which greatly helps its picturesqueness and variety. The melody used to typify Elizabeth is a church tune, an "antiphona in festo S. Elizabeth," formerly sung in Hungarian churches to a hymn beginning, "Quasi Stella matutina." With this he has associated an Hungarian national tune, with all the rhythmical characteristics which the rhapsodies for pianoforte have made familiar. Another phrase is a Gregorian intonation of three notes which plays a conspicuous part in the pompous scene of the Crusaders. Liszt described the intonation as a "tonal symbol of the cross," and its appropriateness is as obvious, at least, as the three times "Christe," three times "Kyrie" and again three times "Christe" in the missal compositions, as a symbol of the Holy Trinity. But the three notes appear earlier in the score than the Crusaders' chorus. A fourth borrowed tune is a chorale-like melody which is sung by the Crusaders in the third and last scenes and is supposed to be a relic of the period of the Crusades. A fifth is a quaint old Hungarian church tune, dedicated to St. Elizabeth, which furnishes the material for the "Chorus of the Poor" of the fifth scene.

All this is interesting from one point or another; and there is more on the literary side of Liszt's operatic-oratorio which might be discussed, possibly to the instruction, possibly to the entertainment, of the reader. It would be interesting, for instance, to study the manner in which Wagner helped the historical Landgravine Sophia to slip into the skin of the historical Elizabeth, who, if she was alive at all, was in her cradle when the tournament of minstrels took place in the Wartburg (though this belongs to the story of "Tannhäuser"), and some profit might result from a consideration of the mixture of Magyar melodies, Gregorian tunes and Liszt's own melodic inventions in the score. But inclination to indulge one's self in these things disappears after listening to a performance of the work. Long ago, a full generation ago, the admirers of Liszt conceived the idea that the best way of preserving the work, which they profess to think a masterpiece would be to embellish it with scenery which should suggest the freshness and redolence of the Thuringian forests, the chivalry of the Crusaders and the pomp of a momentous cathedral service. And as an opera the work has been performed in Vienna and elsewhere, and as an opera it was made a feature of the recent centennial celebration in Budapest. But how scenery and costumes could make Liszt's insipid dialogue dramatic was not made plain by last night's performance, which shone most refulgent in its choral passages. Those, indeed, were highly creditable to the MacDowell chorus, which sang with refreshing vigor, precision and euphony throughout and was superbly supported by the Philharmonic Orchestra. There was as great a versimilitude of dramatic expression as the music would allow, also in the singing of Mr. Whitehill (Landgrave Ludwig and a Hungarian magnate), and Mr. Blass (Landgrave Hermann and the Seneschal); but Miss Rennyson failed to create any dramatic illusion whatever as the heroine, either by her declamation or her voice, and the sentimentality of the work and its monotonous color palled on many long before the end of the oratorio was reached. The other parts were sung by Miss Rosalie

Wirthlin (Landgravine Sophia), Miss Ethel Petit (the child Elizabeth), and Miss Sonja Medven (the child Ludwig). There was a fine audience in attendance and many cordial expressions of approval for Mr. Schindler, his thrice admirable chorus and (it may be assumed) the orchestra. H. E. K.

MR. LOTT'S RECITAL.

Songs Agreeably Sung by a Young Baritone in the Belasco Theatre.

Mr. Clifford Lott, a young baritone singer, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in the Belasco Theatre that had features of musical interest and showed him to be the possessor of talent well trained, and an agreeable voice. It is not a large voice, nor one of wide range, especially downward; nor is its range of color and expressive power great. When the singer attempts too much with it there is forcing, and the necessary result in the hardening of the tone; fortunately, he is not often tempted to this, and the small audience room of the theatre allowed him to sing to the best advantage.

Mr. Lott sings with much taste and intelligence, musically and sincerely, without affectation. He phrases with unusual knowledge and skill, and he enunciates with admirable clearness, in a manner that does no injury to the purely melodic line. He showed perhaps his best in the very first song on his programme, "Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves," from Handel's "Seipio," excellent singing of sustained phrases and of "divisions." There was a true appreciation in his singing of the German Lied, as illustrated by selections from Schubert, Schumann, Jensen, Franz, and Brahms. Mrs. Lott played his accompaniments tastefully and with finish.

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HAROLD BAUER'S RECITAL.

A Remarkable Performance of Music by Schumann, Liszt, and Chopin.

Mr. Harold Bauer's piano recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was devoted to the music of Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt—compositions which those leaders of the romantic movement of the thirties, forties, and fifties of the last century had dedicated to each other. THE TIMES on Sunday expatiated at length on some of the facts that underlie these dedications, as well as some that are on the surface; and showed that everything was not as it might seem from the circumstances, and that there was not exactly a mutual and warm admiration among these composers for each other's works, however much personal regard there was. The three men may have been heading in the same general direction, but they did not represent the same ideals in music, an dthere was enough divergence in their aims to add a few more to the stresses of that stormy period.

Mr. Bauer's idea in thus making up his programme was ingenious; not only was his purpose instructive, but the results were illuminative and suggestive for those who wished to consider them in this light. But what was perhaps more important, and an indispensable corollary of any programme devised by an artist of Mr. Bauer's compelling power was this: that it gave a great artistic delight to a very large number of people. His performance was a revelation of beauties that are rarely brought to the knowledge of the musical public in a pianist's recital; and this was due in part to the nature of the programme he had selected, but also to the marvelous eloquence of his interpretation of the music. Never has he risen to so high an artistic stature, never has his playing been so charged with poetic rapture, and never has it so irresistibly appealed to the hearts of his listeners. And what a sound, wholesome, manly art it is, tender with the tenderness of strength, thrilling with the emotions of a whole man!

Schumann's "Kreisleriana," with which he began, a series of eight pieces connected by hardly any other bond than their name—and only in one of them does the fantastic Kapellmeister of Hoffmann's evocation seem to appear in them—most rarely are put upon the programme of public pianists. The reason is obvious; they are so intimate, speak so closely to the sympathetically listening ear that they lose much in the great spaces of Carnegie Hall. Mr. Bauer's playing of them was full of the poetic ideas of which each is so definite and unmistakable an expression—diverse ideas that he seized with a never-failing preselence and modeled with a wealth of detail, with an unerring delicacy of feeling, with a truly remarkable vitality of rhythmic sense.

Undoubtedly Mr. Bauer's greatest achievement, and one of the greatest that he has ever presented to this public, was his performance of Liszt's B-minor sonata. It was of supreme mastery, not merely of its material difficulties, which are great, but as well of its spirit. Performances of this sonata have not been rare in late years; performances authenticated by the direct laying on of hands, handed down from the master to his pupils. But it is safe to say that none of them has so fully disclosed what may be found in this music or so eloquently set it forth as Mr. Bauer, who is not one in the direct line of succession. He made it live, gave it consistency and coherency. The grandiose opening section took on nobility and exaltation under his hands, and never has the andante section seemed so bathed in a lambent flame of ecstacy as in his delivery of it. Here the wonders of his tone, its variety of color and emotional expressiveness, its gradations in dynamics, were most fully revealed. There are descents into the commonplace, the bombastic, and the sentimental in this sonata which all Mr. Bauer's art could not make seem otherwise. uBt he wreaked himself upon the work with an intensity of conviction and a devotion of purpose thta colored every measure of the music, and, as it seemed, roused to a higher power. Such a performance as this is the finest tribute that could be paid to Liszt in his centenary year.

In his playing of Schumann's fantasia, Op. 17, and of Chopin's ballads, Op. 38, seemed, on the whole, less remarkable. It was in part because there are memories left, and they do not stand in such isolation as the "Kreisleriana" and the B-minor sonata. But these performanees were not, in truth, on a lower artistic level. There was a triumphant sweep of passion in the first two movements of the fantasia, a heartfelt tenderness in the last; and in the ballade the fragrant simplicity of the opening measures, the fiery rush of the intermediate section, were expressed with emotional potency. Of the études with which the programme was brought to a close, the first is one of the most familiar. The second is scarcely played by concert givers, and Mr. Bauer's characteristic interpretation of it was therefore most interesting. It is needless to say that the audienee, large and distinguished by its understanding and appreciation, was deeply impressed by his remarkable performanee.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

Its Second Concert Made Up of Mozart, Saint-Saens and Brahms.

The second concert of the Kneisel Quartet took place last night in the large ballroom of the Hotel Astor. Changes bearing upon acoustics were in evidence. The chief one was an arrangement for the better in the position of the platform. This had been moved so as to bring the players five feet nearer the centre of the auditorium.

The programme consisted of Mozart's quartet in C major, Saint-Saëns's sonata in C minor for piano and violoncello, opus 32, and Brahams's quintet in F minor, for piano, two violins, viola and violoncello, opus 34. The pianist was Harold Bauer.

The Mozart quartet made a melodious opening for the evening. The presentation of Saint-Saëns's sonata by Messrs. Bauer and Willeke continued the charm wrought by brilliant musicianship and gave delight.

Brahams's quintet was originally written as a quintet for strings by using two cellos. The composer after hearing it performed rewrote it as a sonata for two pianos and he finally published it in its present form. In its harmonic scheme the work reaches a high level for the enjoyment of its writer's subtle individuality.

Mr. Kneisel and his four associates entered wholly into an exposition of the beauty contained in the various compositions they presented. The results they achieved were consistent and of exquisite finish. The elevated spirit of their performance as a whole was recognized by the large audience and appreciated.

VISITORS FROM CHICAGO

Concert by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra.

Three orchestral concerts were given in New York last Sunday; there will be two to-day, one to-morrow and one on Saturday afternoon. All of these conecrts are given by admirable bands—hands such as one might expect to find in the metropolis of the country, where there is enough going on to give permanency of employment to the men who must supply orchestral music to the Philharmonic and Symphony societies and the Metropolitan Opera House. Last week the local list was swelled by a visit for two days by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This record applies only to the Borough of Manhattan; Brooklyn is a part only of our civil, not of our artistic, organism, and therefore may be treated as a negligible quantity, so far as the present survey is concerned.

Despite this plethora of orchestral music, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, of Chicago, paid the city a visit yesterday, giving a concert in Carnegie Hall, in the Borough of Manhattan, in the afternoon, and one in the Borough of Brooklyn in the evening. A close survey of the small audienee discovered a score or so of faces familiar in our concert rooms when a Theodore Thomas orchestra was a local organization. Careful scrutiny of the men upon the platform disclosed three or four, not more, who went with Mr. Thomas to Chicago, where he sought fresher fields and newer pastures in 1891. For music lovers there was some charm in the name of the man who stood for high ideals so many years in the metropolis; but it was not potent enough to attract such an audienee as the concert deserved. Small wonder! For the few veterans it was interesting to observe that, though there has been so radical a change in the personnel, from the conductor down to the man at the remotest desk, much of the Thomas tradition in manner of interpretation has been preserved. Mr. Frederick Stock, the conductor, who sat in the orchestra when Mr. Thomas was its conductor, has not thought it necessary to go in pursuit of popularity by reorchestrating the compositions of either classicists or moderns or by indulging in eccentricities of "interpretation"—so called. He seems to be content with the text of Richard Strauss and Brahms, and even with that of Beethoven. And for this, as well as for much else, he deserved the hearty approval with which his performances were rewarded yesterday.

If the purpose of the visit was to let New York know that Chicago has an orchestra deserving of being ranked with the principal local organizations—the Philharmonic, the Symphony and the Metropolitan Opera orchestras—it was brilliantly accomplished. It is not likely that Mr. Stock expected to do more. He gave a fine reading to the "Coriolan" overture by Beethoven, albeit one that fell short in poetical eloquence of what is possible without straining the text, and he did the same with Brahms's Second Symphony; he also poured out a glorious volume of tone and a marvellous brilliancy in Strauss's "Don Juan" to display the virtuosoship of his men, and for all this he and the orchestra were generously rewarded with applause. But there was no revelation to the most kindly disposed among the hearers, because there could not be.

It is very likely that a large part of the purpose of the visit was to exploit Mr. Albert Spalding and the new violin concerto by Sir Edward Elgar. The work is a year old, and it is a pretty open secret that its absenee from our eoncert lists thus far has been due chiefly to the fee demanded by its publishers for the right of performance. The same reason has operated as an estoppel in Great Britain, where patriotism put a keener edge on curiosity than could be felt here. There Mr. Kreisler has practically had a monopoly on it ever sinee he performed it for the first time, on November 10 of last year, and it is not long ago since Mr. Ysaye eancelled a contract for a concert in London beeause of a disagreement in which the performance fee played a part. The attitude of composers and publishers on this question is no concern of ours, though the indifference of all our violin virtuosi to the pieee might serve to give point to the old story of the young woman who put so high a value upon herself in the marriage market that she was left on the shelf when the market was closed. Mr. Spalding gave a most excellent accounting of himself, and did justice to the concerto, the difficulties of which are, it is to be feared, somewhat out of proportion to its beauties. There were many moments in it when its strong, virile loveliness, its uncompromising loftiness of sentiment, made it sound like a valuable and permanent contribution to a department which is sadly in need of enrichment; but there were more when, as in the symphony heard last Sunday, the ear and fancy found less pleasurable occupation than the intellect in following its development. An episode at once novel and charming was the accompanied rhapsodical cadenza near the close of the last movement, with its strumming on half of the stringed instruments in the orchestra. It would be a good thing for the work if it could be heard again. H. E. K.

THE "GIRL" GIVEN WITH STRONG CAST

Repeated at the Metropolitan, With Mme. Emmy Destinn in the Leading Role.

"The Girl of the Golden West" was repeated last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, and with Mme. Emmy Destinn, Enrico Caruso, and Pasquale Amato in the cast, it drew a large and characteristic house.

The principal achievement in regard to the production of M. Puccini's last opera is the conversion of an aggregation of Italian choristers into an imitation of conventional Westerners that must be regarded as particularly happy. Caruso himself would do more than well as a model for one of Remington's Westerners, while Dinh Gilly is a lanky, bony type that might be seen hanging about any large ranch.

Mme. Emmy Destinn's simple, natural and warm-hearted girl remains one of her best impersonations. It is in description of women of a spontaneous, uncomplicated disposition that, as an actress she excels. Her singing of the music is masterly, and those, who on the ground of the accident of nationality, originally clamored that the part of the girl should be given to them as Americans and not to her as one of the best singers in the Metropoliton Company, have been the first to admit their error.

M. Toscanini conducted.

DEC 15 1911

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

BRUCKNER'S FIFTH SYMPHONY PERFORMED.

First Hearing of the Work in This City—Music Characteristic of the Composer—Mme. Nordica Sings Songs and an Excerpt From "Goetterdaemmerung."

When so distinguished and beloved an American singer as Mme. Lillian Nordica sings at a Philharmonic concert the temptation to accord her the first consideration is strong, but when at the same concert a hitherto unheard symphony of Anton Bruckner is performed the first discussion must be awarded to that. Mme. Nordica, however, receives the place of honor by being mentioned first, and therefore it is permissible to pass forward to the symphony.

The concert was the fifth of the Thursday evening subscription series of the Philharmonic Society, the place Carnegie Hall and the time last night. The opening number of the programme was Bruckner's symphony in B flat major, No. 5, which had on this occasion its first performance in this city. It was the eighth performance of symphonic music by Bruckner in this city, and the fifth since his death in 1896. The first took place in 1885 and was by the Symphony Society under Walter Damrosch.

The work heard last evening is built on the customary four movements. The first is an allegro with an important slow introduction. The second is an adagio, the third a scherzo and the finale another allegro, again with a slow introduction. Those who are acquainted with Bruckner's methods will not be astonished to know that this symphony is by no means easy to grasp. It has been called the most difficult of all his works to comprehend and also the "most contrapuntally brilliant."

Bruckner was famous as a contrapuntist. Now, counterpoint is one of the methods of musical structure with which the layman has the least acquaintance, yet upon it much of the art of musical development leans heavily. The first aim of the contrapuntal writer is to invent melodies of which different parts may be made to sound together and produce harmony. Sometimes he aims to get this result from one melody, as in a fugue, and again from the interweaving of portions of different themes, and this latter is what he usually does in symphonic composition.

Frequently composers who employ contrapuntal device liberally use also what is called "community of theme." This means the repetition in various movements of melodic ideas introduced early in the work. It will readily be understood that these methods lead to rigorous logic of construction, and in this Bruckner was most skilful.

Yet this same composer had a genuinely romantic ambition. He is not a musical carpenter by any means, but rather a composer who reflects profoundly and finds in the intricacies of architectural detail the means of expressing his ideals.

What was written on the occasion of the performance of his eighth symphony by the Boston orchestra in 1909 might be repeated here without misleading the reader. "The symphony heard last night bears all the hall marks of Bruckner. Its thematic material is moulded in his familiar patterns. It is rectangular in the allegros and grandiose in the adagios. It is ponderous in the scherzo and pompous in the finale." Even the adventitious aid of a brass band is called upon to uplift the closing measures of the composition and stun the hearer into the belief that he has just heard the conclusion of a mighty message.

Any attempt at an analysis of the composition would be futile, for such a description needs the assistance of musical quotation. It is therefore possible only to say that the contrapuntal details of the work are intensely interesting to the lover of masterly development, but that the thematic ideas are often exceedingly dry in themselves. Yet there are some fine pages in the work, especially in the slow movement, which, however, is by no means the mate of the noble but very long adagio of the eighth.

The finale is the most labored movement of the four, and here indeed one cannot help feeling that some of the ideas are fashioned with more regard for their contrapuntal possibilities than for their expressive qualities or pure musical beauty. The symphony received a really excellent performance under Mr. Stransky and the blare of brass in the peroration quite aroused the audience.

Mme. Nordica occupied the stage after the symphony had ceased to reverberate and the musicians had gone out to recuperate. She stood alone, supported by E. Romayne Simmons and a piano.

Four songs were set down for her. These were Debussy's "Mandoline," Rachmaninov's "Springtide," Stange's "Damon" and Schubert's "Der Erl König."

The audience elected to bestow its largest enthusiasm on her delivery of the Stange number, in which her delivery of some delicately treated trills was altogether exquisite and an illustration of what can be done by an artist schooled in the true bel canto.

But perhaps the more critical of her hearers were better pleased with her singing of the Rachmaninov song, which she gave with a splendid spirit and an equally splendid richness of tone. To her was allotted also the closing number of the concert, the "Immolation" of *Brünnhilde* from "Götterdämmerung." The orchestra played between Mme. Nordica's two appearances on the stage the "Leonore," No. 3, overture of Beethoven.

HUMPERDINCK AT THE OPERA.

Geraldine Farrar Repeats Her Impersonation of the Goose Girl.

"Königskinder" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last night before an audience of good size. The principal singers were those usually heard in Humperdinck's pretty opera. Geraldine Farrar, who on Monday evening put to her honor an improved impersonation of *Floria Tosca* in Puccini's admired opera, was again the *Goose Girl*. She was in good vocal condition and her performance displayed the familiar charms which have endeared it to the public.

Mr. Jadlowker was the *King's Son*. His impersonation is also well and deservedly liked and it was up to its standard last evening. Mr. Goritz again contributed to the performance his capital study of the *Spielmann*, while Mr. Reiss as the *Broom Binder* and Mr. Didur as the *Woodcutter* furnished amusement. Mr. Hertz conducted.

Dec 15, 19

"Götterdämmerung," December 15.

Siegfried	Carl Burrian
Gunther	Hermann Weil
Hagen	Putnam Griswold
Alberich	Otto Goritz
Brünhilde	Johanna Gadski
Gutrune	Rita Fornia
Waltraute	Margarethe Matzenauer
Woglinde	Lenora Sparkes
Wellgunde	Bella Alten
Flosshilde	Margarete Matzenauer

Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

Mme. Matzenauer in Double Role at Metropolitan

Dec 16, 1911

Sings Her Own and That of Mme. Wickham in "Goetterdaemmerung"—Society Present.

One of the Rhine maidens swam out of the east of "Goetterdaemmerung" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Mme Wickham had been selected for the rôle of Flosshilde, but as she is still depressed over the recent death of her mother, she asked to be excused, and Mme. Metzenauer "doubled," singing the rôles of both Waltraute and Flosshilde.

In other respects the repetition of "Goetterdaemmerung" was a duplicate in principals of the first performance. Mme. Gadski was Brunnhilde, Mr. Burrian sang Siegfried, while Messrs. Weil and Griswold sang Gunther and Hagen, respectively. Mr. Hertz conducted. The orchestra sounded unnecessarily loud in some scenes, but the "Funeral March" was imposingly played.

Dec 17

"ARMIDE" AT THE OPERA.

Revival of Gluck's Opera Heard Here for the First Time Last Season.

Armide	Olive Fremstad
Renaud	Enrico Caruso
Hidraot	Pasquale Amato
La Haine	Margarete Matzenauer
Sidonie	Lenora Sparkes
Phenice	Jeanne Maubourg
Lucinde	Alma Gluck
Urbalde	Dinh Gilly
Le Chevalier Danois	Angelo Bada
Artemidore	Albert Reiss
Aronte	Andrea de Segurola
Une Naiade	Marie Rappold
Un Plaisir	Alma Gluck

Conductor—Arturo Toscanini.

One of the most valuable achievements that the present management of the Metropolitan Opera House has to its credit is its revival of Gluck's masterpieces, "Orfeo" and "Armide." Something, it may be supposed, will result from these revivals that will help to repair the damage to the public taste that some other of its operatic productions may possibly have inflicted. Mr. Gatti-Casazza has earned much credit for the painstaking way in which he has brought these two works before the public, a way that secures for them all that may be hoped for in the way of public interest.

"Armide," which was produced for the first time in this country at the opening of last season, was given for the first time this season at yesterday's matinée. The audience was large, as it always is at the matinées, and its size was, presumably, no proper criterion of the public interest in "Armide"; but there was plentiful manifestation of pleasure and approval in the course of the afternoon.

"Armide," the oldest opera that may properly be said to survive and flourish on the operatic stage of to-day, still holds its place in the répertoire of some of the greatest European opera houses, and has held that place, though sometimes repeated only at long intervals, ever since its first production in Paris, 134 years ago. Such a life in the history of opera is almost an immortality. It certifies a vitality that has been possessed only by the most exceptional works of genius in the lyric drama. It was to a degree a daring undertaking for the management to put the opera upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. It is necessarily, in many of the most obvious features, somewhat archaic. It implies a willingness and an ability on the part of the public to dispense, for the time being, with some of the richness of orchestral color, some of the qualities of melody, some of the expressive powers of a more highly developed harmonic sense, some of the intensity of dramatic movement that belong to the modern opera, and to submit to the power that resides in the simpler, broader, and more elementary methods of Gluck.

The fact that the opera is to be given again a place in the season's repertory shows a belief on the part of the management that the public has accepted the opera in this spirit, and has found in it pleasure and edification. All of which is a matter for satisfaction.

"Armide" is an opera that needs in the true performance of it a sincerity, grandeur, and noble simplicity of style, and the expression of its emotions and passions should be brought within the restraints of such a style. It is hardly to be expected that singers entirely habituated to works of the modern repertory should feel entirely at home in that style; and yet the performance is, on the whole, singularly successful in meeting its demands. The cast yesterday afternoon was the same as that which took part in "Armide" last season, with the exception of Mme. Matzenauer, who, in place of Mme. Homer, represented La Haine, the Spirit of Hatred, with magnificent energy and vocal power—a dominating figure upon the stage.

The part of Armide entirely overtops all the others in the opera, and the representation of the character has the portrayal of the most significant and widely diverse emotions and passions that influence the course of the opera, from burning hate and the desire of revenge to overmastering love and despair at the betrayal of that love. It is a part that is grateful to a singer of Mme. Fremstad's magnificent powers, and her deep study of its possibilities has given superb results. She brings to it a rich equipment in dramatic action, gesture, facial expression, and power of song. Her singing, indeed, is of great nobility and beauty, and is eloquent in its delineation of Armide's sweeping passions.

Mr. Caruso's voice, though it was not quite at its best, and though he is not wholly master of the style of Gluck's music, is a potent factor in the scenes in which he is wanted. He has not yet succeeded in making a convincing figure of Renaud, the not very heroic hero of this drama. Mr. Amato, Mme. Gluck, and the others in the cast made contributions to the performance interesting in various degrees, but in the main excellent. Mr. Toscanini's authoritative and finely musical reading of the score gives it coherency and dramatic life.

The scenic pictures in "Armide" are highly effective. The scene of the evocation of the Spirit of Hate was picturesque. It does seem, however, as if some of the dances of the ballet representing her horrid minions might be of a little more appropriateness.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT.

Christmas Music of Various Nations, in Vocal and Instrumental, Given.

The second of the Young People's Symphony concerts given in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was devoted to Christmas music. Mr. Walter Damrosch conducted. Besides the New York Symphony Orchestra there was the Musical Art Quartet, (Edith Chapman Goold, Ellen Learned, William Wheeler, and Edmund John,) which sang two French "Noels," two old French Christmas songs arranged by Gevaert, and music of great charm that gave great delight to the audience—a chorale from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," Othegraven's "Christkindlein's Wiegenlied," Praetorius's "Lo, Now a Rose E'er Blooming," and the song of the Shepherds at the Crib, from Liszt's "Christus." Most of these selections have been made popular by the performances of the Musical Art Society, on whose programmes they have several times figured.

The orchestra played the Polonaise from Rimsky Korsakoff's "The Night Before Christmas," the Pastoral from the "Christmas Oratorio," and a Christmas Suite from Gerhard Schjelderup's "A Fairy Tale." The programme thus illustrated the Christmas music of various nations—Russia, France, Germany, and Norway.

The audience was a very large one, and a great proportion of it was of children.

Dec 18, 1911

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

NEW MUSIC BY A HOLLAND WRITER.

"Autumn" and "Spring" as They Appeared to Mr. Van der Pals—Mme. Nordica Sings an Excerpt From "Tristan" and Songs With Piano.

It was autumn in the land of *Goulaud* and old *Arkel*, and the pale leaves dropped one by one from the score of "Pelléas et Mélisande" upon the sandy beach of Scheveningen, till presently the spring blossomed and the little leaves of grass grew sweet and green in the "Afternoon of a Faun" in Haarlem, while the rippling of the wavelets under the bows of a clumsy barge dropping down the Maas sounded in the strings and the oboes piped the everlasting peace of Utrecht and the bassoons sang the song of the North Sea canal in whole tones and unhappy thirds.

This may sound like nonsense, but it is only an impressionistic recollection of two new compositions performed yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall at a regular concert of the Philharmonic Society. The titles of these pieces, as may be surmised, are "Autumn" and "Spring," and the composer was born in Holland, but lives chiefly in St. Petersburg, where the ballet dancers come from.

This young musician's name is Leopold van Hilse Van der Pals. His father's home in the enchanting Russian capital is "a favorite meeting place for the musicians of the city, and it was in this atmosphere that the son grew to manhood." Some of his music, notably a symphony, has found favor in Germany, but the works heard yesterday were then played for the first time anywhere.

It is quite true that they reflect strongly the influence of Debussy and the confining mannerisms of the whole tone scale. But the young composer has been wise enough to seek for contrast in his harmonies by occasional excursions into the older modes, while his acceptance of well defined rhythmic elements is frank and cheerful. His orchestration is beautifully rich and sonorous without lacking refinement. If then there is no striking originality in the two little "symphonic sketches" produced by Mr. Stransky, there is a certain skill in the treatment of the materials which deserves commendation and raises a hope that the musician will yet find a manner entirely his own.

The other orchestral compositions on the programme were Liszt's symphonic poem "Tasso" and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony. The Liszt number was superbly played and Mr. Stransky conducted it with inspiriting enthusiasm and masterly insight. The audience was aroused to an uncommon display of approval in which the professional critic, no matter how hardened, could enter without hesitation.

It was good to hear the simple and melodious music of Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony once more. It was even uplifting to listen to the introduction in which the master so clearly announces that in a little time he is going to write the "Elijah" in a style something like this. The fluency of the tunes, the unaffected gentleness of the moods, the faint echoes of Scotch folk music and the exquisite transparency of the orchestration in this symphony all combine to make it a joy to the music lover, somewhat wearied as he must be of listening to tonal turbulences, filled with soarings after the unsearchable and divings after the unfathomable.

The soloist of the afternoon was Mme. Lillian Nordica, who was heard at the society's concerts of Thursday evening and Friday afternoon. She sang first with the orchestra the narrative of *Isolde* from the first act of "Tristan und Isolde" and later five songs with pianoforte accompaniment, played by E. Romayne Simmons. Mme. Nordica was again made to realize that this public has a warm affection for her. There was a prolonged endeavor to induce her to add an extra number after her songs, but although she returned to the stage many times to bow her thanks she declined to disturb the pleasant impression left by her charming delivery of Rachmaninov's "Springtide." Her singing of the *Isolde* music had the familiar style and authority of her interpretations of Wagner. Mr. Simmons played the pianoforte accompaniments excellently.

Mme. Nina Dimitrieff's Recital.

Nina Dimitrieff, a Russian soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in the Carnegie Lyceum. The composers represented on her programme were Glinka, Glazounov, Djargomijsky, Rachmaninov, Tschaikovsky, Gnesin, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Taniev and Davidov. There were also folksongs of great and little Russia. Mme. Dimitrieff displayed a voice of very pleasing quality, a free tone, good phrasing and taste.

WAGNER CONCERT GIVEN.

Draws Large Sunday Night Audience to the Metropolitan.

Dec 18 1911

The programme of the concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening was devoted to the music of Richard Wagner. Mme. Gadski sang "Dich theure Halle" from "Tannhäuser" and the duet from the prologue of "Götterdämmerung" with Mr. Burrian. Mr. Burrian was heard in Siegmund's song from the first act of "Die Walküre."

Hermann Weil sang Wotan's farewell from "Die Walküre" and "Die Frist ist um" from "Der Fliegende Holländer." The orchestral selections included the overture to "Der Fliegende Holländer," the introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger," the "Ride of the Valkyries," the overture to "Tannhäuser," and the "Kaisermarsch." The orchestra was under the direction of Alfred Hertz. The audience was very large, as it always is at Wagner concerts at the Metropolitan.

The Mannes Recital.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes gave their second recital of sonatas for violin and piano last evening in the Belasco Theatre. The programme on this occasion contained the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven, Lekeu's sonata in G major, and Corelli's sonata in D major.

The University Chorus.

At Carnegie Hall last night there was a concert by the Columbia University Festival Chorus under the direction of Mr. Walter Henry Hall, and, incidentally, in honor of the memory of the first professor of music at the university, a performance of some music by E. A. MacDowell directed by his successor, Professor Cornelius Rübner. The memorial part of the concert consisted of the exquisitely romantic suite for orchestra, Op. 42, full of the spirit of Raff, MacDowell's master, but none the less a fascinating composition, with more poetry in it than was brought out last night, and five songs sung to pianoforte accompaniment by Mme. Alma Gluck. The pious function disposed of the chorus, orchestra and a quartet of solo singers composed of Mme. Gluck, soprano; Miss Mildred Potter, contralto; Charles Hackett, tenor, and Herbert Witherspoon, bass., performed Verdi's "Requem," composed in memory of Manzoni. The chorus, a trifle more than half as numerous as was announced on the housebill, sang creditably, perhaps a little more than merely creditably in the sentimental portions of the mass, but failed lamentably in the dramatic portion in comparison, let us say, with the choristers of the Metropolitan Opera House at the Sunday night performances given under the direction of Signor Toscanini. But there must always be a difference between amateur and professional choristers, even in such music and in spite of the work entailed by the regular repertory. Of the solo singers the palm was easily borne off by Miss Potter, whose rich contralto was slightly marred by the unsteadiness of her voice.

A REPETITION AT THE OPERA.

The Metropolitan Opera House management is evidently determined that the services of Enrico Caruso shall be given its patrons in full. Mr. Caruso appeared last night in "Gioconda," while the Saturday before saw him in 'Armide.' He will again appear this week, on Thursday and Saturday, in "Tosca" and "Pagliacci." Yet last night the audienec had reason to be satisfied indeed, for not before this season had he sung with such fullness and sweetness of voiec. The Glucksian shackles of a Saturday he had cast off with evident thank-

fulness, and sang in the style in which he is a master. The rest of the cast was as at the two previous performances, with Miss Destinn at Glaconda, Mrs. Wickham as Laura, Miss Orridge as Cieca, and Mr. Amato as Barnaba. Mr. Toscanini conducted as ever, with splendid spirit and authority.

Dec 2 1911

THE MUSICAL ART SOCIETY

PART SONGS IN CHRISTMAS MOOD.

First Concert of Its Nineteenth Season Given Last Evening at Carnegie Hall Palestrina Represented by Both Sacred and Secular Works.

The first of two concerts constituting the nineteenth season of the Musical Art Society took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. The programme, according to the time honored custom, was attuned to the spirit of the Christmastide. Furthermore it introduced modern compositions in the first part and had one old work, a madrigal of Palestrina, in the second part. Aside from this it resembled many of its predecessors in general plan.

Only once before has a secular composition of Palestrina appeared on a programme of the society, and the performance of another last evening suggests certain possibilities for the future. The Musical Art Society is the only agency now active in keeping before the general public the unaccompanied vocal music of the unequalled masters of the golden age of counterpoint.

It is not wholly essential, however, that the programmes should be made up of works designed for use in the sanctuary. On the contrary, it would be interesting and profitable to hear more of the secular compositions of the early period of artistic composition, for out of these has grown much that is most distinctive and potent in the music of the modern world.

Not only have these songs a historical and artistic interest but they are also intrinsically beautiful and captivating to the ear. The music lover of to-day can enjoy them quite as well as their contemporarties did, and probably better, and the enormous treasury of them should be opened often.

In the first part of last evening's programme, Palestrina was represented by his "Salve Regina" for three choirs of four voices each and his "Innocentes pro Christo" a motet for four high voices. Two marvellously lovely pieces of composition, the first suffered in the presentation by incorrect intonation in the chorus, especially among the tenors, while the second met with a better fortune and carried its gentle message more certainly to the listeners.

An old hymn to St. Cecelia, harmonized by Guilmant, was followed by Vittoria's touching and profound "O magnum Mysterium," which was sung in a style entirely worthy of the traditions of the Musical Art Society. Then came the "Benedictus" from Liszt's choral mass which was finished in Rome and published in 1869. This work is not regarded by Liszt specialists as the greatest of the five masses from his pen. That distinction is accorded to the "Graner Messe," composed for the dedication in 1856 of the majestic Byzantine pile which rests upon the right bank of the Danube in the venerated city of Gran. But the Benedictus heard last night is a fine specimen of Liszt's creative talent at its best.

Still more enjoyable were the two old French Christmas songs arranged by Gevaert. The audience was much stirred by the triumphant "Chantons tous Noel." Herzogenberg's "Comest Thou, Light of Gladness," Orthegraven's "Christkindlein's Wiegenlied," Cornelius's "Thron der Liebe," two part songs by Schumann and Brahms's "An die Heimat" were the other numbers on the programme.

The quality of tone produced by the choir was at no time ideal and sometimes it was distinctly raw, but the balance was generally good and the ensemble had much merit. It seems as if the singers erred occasionally in aiming at too much tone rather than at excellence of quality, but enthusiasm is not always easy to restrain.

DR. WULLNER'S RECITAL.

He Deserts Vaudeville to Return to the Concert Platform.

Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, who has been astonishing audiences in vaudeville theatres, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. His style of interpreting songs is now familiar to this public and calls for no detailed description at this time. To enjoy it fully one should be a German, for its appeal is almost exclusively to the German temperament and culture.

To Americans it seems rather to be a theatrical and rhetorical treatment of lyrics than a species of pure singing. It has eloquence in its kind and its charm is without question potent or it could not have retained so long its hold upon public interest. The audience was large and demonstrative.

RUSSIAN BALLET RETURNS

Miss Geltzer Takes Place of Mme. Pavlowa.

Dec 20 1911

The Russian ballet, minus Mme. Pavlowa and plus Miss Katerina Geltzer, returned to us yesterday afternoon by way of an afternoon performance at the Metropolitan Opera House. Aside from the first appearance of Miss Geltzer the occasion would call for little comment, Mr. Mordkin being an old acquaintance, were it not that for the first time the organization attempted a complete ballet—Tschaikowsky's "Le Lac de Cygnes," adapted for the ballet by Marius Petipa and rearranged by Mikail Mordkin.

There were some to whom two hours of ballet must have been a weariness to the flesh, especially as the orchestra did not lend any brilliance to the occasion, yet it was undeniable that the costumes and scenery were excellent, Mr. Mordkin handsome and plastic, and Miss Geltzer a most skilful dancer. The story of "Le Lac de Cygnes" is a charming one, and swans are notoriously beautiful birds; therefore, it is the more to be wondered at why the audience should have been treated to a vision of what appeared to be three of last year's Thanksgiving turkeys wobbling through the air on very visible wires. Yet when all is said and done, the large audience appeared interested, and applauded whenever it had a chance.

Miss Geltzer, who came heralded with much circumstance, bore out her reputation far enough to prove that she was a young woman of great technical proficiency, considerable charm and much intelligence. Her pirouetting was in particular very fine and won well earned applause. Whether in her Mr. Mordkin has found a dancing partner so peculiarly fitted to him as was Mme. Pavlowa is another question, but it is certain that Mlle. Geltzer proved herself in every way an ornament to the choreographic stage.

Following the ballet there were a number of divertisements participated in by Miss Geltzer, Mr. Mordkin, Mr. Volkeine and lesser lights.

DRAMATIC FESTIVAL BY MACDOWELL CLUB

Dec 20 1911

Throng at Waldorf at Performance of "Victoria Amoris," a Poetic Drama, with Music.

THE COSTUMES A FEATURE

Well-Known Amateurs Give Episodes from Shakespeare's Plays—Dances from "Tempest" and "Macbeth."

The annual Christmas Festival of the MacDowell Club at the Waldorf last night proved to be one of the season's brilliant social events, more than 1,700 persons, most of whom were in costume, attending. The stage in the ballroom was enlarged to the size of an ordinary theatre stage, and special scenery and music were employed to secure effects in the numbers put on.

The ballroom floor, which was used as an auditorium, was crowded to its capacity, and the tier boxes were taxed to hold the unusual crowd of players and guests who returned to the audience after their work was finished on the stage. Almost every conceivable costume known to the designer was in evidence, from the old English regalia of the London "beef eaters" to the Oriental garments of the Egyptians and the brilliantly lighted ballroom was transformed into a great show of color and life, which was equal to the beauty of the stage pictures shown.

Part I. of the evening's programme was the first performance of "Victoria Amoris," a poetic drama, in one act, by Frank Harold, the music for which was written by Courtlandt Palmer. The music was rendered by the Symphony Club of New York, under the direction of David Mannes, its conductor, and a choir of twenty-five selected voices from the MacDowell Chorus, under the direction of Kurt Schindler, took part in the latter part of the play. William Raymond took the part of the poet, Miss Katerine Kaelred the Muse, Miss Grace Elliston the part of Youth, Miss Ruth Vivian that of Love, Miss Grace Raels that of Death, and Pedro de Cordoba impersonated Time.

The second part of the work consisted of "Episodes from the Plays of Shakespeare." The first of these, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," was given by several well-known amateurs. Malcolm Dougherty was Theseus; Louis K. Anspacher, Lysander; Cholmondeley Jones, Demetrius; Harold Henderson, Philostrate, and Miss Marie Doxrud assumed the role of Hippolyte. In "Romeo and Juliet," which immediately followed, Douglas J. Wood took the character of Capulet and Miss Marien Whitman that of Lady Capulet. Roderick Wellman, in the sketch from "Cymbeline," acted the leading part, and Miss Marjorie Curtis was Imogen.

In "As You Like It" Mrs. Carl Schurz was Rosalind, Mrs. Ernest Thompson-Seton was Celia, M. G. Heidelberg Orlando, and William Demorest Touchstone. Miss Ruth Quackenbush impersonated Perdita in "Winter's Tale." A feature of the sixth episode, which was "Antony and Cleopatra," was the appearance upon the stage of Miss Ruth St. Denis, the dancer. Antony was given by Donn Barber, Cleopatra by Mrs. Arthur Cumnock, Charmian by Mrs. E. Livingston Smith, and Iras by Miss Juliana Cutting.

In "The Taming of the Shrew" Langdon Geer was Petrucio and Howland Davis Hortensio. Mrs. Katherine Geer took the part of Katherina and Miss Eleanor Townsend and Miss Ruth Davis the roles of Bianca and the widow. During this number Earl Tuckerman sang "The Wassail Bowl."

At the conclusion of these numbers, quadrilles were danced on the stage by costumed characters from the various plays of Shakespeare. "The Merchant of Venice," in which appeared J. Harry Benrimo and Ben Greet, was the first of these. Kurt Cchindler and Miss Hilda Robinson Smith divided honors in the next number, "Hamlet." Other dances in this series were taken from "The Tempest," "Macbeth," and "Shakespare Group," which folowed picture people of note contemporary with the great bard.

The programme, which called for several hundred actors, was concluded by three tableaux, the Henry V. group, King Lear group, and the "Beef Eaters." The evening was given over to dancing after the plays were done, and the costumed la-dies and knights, soldiers, Egyptian dancing girls, hooded monks, and gauze-winged fairies swarmed out over the ballroom floor to the dance music of the Symphony Club.

"We are pleased with our performance this year," said Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin, one of the leading spirits of the entertainment. "Both the play, 'Victoria Amoris' and the other numbers put on were selected with a view of showing what talent we have in the club, and what young people may do when they have artistic surroundings. We feel that this is the real awakening of the club."

Dec 21 1911

"LOBETANZ" AT THE OPERA.

Thuille's Opera Followed by an Entertainment of Russian Ballet.

Thuille's opera "Lobetanz" had its third performance last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was the second evening offering of the work, the first having been at a matinée and the second on a Monday. The Wednesday evening audience seemed to enjoy the naively pretty work quite as much as the two earlier ones did. Perhaps those who think most seriously enjoy this opera least. No great amount of benefit can come from pointing out the resemblances between some of its episodes and some of those in Wagnerian dramas. This ought rather to be a source of amusement.

The creators of "Lobetanz" must have been fully aware of their humorous and frolicsome imitation of the flower girl scene from "Parsifal," and they were not asleep when they parodied the last scene of "Die Meistersinger" with *Beckmesser* multiplied by twenty. How clever they were to do all this and still create a new atmosphere and a fresh interest must be apparent to those who accept what is and entertain no preconceived notions of what ought to be.

If again there is a resemblance between the love scene of "Lobetanz" and that of "Tristan und Isolde," what matters it? Some people could find it in their souls to liken it to the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet" and others to the last scene of "Peter Pan." And it would have been better if some one had told the *Princess* not to forget her winter flannels, as *Wendy* told *Peter*, and then perhaps she would not have been so ill all the time.

After these scenes the Wagner hunters are all at fault. They have to make vague suggestions about Berlioz and Auerbach's cellar in order to account for the prison scene, and in the last scene of all the hunter is driven to Meyerbeer, Johann Strauss and "All for Her." But after all is said, there remains a very entertaining, if very light, opera in which the music is all pleasing.

It is a historical fact of venerable importance that opera audiences love spectacle, and "Lobetanz" affords opportunities for handsome mounting. Mr. Gatti-Casazza has not neglected these, but has put the opera on the stage with great liberality and excellent taste. He has also provided it with a thoroughly competent cast.

Mme. Gadski has gained new laurels by her refined singing of the music of the *Princess*, and in the title rôle Hermann Jadlowker has added a picturesque figure to the gallery of operatic portraits. The choruses are well sung, the orchestra is capably conducted by Mr. Hertz and all the small parts are efficiently performed.

The opera was followed last night by the appearance of Mikail Mordkin, Katerina Geltzer and the Russian dancing company in a ballet entertainment. The first part consisted of "The Russian Wedding," arranged by Mr. Mordkin to music by Rimsky-Korsakov, Rubinstein, Glazounov and Glinka. The second part consisted of special dances by the leading soloists, followed by a Polish dance in which all the second dancers appeared.

Dec 22 1911

EMMY DESTINN SINGS TOSCA

MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE ROLE.

Illness Among Prima Donnas Brings Forward a New Puccini Heroine —Mr. Caruso Reappears as Cavaradossi—Amato Is Heard as Scarpia.

The whirligig of operatic haps and mishaps brings many interesting and unexpected things to pass, but it is not often that Olive Fremstad, filled with the divine fire, takes cold. However, she has a good one just now and is completely out of the operatic business for a time. This caused a second alteration in the plans of Mr. Gatti-Casazza for the delectation of his Thursday evening subscribers.

He originally intended to fill their ears with the first trills and staccati of Louisa Tetrazzini to be heard from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. But Mme. Tetrazzini herself succumbed to the east winds of Boston and so the wild Hammerstein echoes were not set flying last night. When it was made certain that the Italian colorature star could not appear Mr. Gatti-Casazza decided to give "Tosca," wth Mme. Fremstad in the title rôle; but the illness of this prima donna brought about another change.

No one wishes Mme. Fremstad to be "indisposed," but without doubt many were glad that since she had to be she selected this particular time for it because it resulted in the first appearance of Miss Destinn as the Roman singer in Puccini's opera. An impersonation of such importance as this was sure to set ouriosity agog, but when to it was added Mr. Caruso's return after a long absence to the rôle of *Cavaradossi* there was almost enough to cause a popular tumult.

Mme. Destinn's *Tosca* proved to be something worth considering. Was *Tosca* a grand dame of the old Roman nobility, the most exclusive nobility in Europe or was she a cultivated product of the flower market? Or is there any particular reason why she should not be represented as either, according to the temperament and artistic inclinations of the singer?

Mme. Destinn's *Tosca* was neither. She was not a Colonna, neither was she a glorified contadina. But she was a woman of the people, whose forebears might have shouted for Rienzi, the tribune. She was well poised in her splendid independence, an individual who leaned not on family traditions but on her own innate force. In other words one might easily have seen in this *Tosca* the daughter of a lower middle class Roman who had by her own ambition and talent made herself an idol of the eternal city.

Gowns such as she wore were not made in Paris perhaps, but somewhere in the neighborhood of the Stephan's Platz, or possibly not far from the Place Vendôme. And that hat in the first act was a triumph of Putzmacherin architecture. There was also the music of Mr. Puccini, and in this Miss Destinn was as exquisitely fitted as in the gown which ravished the eyes of the sizzling *Scarpia* "in chiesa."

It is after all in the treatment of the music that the opera singer's impersonation chiefly consists, and it can happily be said that Miss Destinn's *Tosca* was admirable. It is true that there was no profound note of passion in her delivery, but only those with highly refined discernment can find this in any of this soprano's singing. Her voice is musical, transparent and penetrating, and her delivery is always guided by a fine artistic intelligence; but of the temperament that thrills the hearer she has no great amount.

Her *Tosca* was admirable in plan and execution, but it never caused the deeper chords to vibrate. In the second act her action was most industrious and continuous, and the points of repose were so few as to be heavily emphasized. But she sang the famous complaint beautifully and she slew the sleek, fat villain

with shudder raising desperation. Altogether she was a *Tosca* well worth hearing and seeing and the audience showered approval upon her.

Mr. Caruso's *Cavaradossi* is an old friend. Last night the artist wore lovely ringlets in his raven hair and a most fetching little beard. But he was in the best of voice and he sang with inspiriting vigor. Julius Cæsar hated lean men. He would have doted on Mr. Amato's *Scarpia*. Teres atque rotundus, this villain had to indulge in vast amounts of facial expression and stentorian tones to show how wicked he was. But he died well. Mr. Toscanini conducted superbly and made the finale of the first act go as he has not done before.

Dec 22 1911

LISZT CENTENARY CONCERT

Philharmonic Celebrates Memory of an Honorary Member.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Franz Liszt fell too early in the season to be celebrated on the proper date by the Philharmonic Society, of which he was an honorary member from 1873 till his death, thirteen years later. But, though he had been remembered at the first concert, Mr. Stransky thought it wise to devote an entire evening to his music, and this was done at last night's subscription concert. This afternoon the procedure will be repeated. The programme was composed of music three-fourths of which was practically unfamiliar to even veteran concert-goers in New York, and the remaining one-fourth to a large fraction of the audience, if a judgment may be based on the enthusiasm with which a very mediocre performance of the second pianoforte concerto, the solo part played by Mr. Arthur Friedheim, was received. But Mr. Friedheim apparently belongs to the Liszt traditions and must be accepted as the bearer of plenary inspiration; one of the several reasons why Liszt's music has not been an unadulterated joy during the last three months. The other three-fourths of the evening's music consisted of the symphonic poem, "Die Ideale," and the "Dante" symphony, with the performance of which there could not well be a disposition to quarrel, least of all with the conclusion of the symphony, in which the beautiful voices of the female contingent of the MacDowell chorus produced a beautiful effect. As for the value of the music itself, and of Liszt's compositions in general—that is another story, and may admit of some words which it is to be hoped will be accepted as a valedictory on the festive solemnities, or solemn festivities, which the centenary of the composer's birth have brought with it.

There are sentimentalists among writers on art who affect to believe that it is, to put it mildly, ungracious to say anything but complimentary things about a composer until he has been a long time dead; and then again ungracious when an anniversary recalls attention to him and his works, no matter how long he has been dead, so there be enterprising managers and devoted disciples who take advantage of the date to do business or make propaganda for the music for which they have a real or affected liking. It is a little curious, sometimes even amusing, to observe how the distinctions are drawn. It has been highly laudable to praise Liszt this year because he was born one hundred years ago; it will be equally laudable to praise Wagner when the anniversary of his birth is celebrated, two years from now. But we cannot recall that it was thought necessary to magnify the merits of Mozart twenty years ago because he had been dead for a century or of Beethoven last March because he had been dead eighty-four years. Who has ever thought of celebrating (in New York) an anniversary of the birth or death of Haydn? Is it because in the case of these masters it is sufficient that their works sufficiently perpetuate their fame? Probably; nay, most likely. How often have we heard Liszt's words, "I can wait," quoted within the last three months. But did Liszt have to wait for recognition either as virtuoso or composer? Not if the records speak the truth; and how shall we go "behind the returns," as the politicians say? On the contrary, as the record, printed in last night's programme, shows, Liszt's compositions had more frequent performances in the concerts of New York more than a generation ago than they have now. The Philharmonic Society made a most vigorous propaganda for his symphonies and symphonic poems, under Carl Bergmann, and so did Theodore Thomas afterward with his own orchestra.

Of the compositions played last night, "Die Ideale" was first performed by the Philharmonic Society in April, 1869, the "Dante" symphony just a year later. Why have they not been performed frequently since? The last performance of the symphonic poem in New York which we can recall was one by the Philharmonic Society, under Mr. Thomas, in 1887; the last complete performance of the symphony by the Symphony Society on November 22, 1884, though Mr. Seidl produced the first portion of it at a concert of the Seidl Society in Brooklyn in November, 1891. If the fame of Liszt has been steadily growing, as the centennial eulogists have so frequently asserted of late, why have these works lain so long on the shelf and the people been forced to content themselves with "Les Préludes," "Tasso" and "Mazeppa," when they have happened to be performed in a peculiarly sensational manner? Also (and here a bit of patriotism comes into play), why do we not hear Liszt's setting of the prologue to Longfellow's "Golden Legend"? Wagner wrote a march for the American people in 1876, and the conductors and people will have nothing of it; Liszt composed music to a most picturesque poem by an American poet, yet the conductors will not let the American people hear it. Is the music so beautiful as to be beyond popular appreciation on this side of the Atlantic?- Or are they afraid of it?

Even in this centennial year it might be wished that there were less cant in what passes in some circles for musical criticism. It creates disgust in normal and healthy intellects for the art as a whole, frequently making men gifted with intellect, taste and well controlled emotions believe that music must be the proper pabulum only for the affected, the anæmic and the neurasthenic.

In the chatty biography which Rubinstein published in 1889 the great Russian pianist expressed his opinion of Liszt. Speaking of the Liszt visit to Vienna in 1871, when Rubinstein conducted the orchestra at his concert, he said: "We met as old friends, sincerely attached to each other. I knew his faults (a sort of pomposity of manner, for one thing), but always esteemed him as a great performer—a performer,—virtuoso, indeed, but no composer. I shall doubtless be devoured piecemeal for giving such an opinion." Subsequent events did not justify Rubinstein's apprehensions; Liszt died in 1886, he in 1904, and even in this centennial year the world is pretty generally agreed on the subject of which he spoke. No musician ever enjoyed so long, varied and triumphant a career as Liszt. When he died he broke the link which connected him and his contemporaries with Beethoven. His active musical life compassed nearly two generations; yet when he died it was in the consciousness (to which, indeed, he gave expression in his dedication of the "Dante" symphony) that his greatest creative achievement was his contribution to the world's acceptance of the lyric dramas of Richard Wagner. Fond as he was of his own intellectual offspring, he must have realized that, except as they helped in the emancipation of the art from the shackles of convention, they had failed to make an impression deep enough to compel recognition from impartial critics. That he enriched the art with a form that has proved to be of great value might be maintained with a considerable show of justice (though von Bülow, speaking with this writer about the symphonic poem, once remarked: "Mendelssohn wrote one, too—the 'Hebrides' overture.") An appeal to the judgment and taste of the majority of the music lovers of the world, however, would scarcely result in a verdict that the contents with which he filled that form were marked by a beautiful and an enduring spirit. As a composer Liszt was peculiarly the product of an intellectual, a literary, movement. His works do not root in the things which are perennial, stable, universal in the art of tones. We cannot see that a single inch has been added to his artistic stature by the twenty-five years which have passed by since he died. His memory is revered, as it deserves to be; but, on the whole, it is the memory of a brilliant performer, a marvellously skilful transcriber and the most unselfish and faithful of friends to all artists in need. H. E. K.

Dec 23 1911

A New German Tenor at the Metropolitan.

The third representation of "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan Opera House took place last night, and brought to public notice a tenor from Wiesbaden named Heinrich Hensel in the titular role and Putnam Griswold as the King. Mr. Griswold's merits have received ample recognition in notices of other operas, and nothing more than a word of commendation need be spoken of him in an impersonation which calls for nothing but a fair appearance, a rich costume, a dignified bearing, a good voice and a proper use of that voice in singing. As for the newcomer, he might ask for a discussion of his impersonation of the Knight of the Grail, if that impersonation had not long ago become so utterly conventional that no ordinary opera singer dare depart from it. All Lohengrins belong to the celestial soldiery; some make the character a little more human than others by their action in the duel scene (as Herr Hensel did last night), by striking down Telramund instead of overcoming him by a mere gesture, but in the last instance critical judgment has to do more with his voice and style of singing than anything else. In these respects the newcomer deserved the hearty greeting which he received. His is a voice of fine, manly tenor quality, and his style will, no doubt, prove to be more and more agreeable to the popular taste as he familiarizes himself with that taste. It always requires two or three performances to convince a new singer that the vast dimensions of the opera house do not call for a forcing of the voice, but that a pure quality and a free emission will make any voice penetrate to its most remote recesses. When Herr Hensel learns this he will be able to make the agreeable quality of his voice more effectively felt than it was in the early part of last night's performance. Meanwhile it is a pleasure to welcome him as an extremely valuable member of the company. H. E. K.

Gadski . Elsa
Matzenauer, Ortrud
Fr Conductor

Mr. Hensel has a decidedly good tenor voice and an emphatically rough German method of producing it. When he wishes to be vocally expressive and dramatic his tones become open and almost coarse. Singing of this kind, as all men know, is quite aceptable in many German opera houses, but every German singer who has made a career over here has been compelled, sooner or later, to modify a method of vocal production which is, and always has been, distasteful to American audiences.

Dec 24 1911

"LA BOHEME" AND A BENEFIT

THREE WORKS IN ALL AT THE OPERA YESTERDAY.

Miss Farrar's Mimi as Beloved as Ever by a Matinee Audience—Jadlowker Sings With Her—In the Evening "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" Sung.

That "La Bohème" has lost none of its attraction for the operagoing public was well illustrated by the size of the audience which attended the performance of the work at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. Possibly something should also be credited to the great popularity of the prima donna, Geraldine Farrar. Whatever else she may be she is an idol of the matinée girl, who adores her for her youth, her beauty and her ability to do something uncommon. As *Mimi* Miss Farrar has always been much liked, and yesterday's audience endeavored to show her that she was as dear as ever.

Hermann Jadlowker was the representative of *Mimi's* unfortunate lover, *Rudolpho*, who had to burn his drama to keep his fingers warm. Mr. Jadlowker is not always at his best in this part. He has certain habits which its music relentlessly uncovers, and one of these is an abuse of the portamento. It might not be far amiss to conjecture that the descending portamento is sometimes used because it eases the difficulty of letting go of a high note and getting down a long interval.

But some parts of the music Mr. Jadlowker sang very well indeed yesterday, and in the duets he gave capable aid to Miss Farrar, who was in good voice. Miss Alten was the *Musetta* and Mr. Scotti the *Marcello*. These singers have been heard often in the rôles and the frequenters of the Metropolitan have learned to admire them. Mr. Sturani conducted.

After the opera Mikail Mordkin, Katerina Geltzer and the company of Russian dancers appeared in a divertissement comprising ten numbers. The two principals were seen in dances fitted to a nocturne of Chopin and a valse of Rubinstein. In the evening there was a special benefit performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," in which Mmes. Destinn and Gluck and Messrs. Caruso and Amato appeared.

Dec 25 1911

Composers and Performing Rights.

Several Views and Some News on a Vexed Question.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In the notice of the concert by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra on Wednesday last your critic, referring to the new violin concerto by Sir Edward Elgar, states that the reason why the work has not been performed before in this country is the size of the fee demanded by the publishers for the right of performance.

We understand that the respected writer of the notice in question is not opposed to the custom of charging a fee, but only to the practice of making such a charge exorbitant. In the present instance the amount charged is not much more than the ordinary sum paid for the hire of the score and parts—in fact, it is considerably less than the fee asked by many foreign publishers.

The justice of asking such fees is apparent when it is known that for an orchestral work the composer's only chance of any pecuniary reward for his labors is from the performing fee, which in all cases goes to the composer and not to the publisher. In former days there were no such rewards, and the composer who wrote for the orchestra only starved to death. In the present times he prefers to live and enjoy his work, which he has every right to do.

The reason why the concerto was not performed in America last season was that no violinist saw fit to put it in his repertory.

H. W. GRAY.

New York, Dec. 18, 1911.

A courteous note from an eminently courteous and fair-minded gentleman and, as it chances, the representative on this side of the Atlantic of the publishers of Sir Edward Elgar's concerto and symphony. As such, it would seem as if he ought to have been fully informed of the matter concerning which he writes in so temperate and kindly a tone. And yet the facts upon which the remarks of The Tribune's reviewer were based do not seem to be in his ken. Had they been, it is doubtful if so fair minded a gentleman would have questioned the statement that the concerto had not been performed in America because of the size of the fee demanded for the performing rights, and the intimation that the fee was exorbitant. It is not exorbitant now, because it has been "marked down" from $1,000 to $50, between the time when the first application was made, last January, and the first performance, about a fortnight ago. The facts are simple, and may as well be told. Last January Mme. Maud Powell asked for the privilege of first performing the concerto in America at the festival which is given every June in Norfolk, Conn., and for the privilege offered to pay a fee of $500. She did not apply to Mr. Gray, but to Sir Edward Elgar direct. She was referred to his agents, Novello & Co., in London, and from them a month later she received a letter saying that, since her proposition involved the postponement of the first American performance till June, the fee offered was not sufficient; she might have the right of first performance in June for $1,000, however, and that, as Sir Edward's agents, they would thereafter be glad to quote her prices for subsequent performances. The performing fee in London at the time was seven guineas; it is now ten guineas in the United States, which fee (as that of the $1,000 did) includes the loan of the performing material. The performing rights for the symphony cost about five times as much as the concerto.

These are the simple facts in the case, but they contain a large invitation to comment, coupled as they have been within the last week with renewed activities on the part of the agent of the French Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers, who has compelled Mme. Nordica to pay $5 for the privilege of singing a song by Debussy, and notice of an effort to collect from Mme. Schumann-Heink a similar fee for every time that she has sung a familiar air from "Samson et Dalila." The agent has shown plainly enough that he recognizes that his proper field lies in the regulation of the bands in hotel dining rooms and public eating houses. There most lovers of music will wish for more power to his elbow till the nuisance be suppressed. But if it cost Sir Edward Elgar the difference between a fee of $500 and what he received for the performances by Mr. Spalding simply because he thought there was so frantic a popular desire to hear his work in America before June, 1911 it is likely to cost him a great deal more before he makes discovery of that desire again. There is a homely admonition that it is not wise to cut one's own nose off to spite one's face. Granted there is no large measure of immediate profit in the composition of works in the larger forms, is it not better to encourage the performance of them than to put a ban on them? A wish was expressed in this journal by its reviewer that Sir Edward Elgar's second symphony might be heard again. Will it be? All our larger musical institutions depend for existence upon the philanthropy of unselfish promoters. They are fond of music or they would not pay the sacrifice entailed by offering its larger manifestations to the public. Shall they be asked to double their sacrifices, so that a composer who felt a call to write a symphony may be remunerated, perhaps beyond all reason, when there is no evidence of public craving for the work? The laborer is worthy of his hire, but is he entitled to demand ten years' reward in the first six months? If his work is worth anything it will be worth more in ten years than it is to-day. The folly of using real or supposed public curiosity to enforce exorbitant demands was vividly illustrated

in Richard Strauss's procedure in refusing performing rights for his latest opera to all theatres which would not enter into a contract also to perform his earlier works. By this means he succeeded in getting fees out of a few German theatres, but we have not observed that the process has revived "Guntram" or put new life into "Salome" or "Elektra." Neither have the skies been rent with cries of anguish in localities where the delectable "Rosencavalier" has been withheld from the public by managers who, like our philanthropists, believe that even in art there ought to be some relation between supply and demand.

It is scarcely worth while to comment on the folly of the course which asks a fee from a singer for singing a song or an instrumentalist for playing a short solo. In these cases composer and publisher receive their reward from the sale of the music, and this sale depends almost wholly upon the publicity given by performance. So well is this principle understood that the custom prevailed for decades in England of paying a fee to the singer every time that a song in which the publisher felt a special interest was sung. A more common practice is for publishers to undertake the printing of works of magnitude for which a small sale is a foregone conclusion on condition that a popular composer will give him publisher's rights in songs and short pieces the profits on which shall possibly cover the losses on the larger works. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, as the audience at Mme. Powell's recital found out when, having learned at the eleventh hour that she would be expected to pay a fee "out of all proportion to the artistic significance of the piece," as she remarked, for the privilege of playing an arrangement of "Golliwog's Cakewalk" from Debussy's "Children's Corner," she substituted two of Brahms's Hungarian dances for it. An excellent example was this to follow. Perhaps there are violin concertos which can be substituted for Sir Edward Elgar's, or even symphonies which the people prefer to his in E flat. Mr. Dippel has been brave enough to say that he can get along without Puccini, and produces figures from the records of his last Chicago season to show that, given Caruso, he can make more money with any opera in his list than with "La Fanciulla del West" and, given Farrar, with any of her operas than "Madama Butterfly."

H. E. K.

Destinn a Delight at Metropolitan Concert

Other Soloists Were Dinh Gilly, Lambert Murphy, Tenor, and Rudolph Ganz, Pianist.

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

Some one has galvanized the Sunday concerts at the Metropolitan. Last season they were dull as ditch water, but this year they deserve their "popularity."

Stars, who would once have thought it infra dig. to appear on Sunday nights, now sing quite cheerfully at these functions. The latest heard in concert at the Metropolitan is Emmy Destinn, who last night delighted a large house by rendering Liszt's "Loreley," the grand aria, "Vissi d'Arte," from Puccini's "Tosca," and, as a parting gift, the air "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila."

Mme. Destinn was in admirable voice, and sang her sweetest. She had much applause and was compelled to repeat the Puccini aria.

Another well-known artist on the programme was Dinh Gilly, who wrestled, but not quite successfully, with Adolphe Adam's very beautiful "Noel," and with two songs by Liszt and Dvorak.

Lambert Murphy, the young American tenor, contributed the recitative "Comfort ye," and the aria, "Every valley shall be exalted," from "The Messiah."

Rudolph Ganz, the distinguished pianist, completed the pleasure of the audience by playing Liszt's Concerto in E flat.

Let it be added that Mr. Josef Pasternack conducted most discreetly, even in the accompaniments to the grand opera tit-bits. As things go this is no small praise.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY CONCERT

Audience Especially Appreciative of Mr. Spalding's Violin Playing.

The People's Symphony Orchestra, with the assistance of Albert Spalding, violinist, and William C. Carl at the organ, gave its second orchestral concert of the season at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. A large and evidently interested audience attended, an audience which especially appreciated Mr. Spalding's admirable playing of Mozart's violin concerto in D major, and also two violin solos—Tschaikowsky's "Sérénade Mélancolique" and Saint-Saëns's "Rondo Capriccioso." Mr. Spalding's tone was uniformly warm and his bowing broad in style. Dec 25 1911

The orchestral numbers were Haydn's Symphony in E flat, Arthur Farwell's "The Domain of Hurakan," which was played last year by the Volpes, and the inevitable Liszt offering in "The Battle of the Huns." After the Farwell number the composer was called out and bowed his acknowledgments. As is usual at these concerts, Mr. Arens, conductor, gave before each selection a short explanatory lecture.

Dec 2 19.

"ORFEO" WITH MATZENAUER

GLUCK'S OPERA SUNG AGAIN AT THE METROPOLITAN.

The Distinguished German Contralto, Now Here This Season, Provides Subject for Contention by Her Singing—Russian Ballet Comes Afterward.

One of the triumphs of the present director of the Metropolitan Opera House was a revival of Gluck's "Orfeo et Euridice," which had been permitted to fall into "innocuous desuetude." The new production, under the immediate supervision of Mr. Gatti-Casazza and the musical directorship of Mr. Toscanini, made a real impression upon all those who look for something more than a brilliant display of vocal powers in opera.

The patrons of the Metropolitan had opportunities to hear and see two representatives of the fabled hero. These were Mme. Homer and Miss Delna. It may have been supposed that Mme. Homer's attention to the duties of motherhood would at least defer till late in the season another presentation of the work, but Mr. Gatti-Casazza had yet another interpreter of the rôle in Mme. Matzenauer, the distinguished German contralto, who has already established herself in the favor of this public.

It was therefore with no small measure of interest that the Monday night audience adjourned from Christmas dinners to the opera house last evening, for curiosity about a new impersonation is always active. Doubtless many of those who sat in contemplation of Mme. Matzenauer's *Orfeo* went away "torn by conflicting emotions," as they say in novels.

The singer has a voice which ought to play the scale of *Orfeo's* feelings even as he sweeps the strings of his lyre. One would expect to hear all the plaint and prayer of "Divinites du Styx"—an intrusion into the Metropolitan version—and all the hopeless woe of "Che faro senza Euridice." Mme. Matzenauer's style is resplendent in large lights and large shadows. This she has abundantly proved in her *Amneris*, her *Ortrud*, her *Brangäne*.

But it remained to see whether she could combine her gusty expression of emotion with the breadth and dignity of that style in which Gluck aimed at his "grand simplicity." It might be going beyond the pale to say that she perfectly succeeded, for in the inferno scene she followed moments of real pathos with others in which the phrases were somewhat abbreviated and the utterance labored. But the big arias went splendidly, and there were moments in which great repose and nobility marked the recitations. On the whole it was a noteworthy impersonation and should hang on the line in the Metropolitan gallery of portraits.

Mme. Gadski repeated her sincere impersonation of *Euridice*, the unfortunate predecessor of *Elsa*, who could not preserve a discreet silence. The other two principals were Lenora Sparkes as *Amore* and Alma Gluck as *Un Ombra Felice*. Mr. Toscanini conducted and again evinced his profound sympathy with Gluck's genius. The pictorial features of the opera again gave delight.

After "Orfeo" the Russian dancers repeated the ten numbers which divert them and the spectators quite often in this merry holiday season. In the afternoon there was a special performance of "Hänsel und Gretel," at which many children were present. There could be no doubt that they enjoyed the pretty opera, and all went away happy because the wicked witch was baked in her own oven.

Gluck's "Orfeo" was presented for the first time this season at the Metropolitan last night, with a cast only in one instance—the most important of all—different from that chosen for the interpretation of that admirable work a year ago.

Johanna Gadski reappeared as Eurydice, the Happy Shade was Alma Gluck, while Lenora Sparkes was the Amore.

These artists all repeated their successes of last season. Mme. Gluck sang her delightful music with rare taste and style. The fresh, clear voice of Mme. Sparkes again proved pleasing. And, if she did not quite suggest the heroine of the classic myth, Mme. Gadski was in some ways very charming.

Much had been expected of the new Orpheus. Mme. Matzenauer has sung this part abroad, and it would seem as satisfied her audiences. The Germans love a certain vocal art, which though perhaps appropriate to Wagnerian opera, does not suit the classic work of Gluck.

Mme. Matzenauer has great and unusual qualities. She is dramatic and expressive to a fault. But as Orpheus she is out of place. Her splendid voice seemed rough and blurred last night. Her intonation more than once was faulty. The pure and flowing style without which Gluck is killed, was sadly missing in her rendering of her arias. Above all, it was missing in that sad and noble "Che Faro" which of itself might make Gluck live for many ages.

Wagner has rarely had a more excellent interpreter than Mme. Matzenauer for Gluck a less contenting one.

"Haensel and Gretel" and "Orfeo."

There were two operatic performances at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday, to say nothing of the ballet—and it is a pleasure to say nothing of the ballet, when it could only have jarred on the ingenuous delights of "Hänsel and Gretel" in the afternoon and dispel the lofty pleasure created by "Orfeo ed Eurydice," as it did in the evening. Gluck's opera had enough dancing in it as it was; much of it might have been more picturesque, more characteristic, more expressive, more artistic (to put it in a word), but what there was of it was glorified by Gluck's music and blessed by Mme. Matzenauer's singing and acting and the exquisite art which Alma Gluck again disclosed in her one song as the happy shade—a performance which still remains the most perfect and touching piece of vocalization which she has yet put to her credit. As for Mme. Matzenauer's interpretation, it was in all things splendid—its splendor shining no more resplendent in her gloriously large and lovely voice than in her large noble style and eloquent manner. Her success was complete and another fragrant guerdon of gratitude and praise was won by Signor Toscanini and all concerned—Mme. Matzenauer, Miss Gluck, Mme. Gadski, Miss Sparkes, chorus and orchestra.

H. E. K.

Dec 28 1911

TETRAZZINI SINGS LUCIA

FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Singing Pleases a Large Audience—The Famous Sextet Encored—Florencio Constantino Appears as Edgardo—Amato as Enrico Ashton.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" and her tuneful woes have been strangers to the Metropolitan Opera House for some time, but they were welcomed back last night by a large and demonstrative audience. The space behind the orchestra rail was crowded as it has not been on any previous occasion in the course of the present season. It was not wholly due to the mellifluous embodiment of Scott's tale by the facile genius of Donizetti. It was not due altogether to the infrequency of recent performances of the opera. No, it was without doubt caused by the first appearance of Luisa Tetrazzini in the Metropolitan Opera House. Other Hammerstein stars had preceded her, but she rose like Venus (in some respects) over the horizon of Broadway and there was great joy.

Mme. Tetrazzini was accompanied by, associated with and otherwise aided and abetted by Florencio Constantino, tenor. These two belong to the interstate operatic league, which sings in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and New York. The others implicated in last night's doings were members of the local company. Let them be dismissed at the outset with such blessings as they deserve. Pasquale Amato was a competent *Enrico Ashton*, and made all the trouble in the lyric drama with the skill of a barytone long practised in such arts. Herbert Witherspoon was the *Raimondo*.

Mme. Tetrazzini has long been popular in the rôle of *Lucia*. At Mr. Hammerstein's bought and paid for Manhattan she always attracted and interested large audiences in this part. Last night the house was sold out. But this fact did not stir Mme. Tetrazzini's artistic conscience to unwonted activity. She sang in the same manner as she did before she came out of West Thirty-fourth street. Her sins were perhaps greater in degree, but not different in kind. Her virtues were the same in all respects.

There is nothing new to be said about the quality—or rather qualities—of her tone. She does not expose so much the infantile timbre of her low register, but she had introduced this improvement before Mr. Hammerstein had ceased to be an impresario. Her upper tones are as full and brilliant as they used to be and the tremolo afflicts her in the same old places.

She has the same scintillating and amazing staccati and she introduces them entirely for their own sweet sake and with a queenly disregard for the rhythm of the melody or the outline of the phrases.

To come to the summary of the whole matter, Mme. Tetrazzini is now, as she was when New York first made her acquaintance, a vocal virtuoso who has a small stock of extremely effective artifices. These she uses over and over again without any attempt to hide her purpose, which is to focus attention on certain splendid tones of her voice and on her command of the artifices themselves. But one grows weary of reiterated holds which are made in order to introduce long swelling notes, and of other technical tricks when used simply for the passing effect.

One evil result of this practice is that when Mme. Tetrazzini places the devices properly in a number they fail to make any musical impression. They leap out of their background into undesirable prominence because the hearer merely scores mentally another repetition of a worn device. It is a pity too that the distinguished contralto has not a warmer affection for music as music. If she had she would not distort a phrase in order to prepare the breath for a prolonged swell in the next phrase.

Indeed there is so much to enjoy in the beauty of a certain part of Mme. Tetrazzini's unique voice that it is most regrettable that she detracts from her own possibilities by unmusical singing. She gains much applause from those who dearly love to be astonished by skill in the performance of difficult vocal feats, but she grieves those to whom high musicianship stands above technical facility.

In the famous sextet Mme. Tetrazzini put more genuine art to her credit than in any other part of the opera. She sang in this number with dignity of style, finely sustained breadth of phrase and consistent beauty of tone. She and her associates gave such an excellent delivery of the number that the audience compelled its repetition. The recitative prefatory to "Ardon gl' incensi" in the "mad scene" was capitally done, but the opening phrases of the air itself were not. The cadenza was carefully and effectively sung, but could hardly be called brilliant. The cabaletta was effective and the audience was enthusiastic after the fall of the curtain. Mr. Constantino sang the music of *Edgardo* well, but not with his best quality of voice.

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR"

Mme. Tetrazzini at the Metropolitan Opera House.

There was some old-fashioned old music (all old music is not necessarily old-fashioned) and some old-fashioned singing and acting (here there is no qualification) at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. "Lucia di Lammermoor" was the opera and in it Mme. Tetrazzini made her debut at the gilded house in upper Broadway. With her was associated Florencio Constantino, the tenor, who, like his famous companion, was once connected with Mr. Hammerstein's institution, in West 34th street. Neither was a stranger to the New York public, but there were elements of interest in their appearance under the circumstances, and at least two of them are worthy of record. One was the extraordinary attendance, composed, as it seemed, exclusively of the devotees of Italian song of the old type; the other the obvious skeptical attitude of the regular Metropolitan patrons toward the artist of whom it has often been said that she had made a conquest of the local opera public. Mme. Tetrazzini was received with much cordiality on her entrance, but after she had begun to sing she was, we fear, made to realize there are different standards of judgment touching the art of song among the patrons of opera in New York. It was not until after the sextet (which had to be repeated) that the audience was aroused to a demonstration of enthusiasm, and though she sang her part very admirably indeed it is probable that some of the

credit for its success was due to the music and the other singers, for even Mme. Tetrazzini, despite the variety of registers in her voice (unhappily in evidence in her entrance air), cannot sing a sextet with chorus alone. As for the rest, there is not much to be said of Mme. Tetrazzini's singing that has not been said over and over again in these columns—said in praise and said in mournful depreciation; in praise of her command of artistic device, in dispraise of the inequalities of her voice; in praise of the fine texture of her upper tones, in regret because of the infantile character of her lower; in laudation of skill artistically used and in denunciation of the same skill abused.

Señor Constantino, who was not so cordially greeted on his entrance as his associate, was at least a worthy operatic companion, though he has sung with much larger effect than he did last night. Yet most of the real vocal glory that shone around Donizetti's opera came from Signor Amato's singing of the music belonging to his part. Here the critical expression challenged by every phrase was one of unqualified approval.

It was an unction to all the tender souls who so suffer and rejoice with the personal doings and published emotions of operatic artists that they have no time (we might say no capacity—but that would be unkind, perhaps even churlish) to think critically of their singing, to learn a few days ago that Mme. Tetrazzini, having heretofore only loved San Francisco, had this season taken Boston also to her heart. Perhaps it was a little unkind to omit New York, where she has sung three seasons in opera and one in concert, but no doubt she will make that little slip of memory good now that she has been acclaimed at the Metropolitan Opera House. As a matter of history it was no fault of the Metropolitan management that she was not heard at that establishment before her first London success made her famous. Two years before that incident, so pregnant with significance for her, her managers, and operatic history, Mr. Conried had engaged her for the Metropolitan Opera House, having shrewdly taken cognizance of her success in California; but Mr. Conried had not been sufficiently impressed to make the contract binding by depositing the required guarantee with her banker. When the sober second thought came and he wanted to complete the negotiations, he could not find the party of the second part. When Mr. Hammerstein audaciously entered the field in 1906-'07, he also, as he said, tried to secure her services for the Manhattan Opera House; but the lady was again elusive. Both managers were undisturbed in mind by their failures until the air was rent by the plaudits of the populace and the winged words of the critics in London on her appearance there in the season of 1907. On December 1 of that year Mr. Hammerstein announced that he had engaged her for the season of 1908-1909, and hoped to have her for a few performances before the end of the season 1907-'08. It was eminently characteristic of his energetic methods that he was able a fortnight later to proclaim that she would appear at his establishment for at least fifteen representations, beginning on January 15, 1908. Mr. Conried, to quote the local historian, "threatened proceedings by injunction; but his threats were *brutum fulmen;* she made her début on the specified date in 'La Traviata,' and when the season closed she had added seven performances (one in Philadelphia) to the fifteen originally contemplated." In that season she sang in "Traviata," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Dinorah," "Rigoletto" and "Crispino e la Comare." During the remained of Mr. Hammerstein's régime she was a member of his company, but we can not recall that she added any works to her list except "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "La Sonnambula," "I Puritani" and "Lakmé"—nor are we likely to hear any others now. Singers of Mme. Tetrazzini's school are little inclined to learn new works; and if they were so inclined they would be given small opportunity by modern composers.

So we must take the lady as she was and as she is, and her music with her, always grateful when an exponent of that music can teach some of the lessons which the young singers of to-day need to learn. The cast is appended:

Lucia	Luisa Tetrazzini
Alisa	Marie Mattfeld
Edgardo	Florencio Constantino
Lord Enrico Ashton	Pasquale Amato
Raimondo	Herbert Witherspoon
Arturo	Angelo Bada
Normanno	Pietro Audisio

Conductor, Giuseppe Sturani.

H. E. K.

"MESSIAH" AT CARNEGIE HALL.

The Oratorio Society gave the first of its two Christmas week performances of "The Messiah" yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The large audience present attested to the popularity of Handel's oft sung work and spurred the participants to admirable results. The singing of the chorus under Dr. Damrosch's direction showed firm, resonant tone, and there was fine precision in attack. The soloists were Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano; Miss Christine Miller, contralto; Reed Miller, tenor, and CliffordCairns, bass. Miss Hinkle's fine clear voice was especially effective in the music, though the others gave good accounts of themselves.

Lucia	Luisa Tetrazzini
Alisa	Marie Mattfeld
Edgardo	Florencio Constantino
Lord Enrico Ashton	Pasquale Amato
Raimondo	Herbert Witherspoon
Arturo	Angelo Bada
Normanno	Pietro Audisio

Conductor ..... Giuseppe Sturani

There is only one valid ground at the present day for an operatic manager to produce Damzetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," and that is his command of the services of a prima donna able to sing the heroine's part. Once a tenor was necessary—for "Lucia" was first a tenor's opera; but he is now only desirable, for the tenor has come to occupy a comparatively subordinate place in it. Sopranos who can sing "Lucia" are becoming fewer and fewer in the world, and seem destined to become in the future even rarer, a fact that for several reasons is to be deplored.

The management of the Metropolitan Opera House is so fortunate this season as to command the services for a few performances of Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, and in her behalf "Lucia" was produced there last night. The management also has a similar command of the services of Mr. Florencio Constantino. The soprano and the tenor were the chief ornaments of the cast and the whole justification of the production.

The desire to hear Mme. Tetrazzini, who made her first appearance on this occasion in the Metropolitan Opera House was very great, and the audience was one of the largest of the season—practically as large as the house would hold. It likewise found occasion for enthusiasm considerably beyond what is often heard in the Metropolitan Opera House.

Neither Mme. Tetrazzini nor Mr. Constantino was new to operagoers of New York, for both had been heard many times at Mr. Hammerstein's opera house during the few years of its existence as such. Mr. Constantino had sung before at the Metropolitan. Mme. Tetrazzini is not quite the same as when she last sang here in opera. Her voice seems to have gained in fulness and even in power. Its lower ranges have improved in quality. They have in a measure lost the infantile character that used to be so striking a defect in her singing, and some of the constriction that used to make her lower tones sound pinched she has apparently overcome.

To this extent her voice has gained in the uniformity and evenness that it formerly lacked. On the other hand, the tremolo that was making its appearance when she first began to sing here has become confirmed, and the suspicion of it in her upper tones are now, unfortunately, more than suspicions. Mme. Tetrazzini still rejoices in brilliant passage work; runs, scales, arpeggios, which are often beautifully limpid, clear, and delicate; though her scales are sometimes blurred.

She dealt out a good many high notes last evening, but in some cases not without a certain amount of caution—thus, at the close of the "Spargi d'amaro," after the "Mad Scene," which she sang brilliantly, she very speedily dropped her high E flat and took the octave lower.

One of her favorite vocal ornaments is the swelling and diminishing of tone and one note, which she does beautifully, and uses frequently. Sometimes at inopportune occassions—as in the sextet in the second act, where she seizes a moment to display her "messa di voce" that interferes with both the musical development of the piece and even with its dramatic signifcance—for it has one. In the more serious regions of her art Mme. Tetrazzini is to be praised for her command of legato, and for her phasing, which often shows beauty of no mean order.

Mr. Constantino is a tenor of Italian opera absolutely true of type, in voice, style, action, gesture, pose, facial expression—everything. Everything that he does and the way in which he does it is quite in accord with the grand old traditions of which so few traces are now left on the operatic stage.

Consequently, ther ecould no the a better representative of Edgardo than he. No wonder that he, too, was rapturously applauded, and that the management paid him the compliment of including in this representation of "Lucia" the fourth act, which is so often ignored in these days, when the opera is considered to have no further interest after the prima donna has gone mad to the accompaniment of the flute.

As for the other characters, the most competent impersonations were those of Messrs. Amato as Ashton and Witherspoon as Raimondo. Neither part is an encouragement to ambition. Mr. Sturani conducted the performance.

After "Lucia" came a series of divertissements by the Imperial Russian Ballet

DEC 19 1911

The Philharmonic Society.

Though there were but three numbers of the programme of the Philharmonic Society's concert, which took place in Carnegie Hall, it seemed unduly long, partly we fancy, because there was much in the new symphony by Weingartner which failed to hold the interest of the listeners, partly also because there were too many blemishes in the performance which the Beethoven violin concerto received at the hands of Miss Parlow, Mr. Stransky and the orchestra to produce a feeling of unalloyed joy. To dispose of this matter at once, no matter how well or ill qualified the solo performer may be, no dignified and capable concert institution should be willing to play the orchestral part of Beethoven's concerto in so slovenly and inexpressive way as was done last night. It is not only a classic, but still stands alone in its class, and the composer, his music, the solo artist and the audience are all entitled to have it treated reverentially. Any of New York's concert orchestras can play the orchestra part (it must not be called an accompaniment) in a manner at sight, but that is not enough; it ought to be prepared for every performance as painstakingly as a symphony. Miss Parlow unhappily showed more immaturity than usual last night, and her intonation was not anywhere near as perfect as it has been on other occasions; but the concerto would have left a much better impression had the orchestra not reeled off the first movement as if there were nothing but lifeless compages of notes in the score.

Mr. Weingartner's symphony has moments of real and uplifting beauty in its slow movement, which we are tempted to place ahead of anything of its kind that the composer has put to his credit; but on the whole it is music which is far more interesting for its ingenuity of workmanship, its orchestral color and its blending of old-fashioned ideas and modern methods of utterance, harmonic and instrumental, than in its ideas. The waltz which concludes the work, with its Viennese echoes, has a great deal of spirit as well as ingenuity, but there is overmuch thundering in the index before it is reached, and the first movement fails to reach eloquence at any time. The greatest measure of popular approval went where it was deserved—to the third movement and the finale.

H. E. K.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

A New Symphony by Felix Weingartner—Miss Parlow Soloist.

The Philharmonic Society, at its concert last evening, played for the first time in America Felix Weingartner's third symphony, Op. 49, in E minor. It is his latest orchestral composition, and was first performed in Vienna about a year ago while the composer was still at the head of the Imperial Opera House of that capital, from which he has since retired. In the last ten years the Philharmonic Society has played much of Weingartner's orchestral music—his second symphony under Mr. Damrosch in 1902, his two symphonic poems, "King Lear" and "Das Gefilde der Seligen," which he himself conducted when he was one of the society's "guest conductors" in 1904.

None of this music has shown remarkable originality, or a great creative force, although there is in it more than respectable talent and accomplished musicianship. Yet he is one whose utterances in music will command attention and respect. He is a great conductor, and has the unusual skill in the treatment of orchestra which his experience has necessarily taught him.

He is one who has thought deeply about music, who has changed his mind and has not been afraid to say so, and his last symphony is a reiteration of his belief that the symphonic form still offers all the freedom that the musician needs for self-expression. He has found and used much freedom within it in the composition of his work, which presents some new and striking features. It can hardly be said, however, that it discloses more than his other works of a strongly creative prompting; and, indeed, it seems to stand below his second symphony in spontaneity of invention.

His musical ideas are not often important in themselves nor do they lend themselves to plastic or fruitful development. There is an ingratiating beginning in the first movement, a theme of agreeable melodic form; but it yields singularly little but emphatic and more emphatic reiteration in more or less fragmentary shape, and in some striking and often beautiful effects of orchestral color. And this can be said of more of the themes that follow in the latter movements.

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY" SUNG.

DEC 29

Geraldine Farrar Is Seen in the Title Role at Metropolitan.

"Madama Butterfly" was played last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was originally intended to give "La Donne Curiose," but for various reasons the novelty was postponed. Miss Geraldine Farrar was seen in the title role and gave it the romantic and pathetic interpretation so familiar to all operagoers. Mr. Martin was once again the faithless Lieutenant Pinkerton, and M. Scotti was the pink of sympathy and neat attire as Counsul Sharpless.

M. Toscanini conducted that which must be regarded as Puccini's most scholarly and elaborate score.

DEC 30 1911

PUCCINI'S GOLDEN GIRL AGAIN.

Third Performance of His American Opera at the Metropolitan.

Mr. Puccini's lyric version of David Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West" was heard at the Metropolitan Opera House last night for the third time in the course of the current season. This opera has had great success in Rome and also in Lucca, which is the native city of the composer. Elsewhere in Italy the work has not greatly disturbed the "circumambient ether." But in New York it has found great favor and there are some people who are sceptical enough to attribute this to the impersonation of *Johnson* by Enrico Caruso.

There are others who carry their scepticism so far as to declare that it is not even the impersonation that makes its success, but merely the sound of Mr. Caruso's notes of the golden voice. Doubtless there is a certain amount of truth in this, but it is a point of view which leaves out of consideration the merits of the presentation of the opera. It ought to be no news at this time that the performance contains one impersonation which rises above Mr. Caruso's in genuine artistic merit, and this is the *Minnie* of Emmy Destinn.

There has been occasion before now to call attention to the excellence of Miss Destinn's singing and acting in this part. It is not going too far to say that this is her best rôle. Vocally it is better even than her *Tosca* and histrionically it stands alone among her assumptions. Mr. Amato's *Rance* is without doubt the best piece of acting this popular barytone has put to his credit, and he sings the music in a satisfactory style.

Among the minor characters Mr. Gilly's *Sonora* stands forth prominently. The playing of the orchestra is another important feature of the Metropolitan production and Mr. Toscanini's conducting is superb. But the impression made by the work itself does not deepen. All that was said about it here on the morning after its first performance may be permitted to stand without revision. The spectacle of a composer endeavoring to strike out a new style is always interesting, but the effort is not always convincing.

After the opera the Russian ballet dancers performed nine numbers. This must be mentioned as a matter of record. Otherwise it no longer has any great significance.

DEC 31 1911

"SIEGFRIED" AT THE OPERA.

The Wagner Drama Given With an Exceptional Cast.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza has pursued with consistency his policy of introducing additions to the season's repertory at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday afternoons, and yesterday he gave his audience the first performance this season of "Siegfried." A new setting for the second act by Hans Kautsky of Berlin was disclosed and proved to be an excellent piece of scenery. But the real feature of the presentation was the unusually strong cast.

There is no opera house in Europe which could offer its equal or anything closely approaching it. Such an assembly of artists of the highest rank is possible only in the Metropolitan. Not even a Bayreuth festival or a Prinz Regenten series in Munich can show such an array of celebrities.

Two of the singers were new to local performances of the drama. These were Putnam Griswold as *Wotan* and Marargete Matzenauer as *Erda*. Both of them added great distinction to the presentation of the splendid creation of Wagner. Mr. Griswold sang with nobility of tone and delivered every line of the text with a clarity of enunciation and an eloquence of vocal nuance and acted with an intelligence which made his impersonation one of grand proportions.

Mme. Matzenauer was an imposing *Erda*. The portentous significance of the figure was prominent and her utterance of the warning to the tottering master of Walhalla was full of dread meaning. Her grand tones had an organ quality and her enunciation was admirable. Mr. Burrian is perhaps not a physical realization of the *Siegfried* of Teutonic and Norse legend, but his interpretation of the rôle is that of a genuine artist. He sings the music with much vocal beauty and a fine finish in the treatment of the phrases and the words.

Mme. Gadski's *Brünnhilde* is a familiar friend and yesterday it was quite up to its standard. Mr. Reiss's *Mime* is incomparable and Mr. Goritz is a thoroughly competent *Alberich*. Mr. Ruysdael as *Fafner* and Miss Sparkes as the *Forest Bird* completed this excellent cast. Mr. Hertz conducted with his customary enthusiam and the orchestra played with opulence of tone and inspiring spirit.

18 Jan 1 1912

The Symphony Society.

Of the many entertainments designed to entertain the public of a Sunday (and most of them to help keep that public awake till the dawn of the New Year) there were two yesterday which may be designated as having been in regular course—one was the concert of the Symphony Society in the afternoon at the Century Theatre, the other the regular popular affair at the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening. Nevertheless, both concerts gave evidence of the fact that their authors were convinced of the need of making some concession to the holiday mood of the multitude in the composition of their programmes. At the Metropolitan Opera House in addition to dignified artistic features there was an exploitation of precocious talent—a procedure in which the seriously musical portion of New York's musical public has learned to take little interest. Prodigious children are particularly plentiful in music, but few of them develop into artists when they mature, and the exhibition of overripe pianists and violinists has a tendency to lower the estimation of the art in healthy minds. We are not troubled by precocious sculptors, painters, architects or poets, and in consequence many people think that sculpture, painting, architecture and poetry are higher arts than music. How strong this feeling is was illustrated in the case of Dr. Burney, who did not hesitate to say of the boy Mozart, after hearing some of his music written when the wonderful genius was already sixteen years old, that he was "one further instance of early fruit being more extraordinary than excellent."

Mr. Walter Damrosch at the Symphony Concert in the afternoon adapted his programme to the holiday mood by sandwiching between Schumann's D minor symphony and Rimsky-Korsakow's "Scheherazade" a setting of Kipling's ballad "The Looking Glass" and a song from an unpublished and unperformed comic opera entitled "The Dove of Peace," both by himself, and three transcriptions for stringed instruments by Zedenko Fibich (the transcriptions by Victor Kolar). The words of the ballad, which Mr. Damrosch took from Rudyard Kipling's "Rewards and Fairies," Mr. Damrosch explained he could not print on the programme because he had not received permission in time from the agent of the author; but he read them for the edification of the audience. Mr. Kipling, it may be explained, is in the habit of selling the permission to publish musical settings of his poems, and it is always a solemn and tedious matter to obtain that permission. It is for this reason that, though Mr. Damrosch's tuneful versions of "Danny Deever" and "On the Road to Mandelay" long ago won an incomparably large popularity, the poems have been omitted from the programmes of recitals at which they have been sung in company with other songs. Yesterday the music of the ballad "The Looking Glass," with its Scottish tang, gave obvious pleasure, though not so much (to judge by the popular demonstration) as the song from the operetta, with its Spanish rhythm. The latter was given with orchestral accompaniment. The audience in attendance was fine in point of numbers and character.

EMMA EAMES AGAIN.

Gives a Concert with Her Husband at the Hippodrome.

The New Year's Eve concert at the Hippodrome last evening brought forward again Mme. Emma Eames, who has not been heard here either in opera or recital for the past three years. With her was her new husband, Emilio de Gogorza, who has made more recent appearances in our midst. They were assisted by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, Modest Altschuler conducting.

The audience was large, but not as large as the audiences which have greeted Kubelik or Mme. Tetrazzini at the Hippodrome. It contained many well-known persons, however, notably Mme. Eames's late comrade in opera, Mme. Lillian Nordica, who sat in the centre balcony box and who kept her opera glasses well focussed on Mrs. de Gogorza during the entire evening.

The orchestra played an overture, Mr. de Gogorza sang an air from "Le Roi de Lahore," and finally Mme. Eames appeared. She wore a black and gray gown, with lace and jewelled embroidery, and a belt of rose. In her ears were pearls and in her hair, fastened exactly in the centre, was a single diamond. She was greeted with much applause, and having acknowledged it the orchestra started to play, and she sang "Dich Theure Halle," from "Tannhäuser." There was not much to recommend this performance. Her voice sounded thin and worn and frequently departed from the pitch.

Later, however, in songs which she sang to piano accompaniment, she was heard to much better advantage. Her voice, her method of singing songs, and her appearance have all changed very little since she was last heard here.

Mr. de Gogorza's singing was generally delightful. He has a baritone voice of good range and a resonant quality, and he uses it artistically, and sings with style. After the air from "Le Roi de Lahore," he sang a Spanish song with great effect. Later he was heard in duets with Mme. Eames. The orchestra played several selections during the evening and the audience distributed its enthusiasm indiscriminately between Mme. Eames, Mr. de Gogorza, and Mr. Altschuler. What flowers there were, however, were delivered into the keeping of the soprano.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Symphonic Music by Schumann and Rimsky-Korsakoff—Songs by Mr. Damrosch.

The New York Symphony Orchestra, after three weeks' intermission of its New York activities, took up again the thread of its Sunday concerts yesterday afternoon in the Century Theatre. The chief orchestral numbers were Schumann's D minor symphony, which had not been heard here for some time, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" suite, which the Boston Symphony Orchestra had played at its last visit to New York. Schumann's symphonies are appearing with less and less frequency upon the programmes of orchestral concerts, it is true, and there are many who will regret it. And yet it is but the inevitable result of their deficiencies of technique, particularly of the technique of writing for orchestra. They contain, and especially this Fourth Symphony contains, ideas of high musical value, of poetical beauty and romantic suggestiveness—much, in fact, of the real Schumann. But they are so unskillfully composed for the orchestra that they have lost much of their effectiveness to modern ears. Weingartner's remark about Schumann's symphonies seems especially true of this one in D minor—that they were written for piano and arranged—badly, unfortunately—for orchestra.

It was regrettable that the performance yesterday did not do much to present the symphony in its best light; for it stands in sore need of such a presentation. It was not so finished as it should have been, and something of its poetical and romantic significance was lost in Mr. Damrosch's rather matter of fact and pedestrian reading of it. More care, as it seemed, had been bestowed upon Rimsky-Korsakoff's florid and highly imaginative "Scheherazade," which gives to the orchestra all the opportunities to shine that Schumann's symphony denies it. The performance had color and sweep. Another orchestral number upon the programme was a set of three "Miniatures" by Zdenko Fibich, transcribed for strings by Victor Kolar, one of the first violin players of the orchestra. They are pretty little pieces, originally written for the pianoforte, presumably; for Fibich, a Bohemian composer little known in this country, produced a vast quantity of such pieces. Mr. Kolar has set them well for the string orchestra.

Two new vocal compositions by Mr. Damrosch were made known at this concert: a setting of Rudyard Kipling's recently published ballad "The Looking Glass," with piano accompaniment, and a song from Mr. Damrosch's comic opera "The Dove of Peace," composed this year. These were sung, and admirably sung, by Miss Christine Miller, contralto; and for the ballad Mr. Damrosch himself played the accompaniment. Kipling's poem is conceived in a very characteristic and original vein. Mr. Damrosch's music is less characteristic, less original, but dramatically suggestive of Queen Elizabeth in her old age, taunted by the spirits of Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Leicester, as she looks at herself in the mirror. Miss Miller sang it with much fervor and effectiveness. The song from "The Dove of Peace" is sung by Juanita, the heroine, and is Spanish in its rhythms and melodic character—very agreeable music and, needless to say, considerably above the level connoted in these days by the term "comic opera." Both the singer and the composer were much applauded.

Mme. Emma Eames and M. Emilio de Gogorza were the stars of last night's concert in the Hippodrome. It was their first public apeparance here this season. There was a large audience, and the two singers were fairly showered with encores and Mme. Eames with roses.

During the long walk from the wings, half way across the huge stage, the prima donna received an enthusiastic welcome. She was in capital voice. She sang Elizabeth's aria from "Tannhäuser" and Puccini's "Un bel dì vedremo," from Madame Butterfly" with fine drmatic effect, and was charming in a group of songs. With Mr. de Gogorza she was heard in Mozart's "La ci Darem" and Faure's "Le Crucifix." Some years ago, during the Grau régime, she sang this duet with Mons. Plançon at a concert in the Metropolitan Opera House. Just as their cue came to go on, the basso bowed and said, "Now, madame, they are going to see the two most beautiful noses in the company"—which was true.

Mr. de Gogorza sang expressively an arioso from Mons. Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore" and later gave the "patter" aria from Rossini's "Barbera" with swiftness and humor. Mr. Modest Altschuler conducted the orchestra.

While Mme. Eames was singing her group of songs there was some restlessness among the orchestra players on the left of the stage. It was caused by a mouse running about among them. The harpist, being a woman, gathered her skirts about her in some trepidation. Finally a double bass player took courage and made a lunge at the rodent with his bow, whereupon it fled into the wings.

Programmes of good music, adequately interpreted, that may be heard by the masses are blessings to civilized communities. Eloquent testimony in support of this contention was forthcoming in the auditorium of the Normal College yesterday afternoon, when the first of the series of sixty-one free orchestra concerts to be given this season in various parts of the city took place.

The scope of this undertaking is commendably broad. Prof. Henry T. Fleck, directing the musical department of the Normal College, worked out the plan, he demonstrated practicability of which is to be made possible through the $10,000 gift of The World.

Such a beginning as that of yesterday should provide satisfaction to all in any way connected with the effort; but most especially to the musicians participating in the performance and the 3,500 people who were present.

Equal of Carnegie Hall Concerts.

The programme was musically equal to many heard in Carnegie Hall, and its interpretation artistically meritorious. There was only one noticeable difference between yesterday's concert and many of those given as a part of the usual season's schedule—the matter of cost to the public. At Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan Opera House, the Century Theatre and the Hippodrome the prices charged for single tickets range from $2 down to 50 cents. Yesterday's concert in the Normal College auditorium was free to all who could be comfortably provided for.

Hundreds, unfortunate in arriving after the seating capacity of the hall had been exhausted, were disappointed, but there will be many other opportunities for them later. In arranging this particular series of concerts provision was made for just such a contingency.

At other times the four thousand and more who disregarded the rain and still were unable to hear the programme will find concerts no less worthy. Next Sunday, and on seven Sunday afternoons thereafter, pretentious orchestral concerts will be at the disposal of the public, while fifty-two afternoon and evening performances are scheduled to take place in the auditoriums of the city's colleges and high schools.

A Noteworthy Undertaking.

In several respects the undertaking of yesterday was noteworthy. Primarily, it marked the inauguration of a musical endeavor which New York has long needed. There is an abundance of concerts of every sort to be had, but they are of scant value to the music loving thousands who do not feel they can consistently afford the luxury which extended patronage means.

There is every good reason for supplying educated and intelligently inclined people with a medium to gratify their taste for good music. Under the arrangement made for this the first comprehensive series of free concerts this city has ever had a source for musical development and entertainment is forthcoming.

Through skilful planning Prof. Fleck has succeeded in preparing what is really a remarkable series of orchestral concerts. He has had and will have the assistance of such musicians as Prof. Frank Damrosch, Cornelius Rubner and Samuel C. Baldwin of the Institute of Musical Arts, Columbia University and the College of the City of New York.

But in addition to the contribution of the services of these men, who will act as conductors on different occasions, there has been a generous response on the part of such well known solo artists as Mmes. Schumann-Heink, Jomelli and Alda, vocalists; Arthur Friedheim, pianist, and Albert Spalding, violinist.

Mme. Schumann-Heink.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was the soloist yesterday, and her presence meant much to the expectant throng that listened attentively to her finished singing of the great airs from Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah" and a group of songs, and then insisted upon other numbers. However, there were further excellencies.

Beethoven's eighth symphony, the Vorspiel and the opening music to the third of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" were played by the orchestra under Prof. Fleck's direction, and played most creditably. In its entirety the programme was one of admirable artistic balance and may well be taken as a model for future offerings during the execution of the planned concert series, which is to be extended to all boroughs of Greater New York.

This is the programme:

Symphony No. 8 ..... Beethoven
Allegro vivace e con brio. Allegretto scherzando. Tempo di menuetto. Allegro vivace.
Aria "Samson and Delilah" ..... Saint-Saens
Mme. Schumann-Heink.
Opening third act "Meistersinger" ..... Wagner
Group of songs—
"Irish Love Song" ..... Lang
"His Lullaby" ..... Carrie Jacobs Bond
"Danza" ..... Chadwick
"Erl King" ..... Schubert
Mme. Schumann-Heink.
Vorspiel "Meistersinger" ..... Wagner

Jan 2 1912

THE LATEST KUNDRY MUCH APPLAUDED

Mme. Matzenauer Sings the Role for the First Time With Great Ability.

HER NEW OPERA TRIUMPH

Wagner's Music Drama Given in the Afternoon and "Lucia" in the Evening.

She was not a thing for the cold hearted records of dull prose, this *Kundry* who sprang full blown into life with the birthday of the new year. She was for flaming song and the rush of winged words. Her might the Hindu bard chant in the pulsating ecstasy of Oriental verse and crimson imagery:

So drew she nigh—that lovely wanderer—
Bright browed, long tressed, large hipped, full bosomed, fair.
With pearly teeth and honeyed mouth, in gait
Right queenly still, having those long black eyes.

Or if perchance the vision of the remote singer of the glorious beauty of the incomparable Damayanti is too aloof from the touches of our own noble literature, even when transmuted into the baronial English of Sir Edwin Arnold, then the fancy might turn to the song of a laureate dreaming of fair women and quote:

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled,
A queen with swarthy cheeks and blod, black eyes,
Brow bound with burning gold.

And even then one would not paint a perfect picture of the seducing *Kundry* of Margarete Matzenauer's second act in "Parsifal" as it was performed yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House before a much moved audience. The first act showed this striking *Kundry* in the husk, the wild thing of Wagner's imagination, working evil and good without reason.—*Gundryggia* and *Kundry* rolled into one. But in the second act she made living the proclamation of *Klingsor*, "Herodias warst du." Not even Flaubert's raven haired heroine, whose nostrils "were a little too large for beauty," ever filled the stage as this one did.

Mme. Matzenauer impersonated *Kundry* yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time on any stage. It will not be the last time. The sensational days when Heinrich Conried ravished the holy grail from Bayreuth and set the flower girls dancing on Broadway gave us Ternina. We have had also Nordica, Fremstad, and in the English version of Mr. Savage Mme. Kirkby-Lunn. All these have been worthy of profound consideration.

But of late we have had only Mme. Fremstad, and it was thought that the Metropolitan possessed no other representative of the fabled temptress. But the indisposition of this great artist led to the appearance of Mme. Matzenauer, who had studied the rôle for Bayreuth, the only place outside of New York where "Parsifal" is a habit. Whether Cosima Wagner will venture to launch the curse of Wahnfried on Mme. Matzenauer for assisting in a New York performance remains to be seen. If Bayreuth excludes such a *Kundry* as New York discovered yesterday afternoon, so much the worse for the scared "festspielhaus."

Mme. Matzenauer's impersonation was a triumph. All the savagery, the unbridled nature, the mystery and the pain of the strange creature were indicated. Yet in the temptation scene of the second act, without obliterating these traits, Mme. Matzenauer succeeded in presenting a marvellously beautiful picture of the transformed woman.

This *Kundry*, heroic in figure, moving with all the majesty of an ancient Oriental queen, large limbed, magnificent in frame and gesture, nevertheless sounded the sweetest depths of sensuous tenderness, played with unerring hands along the scale of passion, filled the theatre with tempestuous outbursts, yet never transcended the bounds of well considered art and never veiled the purpose of the scene.

Her wooing was that of a Semiramis, made for the wreck of kingdoms, but appallingly seductive. Her despair at the immovability of *Parsifal* was ungoverned, yet it called forth sympathy. Her rage was heroic, but throbbing with the agony of mad helplessness. It was all a piece of acting planned on grand lines and carried out with superb skill and inspiring temperament.

The music became part and parcel of the impersonation, as it should. There was a wonderful variety of tonal tints to impart expression to the declamation. The purely lyric passages were sung most beautifully with rich, free, velvety tones, with intelligent treatment of the phrases and with continence in the general style. Nothing was undone and nothing was exaggerated.

Where it was necessary to blend song with that indescribable manner of declamatory utterance demanded by some of Wagner's speeches Mme. Matzenauer rose to the level of the moment. Her thrilling delivery of the word "lachte," with its sweeping fall of nearly two octaves, in the line "Und lachte da traf mich sein Blick," was something which no connoisseur of Wagnerian declamation will forget.

But this was only one of many instances of her mastery of the score. In fine, her *Kundry* was a magnificent first performance and it is to be hoped that she will not be tempted to make any radical changes in her reading of the music or her interpretation of the character. That she will find opportunities to polish details is certain. Such an artist is sure to do so.

The other members of the cast were those who have appeared heretofore in the same drama, with the exception of William Hinshaw as *Amfortas*. His duties were creditably done, but there will be occasion to consider them at more length later in the season. The possibility of a repetition of the mishap which occurred in the transformation to the magic garden at the last previous performance was removed by the adoption of a new manner of taking *Klingsor* and his balcony off the stage—a new way and a better one.

There was too much light on the second transformation in the same act, but otherwise the scenery and stage effects were well handled. It may or may not be that the pretty flower maidens had a rehearsal before yesterday's representation. At any rate it is certain that they sang much better than they did on Thanksgiving Day.

In the evening the second performance of "Lucia" in the current season was given and with it came the second appearance of Mme. Tetrazzini. That she was the bright and single attraction of the evening was proved by the fact that the house was packed to suffocation, although Mr. Amato had fallen a victim to operatic indisposition and placards announced this at the outer doors. Mr. Amato's place was taken by Giuseppe Campanari, but no one asked to have money returned on that account. On the contrary the sale of admission tickets had to be stopped because the standing room was crowded to the limit.

Of course many of the Monday night subscribers were absent, but it was a typical holiday audience, that went into demonstrations of enthusiasm over the famous sextet and the mad scene. In these two portions of the opera Mme. Tetrazzini exhibits all that is best in her voice and her art.

Florencio Constantino was again the *Edgardo*. His voice and style are well suited to the rôle and he won much applause. As *Raimondo* Herbert Witherspoon was also among those present. He ought to get a prize for vocal endurance. He sang at the Sunday night concert, which was nothing, but yesterday afternoon he sang the loquacious *Gurnemanz*, and that ought to be a day's work.

After the opera last night came Mikail Mordkin, Katerina Geltzer and the troup of Russian ballet dancers. These elastic people offered a programme of eight numbers and added not a little to the apparent pleasure of the audience.

A HOLIDAY "PARSIFAL"

Jan 2 1912

Mme. Matzenauer in a New Part.

Tribune

There have been many perfunctory performances of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House, not always despite, but frequently because, it is a work reserved for production on special occasions. Being a holiday drama, and not a regular feature of the repertory, and being, moreover, a work which can be seen and heard only in New York and the Wagnerian Mecca, it might be supposed that particular care would be given to its preparation for every representation; but the public has long ago learned not to press such a flattering unction to its soul. On the contrary, it has too often been given haphazard, apparently on the theory that its admirers will remain faithful no matter what happens. The drama is the last of all to be left to chance in this manner, and yet it has seldom suffered shipwreck, thanks to the sincerity of those who have been charged with its performance. What astonishing results can at times be produced by this sincerity had a striking illustration yesterday afternoon. The hurly-burly of our operatic activities did not permit of a rehearsal of the work, yet it was performed with two significant changes in the cast from that of last Thanksgiving Day. Nevertheless, the performance was superior to it, not only in its mechanical features, which might have been expected, but in all its artistic. Indeed, the scene in which New York's representations have always been unique (that in which the Flower Maidens figure) has seldom, if ever, been given with more ravishing beauty; and the singing of the invisible choirs in the solemn services in the Temple of the Grail have never been surpassed.

The substitution of Mr. Hinshaw in place of Signor Amato appeared to be a venturesome experiment, but it seemed smaller in prospect than the essay of the part of Kundry by Mme. Matzenauer for the first time in her life and without a full stage rehearsal. The former's merits were largely summed up in the unexpected distinctness of his enunciation of the poetic text, which made up to no small extent for deficiencies in his musical-dramatic utterance of the woful lamentation in the first act; but Mme. Matzenauer's interpretation of Kundry was nothing short of what, in common and easy phrase, is styled a revelation. There are times when the commonplaces of description must be accepted in a serious and lofty sense; and this was one. In both her aspects—as the "loathly damsel" of the old English ballads and the sorceress of the French and German epics, more emphatically still as the highly complex creation of Wagner, in which the old folklore and epical elements are blended with still more ancient Oriental legendary and philosophical concepts—she disclosed a keenness and depth of understanding which gave a delightful intellectual shock to students of the drama and carried their imagination and emotions as completely captive as it did those of the unthinking, simply curious and unsusceptible listener. Perhaps more so, for it is long since an impersonation on the lyric stage has made so deep and varied an impression. The lovers of artistic song found much to rejoice in her voice and singing; but not more than the admirers of dramatic poetry. The announcement that Mme. Matzenauer would make essay of the part had caused some apprehension on the part of vocal cognoscenti. The fine contralto quality of her voice disclosed to the best effect in Gluck's "Orfeo" had created the wish that she might never be tempted to endanger it by the ambitious upward flights which offer so irresistible an attraction to our modern operatic artists who have been so sadly neglected by the composers of the last half century. But Mme. Matzenauer's gifts of vocal quality, it seems, are no greater than her artistic acquirements, and both found eloquent proclamation in Wagner's music. Her command of the half voice, not confined to the tones which it might seem bought to be beyond her normal range, but utilized whenever and wherever dramatic declamation calls for it, is little short of wonderful, and is so legitimately used that it puts to shame all the artifices to which a singer like Mme. Tetrazzini is compelled to resort for her successes.

"Parsifal" was listened to intently and reverently by a fine audience, and gratitude went out to all concerned—to Mr. Hertz no less than to Mme. Matzenauer, Mr. Burrian and down to the least significent of the Flower Maidens, not one of whom can be said to be insignificant. H. E. K.

TETRAZZINI SINGS AGAIN

Tribune

Pleases Large Metropolitan Audience as Lucia di Lammermoor.

Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, as Lucia di Lammermoor, was the attraction at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, to the great joy of the standees who got in and the unutterable sorrow of those who were kept out. It was Mme. Tetrazzini's second appearance at the Broadway temple of song, and the audience was fully as large as that of the night of her début.

As for the soprano's singing it showed the same faults and the same excellencies. The marvellous uppter tones were there, the lower were far less perfect; at times she showed great skill and taste—at others a lamentable lack of the latter. But Mme. Tetrazzini knows how to get her effects even if at times she does sacrifice a phrase, and both in the Sextette and the Mad Scene she roused unlimited enthusiasm.

Her choral associates were Mr. Constantino and Mr. Witherspoon, both of whom had sung at the previous performance, and Mr. Companari, who at the last moment took the place of Mr. Amato, who was to sing Ashton, but was taken ill. Mr. Constantino's singing of the aria in the last act was well executed, but in the other acts his voice appeared to lack power. Mr. Witherspoon also gave an excellent account of himself, when it is considered that he had sung Gurnemouz during the afternoon. As for Mr. Companari it should suffice to say that he was a veteran who did his best. Mr. Sturani conducted.

The Russian ballet followed the opera.

"PARSIFAL" GIVEN AGAIN.

Mme. Matzenauer Excellent in Her First Performance of Kundry.

The second performance of "Parsifal" this season at the Metropolitan Opera House was given yesterday afternoon on the New Year holiday. There were a number of features in the performance that deserve attention. Chief of these was the appearance of Mme. Margarete Matzenauer as Kundry—for Mme. Fremstad, originally intended for the part, was still unable to appear, and the substitution had to be made at short notice. The notice, indeed, was so short that Mme. Matzenauer was unable to have a stage rehearsal. It was, morever, the first time that she had ever sung the part. Under these circumstances what she achieved was nothing less than a tour de force, for her performance was in almost every way of great merit.

Although Mme. Matzenauer is so much a contralto, she has in her voice the higher notes that enable her to sing the music of Kundry without obvious effort, even the passages in the second act that are sometimes a trial. Her voice had power and significant and changing color of dramatic expressiveness. There was unusual skill in her composition of this difficult and perplexing part—difficult on both the musical and dramatic side, in that respect. There was more than routine expertness; there were intelligence, insight, the comprehension gained by study. And for the results that she was able to present, under difficult circumstances, Mme. Matzenauer deserves much credit, and gained it from yesterday's audience at the end of the second act.

Mr. William Hinshaw appeared also for the first time as Amfortas; it was not possible fairly to judge what he did, for his voice was in poor condition, and he was much hampered by that fact. But there were all the evidences of an intelligent effort that will produce its effect under favorable circumstances.

It is well to give "Parsifal" on holiday occasions when there is something to differentiate it from ordinary operatic performances, but perhaps it is better to choose some other holiday than the one following the universal, vociferous, copiously moistened, and long-continued celebration of New Year's eve.

The chorus seemed to be in poor voice, and has seldom sung so ineffectively, and at certain points so badly. There was much that was beautiful in the playing of the orchestra; it was finished and rich and beautiful in color, and Mr. Hertz kept it for the most part duly proportioned in the scheme of the whole.

Jan 3 1912

MELLA MARS HEARD IN GERMAN SONGS

She Delights Her Compatriots at the Irving Place Theatre.

Sun

RECALLS YVETTE GUILBERT

Her Expressiveness Somewhat Too Emphasized, but the Work of an Artist.

Mella Mars has finally found an appropriate field for her talents at the Irving Place Theatre. Her compatriots were present last night in large numbers to applaud her with such warmth as only comprehension and enjoyment could produce. It is not at all difficult to understand why her efforts were less heartily appreciated elsewhere.

She is not for all markets. It is a question if her talents could ever be effectively employed in the American theatre. In her prime Yvette Guilbert always amused her audiences most by imitating an English woman singing "Linger Longer Lucy." No example of her unique art ever moved her American hearers to the degree that banality used to.

Satire, pathos, tragedy are not qualities that can possibly be revealed to an American music hall public. It is out for fun and anything else is either resented or ignored. Mme. Mars is by no means an Yvette Guilbert and there seems indeed no demand anywhere for a reincarnation of the particular genius that the Parisian couplet singer so long represented. It is possibly more in the choice of her subjects than anything else that Mme. Mars may even be likened to her distinguished predecessor. That alone makes what they have to offer the public somewhat akin.

Mme. Mars appears against a background of black drapery and partly sings, partly declaims her verses to the piano accompaniment of her husband, who courageously takes the responsibility of having composed their music. She is short, pale and black haired. A large black bow in her hair adds a touch of grotesqueness to her appearance.

It may have been that she realized last night that her public was not only large and cordial but rather naive. So there was an insistent emphasis on her points until they all seemed, under this manner of singing her couplets, of about the same importance. Even before an audience which thoroughly understands what she has to say there are characteristics of her verses that could not everywhere be popular.

Yet she illustrates them all with wonderful eloquence. She does not scorn the aid of gesticulation. Her movements, especially of her beautifully modelled arms, are grateful and varied. In its freedom from monotony lies perhaps the most strikingly original feature of her art. It is doubtful if she repeated in the seven songs she sang last night the same gestures. Not only in her movements but in the pose of her body did she express completely the mood of her couplets. There could have been no greater contrast to the songs that preceded it than the femininity and petulance with which she lolled in a croner of the divan to sing "A Woman."

She colors her voice more rarely than one might expect from a singer who craves the somewhat faded laurels of Yvette. But she was completely successful in bringing out altogether by this means the pathos of "The Penny," which she sang in German, as she did all her répertoiré. The broad fun of "The Heine Monument" delighted her hearers, and so did the humor of "The Cuff Button" with its philosophic conclusion. "The Musician" is bitterly ironical, but the song about the abbé and the countess at dinner is of a piquancy that all could understand.

The divine nature of her songs and her success in revealing the spirit of them all would be possible only to rather an unusual artist, which Mme. Mars certainly is, in spite of her tendency to dot all her "i's" and cross all her "t's" so so unmistakably.

RUSSIANS DANCE "COPPELIA."

Mr. Mordkin Has Made Changes in the Score and Act Endings.

Times

That charming ballet, "Coppelia," made its fugitive appearance in the répertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House last night at a special performance given by the Russian ballet. Those who had seen and heard Delibes's work before, however, were probably occasionally astonished. When "Coppelia" has been danced here of late the opera ballet has taken part in it with Pavlowa and Mordkin as guests. This season Mr. Mordkin and his troupe of dancers have been giving the ballet on the road, and his company also took part in it last evening.

Mr. Mordkin has seen fit to make certain changes in the score. In the first act there was an interpolation and several substitutes in the music of the final pas de deux. None of the music suitably replaced that of Delibes. There seemed to be no sensible reason for the changes. The dancer has also changed the endings of the acts, and caused poor Dr. Coppelius to die at the end of the second act, a tragic finis not at all in keeping with the spirit of the work.

There were compensations, however. Mr. Mordkin's troupe danced the czardas and the mazurka in the first act with great spirit, and the group of maidens which accompany Swanilda in her gyrations actually knew how to dance. The Misses Plaskowietzakaia and Gluck did a very pretty pas de deux.

Miss Geltzer was somewhat disappointing in the first act. Not that her dancing was not brilliant. It was too brilliant at the very beginning. She made it impossible for herself to reach a climax. In the second act, however, as the doll she was very amusing. Mr. Mordkin's Franz has often been seen here before, but no so frequently as it was last night. He was one the stage at times when dramatic fitness would seem to have demanded that he be elsewhere. After "Coppelia" the Russians danced twelve divertissements.

KITTY CHEATHAM ENTERTAINS

Sings of Eight Different Kinds of Children and Tells Stories.

Miss Kitty Cheatham gave the second of her holiday matinées yesterday in the Lyceum Theatre before another crowded house, which included an unusually large number of children. The programme on this occasion contained many of the masterpieces of Miss Cheatham's répertoire, and while there were fewer novelties it cannot be said that they were missed.

That charming child, "Good Lilen," was again described; "Practicing" and "Visitors" received their best attention at Miss Cheatham's hands, and "Matilda" was brought forward for inspection. These songs and several others were in a group entitled "Eight Different Kinds of Children."

In the second part Miss Cheatham read Selma Lagerlof's "Robin Redbreast," and sang several negro songs, besides telling some of her inimitable stories. The last section of the programme was miscellaneous in character. It was a delightful afternoon for Miss Cheatham's admirers, and they are many.

"LE DONNE CURIOSE"

A New Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House.

It does not seem as if anything except the disparity between the style of the work and the dimensions of the Metropolitan Opera House can prevent the new opera produced there last night from winning a complete success. The opera was "Le Donne Curiose," the book a paraphrase of Carlo Goldoni's comedy of the same name by Count Luigi Sugana, the music by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, who is now on his way hither from Europe and is expected to be on hand to witness its repetition next Saturday. The opera is not a new one and is not in the list of publications controlled by the house to which our Opera is chiefly tributary. Neither does Caruso, Destinn or Amato take part in it. So it does not seem to have been felt necessary to wait a few days in order that the presence of the composer might give brilliancy to the occasion. Good. "Le Donne Curiose" needs no adventitious helps to win its way to the admiration of the cognoscenti; the only danger which threatens it is the want of intimacy between performers and audience which the comedy and music call for. Perhaps even this deficiency will be disregarded out of sheer delight in the hilarious comedy and sparkling and effervescent music.

Book and score of the opera hark back a century or more in their methods of expression. The incidents of the old comedy are as loosely strung together as those of "Le Nozze di Figaro," and the parallel is carried further by the similarity between the instrumental apparatus of Mozart and Wolf-Ferrari and their dependence on melody rather than orchestral or harmonic device as the life-blood of the music upon which the comedy floats. It is Mozart's orchestra that the modern composer uses ("the only proper orchestra for comedy," as Berlioz said), eschewing even those "epical instruments" the trombones, which Mozart also omitted in his "Don Giovanni" until his German nature led him to turn Da Ponte's comic opera into a tragic one with the advent of the supernatural element in the last scene.

It would not do to push the parallel too far, though a keen listener might feel tempted also to see a point of semblance in the Teutonism which tinctures the Italian music of both men: a Teutonism which adds an ingredient that is more to the taste of other peoples than that people whose language is employed. But while the Italianism of Mozart was wholly the product of the art-spirit of his time the Teutonism of Wolf-Ferrari is a heritage from his German father and its Italianism partakes somewhat of the nature of a reversion to old ideals from which even his Venetian mother's countrymen have departed. There is an almost amusing illustration of this in the paraphrase of Goldoni's comedy which the composer took as a libretto. The Leporello of Da Ponte and Mozart has his prototype in the Arlecchino of the classic Italian comedy, but he has had to submit to so great a metamorphosis as to make him scarcely recognizable. But in the modern "Donne Curiose" we have not only the old figure down to his conventional dress and antics, but also his companion's Pantaloon and Colombina. All this, however, may be better enjoyed by those who will observe them in the representation than those who will only read about them, no matter how [illegible] the analysis might be made.

It is Mozart's media and Mozart's style that Wolf-Ferrari adopts, but there are [illegible] of the idiom of others who have been universal in [illegible] rather than [illegible] Italian—like Nicolai's "O [illegible] Anne" (Shakespeare's "Oh, Sweet Anne Page"), Wolf-Ferrari's Florindo breathes out his languishing "Ah, Rosaura." And in the lively chatter of the women there is more than once more than a suggestion of the lively gossip of Verdi's merry wives in his incomparable "Falstaff." Wolf-Ferrari is neither a Mozart nor a Verdi, nor even a Nicolai, as a melodist, but he is worthy of being bracketed with them, because as frankly as they he has spoken the musical language which to him seemed the proper investiture of his comedy, and like them he made that language characteristic of the comedy's personages and illustrative of its incidents. He has been brave enough not to fear being called a reactionary, knowing that there is always progress in the successful pursuit of beauty.

The advocates of opera sung in the language native to the hearers will find an eloquent argument in "Le Donne Curiose," much of whose humor lies in the text and is lost to those who cannot understand it despite the obviousness of its farcical action. On the other hand, it must have been gratefully felt by many others if at they were not compelled to hear the awkward commonplaces of the English translation of the libretto. The German version, in which the opera had its first hearing in Munich six years ago, is in a vastly different case—neither uncouth nor halting, even though it lacks the characteristic fluency essential to Italian opera buffa; yet no more than did the speech of most of the singers last night. The ripple and rattle of the Italian *parlando* seem to be possible only to Italian tongues, and there were several musical numbers which, we fancy, Signor Toscanini would have been glad to have taken more trippingly had he not been obliged to consider the majority of the singers. Of the principal characters only two were represented by singers born to the Italian manner, viz., Scotti and Pini-Corsi, though Señor Segurola seemed less hampered than the others. The comedy turns on the curiosity of a group of women touching the doings of their husbands and sweethearts at a club. The entire action is merely a series of incidents in which the women (the wives by rifling the pockets of their husbands, the maidens by wheedling, cajoling and playing upon the feelings of their sweethearts) obtain the keys to the club room and secure an entrance, only to find that instead of gambling, or harboring mistresses, or seeking the philosopher's stone, or digging for treasure, as is individually suspected, the men are enjoying an innocent supper. In their eagerness to see all that is going on the women betray their presence. There is scolding, contrition, forgiveness, a graceful minuet and the merriment runs out in a wild *furlana*.

OLIVE MEAD QUARTET PLAYS.

Th Olive Mead Quartet gave its second concert of the season in Rumford Hall last night before an audience of moderate size. The assisting artist was Henry Leon Leroy, who appeared with the four young women in Mozart's Quintet for clarinet, two violins, viola and violoncello.

The other two numbers were Schumann's Quartet in A minor, op. 41, No. 1, and Tschaikowski's Andante Cantabile from Quartet, op. 11.

Once again the members of the quartet proved their admirable musicianship and fine ensemble powers. Especially pleasing was their work in the final movement of the Schumann number, which they gave with marked spirit and enthusiasm.

It was a pity that the steam pipes in the hall could not have behaved themselves, for their thumping was extremely disconcerting.

..............................Adamo Didur
Ottavio..............................Jeanne Maubourg
Beatrice..............................Geraldine Farrar
Rosaura..............................Hermann Jadlowker
Florindo..............................Antonio Pini-Corsi
Pantalone..............................Antonio Scotti
Lelio..............................Angelo Bada
Leandro..............................Bella Alten
Colombine..............................Rita Fornia
Eleonora..............................Andrea de Segurola
Arlecchino..............................Pietro Audisio
Asdrubale..............................Lambert Murphy
Almoro..............................Charles Hargreaves
Alvise..............................Vincenzo Reschiglian
Lunardo..............................Paolo Ananian
Momolo..............................Giulio Rossi
Menegio..............................Stefen Buckreus
Un servitore..............................
Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening was given the first American performance of the opera "Le Donne Curiose," by Ermanno Wolf Ferrari—the second of the new productions promised for the season by Mr. Gatti-Casazza. The audience was large and was evidently pleased and interested in the new work. It gave abundant evidences of pleasure and at times of delight, although there was a certain reserve at first in accepting an opera in a style so unfamiliar as this. Most of the applause came after the second act, which is musically the richest of the three. "Le Donne Curiose" also suffers in the Metropolitan Opera House from the fact that it is a work of much delicacy and of the most intimate nature, and this delicacy and intimacy cannot produce their effect in so large a space. The complaint is an old one often renewed.

No doubt many in the audience remembered last season's production by the Chicago Opera Company of Wolf-Ferrari's little "one-act intermezzo, "Il Segreto di Suzanna," and possibly a smaller proportion knew, from the Oratorio Society's performances of it in two successive seasons, (1907 and 1908,) his cantata "La Vita Nuova," which is to have another performance at the Opera House next Sunday night, in the presence of the composer. He is, therefore, not a stranger to New York; and is likely to be still less one after this production of "Le Donne Curiose," which will make him many friends.

The opera is not new. It had its first performance in Munich in 1903, when he was 27 years old. "Le Donne Curiose" is an operatic setting of one of the very numerous plays of Carlo Goldoni, the great Italian comic dramatist of the eighteenth century, the task of whose life was to reform the Italian stage and to substitute a "comedy of manners" for the fantastic and frivolous conventionalities that constituted the sum of the Italian drama before his time. "Le Donne Curiose" may be called a comedy of manners; though to readers of this day it is a light and tenuous trifle, and seems to go little below the surface of things in providing a picture of the Italian character and Italian life of its period. Goldoni was a Venetian, and many of his plays are written in the Venetian dialect. This is true to a limited degree of "Le Donne Curiose." Two of its characters speak in that dialect, and the scene of the comedy is laid in Venice, though so far as can be seen here and now it might as well have been laid in any other Italian city.

The story of "Le Donne Curiose" could not well be slighter. A group of Venetian gentlemen have established a club for the usual purposes of clubs—social intercourse, discussion, play, eating, and drinking. One of its principles is the complete exclusion of women, also not unknown to similar organizations of the present. But the profound silence about the doings of their club which the members maintain toward their wives, piques these ladies' curiosity and jealousy beyond endurance. By means of abstracting the keys of the clubhouse from the pocket of one of the husbands—a receptacle no more sacred in the wife's view then than now—and with the help of Columbine and Arlecchino, the curious ladies make their entrance into the sacred club quarters on a night when a banquet is impending. What they see is not very startling; their inevitable discovery leads to amusing consternation and then to an agreeable form of reconciliation, in which the minuet and the furlana play a part. They are not all husband and wives. Rosaura and Florindo are a betrothed couple who furnish the "love interest" indispensable to the lyric dramatist.

It is not easy to see that this lively comedy cries aloud for musical illustration. But Wolf-Ferrari has made it into a lyric drama with a skill and originality, with a command of the comic expressiveness of music, that are rare to-day. It is a delightful surprise to find a modern composer dealing with his art in the spirit and with the aims and methods that are disclosed in "Le Donne Curiose." The path he has followed was pointed out a score of years ago by Verdi in his "Falstaff." Wolf Ferrari has been almost the first to enter upon it with sincerity and conviction, and it seems plain that the wonderful comedy of the octogenarian composer has furnished the young Teutonic-Italian his starting point.

It required some courage for a young composer to write as he has in "Le Donne Curiose." The most striking quality of the score is its naturalness, its freedom from a striving for originality or for nevelty of effects. The composer has not been afraid to use methods and expressions apparently simple and sometimes even "old-fashioned"; to refrain to a very considerable degree from chromatic complexity in melody and especially in harmony; to be absolutely straightforward.

And yet with all this diatonic prevalence of simplicity, and notwithstanding its gossamer-lightness of substance, the music is not commonplace. It has true distinction; it has a youthful freshness that of itself marks it off from so much that is to-day produced with effort and wrinkled brows. Through his very simplicity of substance Wolf Ferrari has achieved a really individual style, and has brought something really new into modern music. What he accomplishes with his diatonic material, with his tonic and dominant, has the effect of a truly spontaneous, unsought, individual expression.

The music of "Le Donne Curiose" is saturated with the spirit of comedy. It has the sparkle and verve of Goldoni's drama, and gushes with the same buoyancy and rapid movement. It is entirely devoted to illustrating the play, to enhancing the significance of its situations, to interpreting their mood, to heightening the value of the speech of the characters. It seems to have sprung from them, to be of one substance with them, to partake of the changing moods of these quickly moving vivacious scenes that blow across the stage like gusts of a Summer breeze, and as full of fragrance. It laughs with them, and finds tones for all the madcap vagaries of the dramatist's conception.

It is not often that a musical dramatist puts so little of a clog upon the progress of a dramatic action as does Wolf Ferrari in this work. His music moves with almost the rapidity, vivacity, and point of the spoken drama; it enforces little of the retardation that the necessities of musical development are apt to make in scenes of opera. Nor yet, on the other hand, is there the sense of haste, of incomplete and fragmentary utterance that is so often given in the "conversation operas" of the younger Italian composers when they seek the same kind of expeditious movement. This music abounds in fleeting touches of wit, mirth, humorous characterization. Everything is grace and lightness, and the hand of the composer has not lacked dexterity and precision. It all breathes the spirit of rococo. the spirit of the time and place that Goldoni has preserved in his play, although, of course, there is little suggestion of archaism in the [illegible] style—except in the minuet and furlana with which the merry others and their intrusive wives celebrate their reconciliation, nor of local color, except in the barcarolle that appears in the music at the beginning of the last act.

One feature of the opera of unusual charm is the frequent use of vocal ensemble. The art of writing effectively and appropriately for voices combined has been expiring of late years in the realm of opera. The adroitness with which the voluble utterances of the assembled club members in the first scene, and some of the vivacious and chattering conversations of the women, are elaborated, with polyphonic skill and the art of making a beautiful sound, is delightful. Especially admirable is the quartet in the second act between Rosaura, Beatrice, Florindo, and Ottavio in its dramatic characterization of the utterances of the four, and its expression as music. Among the most telling passages is the duet between Rosaura and Florindo with which the second act is brought to a close, a long and carefully elaborated number. Among the few solo airs that are to be noted is the charming one that Rosaura sings in the second act alone, and another, less striking, for Florindo, immediately thereafter.

These passages of tenderness and of assumed severity on the part of Rosaura toward her lover are as successful in their way as the more brilliant and volatile humorous passages in which Wolf Ferrari shows such a conspicuous talent. He is a master of moods in musical representation, and this tenderness, this sentiment, is expressed with directness and without sentimentality.

He has treated the orchestra with remarkable skill and refinement, and herein is another charm of this delightful opera. The orchestra has an important but not a preponderating rôle; it presents its constant commentary on the action, full of apt suggestion, rich in fine detail, in delicate and exquisitely transparent color, a veritable tissue of filigree work. And in this, as in the whole opera, there is no obvious seeking for effect; it is all written with discretion, with an apparent simplicity and directness—but with how much art and with what delicacy and skill! This orchestra is almost the antithesis of the Wagnerian orchestra. It is concerned little, or not at all, with the development of leading motives. The scoring is very light, with subtle refinement; it is another example of what a master can do with a comparatively few resources. It is not a "modern" orchestra. There is not only no Heckelphone, no celesta, no tam tam, no glockenspiel, no castanets, no call for "sixteen first and sixteen second violins," but there is not even a trombone or a tuba, an English horn or a bass clarinet in it!

"Le Donne Curiose," a musical comedy in three acts, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last night for the first time in this country. The book was written by Luigi Sugana after the celebrated comedy by Carlo Goldoni, and the music was composed by Ernanno Wolf-Ferrari, already favorably known here as the writer of the beautiful secular oratorio, "La Vita Nuova," and the charming one act opera buffa "Il Segreto di Susanna."

The new opera is called a musical comedy, as indeed it is; but this is a description which is like to be misleading in this town, because it has long been associated with plays combining the cheapest of Broadway wit with ditties of the music hall type and liberal revelations in silk hosiery. "Le Donne Curiose," on the other hand, is a genuine comedy of intrigue, preserving some of the farcical features common to the Italian humorous plays of the date immediately preceding that of Goldoni's reforms. It is set to music conceived in the finest and most elegant spirit of the aristocratic opera buffa, but written in the pure Italian musical diction of to-day, untainted by Germanic idioms or craftily planned harmonic artificialities.

There is melody on every page, grace and facility in every phrase, musical atmosphere in all, and humor alternating with tender sentiment. It is an opera whose score is a treasury of brilliant delights, of musical inventions and fancies profoundly interesting to the student of operatic development and pleasing to the most casual of operagoers.

If it is not a work of genius it is at least most genial, and it ought to be received with real joy by a public which is perhaps too often asked to take its opera tragically. But to enter fully into the beauties of "Le Donne Curiose" one ought to be able to understand the dialogue and action in every detail and thus perceive the perfect fitness and illuminating qualities of the gladsome music.

This music has much variety of character, yet its artistic identity is preserved throughout. There is no crossing of styles. With consummate skill the composer has welded together melodic ideas expressing the broadest fun and the gentlest emotions of the comedy in a score which is one continuous stream of fluid, transparent tune. It contains plain recitative of the primal Italian type, though here supported by orchestral phrases instead of mere chords, and it ranges all the way from these up to airs of exquisitely pure outline, modern in content yet preserving most charmingly the chaste forms of the Italian classics.

Only a remarkable mastery of the technic of Italian lyric composition as hidden away in the now unsung works of the early masters and founders of the Neapolitan school and of the application of that technic in the later productions of Mozart and Rossini could serve to create such an uncommonly dainty and delineative piece of comedy in music.

The story of the opera has already been published here. It may therefore suffice at this time to recall that it deals with the plotting of four women to gain entrance into a club of which their husbands or lovers are members. Each woman has her theory as to the dreadful doings which go on behind the locked

doors, and great is their discomfiture when they find the men innocently enjoying themselves at a supper.

The chief characters in the comedy were clearly drawn by Goldoni, and the librettist has not obliterated their salient traits. There is abundant humor in the methods of the men in dealing with the women and of the women in overcoming the men. The intrigue, simple as it is, is delicious and the incidents to which it gives rise are thoroughly amusing.

Possibly some persons in the audience may have wondered at the appearance of *Arlecchino* (Harlequin), the servant, in the time honored costume of the Harlequin of the old pantomime and wearing a mask. It must suffice to say at present that he and Columbine are survivors of the old comedies of masks which preceded the Goldoni era, and in these the performers wore masks throughout the play. Harlequin, Columbine and Pantaloon are among the fixed types of these humorous plays, just as Sganarelle was a fixed type in certain plays of Molière. The librettist of the opera could have gained nothing and would have robbed his book of one of its most interesting historical characteristics if he had endeavored to modernize the Harlequin or to supply the Columbine with entirely new personality.

Wolf-Ferrari deserves the warmest praise for daring to write in a style legitimately derived from that of his national forerunners. The opera buffa is almost as old as Italian opera, and it is a branch of the lyric drama in which the Italian masters were the pioneers and in which they provided the models for the entire musical world.

The great Alessandro Scarlatti, whose admirable works are no longer heard, wrote irresistibly delightful comedy scenes even in his serious operas, but he was only following in the footsteps of musicians who long preceded him. Indeed one can learn much from a perusal of such scores as that of Maria Abbatini and Marco Marazzoli's "Dal Male il Bene," which was sung before Scarlatti's birth in 1659. As far back as that time the familiar Italian patter which appears in Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and later in Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was known to the music lovers of Rome and Venice.

This patter, which eventually found its way into the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, is employed with masterly skill in many passages of "Le Donne Curiose." It is employed not only in solos but in ensembles, as in the instance of the captivating bit for the women in the first scene of the third act. This is in a modern adaptation of the manner of Alessandro Scarlatti as shown in the delicious quarrel scene in "Teodora Augusta."

On the other hand, Wolf-Ferrari well knows how to write lovely and enchanting melodies of a high bred style which never once approaches the hurdygurdy banalities of the Donizetti epoch of a. There is indeed nothing in this sc which measures quite up to Donizett best as heard in the sextet of "Lucia" the titillating numbers of "Don Pa quale," but its average is musically high and has more artistic blue blood than t average of Donizetti and his compeers.

The string of lyric pearls begins wit the trio in Act I. for *Lelio* (Scotti), *Ottavi* (Didur) and *Florindo* (Jadlowker). Imme diately before the entrance of *Pantalo* (Pini-Corsi) there is an admirable en semble for the men gathered in the club. The entrance of *Arlecchino* (Segurola) introduces a characteristic variety of patter which is plainly a development of the old recitativo secco rather than of the primitive type of patter itself.

A striking exhibition of the composer's ability to be humorous in music is his setting of the words "lapis filosoforum," which the women repeat with awe and something like fear when they consider the possibility of the club's being the home of dark arts. The trio of the women, in which *Eleanora* (Fornia) persists in telling a story about her dressmaker, while the two others are endeavoring to get information about that club, is exquisitely planned. It gives *Eleanora* a charming solo bit, which is followed by an irresistible peace of patter for the three. The scene for *Rosaura* (Farrar), *Columbina* (Alten) and *Florindo* which ends this act is a little masterpiece. It is filled with the daintiest melody and the most delicate humor. Its charm is subtle but penetrating. Without any evidence of search after effect, it carries to the furthest corners of the auditorium and brings the act to a most happy conclusion.

To make a detailed descriptive catalogue of all the beauties of the two other acts would occupy too much space, but a few may be mentioned. Opera lovers will certainly take note of the excellent solo for *Eleanora* and the ensuing comic duet in the first scene of the second act. Musically the second scene of this act is the richest in the work. It opens with a side splitting imitation of a cackling chicken by the oboe, and for an explanation of this one must go forward to the words of *Beatrice* presently addressed to *Rosaura* and *Columbina*: "Mi par d'essere in nollaio con simil coccode," which is nearly equivalent to saying: "Your cackling makes me think I'm in a hen house."

After much delectable dialogue comes a bewitchingly beautiful quartet for *Rosaura, Beatrice, Florindo* and *Ottavio*, written in a style of which any Italian master of the last century might well be proud. *Rosaura's* monologue, "Ah, tutto per te," is an enchanting air, composed in the classic Italian style which caught the echoes of troubadour melody across the Alps. The ensuing duo for *Rosaura* and *Florindo* is another example of the aristocracy of Wolf-Ferrari's style, and its concluding measures combine gentle humor and sentiment in a manner quite ravishing.

The first scene of Act III. shows a vista of Venetian canals lit by the moon, and the orchestra paints a wonderful little tone picture, aided by distant singing of a Venetian popular melody. Throughout this act, in the second scene as well as in the first, the music sparkles and glows alternately till the end is reached with a most elegant minuet followed by a reel.

The opera has been mounted most excellently in scenery and costume by Mr. Gatti-Casazza. The picture of Venice in the last act is sufficiently realistic fo stage purposes, and the costumes, those of the second quarter of the eighteenth century, are piquantly pleasing. The cast is generally competent, though an exacting judgment would call for more glibness of utterance on the part of one or two singers, notably Mme. Fornia. The details of the performance will have to be reserved for later discussion, but a passing mention must be made of the youthful and vocal charm of Miss Farrar's impersonation of *Rosaura*.

The orchestration of the opera is a model of continence combined with clarity. Nevertheless the range of soft tints seems endless. Mr. Toscanini, master of such music just as he is of Wagnerian splendors, conducted with the finest appreciation and judgment. The orchestra treated the score with musicianly respect. The audience, which was large and brilliant in appearance, applauded vigorously after it had caught the spirit of the work. "Le Donne Curiose" will undoubtedly be heard often, and the oftener it is heard the better it will be liked. The cast:

Ottavio	Adam Didur
Beatrice	Jeanne Maubourg
Rosaura	Geraldine Farrar
Florinda	Hermann Jadlowker
Pantalone	Antonio Pini-Corsi
Lelio	Antonio Scotti
Leandro	Angelo Bada
Columbino	Bella Alten
Eleanora	Rita Fornia
Arlecchino	Andria de Sigurola

After the opera Mikail Mordkin, Katerina Geltzer and the rest of the Russian ballet appeared in a divertissement series of ten numbers.

Feb 5 1912

The Philharmonic Society.

There was no novelty in the scheme of the concert (the eighth in this year's subscription series), given by the Philharmonic Society, though the solo number could not be classed among the works of its kind with which the public is familiar. It was Rubinstein's pianoforte concerto in E flat, and its presence on the programme was explained by the circumstance that Josef Lhevinne was the solo performer. The concerto is Mr. Lhevinne's battle horse. With it he won the Rubinstein prize in Berlin in 1895, and with it he effected his American debut at a concert of the Russian Symphony Society, on January 28, 1896, when Mr. Safonoff, who had been one of his masters, did him the honor to conduct the orchestral part, though he was the conductor of the Philharmonic Society. It had been heard once in New York nine years before, when d'Albert played it, and had reposed on the shelf among undesirable things until Mr. Lhevinne came. From that shelf only Mr. Lhevinne has had the temerity to take it. It is his specialty. In it he is able to make a brilliant show of bravura playing and with it he garners more applause than would be likely to fall to the lot of any of his colleagues, who, apparently, have thought that there was too little musical excellence in it to justify the vast labor which an effective performance of its glittering exterior demands.

Mr. caused both surprise and delight by the brilliancy of his staccato, playing the crispness of his chord passages and the resounding tone which he brought out of the pianoforte, but the rest was next to nothing.

The concert began with Brahm's symphony in C minor, which was followed by Smetana's "Vltava," and after the concerto the evening came to a flambuoyant end with Tschaikowski's overture "1812," a piece of music which, as the composer truly said when writing it, is "very explosive and noisy." But music of its kind was popular long before our grandmothers played the "Battle of Prague" on their tinkling pianofortes or Beethoven laid the foundation for his popularity with "Wellington's Victory." Something much better in the way of performance than the symphony received was fairly to be expected from an orchestra which ought to set a standard for local organizations, to say the least.

H. E. K.

LHEVINNE PIANIST AT PHILHARMONIC

Brahms's first symphony in C minor occupied the chief place on the programme of the Philharmonic Society's eighth concert given last evening in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Stransky was evidently much interested in it, and conducted it with much zeal and enthusiasm; but the performance, while it had many fine qualities, was calculated to arouse dissent among lovers of this masterpiece of symphonic composition. It was especially so in the first movement, in which he took extraordinary liberties with the tempo and rhythm of the music. It was more than "modification" of the tempo that he introduced into this movement; it was too often distortion, seriously interfering with the shape and outline of the movement. This gloomy and passionate music is properly interpreted with elasticity of beat, and its phrases lend themselves to subtle and plastic modeling; but Mr. Stransky's exaggerations in this respect fell into a mannerism that became wearisome and put a false aspect upon it. He was much happier in his conception and execution of the three movements that follow, especially the andante, which was charmingly played, and the poco allegretto; and in the finale the triumphant spirit and the pulsing energy were brought to realization.

The other symphonic numbers of the programme were Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vitava," and Tschaikowsky's overture, "1812." Smetana's piece is the second of his patriotic series of six, depicting scenes of Bohemia and incidents of Bohemian history and legend. The first of the series, "Vysehrad," Mr. Stransky played recently. This one is probably the best known of the six, and its suggestion of the River Moldau and what may be seen and heard on its banks is cast in such a pleasing and melodious form and it is so easily stimulating to the listener's fancy, without the necessity of following a literary schedule, that it is heard with pleasure at not too frequent intervals. The performance of it, while not technically so carefully finished as it might have been, caught the spirit of the piece, and showed what the composer wished to be shown.

The soloist was Mr. Josef Lhevinne, who reappeared in New York after some seasons of absence. His power and mastery of the technique of the pianoforte were shown in his playing of Rubinstein's E flat concerto. This concerto he had played before in New York, at some of his previous visits. It is one of the numerous neglected works of Rubinstein that he apparently has made it his mission to recall to the attention of a public never much interested in them. The fact that his concerto has remained in an oblivion from which it has scarcely emerged is easily explained from a hearing of its empty bravura and vainly pompous passage work from which musical ideas are painfully absent. Not all of Mr. Lhevinne's brilliancy and sweep of power could make it interesting. For the pianist himself there was a warm greeting and enthusiastic applause.

The eighth subscription concert of the seventieth season of the Philharmonic Society, which took place last evening at Carnegie Hall, served to bring back to the notice of local music lovers the Russian pianist, Joseph Lhevinne, who selected as the medium for the display of his powers Rubinstein's E flat concerto, opus 94. Mr. Lhevinne's affection for this composition is natural. When he was a student he captured the Rubinstein prize over thirty competitors by his performance of this work

But despite Mr. Lhevinne's grateful attachment to the concerto it is not easy for all other music lovers to value it so highly. Rubinstein's piano concertos are kept in active circulation by pianists. Josef Hofmann is soon to play that in G major and if he can make it interesting he will achieve no inconsiderable victory. The D minor, which has at any rate some fluent and pleasing melodies, is better worth hearing, but not quite so often as pianists would have us believe.

The E flat concerto is purely a pianist's conception and a good vehicle for the art of Mr. Lhevinne. He is a performer of great muscular power and he can extort from a piano a mighty volume of tone. Sometimes too the tone is beautiful. Mr. Lhevinne possesses nimble fingers which can enunciate rapid and complicated passages with clarity and brilliancy, which would sometimes be greater if he were not so fond of what is popularly called the "loud pedal."

A brief sojourn in his native land and performances in other European countries have not in any respect changed the character of Mr. Lhevinne's art, and those who are fond of cyclopean piano playing will continue to enjoy his interpretations. He received plenty of applause last evening from an audience of good size.

Josef Stransky, conductor of the Philharmonic, led his forces through the C minor symphony of Brahms, Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vitava" and Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture. Some parts of the symphony were well played and it was evident that Mr. Stransky had prepared it with care. But it must be confessed that his ideas is regard to its interpretation contained many peculiarities as to tempi and some in regard to the balance of tone.

In the second and third movements, which call for reposeful finish in performance, the orchestra was heard to better advantage than in the last movement, which was somewhat rudely and at times even boisterously delivered. The Smetana music was also played unevenly. In parts the quality of tone, precision and nuance of the orchestra were excellent, but in others they were by no means so. But the music is enjoyable and the audience seemed well pleased.

KATHLEEN PARLOW'S RECITAL.

A New Violin Concerto by Jules Conus Played in Carnegie Hall.

Kathleen Parlow, the Canadian violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Her first number was the "Symphonie Espagnole" of Lalo, which is a standing favorite with violinists. Miss Parlow was plainly not at her ease in the opening movement, and neither her intonation nor her style was such as to command the warmest praise. In the second movement, however, she seemed to find herself and she played it with great beauty of tone and much musical meaning. The third movement, however, gave the young artist room for the display of some exaggerations in style. These are too frequent in her performances, and she will have to seek for repose if she does not wish to stray into the cheap field of sensationalism.

Her second number was a so-called concerto in E minor by Jules Conus, a Rrussian musician of the present time. The composition had not been heard there before, and it is not likely to be heard often in the future. It is a violinist's piece pure and not simple. Without doubt Mr. Conus plays the fiddle and is profoundly acquainted with its technic. Moreover it is evident that he thinks a violinist ought to do things with his technic.

For this reason apparently he has written a brief outline of a concerto in which the three movements follow without break. The first and the last are the same, a declamatory introduction leading to an allegro theme, which is elaborated in an unaccompanied passage of cadenza charaoter. The middle movement is a slow cantilena which gives room for a display of tone and pretty nearly nothing else.

Miss Parlow, being a youthful violinist and believing in the solemnity of violin proceedings in general, had studied this composition quite seriously and she played it with beautiful faith. Her technic was well exhibited in it and the audience rewarded her with generous applause.

The other numbers on the programme were Christian Sinding's A minor suite, two Hungarian dances by Brahms transcribed for violin by Joachim and a tarantelle by Leopold Auer, Miss Parlow's teacher. Kurt Schindler was successful at the piano.

THE WEBER-BEHRENS ENSEMBLE

First of a Series of Three Concerts Given at the Plaza Hotel.

The Weber-Behrens Ensemble is the title of a new chamber music organization which consists of Gisela Weber, violinist and Cecile Behrens, pianist. These two, assisted by Leo Schulz, 'cellist, gave the first of "three afternoon musicales" at the Plaza Hotel yesterday. The programme comprised Smetana's trio, opus 15; Rubinstein's sonata for violin and piano opus, 13, and Gade's "Noveletten," opus 29, for trio. The audience was liberal in applause.

OPERA CONTRACTS RENEWED.

Gatti-Casazza and Toscanini Reengaged for Three More Years.

Otto H. Kahn, chairman of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, announced yesterday that the contracts of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the general manager, and of Maestro Arturo Toscanini, by unanimous approval of the members of the board, have been renewed for the three seasons of 1912-13, 1913-14 and 1914-15.

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, composer of "Le Donne Curiose," will arrive this morning on the Lusitania. In response to Mr. Gatti-Casazza's wireless informing him of the success of his opera he sent this reply: "Most happy at the news greetings."

Farewells were said to the Russian Ballet and "Lobetanz" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The ballet has been seen at the Metropolitan frequently during the last three weeks, the solo dancers being Messrs. Mordkin, Volinine, Misses Geltzer and Schmolz. The most successful number has been Strauss' Polka Violette, danced by Miss Schmolz and Mr. Volinine.

In "Lobetanz" the same artists participated as at previous performances, Mme. Gadski singing the Princess and Mr. Jadlowker appearing in the title rôle. The latter appeared to show signs of fatigue in his high notes, probably due to the relaxation following the previous night's première of "Le Donne Curiose." Mr. Herz conducted.

THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY

Beethoven Music and a New Pianist.

Jan 6 1912

A refreshing atmosphere breathed through the concert of the Symphony Society which took place in the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon, and will be repeated there to-morrow—a wholesome, an uplifting atmosphere—not because the music was all Beethoven's, for it has been made manifest only too often within the last few years that even the compositions of the greatest of tone poets can be despoiled of its native strength and sweetness by sophistication, but because the music was devoutly and beautifully performed. The pieces were all familiar as household words, "familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious"—the fourth symphony, with its awe inspiring introduction, unique even among the master's creations, the pianoforte concerto in E flat, which still holds supremacy over all the works in its class and will be played simultaneously in the Gentury Theatre and Carnegie Hall to-morrow, and the overture "Leonore, No. 3," which, as Wagner said, presents the drama which it was written to introduce "even more completely and effectively than does the play itself." Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra have put nothing better to their credit than their performance of these compositions for a long time, in respect of eloquence and euphony, of sweetness and sanity, of precision and perfection in detail.

The concerto introduced a virtuoso to the public, who, though his name has suffered a slight sea change since last it illumined the programmes of European concert institutions, has plainly come to America to fulfil a lovely mission. It was Wilhelm Bachaus, who has long enjoyed an enviable reputation abroad, especially in England. A virtuoso of the fine old type rather than the tempestuous new is Mr. Bachaus; a musician of delicate fibre, of keen sensibility; one who respects the instrument upon which he plays and reverences the music which he interprets. He displayed no Titanic ambitions in his performance of the "Emperor" concerto, but played it from beginning to end with delightful continence and consistency of manner—every phrase beautifully balanced in itself and beautifully adjusted to its fellows, with purling passages like pellucid streams, with a poetic charm

> Mightier far
> Than strength of nerve or sinew,

and with deep insight into its lovely soul. It was an exquisite performance and formed the climax of a truly noble concert.

H. E. K.

MME. FREMSTAD ILL

"Aida" Given When She Is Unable to Sing in "Armide."

Owing to the illness of Mme. Fremstad, "Armide," which was to have been sung at the Metropolitan last night, had to be postponed and in its place Verdi's "Aida" substituted. As Mr. Caruso sings in both operas the average member of the audience was probably undisturbed, and if to the few others Gluck is less often heard than Verdi, they could console themselves that at least so far as Mr. Caruso is concerned, the Italian opera is better suited to his particular style of song. The tenor was in splendid voice and gave to his admirers ample opportunity for enthusiastic applause.

The title role was sung effectively by Mme. Gadski, and Miss Matzenauer's magnificent organ tones made of Amneris a figure well to be remembered. Mr. Gilly was the Amonasro for the first time this season, but it is evident that this fine artist's voice is in far from perfect conditions. Mr. Toscanini's conducting was, as ever, masterly.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Wilhelm Bachaus, Pianist, Makes His Debut in Beethoven Music.

Another pianist was introduced to New York at the concert of the Symphony Society yesterday afternoon in the Century Theatre. This was Wilhelm Bachaus, who has come recently into prominence in Germany. He made his appearance in a concert devoted to the music of Beethoven. His number was the E flat concerto, commonly called the "Emperor." This was preceded by the fourth, or B flat, symphony, played by the orchestra under the direction of Walter Damrosch, and it was followed by the "Leonore," No. 3, overture.

Mr. Damrosch according to his custom, delivered himself of a considerable lecture on the symphony and performed its salient and melodic ideas upon a piano. After having picked the symphony to pieces in order to show what it was made of the conductor led his orchestra through its delectable measures in a cheerfully interesting interpretation.

Mr. Bachaus proved himself to be a serious musician with high ideals. The fact that he was content to introduce himself as the performer of a composition which calls for the soundest musical qualities and offers no opportunities for astonishing the superficial was in itself enough to command for him the respectful attention of real music lovers.

It was speedily disclosed that there were other reasons for receiving Mr. Bachaus with pleasure. He is an excellent pianist. His technic was adequate to the demands of Beethoven's concerto. His fingers showed not only agility but independence and equality of touch. His performance of octaves and chord successions was clear, well balanced and crisp.

His scales were smooth and lucid. His cantabile showed musical sensibility, albeit there was always something lacking in sensuous tonal quality. But perhaps this was due to reasons beyond the pianist's control. Mr. Bachaus showed much variety in touch and a fine feeling for rhythm and accent. His dynamic range was sufficiently large for the work in hand, but in thunderous fortes he was prone to smite the piano from the elbow rather than to employ the invaluable push from the shoulder. Sun

His reading of the concerto was not only respectful but even reverent. It was free from exaggerations, and in certain parts rose to a level of communicative feeling. On the whole the new pianist made a favorable impression, if not a great sensation, and he will undoubtedly be heard with pleasure in recital later in the season.

MORE BAREFOOT DANCING.

Miss Muriel Grace Walters Appears at the Republic Theatre.

The weather was not favorable to barefoot dancing in general, but the atmosphere of the Republic Theatre was comfortable yesterday afternoon when Muriel Grace Walters set out to give an exhibition of her talents as an unstockinged dancer. Miss Walters is a follower of Isadora Duncan and although of Welsh birth is a local product so far as her artistry is concerned. She calls her efforts "Nature Dances" and there is indeed a much more liberal exhibition of nature than art about them.

Miss Walters wears abbreviated and diaphanous draperies and dances to the music of such composers as Beethoven, Chopin and Mendelssohn. Delibes and Johann Strauss are also on her programme, but as they were represented by dance music no interpretation was apparently needed. Miss Walters is a slim young woman with some sense of rhythm and cavorts about gayly or soberly according to the character of the music she is dancing. It all is in the manner of the greatest of the Duncans and is a pleasing sight unless it lasts too long and one has something else to do. Then its charm evaporates soon.

Possibly Miss Walters is a little late to enjoy any part of the vogue so liberally bestowed on these dancers in bare feet. They have been scarce since Anna Pavlowa put them to rout. If Miss Walters had come somewhat earlier in the army of the barefooted her own personal qualities might have pleased a larger public. As it was, her friends at the Republic Theatre yesterday appeared to take great enjoyment from her dancing. This seemed to be a foregone conclusion, however, as over the programme were the words:

> Into the hearts of the audience
> Her naked feet step tenderly

"AIDA" AT THE OPERA.

Mr. Caruso Not in Good Voice, but a Large Audience Applauds.

"Aida" can be depended upon to draw a large audience at the Metropolitan Opera House when Enrico Caruso as the representative of the Egyptian General who conquered the Ethiopians brought home as a prisoner *King Amonasro* and thereby found himself plunged into a pretty kittle of fish. This was the case last night and the house was packed. Mr. Caruso was not in the best of voice, but that did not seem to diminish the pleasure of the hearers. Fortunately Mr. Caruso did not have to bear the burden of the opera without assistance.

Mme. Gadski, who had sung the *Princess* in "Lobtanz" the previous evening, was a most satisfactory *Aida*, and her arch enemy, *Amneris*, was splendidly embodied by Mme. Matzenauer. Mr. Gilly was a good *Amonasro*. Mr. Toscanini conducted with his customary ability.

Jan 7 1912

WOLF-FERRARI CRIES FOR JOY AT HIS OPERA

Sun

The performance of "Le Donne Curiose" yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House, the second of the work in America, was a gala one in honor of the composer who was present on this occasion. Mr. Wolf-Ferrari could not get away from Europe in time to hear the American première. However, yesterday he was called before the curtain just as many times as he would have been the opening night.

The audience manifested signs of the liveliest enthusiasm after the first act and when Mme. Rita Fornia literally dragged out Mr. Wolf-Ferrari the applause became deafening. Many times the bashful composer was brought forward, and finally he appeared several times alone.

Later behind the scenes he cried with joy. It should be remembered that this was the first time that Mr. Wolf-Ferrari has ever heard his work sung in Italian, the language in which the original book was written. This fact taken together with the others that he was extremely pleased with the performance and unnerved by the applause, explained his condition.

After the second act similar scenes were enacted and the applause became almost hysterical when Mr. Wolf-Ferrari brought forward with him, not without difficulty, another bashful man, Mr. Toscanini. There were several more curtain calls after the last act.

The delightful opera confirmed the impression it had made on the opening night, and its interpreters again repeated their admirably rehearsed im[illegible]nations. Of these there is not a single one which does not have its value in the general make-up of the performance. However,

the g[illegible] de[illegible] [illegible] is to Mr. Toscanini.

The fact that [illegible] is not [illegible] owing to the illness of [illegible] [illegible] wi[illegible] [illegible] Wolf-Ferrari [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] first [illegible] Friday evening. The cast follows:

[illegible]	[illegible]
Ca[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Bi[illegible]	[illegible] Dad[illegible]
Ciccillo	[illegible]
Stella	[illegible]
Con[illegible]etta	[illegible]
Serena	M[illegible] Witkow[illegible]
Grazia	Rosina [illegible]
Totonno	[illegible]
Rocco	[illegible]
A Macaroni Vendor	[illegible]
A Toy Balloon Vendor	G[illegible]
A Water Vendor	[illegible]
A Water Vendor	R[illegible]
A Flower Vendor	[illegible]
Ice Cream Maker	[illegible]
Vendor of Ice Cream	[illegible]
A Vendor of Fruit	[illegible]
First Monk	Frank [illegible]
Second Monk	[illegible]
The Town Crier	
A Young Lady	[illegible]
A Young Man	Nicola F[illegible]
A Young Man	Santo Mandelli
A Young Man	Desire D[illegible]
First Anne	D[illegible] Mor[illegible]
Second Anne	C. [illegible]
Third Anne	Michele [illegible]
The Blind Man	[illegible]
A Peasant Woman	Giu[illegible]
First Girl	Rose [illegible]
Second Girl	Eleanor [illegible]
First Camorrist	Gi[illegible]
Second Camorrist	V[illegible]
First Morra Player	Santo M[illegible]
Second Morra Player	Desire Defrere
The Father	Michele Sam[illegible]
A Young Nurse	Giuseppina Gi[illegible]

General Musical Director, Cleofonte Campanini.

The work is to be presented in New York by the Chicago company during February.

Jan 8 1912

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Josef Lhevinne Plays Beethoven and Mr. Stransky Reads Schubert.

The concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon had at least one merit which could not be disputed, and that was that its programme was compact. It consisted of Schubert's C major symphony, Beethoven's E flat concerto and the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." The pianist was Josef Lhevinne, who made his reappearance here on Thursday evening with the same organization, playing the E flat concerto of Rubinstein.

There is a vast difference between these two E flat concertos and also between the tasks laid before the performer of them. To skim brilliantly over the keyboard and thunder in the index will answer quite well enough for the composition of Rubinstein, which is a virtuoso piece pure and simple. But the "Emperor" concerto of Beethoven is a work calling for almost nothing of the superficial skill of the mere pianist, while it demands the profoundest resources of the interpretative musician.

Mr. Lhevinne went at it honestly enough and there were moments when he stood near the gate to Beethoven's imagination. He almost knocked at it. He certainly did not enter. He played the notes, or nearly all of them, and sometimes he played them with beauty of tone. But he occupied most of his valuable time in merely playing them and running up and down the keyboard to no great purpose.

The orchestral support which he received in this number was not what might be called assistance. But this matter may be dismissed without extended comment, for the reason that the delivery of the symphony by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stransky wa[s] something more remarkable.

To give a detailed catalogue of th[e] peculiarities of the conductor's readin[g] would weary the reader and do n[o] especial good. Suffice it to say that hi[s] chief endeavor seemed to be to make sig[nificant] alterations in tempi which we[re] not justified by the score. Furthermor[e] the performance showed a regrettab[le] roughness and heaviness in the string[s] of the orchestra, a roughness which ha[s] gradually increased at each concert sin[ce] the beginning of the season.

However, there may have been son[e] unusual reason for this yesterday. b[ut] for the paces at which Mr. Stransky to[ok] certain parts of the composition the[re] could have been no reason except the b[e]lief of the conductor that they were rig[ht]. It is a pity that Schubert forgot to gi[ve] some indication in his score that he w[as] of the same mind.

THE OPERA CONCERT.

Alma Gluck and Florence Wickh[am] Sing Songs.

It was intended that Ermanno W[olf-]Ferrari's cantata, "La Vita Nuova" [be] sung at the Metropolitan Opera House l[ast] evening, but the illness of Pasqu[ale] Amato upset that plan. As a re[sult] a concert was improvised on Satur[day] which drew a good sized audience l[ast] evening.

Mme. Wickam was heard in the gr[eat] air from "La Favorita," and two so[ngs] in English. Mrs. Gluck sang the t[wo] songs which are closely associated w[ith] her name, "My Laddie," "The Land [of] the Sky-Blue Water," and "Will o' [the] Wisp;" Otto Goritz was heard in "Abendstern" air from "Tannhaus[er]" an air from "The Marriage of Figa[ro]" and Lorleberg's "Spielmann's Lebe[n]" and Heinrich Hensel sang the Pries[t] from "Die Meistersinger." The orche[stra] was under the direction of John [illegible] ternack.

Prof. Fleck's New York City Orches[tra] yesterday afternoon gave the second in the series of free concerts, made pos[si]sible by The World's gift of $10,000. Th[e] concert took place in the Normal Col[lege], Park avenue and Sixty-eight[h] street, before an appreciative audienc[e] of 3,500 music lovers. Close to 1,000 ha[d] to be turned away when the capacity o[f] the auditorium was exhausted.

Mme. Rosalia Chalia was the soloist. She was applauded enthusiasticall[y], especially when she sang as an enco[re] the Habanera from "Carmen," throwin[g] the fire of her Spanish blood into t[he] song, even though she played her ow[n] accompaniment. Three times she had [to] bow her acknowledgements of the a[p]plause before the audience was satisfie[d].

This was the programme:

Unfinished Symphony, allegro moderato, andante con moto	Schub[ert]
"Suicido" ("Gioconda")	Ponchi[elli]
Mme. Chalia.	
Laurin Suite, Tanz der Rosenelfen, Marsch der Zwerke, sarabande und double, Moszkow[ski]	
Songs, "Lungi dal caro bene"	Sec[chi]
"Pensee d'Automne"	Masse[net]
Mme. Chalia.	
"Les Preludes"	L[iszt]

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIE[TY]

Mr. Lhevinne and the Emp[eror] Concerto.

The notice sent to the newspapers [of] this week's concerts of the Boston [Sym]phony Orchestra (coming, of course, [as] the representative of the visiting org[anization]) explained that, although there [were] no novelties on the programmes [of the] concerts to be given in Carnegie H[all] Thursday evening and Saturday afte[rnoon] each nevertheless contained one work [that] had had but a single hearing in New [York]. It would have been a little more ac[curate] to have said but two hearings, fo[r these] works were on the programmes of J[anuary] 3 and 6 of last year, and it has been [many] years since the afternoon concerts [of the] Philharmonic Society could by any [...]

of the imagination, be called rehearsals, as years ago they were and for years afterward they were euphemistically called. The press agent's announcements, for which the newspapers shoulder responsibility in a spirit of amiability which ought not to be misunderstood or misinterpreted might be interpreted as a recognition of the fact (frequently brought to the notice of the artists from Boston whom New York delights to honor) that it is not altogether agreeable to the patrons of orchestral concerts to have the splendid orchestra from Boston come here and either repeat compositions which we have just heard from one or two of our local orchestras, or anticipate a composition which has already been set down on the list for the same or the next week.

But it would seem to be absurd to quarrel with our visitors when our local organizations do the same thing. Perhaps there is no seriousness involved in the matter, except that which oppresses the soul of the reviewer. Beethoven's pianoforte concerto was played at a concert of the Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall by Mr. Lhevinne; in the same hour it was played by Mr. Bachaus at a concert of the Symphony Society at the Century Theatre. It had been played by the latter on Friday. The public had its choice yesterday between the two places, the two artists and the two supporting institutions; nobody ("except a bird," according to the Irish bull said to have been made by a Hebrew banker in Vienna) could have been expected to be in both places at the same time; but no doubt there were many individuals in the two audiences who, while they enjoyed the offering extended to them, wondered occasionally how it compared with that to which the other congregation was receiving. Ought the newspapers to try to satisfy their curiosity? As matters exist in our present operatic regime, it would be foolish for one to attempt to do so. Kissing goes by favor; so does the patronage of local orchestras; and with it, generally, estimate (not appreciation) of the value of all things with which their performances are concerned. What was thought of Mr. Bachaus's performance of Beethoven's concerto had frank expression in the columns of this journal last Saturday; what was thought of Mr. Lhevinne's performance must have equally frank expression to-day.

Imprimis: it was not a poetical interpretation of the work. It is discouraging, to say the least, to lovers of music who have healthy tastes to hear hypersentimentality in the reading of any composer's works, because it turns healthy minds against the art; but it is equally disappointing to the lovers of music who are just as sane to observe rudeness in the interpretation of any work written by so splendidly sound an artist as Beethoven. And Mr. Lhevinne was frequently rude in his utterance of Beethoven's beautiful and emotionally symmetrical concerto yesterday. It was not technically perfect; but despite the wide prevalence of "virtuosity" (a fearful word!) no stress need, or ought to, be laid on that feature. A well constructed machine is more perfect in the mere technic of pianoforte playing than the best of our virtuosi. No machine can play a Beethoven concerto half as well as Mr. Lhevinne played the "Emperor" yesterday, despite his slips. They were negligible features; the elements which could not be overlooked were those which are inherent in the beautiful soul of music which the concerto embodies. When Mr. Lhevinne overlooked these he necessarily caused a curious questioning into his musicianship. He had an unsympathetic accompaniment, Mr. Stransky displaying a singular conception of the nature of the work by treating nearly all the *tutti* passages as if they were merely so much *remplissage*, to be disposed of as quickly as possible, so that the solo instrument might enter again (a notion violently and distinctively in disagreement with that of Beethoven, the author); but that did not excuse the careless and coarse treatment of the passages in the solo which connect the principal themes of the first movement and the last. These passages are also of the essence of the concerto, and a keen interpreter would have as little overlooked their significance for the sake of a few thunderous effects which were out of all balance with the rest as he would have neglected the correct enunciation of the principal themes. As for the accompaniment, it was on a par with that given to Miss Parlow's performance of the violin concerto week before last—except that there were some lamentable failures of entry on the part of the players of the wind instruments in the first and last movements.

The concert began with Schubert's Symphony in C (the familiar one, of course) and ended with the prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg." The latter was one of Mr. Stransky's show pieces at his first concert; the former he had also produced. A discussion of yesterday's performance would bring no credit to Mr. Stransky or his orchestra. The beauty which lies in the music of Schubert cannot be achieved either by the dynamic assaults which Mr. Mahler made upon it or the restless and distorted tempi of Mr. Stransky. This unhappy restlessness culminated toward the close of the last movement in a race on the part of all the players, which seemed to be actuated only by the principle: "Let the devil take the hindmost!" H. E. K.

The Symphony Society, under Walter Damrosch, gave a concert at the Century Theatre.

Tri. 9 1912

OLDEN TIME MUSIC AT WHITING CONCERT

Archaic Songs and Dances for Voice, Flute, Viola da Gamba and Harpsichord.

CANTATA BY GEAN RAMEAU

An Afternoon of Reposeful Compositions Gives Pleasure to a Good Sized Audience.

Arthur Whiting gave the second and last of his university recitals at Rumford Hall yesterday afternoon. These recitals form part of a course in the music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries given by Mr. Whiting at certain colleges. If any one is laboring under the delusion that concerts of this kind are dull or pedantic he should rid his mind of that notion as quickly as possible, for the music is all pleasing and most of it is delightful.

The programme yesterday comprised vocal and instrumental pieces. It began with a musette, satabande and forlane in rondo form by Couperin, who lived from 1668 to 1733, and seemingly endeavored to embody in music the whole spirit of the gallantry of his time. These were followed by Jean Phillippe Rameau's "La Timide" and "Tambourin." These were played by the same instruments, namely, viola da gamba, flute and harpsichord, in the capable hands of Paul Kefer, George Barrere and Mr. Whiting. But there is room for suspicion that at least one of these pieces was made for the keyboard instrument alone.

Mrs. Edith Chapman Goold then sang Lully's "Ma petite revue," an unknown author's "Belle qui tiens ma vie," Gillier's "Auparavant" and two delicious bergerettes, "Le joli mois de Mai" and "Maman, dites moi." Mr. Barrère followed with two interesting flute pieces by Leclair, an adagio and gig. Mr. Kefer played a "Plainte" by Marais and "Le Papillon" by De Caix d'Hervelois, both dating from 1700, and Mr. Whiting gave a chaconne by Couperin and a rigaudon by Rameau, both excellently performed on a harpsichord of modern make.

The final number was a cantata entitled "Le Berger Fidèle," by Rameau, written for soprano voice, with accompaniment of flute, viola da gamba and harpsichord. This was an interesting specimen of the cantata form as it survived in the days of Rameau. With the seventeenth century Italians this form had developed to considerable importance an consisted of an air or airs preceded by recitative, each air constructed in much the same style as the opera and oratorio melodies of the time.

Rameau's cantata consisted of three airs, each with its introductory recitative. First came a plaintive air, then a gay one and finally one "lively and gracious." The composition as a whole proved to be one of no small difficulty and bristled with artifice. It lacked the spontaneous fluency and grace of some of the smaller pieces heard in the same concert and served to remind one that Rameau was a master who found it essential to his welfare sometimes to satisfy the artificial tastes of polite society.

The concert was most enjoyable, for most of this old music possesses a restful charm seldom found in the compositions of to-day. It would be easy enough to dilate on the historical aspects of the entertainment and to tell learned things about the viola da gamba and the harpsichord, but there does not seem to be any pressing call for the information.

Mr. Whiting, lectures on this music when he visits the colleges, but he did not talk to his audience yesterday. He permitted his hearers to enjoy the music and allowed the music to speak for itself. This it does right pleasantly. It is generally simple in character, straightforward in style and just music without any portentous mission. For these reasons it brings happiness to the soul and peace to the mind. May Mr. Whiting give us more of it next season.

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

First Performance Here of a Trio by the Son of Bach.

The second subscription concert of the Flonzaley Quartet at the Carnegie Lyceum last evening was made especially interesting by the first performance of a composition by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach. This is a "sonata a tre," for two violins and cello. A manuscript copy of this was recently found in the library of G. B. Weston of Boston by Mr. Betti, leader of the Flonzaley Quartet, and it pleased him so much that he determined to produce it.

Friedemann Bach, sometimes called the Halle Bach, was the oldest son of the great Sebastian Bach and studied under him. He became a master organist, one of the greatest experts in fugue, and on the whole one of the ablest musicians in Germany. Unfortunately he was given to dissolute habits, which eventually worked his ruin, and he died in wretchedness. His works were numerous, but they are not published, and the manuscripts might be discovered anywhere from Beersheba to Boston.

The composition is in three movements, the first of which, a presto ma grazioso, has a slow introduction of uncommon dignity. The presto itself is a piece of genuinely beautiful music and written with high skill for the three instruments. It belongs plainly enough to the period of German chamber music following the time of the great Bach. The finale, molto vivace, is a charming movement, but has less of the fine organism than characterizes the first movement.

The middle movement is a larghetto, and both in matter and manner it serves to raise doubts in the mind of the thoughtful listener. The style does not seem to be that of Friedemann Bach's day. He died in 1784, and if he produced such a good piece of chamber music it must have been before his powers were seriously impaired by dissipation. The style of this movement is closely akin to that of the writers who tried to imitate Beethoven. The chord successions, the voicing for the three instruments and the melodic contours are those of the late Beethoven period. If Friedemann Bach produced them he had one of those remarkable glimpses into the future which glorified his father's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue."

This slow movement, be it understood, is not fugal. It is distinctly harmonic, not contrapuntal, but it is much more modern than one should expect the lento of a mid-eighteenth century trio to be. However, the production of the work was interesting and the music was most excellently played by Messrs. Betti, Pochan and D'Archambeau.

The other numbers on the programme were Beethoven's quartet, in A major, opus 18, No. 5, and Dvorak's quartet in A flat, opus 105. Again it is a pleasure to record the presence of a large audience at a Flonzaley concert. The organization plays with great spirit and where needed with exquisite delicacy and finish. The growth of its popularity is one of the many evidences of the widening and deepening of a love for the best music in this town.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE" SUNG.

Mr. Wolf-Ferrari Stays in Town on Purpose to Hear It.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last night "Tristan und Isolde" was performed. Mme. Gadski was the *Isolde* on this occasion, and her serious and carefully studied interpretation of the rôle gave pleasure to a numerous audience, as it has often done before. The other members of the cast were familiar friends except Putnam Griswold, whose *King Mark* is as yet young in this city. It is a dignified and interesting impersonation.

Mme. Matzenauer as *Brangäne*, Mr. Weil as *Kurvenal* and Mr. Burrian as *Tristan* were the other principal members of the cast. Mr. Toscanini, whose industry is now unflagging, conducted the performance. His reading of this music is most admirable and it has improved much since it was first heard in New York. Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, composer of "Le Donne Curiose," was to have gone to Chicago to superintend final rehearsals of his "Jewels of the Madonna," but he remained in New York especially to hear "Tristan und Isolde" conducted by Toscanini.

RUSSIAN BALLET'S FAREWELL.

Fair Sized and Friendly Audience Applauds the Dancers.

The farewell appearance of the Imperial Russian Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon drew a fairly large audience notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. The performance was made specially interesting by the first appearance of Alexander Volinine in other than the divertissements, as he was the *Franz* in "Coppelia," a part formerly taken by Mikial Mordkin, who is to appear at the Winter Garden.

With the exception of *Franz* the cast was the same as in the former presentations of "Coppelia." Mr. Volinine was warmly received.

Before presenting the divertissements, which constituted the second half of the programme, Ben H. Atwell announced from the stage that owing to the fact that one or two of the Russian dancers had left the management of M. Robinoff would slightly delay the performance. Particularly, he said, there had been a theft of some of the orchestra scores. Consequently two or three of the members would be given with piano accompaniment. The programme was carried through, although the piano was sometimes used.

Tri. 10 1912

SUCCESSFUL DEBUT FOR ELENA GERHARDT

The Germans have in recent years resented the accusation that they did not like good singing and from time to time have pointed with pride at some illustration of their vocal art. They have been of late pointing very industriously at Elena Gerhardt, a singer of songs, who frequently gives a "lieder abend," sometimes with the distinguished assistance of Prof. Arthur Nikisch.

Elena Gerhardt, having been discovered by her own people, was bound to come to the United States, the country of the musical barbarians, for despite the incessant proclamation through Europe of the belief that the Americans know nothing about lyric art, all the exponents of it turn this way as soon as they think they have been sufficiently advertised.

Elena Gerhardt made her American début yesterday afternoon in a song recital at Carnegie Hall, and within a quarter of an hour of beginning her programme had plainly shown why the Germans pointed at her with pride. Miss Gerhardt is welcome and her stay in the land of the musical barbarians will undoubtedly be profitable. When she goes home she will probably tell her countrymen many instructive things, which after the manner of their kind they will refuse to believe.

One of the things which she will tell them and which they will not believe is that she found thousands of people in the United States who understood and appreciated her art. Miss Gerhardt is in some respects an ideal singer of songs. She has her limits, as every other singer has, but within them she is a true artist and an eloquent interpreter.

In the first place she has a voice excellently suited to her calling and her methods are perfectly adapted to her undertakings. Her natural voice is most agreeable, a full blooded soprano, rich, warm and of sufficient power, especially in the splendid middle register. The scale is well equalized and the tone production is of unusual mastery. Miss Gerhardt has found the secret of coloring. She can sing from the bottom of her scale almost to the top in full voice letting loose all the resonance of her organ, and she can sing from the top almost to the bottom in the light, thin quality customarily called "head" tone, which enables her to give forth a most exquisite mezza voce and to impart to certain passages that remote, introspective feeling required to meet exactly the demands of many songs.

Her phrasing is for the most part good, though in one or two places yesterday there were small idiosyncrasies which raised questions. She enunciates her texts clearly and generally without disturbance of the poise of the tone producing organs, though here, being a German, she never hesitates to sacrifice beauty of tone to intelligibility when the two seem to her to come into opposition.

She interprets her songs with much insight and with communicative influence. There were times yesterday when she held her audience intent on every tone and syllable, and the applause was of the kind which signifies genuine enjoyment.

Schubert's "Die Forelle" and "Wohin" in the first group of her programme enabled her to display to advantage her skill in the delivery of airy and delicate music of vivacious movement. With the romance from "Rosamunde" she first disclosed her remarkable command of thin tone, which could not at any instant be charged with the undesirable whiteness found in the emission of many singers. Her reading of the song too was poetic and touching. Her "Erl König" was well planned, but here the resources of the voice seemed to be insufficient.

Her second group, con[illegible]ing of Brahms's songs [illegible] climax of the [illegible] "An die Nachtigall" [illegible] beautiful revelation of what the Germans call "Innigkeit" coupled with good singing. The "Vergebliches Ständchen" came next, and it would be difficult to recall another delivery of it so adequate in variety and daintiness of expression. "Immer leise wird mein Schlummer" was read with lovely sentiment and "Schwalbe sag mir an" with grace and elegance of style.

The "Sapphische Ode" was sung with deep feeling and rare beauty of tone, while in "Der Schmied" Miss Gerhardt poured out a flood of her splendid full middle register, which throughout the recital she used with continence. This song, as well as the "Ständchen," had to be repeated.

The entertainment concluded with a third group, comprising two songs of Richard Strauss and four of Hugo Wolf. The accompaniments were well played (and sometimes more than merely well) by Paula Hegner.

THE VOLPE ORCHESTRA

An Interesting Italian Symphony.

As local orchestral concerts go, those of the Volpe Symphony Society are gradually working their way to recognition, not only by virtue of their merits as performances but also by the character of their programmes. At the second subscription concert, which took place in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Volpe not only had the temerity to put a symphony by an Italian composer of local habitation on the programme, but he showed his interest in the work by conducting it without score and giving it a performance of finer technical quality than we have yet heard from his orchestra. The symphony, in the key of D minor, is the creation of Signor Pietro Floridia, who has lived for some years in America, dividing his time between Cincinnati and New York. The work was composed some twelve or more years ago, and, as Mrs. Flint informs us in the notes on last night's programme, won the first prize of the Societa del Quartetto in Milan and was played at Monte Carlo in 1899. The signor belongs to the many who have found the doors of the Italian opera houses closed to them because they do not belong to the inner brotherhood of whom Puccini is the chief, but he has written operas which have been performed successfully in spite of the fact that, like those of Wolf-Ferrari, they disclose a tincture of Teutonism in them. One of them, entitled "Maruzza," would deserve a hearing in New York, and would probably have received it had not the conditions enforced upon the Metropolitan Opera House for the last few years prevailed. The chief significance of Signor Wolf-Ferrari's success with "Il Segreto di Susanna" and "Le Donne Curiose" lies in the prospect which it opens of our operatic emancipation. It is plain that Signor Floridia has felt the influence of German art, like Sgambati, Martucci and Wolf-Ferrari, or he would never have composed a symphony. Yet, like the first two, he has succeeded in producing symphonic music which can be heard with pleasure in spite of the fact that it holds stubbornly to old ideals. The symphony performed last night, though only twelve years old, still speaks the instrumental idiom of the Mendelssohnian epoch, but is none the less pleasurable on that account. It still rests on melody as its chief support, but no real lover of music is likely to quarrel with him on that account. No modern revolutionist has been daring or impudent enough to declare himself opposed to melody as the life-blood of music; the only question that has arisen is as to what constitutes melody. Signor Floridia holds to old notions, but he also knows what is due to the other elements; and he has paid tribute to them all. The Scherzo in his symphony proved to be a delightful piece in every way, and if there was not all the effect of development possible in his first movement there was at least fine dignity and elemental forcefulness in the themes of his first movement. Altogether, it was a pleasant composition to listen to and well calculated to make the judicious listener eager to make a better acquaintance with the products of the composer's talent.

MR. LAMSON'S SECOND RECITAL.

At Carnegie Lyceum last night Mr. Gardner Lamson gave a second recital of songs and opera airs. If there were as much charm in his voice and vocal manner as there is intelligence in his interpretation of the poetical contents in his introductory remarks to some of them, and his declamation of all, he would be a most enjoyable singer. H. E. K.

TWO OPERAS YESTERDAY.

"Koenigskinder" in the Afternoon and Gluck's "Orfeo" in the Evening.

A special performance of Humperdinck's "Königskinder" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The term "special" is used to describe any performance which is not included in the subscription series, and often it means a benefit. But "Königskinder" was not presented yesterday for any benefit except that of numerous children who were present and appeared to enjoy the opera. The audience also contained many adults. The cast was that which has been heard at all the previous performances of the work this season. Its merits have often been discussed and commended, but perhaps sufficient emphasis has not always been laid on the excellence of Mr. Goritz's *Spielmann*. His development of the character is most artistic, and the pathos which he puts into the last scene is touching.

In the evening the subscription series moved forward with a repetition of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Mme. Matzenauer again in the chief rôle. Once more this artist impressed an audience by the largeness and dignity of her methods. She sings all the music with breadth of style, though it must be admitted that there are inferior moments in her inferno scene. But she rises to great heights of passionate expression in the interpolated "Divinities du Styx" and in the "Che faro senza Euridice." In the Elysian fields scene she is admirable in the repose and finish of her delivery.

The other members of the cast were Mme. Rappold as *Euridice* (instead of Mme. Gadski), Lenora Sparkes as *Amor* and Alma Gluck as the *Happy Shade*. It must be really a happy thing to be such a smiling and musical shade as Mme. Gluck, and she seems to enjoy it. Joy being communicative, she gives pleasure to the audience. Miss Sparkes, always conscientious and capable in her line, discharged her duties with credit.

Mme. Rappold has a voice suitable to the music of *Euridice* and she sings in tune. But beyond this praise cannot go. As in all her other roles, she is quite colorless. Here she is indeed a shade, and a very pale one at that. Mr. Toscanini was in the conductor's chair and his fine taste and unflagging enthusiasm governed and permeated the representation. The audience was of good size. The Gluck operas seem to be growing in public favor.

MR. BONCI'S SONG RECITAL.

The Eminent Italian Tenor Vociferously Applauded at Carnegie Hall.

Alessandro Bonci, the distinguished Italian tenor, who, like several other popular singers, was brought to this country by Oscar Hammerstein, gave a recital of songs at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. When an opera tenor gives an afternoon or evening of songs he invariably bestows no small part of his attention on the treasurny of the lyric drama, and Mr. Bonci is no exception to the rule. His programme ranged far and wide. It contained real songs, some of them by American composers, and at least one early Italian cantata, the "Vittoria, mio core" of Carissimi, important opera airs, such as that from Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto" and trifles light as air, like Leoncavallo's "Mattinata."

Mr. Bonci's concerts are always pleasing and he can give lessons to many American singers in the enunciation of English text, but nevertheless there is a certain monotony about them. This is due to the quality of Mr. Bonci's voice, which persists in all passages. It is not a voice of potent sensuous charm, nor does it readily lend itself to the expression of profound emotions. The delight of the listener at Mr. Bonci's recitals must be derived from other sources.

Of these the chief are the singer's exquisite management of his tones, the artistic finish of his style, the elegance of his phrasing and the certainty that whatever is done will be done with nicety and with never a suspicion of slovenliness. It is always a pleasure to listen to such a singer, albeit the conviction remains that he can give more satisfaction in opera than in the field of the song recital, which calls for a wider variety of tonal tints than a light tenor voice should be expected to possess.

The audience which attended Mr. Bonci's entertainment was not as numerous as the celebrity of the singer should have made it, but its applause rose to excited conditions and some of the songs were vigorously cheered.

Mr. Bonci's Recital.

Alessandro Bonci, long admired here and pretty much the world over as an operatic tenor, gave a concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. It was announced as a song recital, and came about as close to the designation as might have been expected under the circumstances, though its programme was somewhat incongruous and the singer was happiest in the operatic selections which were interspersed in his programme, particularly so far as interpretation was concerned, in the delightful air from Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio segreto," beginning with the words "Pria che spunti." Mr. Bonci also sang a group of English songs by American composers (Cadman, James H. Rogers and De Koven) and a group of French airs by David, Chaminade and Massenet, but the greater part of his programme was devoted to music by Italian composers and set to Italian words. Mr. Bonci's enunciation and pronunciation of Italian airs and songs is little short of perfection. If at all, hut, much as national pride has been flattered by his interest in the vernacular, it cannot be honestly said that his use of English is greatly to be commended. Phrases like "I love thee so," in Mr. De Koven's song, came out plainly enough, but not so the lines which tell of the reason of the excessive love. Mr. Bonci's English is only distinguishable when one can follow the printed words of the songs, and the audience was not permitted to lean on this crutch yesterday.

As for the rest, the singer's performance was as delightful as ever it was in its exhibition of all the elements of artistic vocalization, and a fine audience enjoyed it to the utmost. H. E. K.

MR. BONCI'S RECITAL.

Tenor Sings Songs in Italian, English, and French in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Alexander Bonci, recently returned from Europe and South America, reappeared yesterday in New York for the first time since last season, giving a song recital in Carnegie Hall. There was a compact body of demonstrative enthusiasts who greeted him warmly and exhibited great pleasure in his performance, which had much to give pleasure.

First and foremost was Mr. Bonci's delightful and finished art of vocalism, which includes many of the highest attributes of style and method; pure legato, extreme finish in phrasing, management of the breath and production of tone, flexibility of technique, clear and polished action. It is an inestimable boon that Mr. Bonci should make his contribution to the public knowledge of these things, of which many singers and listeners are unmindful; and to hear him sing is an admirable enforcement of their value from singing in any style.

Mr. Bonci does not shine as amaker of programmes, and the programme if his recital yesterday lacked something in distinction. His old Italian songs and songs in the Italian style gave it most of this quality. Pergolesi's De "Se tri m'ami," Kaydn's " "Ji Pensie,r" Glude's "Odel mis dolce ardor," Carissimi," "Vittoria," au wi from Cimarosa,' opera "Il Matrimonio Segreto." There were modern Italian songs by Montefiroe, Mascagni, Leoncarlatto and the air "Cielo c Mar" from Ponchilli's "La Giaconda." Mr. Bonci sang three French airs; one by David,—the air "O Nuit" from his "Symphone Ode," "Le Désert," once so famous, now so forgotten; the "Dream" of Leo Grienx from Massenet's "Manon; and a song by Chaminade. American art was represented by Charles W. Cadman's "At Dawning." James H. Rgers's "At Parting," and Reginald do Koven's "I love thee so."

It is needless to recount the heaut'es of his singing of the older Italian airs, which were the finest of his offerings at this recital. They call imperatively for the qualities that are Mr. Bonci's chiefest possessions as an artist, and do not easily endure less skiffull treatment. His poise and repose were most notably displayed in these. His songs in French were also delightfully sung, thoughe ho did not express so fully as some lesser singers have done the ardent tenderness of the air from Massenet's "Nanon."

He made about all there was to be made of the American songs which he sang with much zeal. But his pronunciation of the Englsih words did not seem to be quite so good as it was in his recital last season, and it was not all easily intelligible. There were times, also, in several of his songs when his attack did no seem to be so firmly upon the tone as was expected, and some of his high notes seemed to shade a little from the pitch. In a lesser artist these things might not have heen noted.

The chief allay in tbe enjoyment of a long programme of songs sung by Mr. Bor el remains, as it has been before, the lack of sensuous charm in his voice, of fullness and richness and variety of color, of warmth and passion in his expression. There is neeessarily resulting from this a certain lack of variety, a limited range of characterization and profundity of emotional significance. He does seek, of course, being so intelligent and accomplished an artist, for all differentiation in the words and emotional values in his songs; but the range within he moves is circumscribed by the limitations of his endowment. But the beauty of his singing is none the less of inestimable value at this time, when the extinction of the art which he so conspicuously represents threatens disaster.

JANUARY 12, 1912.

MME. TETRAZZINI AS GILDA.

Shows Moments of Brilliancy in "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan.

Il Duca	Dimitri Smirno[ff]
Rigoletto	Dinh Gil[ly]
Gilda	Luisa Tetrazzi[ni]
Sparafucile	Andrea de Seguro[la]
Maddalena	Jeanne Maubou[rg]
Giovanna	Emma Bornigg[ia]
Monterone	Paolo Anani[an]
Marullo	Bernard Beg[ue]
Borsa	Angelo Ba[da]
Ceprano	Vincenzo Reschigli
La Contessa	Helen Mapl[eson]

Mme. Tetrazzini's "guest" engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House is serving only to display her in the roles in which she has been heard at the Manhattan Opera House. She has already sung Lucia and Violetta, and last evenig she added Gilda to this list in the first performance of "Rigoletto" made at the Opera this season.

Gilda has never been one of the singer's most successful roles, nor is it now. Still it has moments of surpassing brilliancy, and many more of excellence. eHr performance of the "Caro Name" was applauded, but not repeated. In the third and fourth acts, especially in the quartet, Mme. Tetrazzini was singing at her best.

Dimitri Smirnoff was not a very inspiring Duke, and his singing did not give reason for much pleasure. Mr. Gilly was heard in the title role and gave a tolerably good performance, although his voice sounded rough at times. Mme. Maubourg was excellent as Maddalena, acting with great charm and singing the music well. The opera was conducted by Giuseppe Sturani. The audence was very large.

[Th]e Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Fiedler put the admirable musicians from Boston to a dubious use at their concert in Carnegie Hall last night when he had them play that more than amorphous thing, Debussy's "Iberia," but he atoned for it later with so superb a performance of César Franck's symphony in D minor that it was possible to forgive him for giving the New York public music that it had already heard three times in less than as many months. As for "Iberia" with all its ingenuities of orchestral color, it failed of any other mission beyond that of showing the marvellous finish of the orchestra's playing. It was not surprising that the work failed in part. We know that much can be done and has been done in the way of juggling with the senses in music. In the idyllic scene in "Siegfried" Wagner does almost make the eyes hear and the ears see; but Wagner was never foolish enough to think that he could make the ears smell. A remark of the aesthetician Visdur put the awful thought into a critic's mind that if there were pictures which were insults in the eye there might also be music which was a stinch in the ear; and the critic made very unjust use of the notion against Tschaiknosky's violin concertto. Debussy's fragments of Spanish rhythm and melody, made to sound even more fragmentary by his harmonic and instrumental treatment, have a fascination for the connoisseur; but how far they fail to create the desired impression upon an audience of real (not affected) music lovers was shown by the failure of last night's almost wonderful performance. Themes written in whole tone scales are no more redolent of sweet perfume than themes frankly conceived in the older diatonic modes, nor can they be made so by ingenious and novel combinations of orchestral voices.

Mr. Hoffman, whom it is always a refreshment of the mind and emotions to hear, played the G major pianoforte concerto by Rubinstein in a style which was as sound and sweet as a nut—strong without boisterous, sweet, without sentimentalism. It might have been wished—no doubt was widely wished—that he had chosen something else to play, but the audience showed abounding gratitude for the happiness enjoyed. Then came the inimitable postlude to our orchestral concerts, the prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg." No doubt it swept through the hall like a breeze from the north on a suffocating day. It could not fail of its effect after the Rubinstein platitudes which are only one remove better than those of the concerto which Mr. Shevinne played a week ago. H. E. K.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Josef Hofmann Plays a Ruhinstein Piano Concerto Seldom Heard.

The music performed at the third evening concert of the twenty-sixth New York season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last night was as follows: Debussy's "Iberia," which consists of three movements depicting Spain in one of her attacks of national indigestion; César Franck's symphony in D minor.

instein's piano concerto in G major, Richard Wagner's prelude to "Die ersinger." The pianist was Josef mann, who has come to this country cially to play with the Boston or-tra and incidentally to give a very recitals.

r. Hofmann may or may not cherish is secret soul a passionate love for famous teacher's G major concerto, even his skill as a pianist will hardly eve the feat of making it generally ular. If anything could do it this ld, for Mr. Hofmann's performance he composition was something worth elling many miles to hear.

he thematic material of the concerto ot remarkable in itself, nor does it elop anything remarkable in the king out. But it does offer opportuni- to a great pianist to display some he best traits of his technic and to lose the treasures of his tone and ch. It is no news to music lovers that Mr. Hofmann is become one of greatest living masters of the piano-e. He plays with authority, with iancy, with exquisite musical insight with poetry of style. All of these lities he displayed last evening, and oing so he glorified the music which had set himself to interpret. The ience received his playing with en-siasm.

s for the Debussy sketches already tioned they show all the idiosyn-ies of their composer and also his liant command of orchestral effects htless it is the latter which endear music to conductors, and the per-nance of the work last evening by the ton men under Mr. Fiedler was ad-ahle.

either César Franck's symphony nor gner's prelude is in need of description this time. The symphony has never a better reading here than that which x Fiedler gave it, with so much warmth undertsanding. The orchestra ac-tted itself splendidly and the applause ved that the audience thoroughly lerstood the value of the performance. Boston organization will give its rd matinée to-morrow and Mr. Hof-nn will again he the solo performer.

otti Indisposed and Amato to Sing Instead.

Owing to the indisposition of Antonio otti he will be unable to sing the rôle of arpia at to-night's performance o' osca" at the Metropolitan Opera House squale Amato will sing the rôle insteac

Jan 13 1912

Mr. Bachaus's Recital.

he concert, or recital, of solo composi-ns for pianoforte which Mr. Wilhelm chaus gave in Carnegie Hall yesterday ernoon did more than confirm the fine pression which he made when he played Beethoven "Emperor" concerts at two the Symphony Society's concerts some rs ago. The admirable qualities which re in evidence then were exhibited again in greater variety and from many erent points of view. His programme s of the typical, even conventional, kind, m which, no doubt, the majority of all ers of pianoforte music (except possibly se who cultivate it professionally), ld be glad to emancipated for a time—ugh it furnishes the simplest and iest standard of measurement. Here is formula: First a tribute to Bach; then, Paderewski would say, the "roast"—a noforte sonato by Beethoven, after ch the usual Chopin group, and finally Lisztian fireworks, though Mr. Bachaus pered the last feature with the senti-nt of the third "Liebestraum"—such a eme is always instructive to the dent, who has numerous representation ore the large public has been persuaded attend a newcomer's recitals, and, as has n said, provides the most obvious stand-s of judgment. How does the artist nciate the polyphony of Bach? Is the sic merely a mathematical and techni-proposition to him, or is he also con-us of the paetry inherent in it? Is he ay-as-dust pedant, or something more? he reveal the soul of Becthoven even he few sonatas which are always played If they were alone representative of ? How does he "read" Chopin? Does feel the "morbidezza" of the music and g it to the consciousness of his hear-? Does he sacrifice the "morbidezza" favor of "virility" and pound Chopin's it out of his music? Is he adequately liant in the Liszt numbers? When one wers these questions in a review of the ventional pianoforte recital he has gen-ily done all that is expected of him.

r. Bachaus invites attention to some-g superior to all these questionings. He ted it yesterday by the quality which, want of a better word, may be called pure musicianship. He displayed most aordinary virtuosity (another dreadful d), but without challenging notice of it its own sake. He "demonstrated" h's chromatic fugue so clearly and con-cingly that no element in it could be sed by his listeners, and he put the ro-tic feeling into the preceding prelude hat it was felt as well as heard. He in-preted the "Waidstein Sonata" without

YOUNG 'CELLIST HEARD IN CONCERT

Mr. Paulo Gruppe Plays with Russian Symphony Orchestra—His Work Imperfect.

There was an ambitious concert given in Carnegie Hall laast night by Mr. Paule Gruppe, a 'cellist, assisted by the Russian Symphony Orchestra. The young 'cellist was heard in a recital in Mednelssohn Hall two years ago. He is of Dutch-American stock, and his father, Mr. Charles P. Gruppe, is a Dutch landscape artist.

Last night's concert showed that the young 'ceilist has a good tone, agility of fingering and a certain brilliancy of style, but his playing is marred by fauity intonation and by a constant searching for brilliancy at the expense of convincing sentiment and depth. His first number, a Haydn 'cello concerto, exhibited these virtues and faults. He was best in the slow movement. After the concerto he played an encore and was heard later in a group of smaller pieces.

The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Modest Altschuler, furnished a musical background for Mr. Gruppe's sole work and also played separate numbers, one of which, "Dance of the Gnomes," by Ilyinsky, had to be repeated. The audience was fair in size and friendly.

"TOSCA" IS REAL RED FLAG OPERA

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

Puccini's poignant drama in music, "Tosca," which the misguided will persist in calling "La Tosca," was repeated last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. The part of Floria Tosca was sung by Miss Geraldine Farrar, who has improved in the role, both musically and histrionically, since she first essayed it.

"Tosca" is known among the observant and satirical as the "opera of misery." The reason for this appellation is not far to seek. Every tenor wishes to sing Cavaradossi. Every prima donna wishes to sing Tosca. Whenever it is given all the tenors that sing or want to sing Cavaradossi themselves are to be seen haunting the house with glimmering and agonized eyes fixed upon the stage and inwardly defying their rival to do his best.

The boxes are dotted with supercilious and unpersuaded prima donnas, who will sometimes confide to you their genuine pain and surprise that the Tosca of the evening has missed this, that and a dozen other points; that she does not know how to dress; that she forces her chest notes; that her acting has no emotion; that her temper, at home, is bad; that she does not know the part, and that she is imposed upon the house by the ruthless and imperious dictates of the Casa Maxordi.

Otherwise, she has promise, and is a good "camarade."

However, Miss Farrar has strength to survive these conditions, and Riccardo Martin sang in his amiable and intelligent manner, though he was the mark for the aforesaid battery of kindly eyes. Pasquale Amato sang the role of Scarpia, as Antonio Scotti was indisposed. He devoted to it all the resources of his splendid voice. Pini-Corsi was the comic relief. Minor villains in the benevolent story were played by other members of the company. Arturo Toscanini conducted.

"THE ENCHANTRESS'" 100TH.

Victor Herbert Conducts Orchestra Assembled for the Occasion.

Victor Herbert unwrapped his ebony baton last evening and celebrated the 100th performance of his newest operetta, "The Enchantress," at the New York Theatre, by conducting a specially enlisted orchestra composed entirely of musicians who had played under his direction in early concert tours.

In honor of the gala night Mr. Herbert wrote a new ensemble number for Harold Forde and chorus which was well received. Besides the composer elaborated the orchestration to allow for several old-fashioned instruments, in vogue when he first began to conduct, including the silver flute and the viola d'amour.

At the close of the performance Joseph M. Gaites, the producer of "The Enchantress," entertained Mr. Herbert, Fred De Gresac and Harry B. Smith, the authors, and the company at Rector's.

easily overcoming their appaling technical difficulties. His Chopin numbers were all familiar as household words—the waltzes in A flat and C sharp minor, the Cradle Song, the C minor nocture, three preludes and the A flat ballade. Musical sanity was the keynote in all of the pieces, an exhibition of the golden mean between the mushy sentimentality beloved of schoolgirls and the rudeness which some artists intrude upon the music in the mistaken notion that thus Chopin can be made strong and manly. But always there was the most admirable recognition of what is essential in musical interpretation—of beauty of tone, of symmetry of phrase, of dynamic values, of gracefulness yet dignity of melody, and of clearness in harmonic analysis.

H. E. K.

Jan 14 1912

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Georges Enesco's Suite and Hofmann's Playing Please Large Audience.

The third matinée of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's present season in this city took place yesterday at Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of Haydn's G major symphony, No. 13; Chopin's F minor concerto, Georges Enesco's suite, opus 9, for orchestra, and the minuet, sylph dance and Rakoczy march from the "Damnation of Faust." The solo performer was again Josef Hofmann. The house was sold out and many people were turned away.

The programme was not one to call for much comment. The suite of Enesco was produced here by the Philharmonic Society under Mr. Mahler on January 3 of last year. It is an interesting composition because of the brilliancy of its style and the opulence of its orchestration. The opening measures, written for strings in unison, is a most admirable use of an old effect, while the working out of the first movement shows fancy and fine musicianship. The suite will undouhtedly be heard again, but it may well be doubted whether it will be played with such exquisite tonal beauty and such finely wrought nuances.

Mr. Hofmann pleased by the clear fluency of his performance of the concerto and by his delightful freedom from mannerisms. It is the custom to sentimentalize Chopin to the last degree, but this Mr. Hofmann declined to do. He treated the music with respect and interpreted it with gentleness and dignity, but without exaggeration. His finger technic must have been a lesson to young pianists who had the good fortune to be present. The orchestra played the symphony with beautiful clarity and with dainty style.

SAT. MAT. at 2:15—GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST. Mme. Destinn; MM. Caruso, Amato, Gilly, Reiss, Didur, Segurola, Bada, Cond., Toscanini.

Jan 15 1912

WOLF-FERRARI'S SONATA.

Mr. and Mrs. Mannes Give Their Final Concert of the Season.

Composers often become the fashion in New York, as well as elsewhere. The production of "Le Donne Curiose" at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the visit of Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari to this country, for instance, have stimulated interest in his works, which previously have been denied a hearing. "La Vita Nuova" is to be revived; Mme. Alda is to sing four of his songs with the Philharmonic Society; one of the chamber music organizations will play a quartet; the Chicago Opera Company will present his latest opera "I Giojelli della Madonna;" and last evening Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes played one movement from his sonata for violin and piano, opus 10, at their last concert at the Belasco Theatre.

This movement was marked, "Recitativo Adagio" and was very free in form as the name implies. The music breathed a modern spirit and a spirit of unrest which his operas so far heard here have not disclosed. It was, in fact, a new evidence of the broadness of his art.

The programme further included César Franck's A major sonata, one of this composer's most beautiful works; Beethoven's F major sonata, Opus 24, and a Bach sonata in E minor.

Oddly enough for a winter concert, last night's entertainment of this class in the Metropolitan Opera House began "In Spring" and ended in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The opening number was Mr. Carl Goldmark's overture of the former title, and the final peice, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" from the latter.

Between these extremes there was singing and paino playing. Mr. Putnam Griswold sang an aria from "Alexander's Feast" by Händel and "The Two Grenadiers" by Schumann; Mme. Marie Rappold was heard in Bruch's "Ave Maria" and gave as an encore Mr. Van der Stucken's "Come With Me." Mme. Theodora Orridge contributed Wagner's "Träume" and Mr. Dimitri Smirnoff, two Russian songs by Mr. Gleire.

making a show piece out of it, and between it and his group of Chopin pieces he gave a performance of the variations by Brahms on a theme by Paganini which had so much musical merit that one had scarcely time to think of his achievement in so

The pianist of the evening was Mr. Harold Bauer. He gave a fine performance of Mons. Saint-Saëns' second pianoforte concerto, in G minor, being especially effective in the graceful and vivacious scherzo. His encore was Mendelssohn's "Scherzo" in E minor. Later he gave a Schubert "Impromptus," and, after the manner of most modern pianists, blurred its sharming outlines by playing it too fast. His Liszt's "Legend of St. Francis" was, however, wholly admirable. The encore was Chopin's "Revolutionary" etude.

When a soloist at these concerts appears before the intermission the orchestra should remain seated until he has taken his recalls and given his encore, if there is one. Last night Mr. Bauer had to make his way to the front of the stage through what may be called a push of orchestra players, who stand not on the order of their going, but go at once and all at once. When he left the piano after the concerto the stage was full. When he sat down to give his encore it was empty.

Jan 16. 1912

"LE DONNE CURIOSE" REPEATED.

Wolf-Ferrari's Musical Comedy Again Received With Much Applause.

"Le Donne Curiose," Wolf-Ferrari's musical comedy, met its first Monday night audience at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, and the result seemed to be one of happiness to all concerned. It was a familiar comment that the house was too large for the comedy, and this is undeniable, but the fact that so much of it carried its point was a tribute to the artistic skill and devotion of the singers, the orchestra and Mr. Toscanini. The Metropolitan is too large for a work of this kind, but if we do not hear it there we cannot hear it at all.

The success of such a work depends upon the perfect understanding of the comedy by the audience. Only in the second scene of the second act and the opening of the last act is there music of the purely sentimental kind which proclaims its own mood with little need of explanation by the text. But the comedy scenes all demand that the audience should know what is said, and this is not possible in so large a house, when the speech is so rapid as it is in the scenes built largely of the true opera buffa patter.

This, of course, includes the supposition that people understand the language. Unfortunately, even a working knowledge of Italian is not enough, for this little work makes frequent use of the Venetian dialect, which is in many cases fearfully and wonderfully made. A smaller theatre would at any rate bring the audience into closer touch with the performers and give full value to facial expression and by-play.

The representation of "Le Donne Curiose" has been pretty fully discussed in this place, and it is only necessary now to reiterate the assertion that it commands the warmest admiration. Mr. Gatti-Casazza has put the work on the stage excellently and provided a competent cast. Mr. Toscanini has brought to the musical interpretation his unfailing knowledge, fine artistic taste and untiring zeal. "Le Donne Curiose" is a most charming entertainment.

The cast was the same as on the original presentation of Mr. Wolf-Ferrari's opera in Christmas week. Miss Farrar, as Rosaura, had a part that suited her well. Her voice has gained in sweetness. Mr. Jadiowker, as Fiorindo, her sweetheart, sang well, and the duet at the close of the second act was sympathetic and effective. Mr. Scotti, Mr. Didur, Mr. aBda and Mme. Maubourg, Mme. Alten and Miss Fornia also were in the cast. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

Jan 17 1912

MR. CLEMENT'S RECITAL.

The French Tenor Heard in Songs French and English, and Operatic Airs.

Edmond Clément, the French tenor, who in several recent seasons has gained much popularity in New York, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall that had many enthusiastic listeners. It was his first appearance in New York this season, and his voice and his artistic and polished style exercised the same attractions that they have before. Mr. Clément made no new disclosures of his powers. His range is necessarily limited by the limits of his vocal resources and of the style which most befits them and him. His voice is one of the lightest f tenors, with a penetrating and carrying quality which enables it to fill the spaces of Carnegie Hall, though singing such as his is likely to lose something of its charm and the pleasure it can give when it is heard in so large a hall.

There were much finish and poise in Mr. Clément's performance, a sense of proportion and of fine taste, and within the bounds that circumscribe him he has felicitous expression of true feeling, imagination, and even passion. He is at his best in French songs and in certain operatic airs, of which his programme was chiefly made up. An air from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride" and a song by

Lameau represented the older school, both of which he sang with full appreciation of the style of that school. The "Invocation à la Nature," from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," is for a tenor of larger mold than Mr. Clément. Songs by Massenet, Saint-Saëns—"Aimons Nous," sung with admirable breadth of phrase—Franck, Fauré, Bizet, Debussy, and Duparc, all had delightful qualities as he gave them. In Fauré's "Clair de Lune" the upper voice of the piano accompaniment was transferred to the flute, and in the exquisite playing of George Barrère was appropriate and effective. This Mr. Clément had to repeat, as he did Debussy's song, "Green."

He attempted several songs in English. One was Schubert's "Hark, Hark, the Lark"! He caught the spirit of the music, its grace and buoyancy, but in his enunciation of Shakespeare's text he could hardly be called successful. He was more so in the song, "Sweet Wind that Blows," by George W. Chadwick, that he substituted for MacDowell's "The Sea," that stood upon the programme; and also in La Forge's "To Nicolet" and "When You to My Sweetheart Go," the latter being one of two additions that he made after Franck's "Le Marriage des Roses."

One of Mr. Clement's most delightful songs was "En Passant par la Lorraine," by Jacques Arcadelt, dating from the sixteenth century and arranged by Julien Tiersot, a song that he sang last season, and to which he gives a gay and humorous touch not only in his devirely, but also in action and gesture, just light enough and just suggestive enough to be quite in place. Nothing that he did was more characteristic or more deserving of the enthusiasm with which it was received. Mr. Clement added then Des Grieux's song from the second act of "Manon," by Massenet; he has often sung it, and, as he did yesterday, with much tenderness and ardor, with fine-spun delicacy and beauty of voice and nicety of phrase. In its way it is a masterpiece.

WOLF-FERRARI'S NEW OPERA GIVEN

"The Jewels of the Madonna" Enthusiastically Received by a Chicago Audience.

(Special Dispatch to The Morning Telegraph.)

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.

Before one of the biggest and most enthusiastic audiences of the Chicago grand opera season, now rapidly drawing to a close, "The Jewels of the Madonna" was presented at the Auditorium to-night. The presence of the composer, Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, added much to the occasion, and as the guest of the evening he seemed among the most enthusiastic at the American premiere of the operatic child of his musical brain.

The results of the long rehearsals since his arrival here from New York, where he heard and saw his "Le Donne Curiose," were plainly evident in the excellence of to-night's performance.

Mario Sammarco had the role of the leader of the Cammoristi, loved desperately by Maliella, played by Carolina White. Both were in excellent voice, and the applause they received was tremendous. Louise Berat sang the role of the mother of Maliella.

Jan 18 1912

REAL SURPRISE IN OPERA.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" Is Followed by "Haensel und Gretel."

"Cavalleria Rusticana" was given last night at the Metropolitan Opera House with a cast of operatic heroes. Enrico Caruso was seen as Turiddu, Madame Destinn as Santuzza, while M. Gilly sang Alfio. Sturani conducted. This opera was followed by "Haensel und Gretel," which is an agreeable variant on the sempiternal "Pagliacci." Miss Marie Mattfeld and Miss Bella Alten were seen as Haensel and Gretel respectively, and Albert Reiss portrayed the Witch. The parents of the two wildered and enchanted children were Miss Florence Wickham and Otto Goritz. Alfred Hertz conducted.

THE SINSHEIMER QUARTET.

Music of Bohemian Composers, Weber and Dvorak, Also Mozart, Played.

The Sinsheimer Quartet gave its second concert last evening in Rumford Hall. The programme brought Bohemian composers to the fore: Miroslaw Weber, represented by a string quartet in B minor, and Dvorak, represented by his piano quartet in E flat; also Mozart's string quartet in C was played. Miroslaw Weber is a name not known to New York concert programmes. He is a modern Bohemian violinist of distinction. His quartet is hardly to be called modern music in the aggressive sense of the term. It has, however, melodious and pleasing qualities, and is effectively written for the instruments. In Dvorak's quartet the pianist was Miss Betty Askenasy, a player of somewhat hard style with few refinements of either technic or tone.

There was an audience of considerable size that was liberal with its applause; yet the playing of the quartet left something to be desired in the matters of correct intonation and beauty of tone.

EXCELLENT RECITAL BY HAROLD BAUER

Sun

The growth of the popularity of Harold Bauer, the pianist, in this city has been steady and considerable. The size and demeanor of the audience which attended his recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall seemed to indicate that now he is regarded as one of the most important pianists before the public. And indeed there is sufficient reason for this belief, for such a recital as he gave yesterday provided almost unalloyed delight for hearers of all sorts and conditions.

He began with the Brahms waltzes, opus 39, which used to be expounded by Arthur Whiting and are tolerably well known to the inner circle of music lovers. After these he played Mozart's sonata in F major, opus 280 in the Koechel catalogue, composed in 1777. Here the daintiest and most subtle qualities of Mr. Bauer's art disclosed themselves with compelling charm.

The moods of the sonata are of the gentlest and its melodic idioms are refinement incarnate. All that Mozart himself ever said about smoothness and elegance in the manner of playing the clavier are demanded in the performance of this composition, together with a most delicate musical feeling and a flawless taste.

Mr. Bauer's reading was beautiful in the extreme. It was continent in tone and color, yet filled with nuance and expressiveness. In César Franck's prelude, aria and finale, which followed, the pianist had opportunity to let loose the fuller riches of his resonance and to display his command of the larger utterance demanded by more modern music. He played the entire work with insight and sympathy and with adequate technic.

Schumann was represented after Franck and by his "Kinderscenen" and toccata. The "Kinderscenen" are not often played, for most pianists prefer to bask in the fiercer emotional sunlight of grander works, but these little pieces contain some of Schumann's sweetest and tenderest fancies and are well worthy of the attention of artists. Mr. Bauer showed plainly that he had a genuine affection for them, and yet even he could not resist the temptation to sob a little in the "Traumerei," which is better when treated with unaffected simplicity. The tremors of emotion should be left for young ladies' boarding schools.

The toccata was played with splendid finger and wrist technic, but here for once Mr. Bauer slightly blurred some of the sparkling staccato outlines by overuse of the pedal. The recital concluded with Chopin's C sharp minor scherzo.

GERMAN AND ITALIAN OPERA.

"Haensel und Gretel" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" Heard by Large Audience.

The audience which assembled at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening had the felicity of listening to a "double bill," composed of two operas of very different styles. One was Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel" and the other "Cavalleria Rusticana." The former, as all opera goers know, is a typical German fairy tale set to music which translated the tragic language of Wagner into the most bewitching "kindersunen." The other is a typical Italian tragedy compressed into two short scenes of pulsating passion, and set to music having most of the elements of popularity.

Naturally Mr. Hertz conducted the German work and somewhat unnaturally Mr. Sturani the Italian. Mr. Reiss cavorted through the rôle of the wicked witch who was bested by the innocent children represented by Mmes. Alten and Mattfeld. In the Mascagni opera Mr. Caruso sang *Turiddu* for the first time in nearly two years, to the apparent delight of the audience. Mme. Distinn was the *Santuzza* and Mr. Gilly the *Alfio*. The performance was generally good.

MENDELSSOHN GLEE'S PLANS

Will Give Public Concerts, Some Here, Maybe, and Build Itself a Hall.

The Mendelssohn Glee Club, which has hitherto given private concerts to which admittance was gained by invitation only, has decided to give a series of public concerts around New York this spring, for which an entrance fee will be charged. It has not been decided whether these concerts will also be given in New York or not. Benjamin Prince of Irvington-on-Hudson, president of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, said yesterday that plans are now being discussed and will be announced later.

The proceeds from the public concerts will be turned over to a fund with which the glee club is planning to build a house and an autitorium for its concerts. The plans for this new building are as yet not complete. It is suggested that the auditorium should be large enough to hold about 2,000 persons and might be rented on occasions to other musical organizations.

Since it gave up its old building, Mendelssohn Hall, at 113-119 West Fortieth street, which is now occupied as the Kineniacolor Theatre, the Glee Club has been holding its rehearsals at Reisenweber's and its private concerts in the Hotel Astor.

The Mendelssohn Glee Club was founded in the season of 1865-1866, formally organized the following year and incorporated October 21, 1876. Edward A. MacDowell was for a year conductor for the club and composed some of his best songs for the organization. Arthur Mees succeeded MacDowell and Frank Damrosch followed him.

A New Work Played by the Kneisel Quartet.

Tribune

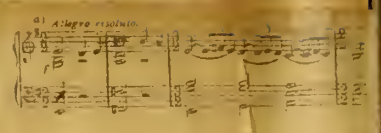
A Day of Chamber Music.

At the third concert of chamber music by the Kneisel Quartet in the ballroom of the Hotel Astor on Tuesday night a new quartet by an American composer was performed for the first time in New York, and an experiment was made in the seating arrangement in the hope of improving the acoustic conditions which have troubled the patrons of the organization ever since the change to new quarters was compelled by the closing of Mendelssohn Hall to artistic entertainments, for which it was so admirably adapted. The experiment proved eminently successful. The platform of the players was moved to the middle of the east side of the room, and the audience faced about so as to bring the players in closer communion with the listeners. The chairs in the rear were also raised slightly. An ideal arrangement would have put the players in the middle of the floor, as was the case in Mendelssohn's day at Leipsic, but this would have disturbed some foolish social prejudices, and after two experiments in other directions, the new plan was hit upon, and, fortunately, proved so much more successful than its predecessors that there must have been a general feeling of gratitude and satisfaction among the listeners.

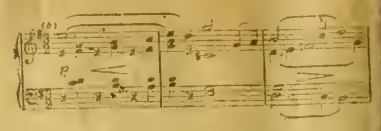
The concert was the climax of an extraordinary day in music. There being no opera, everything ran in the way of the intimate form of musical entertainment—the song recital and the concert of chamber music. Mr. Clement sang songs in the afternoon in Carnegie Hall, M. Slezak in the evening. Mrs. Weber, Miss Behrens and Mr. Schulz played chamber music in the afternoon, and so did the Società per la Musica Italiana. If there were any people left anhungering for classical song and chamber music with all these offerings, it was the fault of themselves or their purses. There was surely enough to choose from.

Naturally enough, the artistic interest centred in the concert of the Kneisel Quartet, and here again, though everything was interesting, there was one feature which challenged particular attention. This was a string quartet by an American composer. We have had an abundance of songs and comic operas by native writers and some orchestra compositions, but not so many successful essays in the aristocratic field of chamber music that Mr. David Stanley Smith's quartet in E minor ought not to have some special notice. It began a concert which included besides Schumann's quartet in A major (Op. 41, No. 3) and Cesar Franck's quintet in F minor, in which Katherine Goodson gave her excellent services to the men who are so happily associated with Mr. Kneisel, but of these later offerings nothing can be said beyond what has been said over and over again. It is not necessarily the province of the reviewer to paint the lily or gild the refined gold of the Kneisel performances. Mr. Smith's quartet is in a different case. Here it is a duty to pay tribute to a new composition of an unusual sort by a native American musician. Mr. Smith hails from Ohio. He was born in Toledo in 1877, was graduated from the academic department of Yale University in 1900 and, having studied music under Professor Parker after taking his degree of B. A., went to Europe to widen his musical outlook for two years in London, Munich and Paris. Then he came back in 1903 to become a member of Yale's musical faculty. Two of his orchestral pieces were heard in New York at a concert of the New Music Society of America in April, 1906, and we have an impression also of an orchestral march of his performed at the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Yale College in 1901.

Mr. Smith's quartet is a fine specimen of chamber music writing; that is its first claim upon attention. He knows how to make his four instruments sing in their vernacular. He makes no strivings to be ultra modern, but neither is he hidebound in the matter of form. In his first movement he freely interchanges duple and triple time, as is indicated in the first theme of his first movement as given out by the viola:

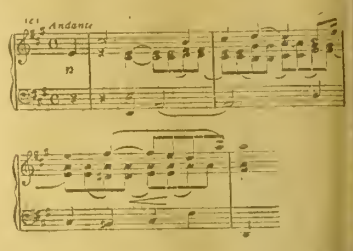


The second theme is lyric in character thus:

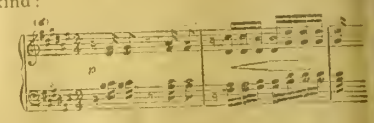


These themes and a concluding one supply the material for the first movement which has a vigorous and dramatic ending.

In the second movement we have a classic type of melody, as indicated in its beginning in A major:

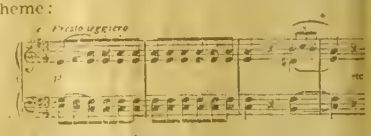


and a companion piece of a lighter-footed kind:

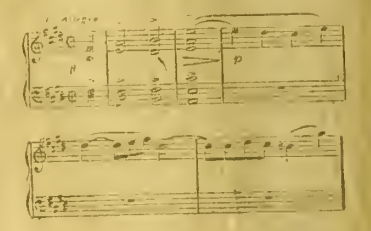


which combine to form the basic material of the andante.

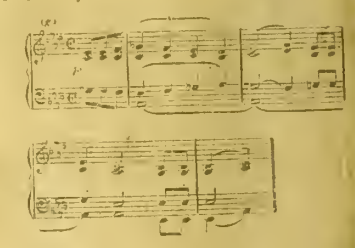
The third movement, a capital one both in idea and construction, supplying the jocose element to the composition, has this first theme:



The finale opens with a fugato, the theme of which is given out thus, after three heavy chords, which form a sort of motto:



The second theme



is a variant of a street cry, which Mr. Smith says he used to hear frequently in Paris, but it has received an artistic touch like the cries which play so large a role in Charpentier's opera, "Louise." A brilliant climax is provided by the concluding theme:

As a whole, the quartet is an ornament to serious music, and in producing it Mr. Kneisel has repeated the excellent service which he did to American art when he performed the chamber compositions of Messrs. Chadwick, Foote, Converse and Ruhin Goldmark. Mr. Smith has shown respect for old ideals, while pursuing an individual course in respect of harmony, and it is much to his credit that without making obeisance to the modern French or Russian school he has succeeded in writing a work which is interesting throughout and pleasant to the ear. It was composed in 19[illegible] and when published, as it soon will be, will bear a dedication to the Kneisel Quartet. The usual fine and discriminating audience which gathers at the Kneisel meetings enjoyed it heartily.

H. E. K.

MR. BAUER'S SECOND RECITAL

It required no small amount of courage on the part of Mr. Harold Bauer to come before a New York concert audience with a programme like that chosen by him for his second recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. A set of waltzes (Op. 39) by Brahms, a sonata by Mozart (in F, No. 280, in Köchel's catalogue) and Schumann's "Kinderscenen." There were less ingenuous things, of course, such as César Franck's "Prelude, Aria and Finale"

Schumann's Toccata and Chopin's Scherzo in C sharp minor; but it was plain that the programme's centre of gravity lay in the pieces which a flippant person would have been disposed to put aside as child-ish things. Are not the "Kinderscenen" specifically described on the title page as "Easy Pieces for the Pianforte?" Have not the pianoforte sonatas of Mozart, like those of Haydn, long ago been relegated to a class of compositions only useful for the instruction of the young—the very young, in fact? And whoever heard of the waltzes which Brahms composed for pianoforte, for four hands, and then arranged for two, being dignified by a place on the concert programme of a great virtuoso? Yet these were the numbers which gave significance and charm to yesterday's recital—and they did so because Mr. Bauer made so elo-quent a proclamation of the sheer beauty, the musical poesy which lies in them. Per-haps grouping the waltzes and the "Kin-derscenen" had something to do with the fascinating effect which they produced. It made them companion pieces of such famil-iar works as Beethoven's Variations on a waltz by Diabelli and Schumann's "Carna-val" and "Kreisleriana," and the imagination of the listeners was moved to invent titles for the graceful waltez, as von Bulow did for the variations by Beethoven. It might have been done, but probably Mr. Bauer would not have approved, for he omitted the titles from the "Kinderscenen," re-membering probably how much contro-versy they once caused. As it was, he left the imagination of his hearers unem-barrassed and unhampered and their souls and sense and fancy free to enjoy the ex-quisite music as he produced it. Of course, there was nothing childish about this music, which is not milk for babes, but, as the composer himself said, a mature per-son's retrospection of childhood, designed for the delectation of other mature per-sons. As for the charm with which Mr. Bauer infused all the music of the after-noon, it must also be left to the imagina-tion, for Mr. Bauer has just about used up the reviewer's vocabulary of judicious and discriminating praise. H. E. K.

Jan 17 1912

EDMOND CLEMENT SINGS.

A Charming Recital of Songs in French and English. Sun

Edmond Clement used to sing in what is popularly called "grand opera" at the Metropolitan Opera House, though he would undoubtedly have been astonished if any one had told him that he was sing-ing "grand opera" in some of his rôles. But that is not now a matter of impor-tance. Mr. Clement was heard last winter in a recital of songs and made a most favorable impression. In the current musical season he first engaged in a con-cert tour in company with Geraldine Farrar, and later has been singing songs without her assistance.

Yesterday afternoon he gave a song recital at Carnegie Hall. It was a delight-fully arranged recital, with a short and easing programme. The result was that the audience compelled the singer to add several songs to the printed list and de-parted apparently wishing that there were yet more to come.

Mr. Clement's recital, like its prede-cessor of last season, was a beautiful demonstration of what can be done in the field of song without a remarkable voice. Yesterday the French tenor seemed to be a little hoarse and the quality of his voice was slighter and less sensuous in charm than it would have been at its best. Yet throughout his programme Mr. Clement delighted his hearers by the exquisite finish of his style and by the artistness of his interpretative design. His songs naturally did not cover a wide range of expression, but the list con-tained delicate sentiment, pathos, arch-ness and even humor, and to all of these the singer's resources proved quite equal. The elegance of his phrasing, the refine-ment of his nuances, the polish and clarity of his enunciation in both French and English and the tastefulness of his gen-eral style all contributed to a final im-pression which left exacting listeners well pleased.

The only questionable moment was in the explosive treatment of the word "pretty" in Schubert's "Hark, Hark, the lark," otherwise admirably sung. On the other hand it would be difficult, per-haps impossible, to hear Massenet's "Poème d'Octobre," Saint-Saëns's "Ai-mons nous" and Fauré's "Clair de la lune" more charmingly sung. In the last named song George Barrere, who was not down on the programme, played with his cus-tomary art a flute obligato.

SLEZAK IN RECITAL. Sun

The Tall Tenor Heard in a Programme of Excellent Songs.

Leo Slézak, the Czech tenor, was heard in a song recital last night at Carnegie Hall. This was the first appearance in New York of the eminent singer in concert except at the opera house. It was also the first of a series of recitals to be given by him in Eastern cities before he rejoins the Metropolitan Opera House Company later in the season. Of remarkable stature and commanding figure Mr. Slézak is known here as a tenor of heroic mould who, possessed of a voice rich in elementary qualities, uses it with re-gard for vocal skill. Last evening he sang to very friendly audience but ju-dicious in taste and of compli mentary size. His programme was not remark-able for variety of schools, though it called for a somewhat wider range of expression.

The first and second groups contained familiar songs by Schubert, Schumann, Mozart, Beethoven, Loewe, Rubinstein, Brahms, Liszt and Strauss. A third group added some numbers in contrast—though light of color—by Martini, Bizet, Cadman, Salter and Rummel. The songs by the older masters were Schubert's "Ungeduld" and "Am Meer," Schumann's "Die Lotusblume," Mozart's "Das Veilche Veilchen" and "Adelaide" of Beethoven.

In these Mr. Slézak disclosed first of all many sterling qualities of vocal art, as when, on former occasions, he was surrounded by the aids of the operatic stage. There were moments when a greater steadiness of tone was wished for, a stricter adherence to pitch and, in the "Adelaide," a closer familiarity with the text. But on the whole he ex-hibited opulent resources of voice, fine skill in tone placing, careful treatment of phrase and a sweeping dramatic power alternating with exquisite tender feeling in emotional expression that was entirely free from garish effect.

AMERICAN QUARTET PLAYED BY KNEISELS

A Yale Professor's Music Pleases a Large Audience at the Hotel Astor.

WELL WRITTEN COMPOSITION

The Writer Shows Scholarship and Also Makes His Melodies Agreeable.

Sun

The third concert of the Kneisel Quartet took place last evening at the Hotel Astor. The programme comprised the E minor quartet, opus 19, of David Stanley Smith, Schumann's A major quartet, opus 41, No. 3, and César Franck's quintet in F minor for piano and strings. The pianist was Katherine Goodson. The quartet of Mr. Smith, an American composer, is still in manuscript and had its first hear-ing last night.

Mr. Smith was a pupil of Horatio Parker, composer of the forthcoming prize opera "Mona," and afterward studied in Europe. He is at present assistant professor of musical theory at Yale University. The quartet is in the traditional four move-ments, the third, marked presto legiero being the scherzo. The first movement is a soundly written allegro beginning with a clearly defined theme in an ancient mode announced by the viola. There is the customary lyric theme to furnish con-trasting matter and a new theme is heard in the coda.

The second movement, the slow one, is reflective in character at the outset, but a second theme, of staccato movement, makes a sudden and interesting contrast. This second theme subsequently becomes counterpoint to the first, with which the movement is brought to an effective end.

The scherzo has the familiar rapid mo-tion, accentuated by ascending runs, and the middle portion, corresponding to the old trio, is a cantabile, into which the original idea intrudes in the poly-phonic development and finally becomes ascendant. The last movement has three themes, the first of which begins as if it were to develop a fugue, but tho fugato is short and frequently repeated in the course of the movement. The second theme is more lyric and the final theme is independent and forms the coda.

The melodic ideas in this composition have the merit of being well suited to quartet treatment. They are not too ambitious, are natural in character and fluent. The developments all show a fine feeling for musical figure and design. The polyphonic treatment is scholarly and produces beautiful musical results.

The chords grow easily out of this polyphony and all are excellently dis-tributed, so that the music "sounds," as musicians say, except in one or two spots. The instruments all have some-thing to say and it is something idiomatic. There is no idle straining after mere effect, no attempt to make an orchestra out of four instruments, and no essay to trouble or astonish by shock in the melodic line or the harmonic progressions.

On tho whole it is a sane, healthy piece of chamber music, which may be heard with interest by the connoisseur and pleasure by the casual listener. It is a credit to its composer, and a bit of en-couraging American composition.

It goes without saying that Mr. Kneisel and his associates had most carefully prepared the work and played it with finish and understanding. The composer, who was present, was warmly applauded. The other compositions on the programme are well known to local lovers of chamber music. They united to round out an ex-cellent programme.

Jan 19 1912

MR. SEAGLE'S RECITAL.

Times

An American Baritone with a Beauti-ful Voice and Fine Vocalization.

A song recital was given yesterday af-ternoon in Carnegie Hall by Oscar Seagle, baritone, with the assistance of Yves Nat, pianist, who played his accompan-iments and also a number of solos. It was not Mr. Seagle's first appearance in New York, for he had sung earlier in the season at the Hippodrome in a concert of a miscellaneous character. He is an American, who has sung before in other places in this country, more or less dis-tant from New York; he is well-known in Paris. But to most of his auditors yes-terday he was, no doubt, a newcomer. To many his singing was a surprise in the manifold and remarkable excellences it displayed; and it was obvious that it gave a very real pleasure, that was un-reservedly and enthusiastically mani-fested.

Mr. Seagle's voice, a baritone, is of unusual beauty of quality and exceptional power and sonority. It is, indeed, an ex-ceptional gift of nature, but of quite equal importance are the fine training to which it has been submitted, the un-erring control that Mr. Seagle has over it in almost every respect, and the high and dignified artistic uses to which he puts it. He is a pupil of Jean de Reszke, who has been able to appropriate some-thing more than the externals of his distinguished teacher's methods and style. He is saturated with them through and through. And that means that he is pos-sessed of many of the subtlest and most charming qualities in the art of vocal-ism, that give his singing, considered as an exemplification of that art, great value and interest.

Mr. Seagle's programme comprised songs of the older period in Italian and French—"Non Piu Andrai" from Mo-zart's "Marriage of Figaro"; a song by Benedetto Marcello, and two old French songs of the seventeenth century; songs by modern French composers: Duparc, Fauré, and Debussy; songs in German by Dvorak, Brahams, Grieg, and Rachmaninoff; and in English by Roger Quilter, Winthrop Rogers, Blair Fair-child, and Walter Rummel. After the German group he added the prologue from Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," and after the eighth group the air "Vision Fugitive" from Massenet's "Hérodiade."

There was an infinite charm in Mr. Seagle's singing of the French songs; the old ones, especially, he delivered with finished phrasing and in a suave "mezza voce," perfectly placid and poised, and with a beautiful quality and gradation of tone. He was almost equally successful in the modern French songs, especially in Duparc's "Phidyte," of remarkable orig-inality and profound beauty, and in the familiar "Mandoline" of Debussy, which he was obliged to repeat. The grace and delicacy of Brahms's "Sere-nade" he found appropriate expression for; and in the declamation of Grieg's "Eros" he was highly effective, as he was in the prologue to "Pagliacci." Mention ought to be made of Mr. Win-throp Rogers's half-humorous and ten-der "Le Miss Lindy Pass" and Mr. Blair Fairchild's "Memory," in which simplic-ity of means are directed to a deep ex-pressiveness.

Notwithstanding the variety in power and in tonal quality that Mr. Seagle com-mands, there is yet a certain lack of vari-ety in emotional expressiveness and char-acterization of mood in his singing of songs. Instead of upon these matters his attention seems more directed upon the qualities of vocalization, the attain-ment of beautiful utterance through the many purely technical resources of which he is master. And yet in the more obvi-ously dramatic music that he sang he showed an abundance of interpretative power, whence it may be inferred that this will come to him sooner or later in the more difficult and elusive medium of songs. And it is well that this is so, for there is need at this time of em-phasis upon the absolute necessity of a mastery of the art of vocalization.

Mr. Yves Nat not only played Mr. Seagle's accompaniments with the ut-most finish and musical beauty. He showed himself also to be a brilliant solo player, whose performances had an in-terest of their own, though brilliancy and clear articulation were more notable in them than warmth of feeling or beauty of tone. Two movements from Beetho-ven's "Appassionata" sonata, two pieces by Debussy, and an etude by Saint-Säens were his contribution to the programme, to which he added a nocturne and two etudes by Chopin, for he was much ap-plauded.

YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA.

Phthisis in the Afternoon and Fresh Air Cure at Night.

At the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday there was a special perform-ance of "La Traviata" in which Mme. Tetrazzini was the representative of *Violetta Valery*, Dimitri Smirnoff of *Alfredo* and Pasquale Amato of *Giorgio Germont*, his father. Mme. Tetrazzini's costumes and singing both astonished an assembly of women, most of whom assiduously studied the libretto and thereby gained enlightenment as to the true significance of trills and high notes. All three of the principal singers were in poor voice, but as the bucolic scribes sometimes note after their own donation parties, "an enjoyable time was had by all."

In the evening a fairly good sized audience was present at a performance of "Siegfried." The hero was again impersonated by Carl Burrian, the *Wan-derer* by Putnam Griswold, *Mime* by Albert Reiss and *Brünnhilde* by Olive Fremstad. The general characteristics of the performance were much the same as those of its predecessor.

The Philharmonic Society.

Mr. Stransky brought the eighteenth cen-tury classics into rather violent contrast with the great musical dramatist of the nineteenth century in the ninth evening subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall last night. In the first half of his programme he produced one of the lesser symphonies of Haydn (that in C minor, numbered 9 in the Breit-kopf & Härtel series), the concerto for two claviers, with string accompaniment in C major, by Bach, and the overture to Mo-zart's opera, "Die Entführung aus den Serail." To dispose of the last number at once, it may be said that, effective as it is in its place as an introduction to the old comic opera, it is the most light waisted Mozart number that ever found its way upon a symphonic number, and that the protuherant brass ornament which Signor Busoni affixed to it in the way of a coda ought to be a reason for keeping it out rather than admitting it to the concert repertoire. After this classic portion of the programme there was a Wagner revel con-sisting of the overture to "Der fliegende Holländer," the "Siegfried Idyl" and the "Kaisermarsch."

The Haydn symphony was admirably played, a little too violently and explosively in its dynamic contrasts, possibly, but gracefully, continently, sympathetically and reverentially. And so, even in a higher degree, did Messrs. Gallico and Fraemcke play the double concerto by Bach. It is nearly twenty-two years since the beauti-ful old work was played here in public, but those who can recall the performance on May 10, 1890, in the Metropolitan Opera House, when Dr. von Bülow and Mr. Eugen d'Albert were the players, will re-member something very different, and very inferior, to what they heard last night. Then two virtuosi of world-wide celebrity gave a performance, the memory of which evokes a smile after more than two dec-ades. Dr. von Bülow avoided the pedals as if they were anathema; Mr. d'Albert dallied with them as if they were benisons from above; and the public wondered what Bach's music was really like. Last night two local musicians, better known as peda-gogues than as virtuosi, played the music with beautiful understanding of its con-tents and lovely agreement as to how it ought to be interpreted, and yet with all needful perfection of technique. It was a refreshing element in the entertainment.

H. E. K.

FREMSTAD SINGS AGAIN

In Fine Voice After Absence Due to Illness.

Mme. Olive Fremstad, totally cured of her late indisposition, made her first ap-pearance in several weeks last night on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, singing Brünnhilde in Wagner's "Sieg-fried." Mme. Früemstad's Brunhilde is one of her well known impersonations, and her womanly awakening is at once pas-sionate and beautifully tender. The others in the cast were the same as at the last performance, notable among them being the resonant voiced Wanderer of Mr. Griswold, the finely thought out Siegfried of Mr. Burrian, and the admirable Erda of Mrs. Matzenauer.

A special word of praise should be said for the new scenery of Act II. There is now a wood that is a wood; one in which Siegfried might well have lost himself had he been any but the hero without fear.

In the afternoon the re was a special performance of "Traviata," in which, in the first act, at least, the audience must have been in doubt as to whether Mme. Tetrazzini was attempting to interpret Violeta Valery or some buxom mermaiden. The middle portion of her costume was of most resplendent green scales, giving her the appearance of being very much a fish out of water. She sang as usual.

Mr. Smirnoff once again proved his in-capacity as Alfredo, leaving the Germont of Mr. Amato the real star of the occa-sion. The audience was of only moderate size.

MATINEE OF "TRAVIATA."

Special Performance at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"Traviata" was given yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House. This was a special performance, and Mme. Tetrazzini, M. Amato and M. Smirnoff were in the cast. It would be possible to demonstrate beyond a scintilla of a doubt that Dimitri Smirnoff is satisfied with his own voice and style of singing. Mme. Tetrazzini is not in as good voice as she used to be at the Manhattan. Those wonderful high notes of hers are often tinged with an alien and unexpected acridity. Sturani conducted.

In the evening "Siegfried" was performed with a cast including Mme. Olive Fremstad, Margarete Matzenauer, Carl Burrian, Otto Goritz and Putnam Griswold. Alfred Hertz conducted.

"LE DONNE CURIOSE."

A Speculation as to the Future of the Opera Novelty.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is too early to say "Le Donne Curiose" is a work of power sufficient to class it with the successes of Mozart, Rossini, Donizetti and Verdi. It is a tribute to the new composer, however, that he causes us to think of these masters who have left one or more apparently imperishable examples of musical comedy. Jan 19 1912

Its present success is due not alone to its own merit but to the desire of the multitude to see a new work interpreted as it is by most intelligent artists, admirably adapted to their rôles; to a metropolitan audience which has been educated to fill the opera house regardless of the work offered; and to the interest of music lovers aroused by the comments of well known critics.

The libretto is sufficiently amusing, the appointments of the stage setting leave nothing to be desired, the music of several scenes between *Rosaura* and *Florinda* suggests romantic interest, appealing to all hearts, the orchestration is interesting and never too insistent, though at times briefly reminiscent. In short, the entertainment is so great as to deserve your term of "a work of great merit."

Yet *Rosaura* does not command unqualified sympathy. The beauty of Miss Farrar's presentation alone prevents our seeing *Rosaura* as she is suggested by the librettist. Her love for *Florinda* would be more appealing were we not made acquainted with her view of what was going on in the house forbidden to women. Should the opera arrive at mature age, as I hope, it will not prove so interesting when sung by a prima donna of many years and pounds and a tenor who lacks grace.

The principal thought your editorial article suggests is of the antagonism in certain quarters to the "storm and stress which seems to inspire the [other] composers of young Italy." Those who attribute real success to popular support must admit no operas have had so great a measure of success in recent years as those of the young Italian composers, whose best work joins dramatic force of libretto to dramatic force in musical composition, without sacrificing strikingly original melodies.

These last, after all, are to opera what blood is to the body. It is merely just to take the occasion whenever offered to acknowledge the genius of such work.

NEW YORK, January 18. L. E. ELLIS.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Sun

Haydn, Bach, Mozart and Wagner in a Contrasting Programme.

The Philharmonic Society gave another concert at Carnegie Hall last evening. It is nothing unusual for the Philharmonic to give a concert, but it does not always give one with such a singular programme as that of last evening. There was an intermission in the middle of the programme, with three numbers on one side of it and three more on the other, while in the middle the hearer was asked to leap from the happy days of escapes from harems all the way to those of Vanderdecken, or in other words, from a Mozart singspiel to a Wagner opera.

The first three numbers were Haydd's C minor symphony, one of the Solomon set; Bach's C major concert for two claviers with strings, and Mozart's overture to "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with a coda for concert purposes by Mr. Busoni. The other three were all from the Wagner museum, "Flying Dutchman" overture, "Siegfried Idyl" and "Kaiser March." The pianists heard in the Bach number were August Fraemcke aud Paolo Gallico.

The Hadyn symphony is unfamiliar to concert rooms and it is quite probable that the Mozart overture had its first local performance as a grand concert number last night. The opera was given at Wallack's in 1862 under Carl Anschitz. Perhaps the overture was played then, but mercifully without Mr. Busoni's extraordinary coda, which fit like a clown in a gallery of etchings. But it was pleasing to hear the kind, gentle, happy old music. It would have been added happiness if the two operators of the descendants of the clavier had been less impressed with the scholastic importance of their duties.

OSCAR SEAGLE'S CONCERT.

A Pupil of Jean de Reszke, Who Can Sing Interestingly.

Oscar Seagle, barytone, was heard yesterday afternoon in concert at Carnegie Hall for the first time. Mr. Seagle is a pupil of Jean de Reszke and has been in this city for two or three years past. He has sung at a Worcester festival and elsewhere, but until yesterday had remained generally quiet in the metropolis. I is not likely that he will continue to be so quiet here, for his concert w as one which disclosed the possession on his part of certain genuine and interesting merits.

Mr Seagle has a high voice. The lower register is without much body, but the middle is full, powerful and sonorous. The singer can produce a big tone and a little one, and he produces them normally and with musical results. His voice placing is admirable, especially in his delivery of piano passages and his employment of head tones.

In singing songs calling for refinement of style he showed clearly the influence of his teacher. His interpretation of two old French songs, "L'amour de moi" and a dance song, was exquisitely tasteful and finished. In Duparc's "Phidylé" and Debussy's "Recuillement" he displayed excellent skill in dramatic characterization and in the use of tonal color. His singing of Debussy's "Mandoline," a much abused song, was an example of his acquaintance with all that is best in contemporaneous French style.

Mr. Seagle was assisted by Yves Nat, who played the accompaniments well and also contributed some piano solos, among them the second and third movements of Beethoven's sonata, opus 57, which he played with good fingers but not much depth.

Jan 20, 1912

ANOTHER WAGNER CONCERT.

Sun

Walter Damrosch Lectures, Orchestra Plays and Singers Sing.

Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Society's orchestra gave a compressed Wagner festival at the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon. They will repeat it to-morrow afternoon, with one change. The entertainment yesterday began with an illustrated lecture by Mr. Damrosch. To-morrow it will begin with the "Lohengrin" prelude, which was not played yesterday. Mr. Damrosch used to tour this broad land with Wagner lectures, playing his own illustrations most admirably on a piano. Those were the halcyon days when people thought that in order to be a more perfect Wagnerite than G. B. S. all you had to do was to know the whole catalogue of themes from the Ur-elements and the Götternoth to the Something Doing motive.

Times have changed and Damroschs have changed with them, and so it was an enlarged and much more critical view that the erstwhile Young Siegfried of the orchestra gave his hearers yesterday. His remarks on the characterization in the orchestra and the poletic development of the climax of the first act of "Die Walküre" were alone worth the price of admission.

The programme called for the love scene of *Sieglinde* and *Siegmund* from the first act mentioned, the magnificent orchestral description of *Siegfried's* journey on the Rhine from the first act of "Götterdammerung," the air of *Elizabeth*, "Dichtheure Halle" from the second act of "Tannhäuser," the song "Traume" arranged for violin solo, and the ride of the Valkyrs from Act III. of "Die Walküre." The singers were Gertrude Rennyson and John Braun, and David Mannes played the violin solo

It was a good concert and was enjoyed by a large audience, but this is an oft told story. The popularity of Wagner in the concert room continues despite the repeated laments of those who feel that they are robbed of their artistic purpose and shorn of much of their artistic meaning by such use. But the general public persists in enjoying many of these excerpts as absolute music, and perhaps it is no small evidence of their greatness that they endure abuse and grow strong under it.

DAMROSCH PLAYS WAGNER

Three Soloists Assist at Symphony Society Concert.

Walter Damrosch certainly has the courage of his convictions. He has publicly stated that he prefers Wagner's music without the adjunct of scenery and costume, and yesterday afternoon he put his belief into practice by giving an all-Wagner programme at the New York Symphony Society concert in the Century Theatre. Not only this, Mr. Damrosch gave as the chief selection on his programme Act I, Scene III, from "Die Walküre," in which Miss Gertrude Rennyson sang Sieglinde most acceptably, and Mr. Braun, Siegmund, less so.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Damrosch will be able to bring many persons of the general public over to his view, the public as a rule continuing to stand in phalanx solid behind Wagner himself. At any rate, Wagner in concert form does seem to be pushing things a trifle after the almost weekly performances at the Metropolitan.

The other numbers were Siegfried's "Rhine Journey," "The Ride of the Valkyries," "Dich, theure Halle," sung by Miss Rennyson, and "Traume," played on the violin by David Mannes.

"LA ECHEME" AT THE OPERA

Sun 20

Alice Nielsen and Dimitri Smirnoff Give Varieties of Pleasure.

Sun

At the Metropolitan Opera House last night "La Boheme" was repeated and variety was lent to the cast by two changes Alice Nielsen, of the Boston Opera, sang *Mimi*, and Dimitri Smirnoff, of very little Russia, wore the costume of *Rodolfo*. There was a large audience and a great deal of hearty applause. Miss Nielsen has sung *Mimi* at the Metropolitan before, and her impersonation had then some distinct merits which have increased. She has a pretty voice, which seemed last night to have gained in fulness of volume. She sang her music in a simple and unaffected style, in tune, with good phrasing and with excellent enunciation of the text. There might perhaps have been a little more color in the song, but on the whole it was pleasing.

Mr. Smirnoff received much applause for his delivery of the popular racconto, but it is undeniable that this is one of the most popular numbers in any of Puccini's scores and it would take very bad singing indeed to kill it. Mr. Smirnoff showed some appreciation of the mood of the song, but his various methods of tone production and the varying and often distressing qualities of tone could not give any satisfaction to lovers of really artistic singing. The other members of the cast were old friends and Mr. Sturani conducted.

Jan 21 1912

NEW OPERA BOUFFE IN GERMAN LANGUAGE

Sun

One Act Work by Leo Blech of

Again Giulio Gatti-Casazza, impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House, has offered a novelty to a matinée audience. Yesterday afternoon "Versiegelt" ("Under Seal"), called an "opera bouffe" in one act, was performed for the first time here. The book was made from a story of Rauppach by Richard Batka and Pordes Milo and the music was composed by Leo Blech, at present a conductor of the Royal Opera at Berlin. The little opera occupied just one hour and half a minute in performance and after a proper interval "for rest and refreshment" was followed by Mr. Leoncavallo's delectable "Pagliacci," in which Messrs. Caruso and Amato were associated with Emmy Destinn.

Although the loud shouts of "Bravo!" and "Bis!" were reserved for the Italian lyric drama there was no small manifestations of general pleasure after the curtains had closed on "Versiegelt." And this pleasure will probably grow, fo Blech's operetta is full of the oil and wine of good humor, ludicrous situations amusing though simple entanglements, and music which combines a swift fluency with a delightful variety of melodic charm and expressive character.

The story rests upon the blundering zeal of a stupid police officer, the entire force of a country village. The *Burgomaster* is smitten with a widow, who in order to help a neighboring widow evade a complete sale of her effects to meet debt takes in a fine old wardrobe. When the *Burgomaster* is making love to the *Widow Gertrude*, who has taken in the wardrobe, *Lampe*, the policeman, is heard coming, and to avoid the dread consequences of his gossip the widow shuts her admirer up in the wardrobe.

At the same time she sees in this a way to bring her own plans to fruition. *Lampe* having learned that the wardrobe belonged to the other widow, places the seals of the law upon it, with the *Burgomaster* inside. Presently the *Burgomaster's* daughter and her lover, of whom papa will not hear, are in the room and they enact a comedy scene which brings the father to terms with a signed consent. He is then released from confinement, and owing to other very slight complications the young lovers take his place.

Many vigorous squeals, most naturally emitted by Mme. Alten, convince us that the young man is not idle. Finally the widow brings half the town in to witness the discomfiture of the *Burgomaster*, but is discomfited herself when she finds the new occupants of the sealed up wardrobe. However, the *Burgomaster* forgives her and the curtain falls on two happy couples.

None of this sounds impressive, but in the action it is genuinely amusing. The different personages are sharply characterized and are types of semi-rustic Germans. The policeman is of course the buffo barytone and his rapid and torrential chatter is made more comic by the piling up of explosive Teutonic words. [illegible]

Swiftness of movement marks most of the scenes, though there are two or three resting places for the necessary expansion of the gentle sentiment of the play and the consequent introduction of bits of pure lyricism. But for the most part the music delights by its sparkle and piquancy rather than by amorous languishments or the plaints of the temporarily unhappy.

The score as a whole shows fine skill in the adaptation of means to end and the composer displays an easy mastery of the idioms of operatic expression. His humor is never boisterous, but is fresh, vigorous and catching. His sentiment is pretty but not overworked. His dialogue makes no use of pure recitative but runs trippingly along in a rhythmic arioso which has colloquial character when that is required.

His set numbers, which enter and depart without ceremonious introduction or dismissal, are shapely in form, excellently distributed among the voices and ingratiating in quality. The first lyric passage is a duet for *Bertel* and *Elsie*, very melodious and almost of folk song type. The conclusion of this scene with a bit for the two lovers and the two widows is admirably written.

The monologue of *Widow Gertrude*, which follows, is good, but less effective than many other parts of the score. The voluble speech of *Lampe* is deliciously composed and scored. The scene between the *Burgomaster* and *Gertrude* is most delicate in its gently satirical treatment of the sentiment. The rapid quartet for the widows and the young lovers after the *Burgomaster* is sealed up is a little masterpiece and caused the attentive audience to break in with applause.

With keen appreciation of the situation the composer has echoed the "Meistersinger" in a little episode of the passing of a night watchman outside the house. The chorus of villagers who come to deride the imprisoned *Burgomaster* is a rollicking waltz and is the last really significant music in the opera, which a minute later comes to its end.

In the scenes of pure dialogue the orchestra of course sustains the flow of melody. This is incessant. There are no pages of disjointed chords. The orchestra sings all the time and its song has much variety and color. The instrumentation is most artistically planned. There are no garish effects, but the score scintillates throughout and the special values of solo instruments are carefully utilized. As a whole this little opera bouffe occupies a place in the general schome of lyric drama similar to that held in the spoken drama by what the French call a lever de rideau. As such it serves excellently and will probably be called upon often to give a contrast of light to such tragic shadows as those of "Pagliacci," with which it was associated yesterday.

The performance was highly praiseworthy. Mme. Gadski disclosed unsuspected resources of comedy, while Mme. Alten and Mme. Mattfeld acted with infectious gayety Mr. Goritz placed before operagoers another of his irresistibly funny caricatures, and the others in the cast did well all that they were called upon to do. Mr. Hertz conducted the opera with fine skill and appreciation. The full cast was as follows:

Burgomaster Braun	Hermann Weil
Elsie	Bella Alten
Gertrude	Johanna Gadski
Frau Williners	Marie Mattfeld
Bertel	Hermann Jadlowker
Lampe	Otto Goritz
Schützen König	Basil Ruysdael

MR. BACHAUS'S RECITAL.

Sun

An Exceptionally Fine Interpretation of the Schumann "Carneval."

Wilhelm Bachaus gave a second piano recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall before a large audience. He was first heard here two weeks ago at a pair of New York symphony concerts. That his second recital took place before an assemblage of steadily increasing growth indicates a public interest in musicianship which is without any sensational qualities of mere display. The programme began with the "Italian Concerto" of Bach. The central features following this were Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, opus 57, known as the "Appassionata," and Schumann's "Carneval."

In the first movement of the Bach concerto Mr. Bachaus blurred the notes somewhat by overdue haste, but otherwise his playing of the music showed a proper understanding and delicate sentiment. His interpretation of Beethoven's sonata was on a ground of similar security, bound at all times by a continuity of idea and tonal beauty In the first movement the player put forth in a noble manner the massive power of its harmonic structure. The andante was an embodiment of exquisite reposeful feeling followed by his splendid

atment of the final allegro. As a ole it was a superb performance and s heard with evident appreciation. Schumann's "Carneval" has seldom ceived here a more impressive deliv- y than at the hands of Mr. Bachaus sterday. Its varied numbers were esented by him with a comprehension at was first of all lucid in the charac- ization of their manifold styles. The ntent was brought to the surface with- t overemphasis or spasmodic treat- ent, while the bond of poetic fancy iting them was entirely preserved. e latter half of the programme was ven up to Chopin. It included his minor ballade, nine études and the lonaise in A flat. It is possible that . Bachaus's brilliant playing of Chopin l not always reach the high level of mphony attained in the preceding mbers. But if it lacked in spots in imaginative feeling or sensuous charm erring was on the side of a sane and lthy discretion.

aun........................Hermann Weil
se..............................Bella Alten
au Gertrud....................Johanna Gadski
au Willmers....................Marie Mattfeld
rtel........................Herrman Jadlowker
mpe...............................Otto Goritz
ighbor Knote....................Marcel Reiner
ampion Marskman...l.............Basil Ruysdae
Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

Times

Comedy of the most mirthful vein has idently found a foothold in the Met- politan Opera House. In Leo Blech's e-act opera, "Versiegelt," given there the first time in America yesterday ernoon, there was added to the reper- y one of the lightest trifles that has er found a shelter under that monu- ntal roof. It is a contribution to the me genre of comedy in music that is presented by the operas of Wolf-Fer- i, so recently heard here, though it is dely removed from them in style and rit. It is an embodiment of the comic rit as it flourishes to the north of the s rather than in the more volatile nds of Italy. German humor is under picion outside of its native land, and man musicians, as well as playwrights, supposed to use a heavier hand than wielded by their brethren of the south. t Leo Blech and his collaborators, hard Batka and Pordes Milo, have lved in "Versiegelt" a trifle whose cific gravity could not well be less. comedy is thoroughly Teutonic, mov- in an atmosphere of burgess life in small German town in the thirties of last century, a little Philistia.

Versiegelt" turns on a theatrical de- e that has been common property of ywrights from immemorial antiquity. ien the Widow Willmers's wardrobe is up in the Widow Gertrud's room, ensibly to avoid being sold for taxes, ody can have any doubt that it is to the hiding place of one or more per- s as a means of rescue from some barrassing situation, with the prob- lity of greater embarrassment to come. happens to be the burgomaster mak- love to the fair Widow Gertrud who st finds refuge in it from the inter- tion of his own bailiff, and a search this taxable chattel, which, when nd, is promptly and legally "sealed " with the burgomaster inside. Here the opportunity for his daughter and young city clerk, whom he has arted in their love, to extort his sig- ure to a marriage contract. Being re- sed, he orders the young couple into and they go without argument, for opportunity to be undisturbed and ne. It is now only a matter of a rt time for a holiday throng to gather witness the burgomaster's discomfiture en he is released, and to be suitably azed at finding the prisoner to be not hut the betrothed couple.

his is unquestionably elementary farce, it is harmless fooling. It is given a tain color and picturesqueness by ng put into the good old times of 1830, h its flamboyant costumes, and by introduction of such thoroughly Teu- ic types as the vain and pompous liff, the sentimental widow, the sen- ental burgomaster, the sentimental ers. Its atmosphere is not very rare- d, its wit is rather laboriously brought the point, which is not of a fineness escape the least observant. Some of details are developed at too great gth. The Batka-Milo method is not the remotest degree allusive, and it ves nothing whatever to the imagina- n of the listener.

he little piece would be less than noth- without Blech's music, which is sin- larly successful of its type, and lends ertain amount of distinction to what uld otherwise be hopeless banality. s music is written with remarkable xterity, with a light touch, with real ll, and at times originality in the atment of the orchestra, if not in the ture of its ideas. "Versiegelt" is a onversation opera," and the music htly and delicately accompanies, un- lines, and accentuates a steady stream talk and chatter. Occasionally it has opportunity to expand into a little ader flow. A duet of the lovers in one the early scenes is such a passage, ough it misses some of the effect it ght have through an excess of unison atment. There is a scene between Frau ertrud and the Burgomaster, in which music comes more fully into its own d in which there are pages of real arm. Frau Gertrud considers the bliss- possibility of becoming the Frau rgermeisterin in a solo that is skill- ly devised, though with perhaps some- at more of skill than of melodic in- ntion.

here are some excellent ensembles. e chattering quartets—two of them— the three women and Bertel, the young er, are admirably constructed with morous, and, at the same time, mu- al effect, and the trio of a similar aracter, in which the widows and the iliff take part, in a breathless pianissi- , is very adroit.

o far as the purely musical quality of s little work is concerned, it cannot be lled highly original or highly indi- lual. What the attentive listener will chiefly admire in it is its expertness. There is real wit in many little details of the score, which is written throughout with an art that conceals art. The writing for orchestra has the skill of one deeply versed in the secrets of modern orchestration and who knows how to obtain innumerable delicate effects of color and humorous suggestion with a fleet and transparent treatment.

It is lamentably true, however, and must once more be said, that this music does not produce its own proper effect in an opera house of this size. Many of the composer's most felicitous passages fail to make their way solely for this reason.

On the other hand, "Versiegelt" is something that depends wholly on the skill with which it is presented; and in this respect more could scarcely be done in its behalf than Mr. Hertz and the artists concerned in its performance have done. In vivacity, finish, and lightness of touch this performance is admirable. Foremost among those who deserve credit is Mme. Gadski, who shows a new side of her art in the address, the mischievous humor and vocal charm with which she enacts the part of Frau Gertrud. Fittingly associated with her is Mme. Mattfeldt as Frau Willmers. Mme. Bella Alten has a part quite fitting for her in the somewhat saucy and wayward daughter of the Burgomaster, Else, and Messrs. Jadlowker and Weil are appropriately cast as Bertel and Burgomaster Braun, respectively. Mr. Goritz has such a part as he delights in in Lampe, the voluble and self-important factotum, of which he has developed the grotesque and characteristic features in a manner peculiar to himself. His singing voice is not much called for in this, but his rapidity of utterance in his "patter" songs is strained to the utmost.

Mr. Hertz wins new laurels through the fine finish and brilliancy of his production of this work.

It did not seem altogether clear that there was much enthusiasm bestowed upon "Versiegelt" by the large matinée audience; but there was hearty applause for all the singers, who were recalled a number of times, and a special round of it for Mr. Hertz when he finally joined them before the curtain.

After "Versiegelt," which plays hardly more than an hour, there was a performance of "Pagliacci," in which Mme. Destinn and Messrs. Caruso and Amato took part. There was no room for question as to enthusiasm there.

INTRODUCES SONG NOVELTIES

Siegfried Philip, New Danish Baritone, Gives Recital in New York

Siegfried Philip, a new Danish baritone, gave his first New York recital at Recital Hall, New York, on Tuesday evening, January 9, before a good-sized audience. The program contained much that was novel: three songs from the song cycle "Somandsliv," by Julius Bechgaard; "Letzte Bitte," by Siegmund von Hausegger; "Gieb mir dein Herz," by Hans Hermann, and two songs by Marion Bauer (in manuscript), all for the first time.

He displayed a voice of agreeable quality, which he uses with much art, always preserving the vocal beauty of the music, he sang his Scarlatti "O cessate di piargamo" with beautiful tone, and the Franz songs with true appreciation of their value, while his new songs, which were far above the average novelties, made a highly favorable impression.

In Strauss's "Zueignung" he scored heavily and the lovely Schumann songs were received with much enthusiasm. Mr. Philip established himself as one of the most satisfactory young baritones heard this season, and his work will be watched with interest.

Beatrice Raphael played the accompaniments with much taste.

Jan 22 1912

Observations on a Symphony and Other Things.

Tribune

A Spurious Love Letter and a Pianist Bent on Advertising.

At a concert by the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon a symphony was performed which has been widely heralded and also widely oestioned as a youthful work by Beethoven. History shows no fellow with the greatest of all symphonists in respect of his capacity for self-criticism and also in his appreciation of the material which he used in the construction of his great works. It is in no sense startling to deep students of his works to learn that now and then something has been found bearing his name which had not been recorded in the list of his creations—bearing his name, however, oftener than the hall-mark of his genius. To such students there was nothing startling in the announcement some years ago that Professor Fritz Stein had found the parts of a symphony in the archives of the University of Jena which he believed to be the work of Beethoven in his youth—that is, in the period when he still lived in his native city of Bonn or in the early career of his life in Vienna. Later it could not be, for in 1801 Bethoven already gave out his first symphony, and to think that the newly discovered work could have been written after that was impossible. The story of the discovery and the general line of the argument relied upon to establish its authenticity were set forth in full in yesterday's Tribune, and those who did not read them then do not deserve to have them set forth again.

The writer, to whom the historical facts have been familiar for several years, has been entirely willing to accept them as proving a remote possibility that the symphony was composed by Beethoven while he was a youth at Bonn, but has remained skeptical nevertheless as to the concrete fact on the basis of both external and internal evidence. In the first place, there was never a composer so critical of himself and therefore so careful to conserve his thoughts for future analysis as Beethoven. Some years ago a cantata composed by him on the death of the Emperor of Austria was discovered. The incident of its composition had been forgotten, although the close association between the imperial house of Austria and the electoral house of Cologne (of which Beethoven was a servant) ought to bave kept it alive. But when students got to work on the opera "Fidelio" they found that the one beautiful idea in the cantata had been preserved by the composer in the finale of the opera. Plainly he was not willing to let anything good of his invention go to waste. Now, there is nothing in the so-called "Jena" symphony to place in a parallel with this oboe melody in "Fidelio," but if Beethoven had written a symphony before he went to Vienna and had sent it through a bosom friend for performance at Jena the fact would scarcely have escaped notice. If, as the story goes, the cataloguer of the music society at the University at Jena put his pencil through the name of Beethoven written on the score he probably had his reasons for doing so.

Professor Fritz Stein, who has made himself the champion of the symphony as a Beethoven product, says he cannot realize (Haydn, Dittersdorf and Mozart being out of the case) who else than Beethoven could have written it. Here we have a striking illustration of the short-sightedness of historical criticism. The writer has said before (and now that occasion offers he cannot do better than to repeat his words), that the dividing lines commonly considered as existing between periods, schools and artistic forms (he might have added artists) do not really exist. We recognize them, note their elements, give them names and employ these names in broad characterization after a man of strong individuality has arisen and stamped them with the hall-mark of his genius. Such a man the people of a later day are prone to look upon as an innovator or inventor, when, in point of fact, he is only a continuator or, at the best, a perfector. So Palestina, so Bach, so Haydn, so Beethoven, so Wagner—all these are but products of an evolution of vast scope and antiquity, and were surrounded by men who worked with them on the lines which they afterward drew broad and luminous across the pages of musical history. That fact it is necessary to know to understand the fact that some of them—all of them, in fact—seemed less great to their contemporaries than to those who came after them. They were not so pre-eminent in their day, because they were surrounded by composers whose learning and skill satisfied the critical demands and the popular taste of their times. And, sometimes, from a historical point of view of our own. We think of Bach as supreme in his department of musical creation—and he is; but do we know how closely and justly some of his contemporaries pushed him for his title of supremacy? Some years ago we heard some music by Del Abaco. Was anybody among us ready to rise up and show its inferiority to Bach on the same lines? Sarti is a much abused musician, because he criticised some harsh harmonies in a Mozart quartet; yet we have heard an opera air by Sarti which nobody unfamiliar with it would have suspected as not being Mozart's.

So with this newly found symphony. It may be by Beethoven, not because we cannot mention the name of the man who wrote it, but because we believe that there were many good musicians who might have written it—men whose names have not been blazoned on the pages of history. It is simply fine music of its kind and period, and we cannot discover the strong and forward man in it. Moreover, knowing the character of Beethoven, as it has been so clearly outlined in Thayer's biography, we believe that had he sent a symphony to Jena any time between 1785 and 1801 the fact would have become known, and had the score of such a work reposed in the archives of the university it would not have taken an inquisitive world a century to find it out.

True, all sorts of things are possible. Many compositions by Beethoven have been found, even after Thayer and Nottebohm ended their researches—but nothing of large significance. And to offset them the world has had fictions thrust upon it. To one of these The Tribune devoted considerable space some months ago. It was a letter which purported to continue the passionate correspondence between Beethoven and the "Immortal Beloved." The letter was published in *facsimile*, and, practically vouched for by the journal called "Die Musik," critical readers at once expressed their doubts as to the authenticity of the letter, and some were vigorous in their protests against an obvious fraud. The journal promised to discuss the authenticity of the letter five months ago, but delayed the matter until the last issue, in which, after saying that letters suggesting the likelihood of a forgery had been promptly received from Professor Anton Seidl, Gustav Ernest, H. E. Krehbiel and Professor Carl Krebs, it confesses that scientific investigation, including a chemical analysis, had proved the letter to be a fraud. Nevertheless, the writer of the article in "Die Musik" (Paul Bekker, who first described and discussed it) professes that he cannot understand the object which was in the mind of the forger. Yet there can be nothing plainer than that he wanted to fix the date as 1801 and the personality of the addressee as the Countess Giulietta Guiciardi—a bone of contention ever since Thayer wrote the second volume of his monumental biography. A bolder case of forgery with a purpose has not disfigured the pages of musical history.

And now, since we are at it, a moment's attention might as well as not be given to another case of sophistication in Beethoven's history. This would be a waste of time if the journalistic desire to pay much attention to people in the public eye had not caused a wide distribution of a palpable misrepresentation made by a sensationalist for the sake of self-advertisement. Of course the correction will never overtake the misstatement, but no serious minded person will care, as no well informed person will have cared in the first instance. Some weeks ago our excellent contemporary "The Sun" newspaper printed an interview with the (let us say unconventional) de Pachmann (so called), in which these statements were made:

My father was a great friend of Weber and of Beethoven. He lived for two years in the same house where Weber had apartments, and Beethoven came and stayed there for a time. He was very fond of telling of one supper party where Beethoven made the soup. It was a very bad soup, but they had to eat it; Beethoven was obdurate. Weber, a most fastidious man, was quite disgusted with the cigar smoke and the smell of the kitchen and the bad dinner, but finally Beethoven sat down and played the 'Moonlight Sonata.' Weber sprinkled him with some perfume and then was, in company with my father, perfectly rapt with amazement and delight. It was from my father that I learned the exact tempo that Beethoven played that sonata.

Of course, this sounds interesting, and, equally of course, editors all over the country, as ignorant as the interviewer of musical history, have reprinted the stuff. Now, Weber was never two years in Vienna. He was in the Austrian capital one year, when he was seventeen years old (from the fall of 1803 to the fall of 1804), and was a pupil of Abbé Vogler. There is not a word on record (so far as we know) that he ever met Beethoven in the course of this year, either in his letters or Beethoven's. He was in Vienna again in 1812 for a short time, and again when, in 1823, he went there to produce "Euryanthe." Then, through Julius Benedict, his pupil, he met Beethoven, but it was on a visit which the two paid the great man at Baden, and then they dined with him at his tavern. The rest is Pachmannian romance.

Beethoven has carried us far afield. It would have been well had it been so far afield that there had been no recurrence of a memory of the Philharmonic concert, for after the dubious symphony, which was pretty enough, and certainly caused no blush to arise on the cheek of modesty, there came an overture by Siegfried Wagner (that is, after a large difference had been marked off by the "Freischütz" overture). It was the overture to "Bruder Lustig," one of several operas perpetrated to the grief of the ghost of his father by the son of Cosima. Why the Philharmonic Society should be asked to give such hostages to the house of Wahnfried must forever remain a mystery. It was pardonable for once in the time of Anton Seidl. It ought never to be asked again.

And then the excellent Mr. Harold Bauer was called upon to play the Schumann pianoforte concerto—and did it like an artist—and a much mystified Sunday audience was sent away with the booming cannon and clanging bells of Tschaikowsky's "1812" in its ears. Altogether the afternoon was what the late Senator Conkling might have called a "halcyon and vociferous time."

H. E. K.

THE METROPOLITAN CONCERT

Zimbalist the Feature—Miss Matzenauer Again Appears.

Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, was the special feature of the Metropolitan Opera House concert last evening. He was heard in three movements of Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," Rawlins Cottenet's "Chanson Meditation," and a Spanish dance of Sarasate. He was forced to add extra numbers to these.

Miss Matzenauer appeared again at a Sunday concert singing an air from "Samson et Dalila" and songs by Brahms, Weingartner, and Wolf. Miss Anna Case sang an air from "Traviata" and Dimitri Smirnoff sang an opera air and some Russian songs. The orchestra was under the direction of Josef Pasternack and the audience was a large one.

Still resting, from Carnegie Hall some of the music critics hurried to a musicale at the Waldorf-Astoria where, among other singers, they heard a young Californian dramatic soprano, of great promise—named Kathryn Belle Powell—sing several operatic airs and "The Rosary." Miss Powell has a voice of delightful quality. It is warm, vibrant and well placed.

audience.

Remarkable Audience, Says Damros

Beyond question the 5,000 people who proved their eagerness to hear as high-class music as can be heard anywhere were attracted by the excellence of the programme offered by the New York City Orchestra and Dr. Damrosch. Any question there may have been as to the love of the masses of New Yorkers for purely orchestral music of a high character was answered for all time by yesterday's audience.

"In all my experience of twenty-five years I have never seen an audience more remarkable for its responsiveness," said Dr. Damrosch, at the conclusion of the concert. "It was as if the people were at church and music was their religion. I could feel their response to every quiver of the instruments. For such an audience as this it is a delight to play.

"As to the orchestra, it is good, very good, very good indeed. It has been a great pleasure to me to take part in the movement to give the masses free music of the highest character."

Following is the programme:

Symphony, Opus 67 in C minor.....Beethoven
Allegro con brio. Andante con moto. Scherzo Allegro. Finale—Allegro.
Two movements from concerto for the violin in F sharp minor.....Vieuxtemps
Andante. Rondo—Allegro.
Miss Henriette Bach.
Symphonic Poem, "Phaeton".....Saint-Saens
Canto Amoroso.....Sammartini
Variations, on a Theme by Corelli.Tartini-Kreisler
Miss Henriette Bach.
Overture, "Tannhauser".....Wagner

Mme. Alda, the great opera star, who is now on tour, will be the soloist at the next big concert, which will be

Jan 23 1912

Yesterday's Chamber Music.

There was disappointment in both of the concerts of chamber music which were given yesterday afternoon. Mr. Witek, as concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, had won the respect of the public, and there was some—not a large—curiosity to hear what he could accomplish as a solo performer. Since his wife had been proclaimed as a virtuosa on the pianoforte there was also a courteous, though not large, curiosity to hear what she might have to offer. The audience which gathered to hear their concert at the New Amsterdam Theatre was not numerous, but it was kind, yet not sufficiently so to make the affair fit into the dignified list of New York's musical doings. It did not appear that there was any crying need locally of such pianoforte playing as that of Mme. Witek's, and if there were any patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra present they must have concluded that Mr. Witek was much more satisfactory as the "principal" violin in a hand than as a solo performer.

The entertainment provided by the Barrère Ensemble at the Belasco Theatre was of a higher order, and the concluding number of the programme, André Caplet's "Suite Persane" was thoroughly delightful from every point of view; only it might have been wished that the meaning of the titles of the Oriental movements had been explained. But why Mr. Barrère, who has publicly proclaimed his antagonism to arrangements, should have given place on his programme to Mr. Archer Gibson's transcription of an organ suite by Bach seems beyond explanation. Of course, there is no orchestral instrument which is adequately reproduced in an organ register, but it is not saying much in favor of the organ to say that the general effect of the Pastorale Suite can be much better produced than it was yesterday, notwithstanding that the solo voice was given such prominence. There was not a touch of Bachian spirit in the arrangement. Had the old man of Leipsic dreamed that such a setting of his music was desirable it would have sounded much fuller and twice as rich in color.

H. E. K.

THE BARRERE ENSEMBLE.

Second Concert of the Organization of Wind Instrument Players.

It may not be so, but the programme of the second concert of the Barrère ensemble, given yesterday afternoon in the Belasco Theatre, looked as if Mr. Barrère were somwehat hard put to it to find chamber music for wind instruments to play at the two concerts he gives in the season. The first number on it was Christiaan Kriens's suite of "Aquarelles Hollandaises," which Mr. Barrère gave last season. The third was a transcription for wind instruments by Archer Gibson of an organ "Pastorale," by Bach. Now, Mr. Kriens's suite is pleasing and interesting, but it is hardly of enough importance to be performed in two successive seasons at concerts such as Mr. Barrère's, whose programme should be of such a choice character. Nor does it seem quite the business of such an organization as his to devote itself to arrangements of organ music, made by even so skillful an organist as Mr. Gibson.

And of very slight substance to take up a quarter of that programme was the "Eclogue," by Mr. Howard Brockway, played for the first time. It is in two movements, entitled "At Twilight" and "An Idyl of Murmuring Waters," in Mr Brockway's graceful and fanciful vein, with some charming touches of color, but yet not showing the fullest appreciation of the possibilities of the wind instruments in combination and contrast. The last number was a "Suite Persane" by André Caplet, a French composer now in this country as conductor of the Boston Opera House. The suite was written for Mr Barrère twelve years ago, when he was at the head of a similar organization of wind instrument players in Paris. The finale was played by Mr. Barrère at one of his concerts here two years ago.

The playing of the ensemble had all, and more, of the finish and flexibility, the balance and richness of tone that have distinguished it in the past. How sad, then, to complain of the doings of so fine and artistically directed an organization! Mr. Barrère unquestionably knows all there is to know of the literature of music written for the instruments of his ensemble; for which reason it seems strange that the programme of this concert was not on the whole worthy of the artistic skill and power that were expended upon it.

Anton Witek and Wife in Dual Music Recital

Jan

Bohemian Violinist and German Pianist Play to Large Audience in New Amsterdam Theatre.

Bohemia and Germany joined yesterday afternoon in the persons of Anton Witek and his wife, for the presentation of a charming programme of music at the New Amsterdam Theatre. Mr. Witek, of Prague, has for two years been the kapellmeister of the Boston Symphony Society, and Mme. Witek has for more than that number of years enjoyed the reputation of being one of Berlin's foremost pianists.

The recital began with Mme. Witek's performance of Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata. The work has been heard in this city at least three times in the past week, and each performance has borne the stamp of individuality. Yesterday's, for instance, was marked by methodical precision, accuracy and vigor. Being a Berlinese, Mme. Witek's playing is noticeably Teutonic in that it lacks the brilliancy and inspiration of musicians from countries further south on the map.

However, her work was admirable for its utter conscientiousness and for the absence of any exaggeration or affectation either in tone production or accentuation.

Although the music patrons of the Boston orchestra have been familiar with Mr. Witek's musicianship ever since his association with that organization, yesterday afternoon was the first time New York has had the opportunity of judging his solo work. He played first a group of three pieces by Pugnani, Tschaikowski and Wieniawski, the first being an excellent vehicle for exhibiting the violinist's finished and smooth technique, the second offering a chance for variety of expression and the third enabling the soloist to put forth his greatest powers of brilliancy.

Mr. Witek's presentation of these three charming numbers, as well as his share in the Beethoven Sonata (Kreutzer), which ended the concert, was a source of much enjoyment to the large crowd of his admirers who were present. There is a breadth and sweep about his bowing; his left hand does unfaltering work in the speedy passages; his tone is full, rich and of beautiful quality; his attack is at all times true and convincingly assured, and his taste and phrasing were all that could be desired.

The audience was most generous in its show of approval.

Jan 24 1912

The Margulies Trio.

It cannot be said that the programme of last night's concert of the Margulies Trio, which took place in the Carnegie Lyceum, afforded cause for much satisfaction, in spite of the excellence with which all of it was interpreted. It began with Schumann's D minor trio, and contained in addition a sonata for piano and 'cello in B flat minor, by Ernst von Dohnanyi, and a trio in C minor by the Russian, Gretchaninow. Schumann has produced some of the greatest things in all chamber music, but if one judged by the present trio few would be inclined to suspect this. It is amazingly dull and tiresome and contains absolutely none of those passionate and uplifting melodies of which Schumann possessed such a store. The barrenness of ideas in this music is further emphasized by the exasperating length to which it is drawn out. Matters did not improve very noticeably with the Dohnanyi sonata, for in this, too, poverty of inspiration is rampant. Dohnanyi is a Hungarian by birth, but it would seem as though, musically, he had scrupulously sought to denaturalize himself. The anæmic sonata in question is little more than a pallid simulacrum of Brahms, and even the energies which Miss Margulies and Mr. Schulz expended so valiantly upon it could not avail to make it anything more than a profound bore. Why should a Magyar composer neglect to avail himself of characteristic rhythms and melodies of his own country—what a wealth of them are to be had for the asking!—especially when his own powers of invention are as weak as those of Dohnanyi?

By contrast with the preceding numbers the Gretchaninow came as something of a relief, though this, too, can scarcely be called great music. Except for a theme in the last movement there is little characteristically Russian in it. The opening division is of no great account, but the slow movement has fluent and suave melody, while the finale has several ingratiating themes as well as some interesting dissonances and modulations. Miss Margulies and her associates were loudly applauded for their performance, and obliged to rise and bow acknowledgment after the various movements.

Jan 25 1912

MISS GERHARDT'S RECITAL.

German Lieder Singer Heard a Second Time at Carnegie Hall.

Elena Gerhardt, the German lieder singer, gave her second recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Her programme differed from her first in the character of the majority of the songs which composed it. At the first recital Miss Gerhardt elected to disclose her powers chiefly in songs calling for extreme delicacy of treatment and tenderness of expression. The result may possibly have given many hearers the idea that she was deficient in ability to deal with moods calling for more vigor of utterance.

Yesterday her programme was more liberal in its number of songs demanding large tone, forceful emphasis and aggressive delivery in general. Among these were some of the six numbers of Brahms's "Zigeunerlieder," which formed the central group of her list. These songs gave her abundant scope for the employment of her full voice and her most vigorous style. That she achieved so much success in their interpretation was another manifestation of her fine qualities in her chosen field.

Her first group consisted of Schumann songs, and in this part of her programme she included the seldom heard song, "Die Kartenlegerin." It is a pity that this delightful song is not sung oftener, but then no one would wish to hear it sung in a manner inferior to that in which it was so charmingly given yesterday. Liszt, Wolf and Strauss were the composers who contributed to the third and last group.

It ough to be noted that in some of her songs Miss Gerhardt used uncommonly slow tempi. This was notable the case in the "Nussbaum" and "Frühlingsnacht" of Schumann and the "Ständchen" of Strauss. In the first of the three it cannot be said that the slow tempo had any unhappy effect, for the song will stand an interpretation which lays emphasis on the dreamy nature of the "mädchen." But both of the other songs, and particularly the throbbing flight of Strauss's finest fancy, imperatively demand a swifter movement than Miss Gerhardt gave them. The accompaniments were again played most sympathetically yesterday by Paula Hegner.

A CONCERT OF SONATAS.

Kathleen Parlow and Ernesto Consolo Heard at the Hotel Astor.

Kathleen Parlow, the Canadian violinist, and Ernesto Consolo, pianist, gave the first of three sonata recitals last evening at the Hotel Astor. The programme embraced the Brahms sonata in D minor, Mozart's in A major and Saint-Saëns's in D minor. The arrangement in the sequence of tonalities may or may not have been intentional, but it looked like an attempt to give an artistic key relationship to the series. Such matters seldom receive consideration and except by highly trained ears they do not require it; but after all chamber music lovers like to feel that they are suspected of scholarly subtlety, and it may be that these two performers have wisdom like unto that of the serpent.

In the first movement of the Brahms sonata Miss Parlow indulged occasionally in that languishing portamento which haunts the style of so many violin virtuosi and which is quite out of place in chamber music; but she rid herself of it in the second movement and played with much purer style. In tone and technic her performance had all those excellent qualities that have been so often mentioned in this place.

Mr. Consolo played the piano parts with sterling merit. The two artists appeared to be in perfect accord as to interpretation and their balance of tone and unanimity supplied important technical excellences to their performance. It was a good concert and gave agreeable promise for the other two of the series.

"Tristan und Isolde" Repeated.

"Tristan und Isolde" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The cast was composed of singers all heard in the same rôles in the current season. Mme. Gadski repeated her sincere and interesting impersonation of *Isolde*, and the knightly *Tristan* was Carl Burrian. Mme. Matzenauer as *Brangäne*, Mr. Griswold as *King Mark* and Mr. Weil as *Kurvenal* were the other principal singers. Mr. Toscanini conducted, and it was an excellent performance.

A TOSCANINI TRIUMPH

Brings Out Best of "Tristan und Isolde" at the Metropolitan.

Nothing has more truly graced the administration of Mr. Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan Opera House than the performance of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" performed under the baton of Arturo Toscanini. The fourth of this season's performances was given last night and once again Signor Toscanini gave renewed cause for wonder at the genius displayed by him in bringing out the glories of the supreme masterpiece of Germanic opera. Especially fine was he in the long music of the second act, in which the orchestra proclaimed in splendid sonarity yet with marvellous music, the seurge of passion and of melody.

The cast was the same as at the previous performance, with Mme. Gadski repeating her carefully thought out and admirably sung impersonation of the Irish princess, and Mr. Burrian his Tristan, the best enactment of this figure that the lyric stage at present possesses. Mme. Matzenauer as Brorgaene; Mr. Weil as Kurvenal, and Mr. Griswold as King Marke were, as ever, admirable. The audience was a large one.

Miss Gerhardt's Recital.

It is much easier to get the pegs high and sing the praise of Miss Elena Gerhardt, who gave her second song-recital in Carnegit Hall yesterday afternoon, than to sit in judgment on her qualities and try to tell a public (which is after all, nine-tenths careless and blown about the the winds of whims) in what respect she is a fine artist and in what she is not the supreme creature, that industrious advertising would have her appear to be. Miss Gerhardt is a supremely excellent artist in many respects. She disclosed that in nearly everything that she did yesterday; but she also disclosed (and it was an amicable trait, if not an artistic) that sometimes her temperament got the better of her taste and judgment and then she lowered herself in the opinion of the critical portion of her judgment to "temperament"—let the word be impressed deeply upon the mind of the readers of newspapers—wh

be attributed in the future nine-tenths of all the sins against vocal virtue until happily sanity shall again return to art. In art the reins must always be kept upon passion; that is an axiom that is so old that if this were not a newspaper age in litterature it would be a shame to repeat it. But nowadays every extravagance is landed, and so yesterday, when Miss Gerhardt, in her excess of desire to express emotion, forced her beautiful voice out of tune in Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht," the audience applauded and the judicious grieved. It is a beautiful old lesson which Sir Walter Raleigh taught, but which so few modern artists will learn:

"Passions are likened best to floods and streams: The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb."

We would not have liked to have Miss Gerhardt dumb at the climax of Schumann's song yesterday; we did wish she had not tried to express passion by shrieks which were out of tune.

But the fault, which we have deplored, is not comon with Miss Gerhardt. On the contrary, she has an admirable conception of the balance between poetical and musical values—she declaims musically in the first instance and poetically in the second, and the chief charm of her singing (let us cite some, not all of the gypsy songs of Brahms, and the two songs of Liszt, "Die Freizigeuner" and "Neber allm Gyppein," which latter was, perhaps, a little too sentimentalized, as an example) lay in the lovely wedding which she made of the words and music—a wedding—which was lovely voice was a fascinating bond.

No notice of a recital by Miss Gerhardt would be complete without an enthusiastic expression of praise for the manner in which Miss Hegner plays her accompaniment. It is fully as admirable as her singing.

A CONCERT OF SONATAS.

In the North Ballroom of the Astor Hotel last night Miss Parlow and Mr. Ernesto Consolo gave a recital, otherwise a concert, of sonatas for pianoforte and violin. The audience was a large one—surprisingly large under the circumstances—but also one of a kind likely to appreciate the music which was performed for its delectation. Altogether the concert was a delightful one. Violinist and pianist are known to be adpets in their art, but to note how admirable was their agreement as to the character and feeling of the Brahms sonata in D minor, the Mozart sonata in A major and the sonata by Saint-Saëns in D minor was no less a pleasure than to hear how perfect was their technical interpretation of the pieces.

·H. E. K.

Jan 26 1912

TWO OPERA PERFORMANCES.

Selections in the Afternoon, "Versiegelt" and "Orfeo" at Night.

The Metropolitan Opera House was packed yesterday afternoon when a special performance in aid of the emergency fund of the institution took place. The audience, which packed the house, was entertained by what is called a "mixed bill." It consisted of the first act of "La Bohème," in which Miss Farrar and Mr. Smirnoff impersonated the lovers; the second scene of "Hänsel und Gretel," with Marie Mattfeld and Bella Alten as the Babes in the Wood; "Pagliacci," with Emmy Distinn, Enrico Caruso, Pasquale Amato and Dinh Gilly, and the prison scene from "Faust," with Miss Farrar, Leon Rothier and Riccardo Martin. It was not a long "mixed bill" and the central feature was the Leoncavallo opera.

In the evening there was also a mixed bill, very mixed indeed, consisting of "Versiegelt," Leo Blech's one act opera, which had one previous performance, and Glück's "Orfeo ed Euridice," which had been heard already, but with a different *Orfeo*. When the opera was previously given Mme. Matzenauer impersonated the bereaved and afterward comforted husband. Last night Mme. Louise Homer, who had been absent from the stage because of pressing private engagements, returned to the scene of her former triumphs and to the rôle in which her highest artistic success had been achieved.

It is a matter for congratulation that Mme. Homer returned to the opera in excellent vocal condition. Again her beautiful style in the delivery of the recitatives and airs of this score commanded warm admiration. Her dignified and classic poses and gestures fitted perfectly into the exquisite series of pictures conceived by the poet and composer, adequately mounted by Mr. Gatti-Casazza and governed by the musical insight of Mr. Toscanini. The other members of the cast were Mme. Rappold, Miss Sparkes and Mme. Gluck.

"Versiegelt" was conducted by Mr. Hertz and enlisted the services of Mme. Gadski, Mme. Alten, Miss Mattfeld, Messrs Jadlowker, Goritz, Weil and Ruysdael. The humor of the little opera seemed clear enough to the audience, which called the singers before the curtain several times and with hearty applause.

Mr. Frederick Delius' "In a Summer Garden" the Novelty at Concert in Carnegie Hall.

"In a Summer Garden," the work of a composer born in England of German parents and who, having managed an orange plantation in Florida, studied music in Leipsig, travelled in Norway and now lives in Grez-sur-Loing, France—surely a cosmopolitan record—was the novelty at the New York Philharmonic Society's concert in Carnegie Hall last night.

The composer is Mr. Frederick Delius, who also wrote "Appalachia," a tone poem picturing impressions of Louisiana, Alabama and Florida, and "Koango," an opera based on Mr. Cable's novel, "The Grandissimes."

Two lines from Rosetti beginning "Are my blooms," preface the score of "In a Summer Garden," which is a tone picture subtly scored and containing many poetic effects. It was played with much delicacy. Indeed, Mr. Stransky's ability to make his orchestra phrase like a virtuoso is one of the most notable features of his conducting. It was conspicuous also in Grieg's arrangement for string orchestra of his song, "Spring Tide," called in the arrangement "The Last Spring," which was interpreted with so much charm that it was encored—and needless to say an historic orchestra like the Philharmonic is chary with its encores.

"Heart Wounds," also heard last night, was an arrangement for string orchestra by Grieg of his song "The Wounded Heart." The other numbers were Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture, the love scene from Strauss' "Feuersnoth" and Dvorak's symphony "From the New World." The final sweeping arpeggio and crash of the Strauss selection were given with thrilling effect, and the symphony was conducted by Mr. Stransky with entire appreciation of his fellow countryman's music, he being, as Dvorak was, a Bohemian.

There is no doubt that Mr. Stransky has put the Philharmonic Orchestra on its mettle, so much so that one can afford to overlook a tendency toward physical culture exercises in his manner of conducting, which, indeed, he may have found it necessary to adopt to get the orchestra out of the rut into which it had fallen.

Jan 27 1912

The Philharmonic Society.

There was much to admire and also something to think about in the concerts given by the Philharmonic Society (using the term as a harmless euphemism) in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening and yesterday afternoon. The programmes were identical, but a wish on the part of this reviewer to hear all of the symphony composed by Dvorak in America, and designed by the composer to give expression to an American idiom, made a criticism of the concert impossible after Thursday's night's concert. Not only the music lovers of New York but the friends of the Philharmonic Society have a special interest in the symphony, which was written in this city and had its inspiration in a confessed purpose of Dr. Dvorak to show that there are characteristic elements in the kind of melody which Americans like which can be utilized in artistic music cast in the larger and dignified forms. The Philharmonic Society played the symphony "From the New World" the first time that it ever was played, and before it was published. It was under the direction of Mr. Seidl, with the composer as a happy listener, and the "reading" of the work is become a tradition of the society. But in this rapidly moving age, when conductors are no less desirous than composers to appear "original" (so desirous, indeed, that the most obvious text even of a classic composer is no restraint upon their erraticism), there is no guarantee that a "tradition" of even a decade's standing will be preserved.

It is a pleasure to record, under the circumstances, that what first presented itself as a duty turned out to be a pleasure; for Mr. Stransky showed a fine appreciation of the spirit of the symphony and brought its many beauties most convincingly to the apprehension of the audience. If the performance had taken place in Boston we should be prepared for the assertion that Mr. Stransky, being a Bohemian, was easily and naturally able to enter into the spirit of a work which the wise men of the East have told us, over and over again, is an expression of a simple minded Bohemian's nostalgia. But, with a memory of the genesis of the work and of the composer's own protestations in mind, and a knowledge of his purposes communicated by word of mouth, as well as by his score, we are still inclined to look upon the symphony as a fine expression of American nationalism in music, even though we cannot give credence to the fairy tale that Miss Fletcher recognized the "rhythm of Iowa" in it, and was told by the composer, to her delight and amazement, that he had written it in Iowa. We cannot believe the story, for the reason that Dr. Dvorak composed the symphony before he saw Iowa, and also because we cannot conceive what the "Iowan rhythm" is. But this tale, just as absurd as the other that the music is all Bohemian in character, has been industriously circulated and ought to be put permanently to rest.

Not only in the symphony but in all the other numbers of the programme Mr. Stransky and the orchestra made the most satisfying demonstration of their skill that they have made this season. Perhaps it was because there was no little opportunity for sensationalism in the music. It was an eminently sane scheme which the conductor had arranged, with its weakest point, as the result proved, just where the most startling effect might have been expected—the music accompanying the indescribable love scene in Richard Strauss's opera "Feuersnot." The edge of this piece was quite dulled by the brilliant yet continent orchestration of Mr. Delius's symphonic sketch entitled "In a Summer Garden." Mr. Delius is a newcomer so far as New York audiences are concerned, and the Boston people know little more of his music than we do. It would have been better for the good opinion which New York's music lovers like to entertain toward new composers had he been introduced by "In a Summer Garden," instead of the strained variations on an old English tune called "Brigg Fair," with which Mr. Walter Damrosch first presented his name to us. "In a Summer Garden" has considerable to commend it in the way of consistency of thematic design and wealth of orchestral color. It is a pity, of course, that for the apparent purpose of defending his harmonic erraticisms one of his English admirers should have thought it necessary to speak of his having "endured his musical training" under musicians like Reinicke and Jadassohn. We are not yet quite willing to admit that a composer is so different from any other artist that it harms him to learn the technique of his art. It did not hurt Bach, who studied the works of those who had been before him, and even of his Italian, French and German contemporaries, down to the day of his death. It did not hurt Mozart or Haydn or Beethoven to learn what had been set down as the laws of harmony and counterpoint, even if they chose to ignore one or the other canon when they saw beauty in another direction; and it is not necessary to speak despitefully of schools and theories simply to put real or imagined genius in a brighter light; but it is an affectation which is growing greater and more intolerable day by day. If Mr. Delius thinks it essential or advisable to end a composition by superimposing the sixth of the scale on the major triad, let him do so by all means, and if he cares to quote authority for his license let him quote so excellent a musician as Schumann, who said that nothing is wrong in music which sounds well; but neither he nor his champions ought to try to make the public believe that he is a great musician because he studied "nature and music" on an orange plantation in Florida, and afterward "endured" training in an excellent conservatory.

As for "In a Summer Garden," even the most hidebound pedant might confess to having felt its charm; but it was not always so plain why the mood was necessarily that of a "Summer Garden"; there were moments when it might have been that of a Chinese pagoda. Very effectively played were Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas" (which does not deserve to be so neglected as it has been for more than a decade) and the two "Elegiac Melodies" for strings by Grieg, which used to be heard at popular concerts, but now, it seems, have acquired symphonic stature.

H. E. K.

"LE DONNE CURIOSE" WARMLY RECEIVED

Jan 27 1912

Wolf-Ferrari's Delicious Opera Is Once More Presented at the Metropolitan.

"Le Donne Curiose," Wolf-Ferrari's graceful setting to music of Goldoni's celebrated and characteristic comedy, was performed last night at the metropolitan Opera House. This opera, the delicious music and beautiful settings of which have caught the fancy of the public, was performed with the same admirable cast which has already been described in these columns.

Geraldine Farrar, Jeanne Maubourg, Rita Forma, Revello y de Segurola, Herman Jadlowker and Antonio Scotti performed the chief parts. Arturo Toscanini conducted. The opera was warmly received.

Cries of "Wolf! Wolf!" after second act of "Le Donne Curiose" in the Metropolitan Opera House last night brought out the composer of the opera, Mr. Wolf-Ferrari. He appeared before the ourtain with the principals first, and then, gentlyy but firmly propelled from the back by Miss Farrar, he walked out alone and was cheered by a large audience.

The cast was a duplicate of that at previous presentations of this charming work here this season, but it moved with even greater freedom than before anid spread the melodious charm more bountifully. Miss Farrar, in the very pink of voice, sang delightfully and Mr. Jadlowker was a close second in honors. Mmes. Alten, Maubourg and Fornia and Messrs. Scotti, Didur, De Segurola and Pini-Corsi all contributed humor and sentiment, and Mr. Toscanini conducted a remarkable performance.

There were not even any minor mishaps, the fluffy poodle in the first act restraining both voice and temper, and even the cuckoo clock singing in tune.

Jan 25 1912

FINE PIANO RECITAL FROM JOSEF HOFMANN

Three Great Sonatas on the Programme of His Only Appearance Without Orchestra.

BEETHOVEN WELL PLAYED

The Audience So Large That Seats Had to Be Placed on the Stage.

Josef Hofmann gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Those who labor under the delusion that only operatic prima donnas get the start of the majestic world should have been present just to take a look at the audience. Not only was every seat and box in the auditorium occupied, but about 200 seats had been placed on the stage and these were all filled. About one-half of those who sat in them were men. Mr. Hofmann does not play only for emotional women.

The programme which he offered yesterday was one to demand for its full appreciation the highest musical taste. It began with three Beethoven numbers, the sonatas opus 110 and 111, with the "Rondo a Capriccio" as an interlude between them. Then came a Schumann group, consisting of the "Ende vom Lied," "Warum" and the F minor sonata. The last part of the programme was composed of Chopin numbers, to wit, the mazurka in A flat major, valse in C sharp minor, nocturnes in C minor and D flat major, and polonaise in A flat.

Naturally the most absorbing part of the recital was the first part, for here the subject matter called for the most serious interpretative powers of the artist. It would be easy to make an essay of Macaulayan dimensions on the music and its performance, but it is unnecessary. The most satisfying reading was that of the sonata opus 110. It was in this that the pianist showed the greatest continence in dynamics, the most delicately shaded nuance and the most refined tone color.

In the molto allegro, the second movement of the composition, most players indulge in the thunders of sonority and frequently blur the melodic lines so that they become almost indistinguishable. Mr. Hofmann, however, commanded the warmest praise for the reserve with which he treated this particular movement.

In the adagio his reading was noteworthy for its continuity of purpose coupled with astonishing variety of method. Especially in the recitative-like passages did he reveal a marvellous range of accent and color. In the fugue clarity was combined with repose, while the musical character of the movement was emphasized. Too often this fugue, like many others, is made to sound like a demonstration of the laws of counterpoint.

Mr. Hofman's reading of the other sonata was less equal in excellence. To be sure it was the performance of a master, but there were moments when it seemed as if the master were not altogether pleased with things. The arietta, for instance, began in a somewhat uninspired way and in some of the developments there was more tone than beauty.

But toward the end of the movement the interpretation rose to a level of noble and uplifting beauty. Here indeed one heard Hofmann at his best. As a demonstration of the singing ability of the piano nothing could have been more beautiful than his treatment of the theme as it is surrounded by shakes. Here was a lesson in the art of preserving a melody, no matter how buried in the flowers of musical ornamentation.

Jan 29 1912

"Das Ende vom Liedn of Schuman" is not a piano piece of great profundity, but it served its place in the programme. "Warum," on the other hand, is one of the composer's loveliest lyrics and Mr. Hofmann played it with loving spirit. The "still great Gabor Arany" would have hated him for it and the "little fairy" would surely have kissed him.

The F minor sonata Mr. Hofmann performed in a restful and thoughtful style. He has played it with more emotion, but never with more elegance. On the whole this one was not the highest achievement of Mr. Hofmann in the field of the recital. But the entertainment has to be measured by the Hofmann standard and that is a formidable test. For the average pianist such a recital would have meant fame; for Mr. Hofmann it was all in the day's work, and we have learned to expect him always to do the exceptional.

THE RUSSIAN ORCHESTRA.

Yvonne de Treville Returns to America to Sing Solos for It.

The Russian Symphony Society occupied itself by giving another concert last evening at Carnegie Hall. The programme was one of extraordinarily generous proportions. It comprised Tschaikowsky's "Manfred" symphony, the "bell song" from "Lakmé" sung by Yvonne de Treville, "Tears" for orchestra by Rachmaninov by way of Altschuler, Tschaikowsky's waltz from "The Sleeping Beauty," a Little Russia folksong by Miss de Treville, and Glinka's "Ruslan and Ludamilla" overture. At 10 P. M. the concert had travelled as far as the beginning of the third number on this list.

Miss de Treville used to be one of Henry Savage's prima donnas in the happy days when the Castle Square Opera Company gave "grand opera in English" at the American Theatre and attempted everything from Wagner to Puccini with no inconsiderable success. Miss de Treville sang pretty well in those days and was a star in the west of Seventh avenue heavens. Then she went away from here and sang for years and years in European theatres.

Now she has come back and she does not seem to sing so well. To be sure she sang the staccati in the "bell song" faster than Tetrazzini has sung any on this side of the ocean and she took a dreadfully high note at the end, a note that would have turned Ellen Beach Yaw ill with envy. But aside from these things there was not much in the way of art in her singing. There were plenty of registers and a bewildering variety of tonal qualities, but foolish connoisseurs of singing do not highly esteem such things.

As for the performance of the "Manfred" symphony it was an exhaustive publication of the despair of Byron's wanderer, of his desire for death and of the early and successful gratification of that desire. The chief trouble with this realistic representation of the life and times of the late Mr. Manfred was that it did not make him die at the close of the first movement, for thus he would have been spared the pain of the other three.

Especially would he have avoided the finale in which unspeakable dismay was scattered through the orchestra by the discovery at the entrance of the harp that in the course of its rest the adorable instrument had deplorably sagged from the pitch, while the organ, which also became busy about the same period, had aspirations to rise above the general level and disseminate some keys of its own. But the Carnegie Hall organ cannot be tuned in a few minutes, while the harp might have been. In the midst of the general confusion Manfred blissfully passed away.

MAURICE RENAUD SINGS.

He Reappears as Rigoletto at the Matinee in the Opera House.

The significant feature of the repetition of "Rigoletto" given at the matinée performance at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday was the reappearance of Maurice Renaud, recently returned to America after his engagement in Mr. Hammerstein's London opera house. Mr. Renaud's impersonation of the jester in Verdi's opera has long been familiar to New York audiences, and it had the powerful dramatic traits that make it so remarkable—the tragic intensity, the hysterical contrasts, the subtle denotement of desperation translated into revengeful purpose. His histrionic resources seemed never more fully at his command than they were yesterday afternoon.

The same could hardly be said of his singing. His voice has not improved during his absence. It sounded fatigued; and he resorted to many devices to carry him through and over dangerous places. Nobody's voice had improved. Mme. Tetrazzini was not at her best. Mr. Smirnoff was not at his. Mme. Orridge was considerably below the level of excellence she has marked for herself in previous appearances this season. The audience was large, as matinée audiences always are.

WOLF-FERRARI'S CANTATA

"La Vita Nuova" at a Metropolitan Concert.

Time was when a Sunday night concert given by the forces of our Italian opera never ventured in a choral way beyond that "opera in ecclesiastical vestments," Rossini's "Stabat Mater." At the Metropolitan Opera House some years ago a larger ambition took possession of the management and we had some excellent performances of Verdi's "Requiem," composed in honor of Manzoni, an achievement which Mr. Hammerstein's people emulated, going so far in the first season at the Manhattan Opera House as to perform the mass on a regular opera night—Good Friday, 1907. If it was a notable and commendable thing for our operatic choristers to attempt so ambitious a work as Verdi's "Requiem" it was still more notable and commendable for Signor Gatti-Casazza's people last night to perform Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova," which is much further from the sphere of operatic activities than that work, to say nothing of Rossini's "Stabat." "La Vita Nuova" is, indeed, considerably removed even from the field ordinarily occupied by our choral societies. Dr. Frank Damrosch produced it for the first time in America at a concert of the Oratorio Society on December 4, 1907, and repeated it a year later. It introduced the composer's name to the music lovers of America, but in so questionable a shape that neither the devotées of the opera nor the more sober sided admirers of oratorio quite knew what to make of him. Very different was the case when he burst upon the public with the effervescent operas which have been heard in New York; and unless report and the printed page are deceptive there is another surprise in store when his latest opera, "I Giojelli della Madonna," reaches the metropolis.

"La Vita Nuova" was performed in Chicago by the excellent Apollo Club a week ago yesterday, with the composer conducting. It was so performed at the Metropolitan last night with the chief solo part in the care of Signor Amato, the less significant soprano solos cared for by Miss Gluck and strong background of the chorus and orchestra of the opera house. When the work was first heard here The Tribune's reviewer felt the conviction that the form in which the composer had cast the excerpts from Dante's singularly beautiful work (from which title and text are derived), the forces enlisted and the manner in which he employed them; the marvellous spiritual exaltation attained by him while using devices which seemed at first blush to be purely products of reflection; the strange combination of mediæval feeling with the most modern methods of utterance; the indifference to conventions which found expression in both instrumental and vocal parts—that these and many things more made "La Vita Nuova" seem one of the most extraordinary products of the generation. Since then the composer's command of another and very different idiom has been made familiar, but the admiration for the genius shown in the earlier cantata was only augmented by last night's performance—augmented manifold.

Under the circumstances something ought to be said about the style and structure of the work, for it is as unusual in its muster of forces and their employment as in its subject. There are two solo voices—soprano and barytone. The former apears chiefly in the prologue, being silent thereafter till near the end of the work, when it is heard in a few words only and last night was all but inaudible. The voice is identified with that of Dante's Beatrice, who inspired not only "La Vita Nuova," but also "La divina Commedia." The barytone is individualized as the poet himself, who sings his sonnets inspired by his great love. There is a double chorus of mixed voices and a third choir of boys. There is also an unusual distribution of instruments in the orchestra, including two harps, an organ, two bells and a pianoforte, which last instrument is employed solo in accompaniment and also as an integral part of the orchestra. Once it is introduced with two harps, the strings, bass and seven kettle drums (when the composer's instructions are followed, which did not seem to be the case last night, for which occasion there may have been some change in the score).

The cantata is divided into two parts, the first preceded by a prologue and the two separated by an intermezzo. All the forces are combined in the prologue, which is devoted to a glorification of love, the text being derived from poems which are not a portion of the "Vita Nerova." An angelic visitant proclaims her coming as the messenger of love, the barytone identifies the vision as Beatrice—the ideal whose praises he must sing of life, the chorus chants the power of love in the words which begin the twelfth sonnet. The first part is in the form of a ballata—that is, the old English ballad, which has nothing to do with the modern ballad. The composer has taken a poem in praise of nature and spring and set it in dance measure for barytone solo and chorus. This he follows up with an angelic dance, like the dances of the Happy Shades in Gluck's "Orfeo," fresh in local memory, and, indeed, frequently suggested at the beginning of the music. There is an arioso for solo barytone ("Donne, ch' avete intelletto d'amore"), which introduces the sonnet "Negli occhi porta la mia donna Amore" and a return of the Elysian dance, followed in turn by a conzona, in which the chorus pleads with God to permit Beatrice to live. For the rest the official introduction to the score may be drawn on:

"An intermezzo which then follows casts the first shadow of death over the poem. It is the transfigured, sombre glorification of sorrow, and is founded upon the two sonnets which owe their origin to the death of Beatrice's father. The second part in which the angel of death is represented in sombre harmonies (strings) and Beatrice by the solo violin, in thrilling scene describe the death of Beatrice. A part-song by the chorus is followed by a barytone solo of thrilling effect, depicting the poet, a martyr to his sorrow, his eyes red with weeping; the pianoforte accompaniment with its colorless tone producing an almost supernatural effect. The poet's early vision is changed to reality—has become an event, a description of the earthquake which contains dramatic elements bearing us up to mystic heights, and terminating with the words: 'She lives in light,' pointing to the glorious union of thoughts on eternity and love."

We have given this extended description of the work because we are sure that after the enthusiastic greeting which it received last night it will be heard again and again. Nothing could lift the Metropolitan concerts so far above the ordinary plane of diversion which they have ordinarily occupied than so dignified and beautiful an entertainment as was given last night. The manner in which this chorus sang the extremely difficult music proved that its members have thoughts far above many of those to which they are obliged to give utterance in the Italian opera performances in which they are compelled to take part. It was not a little to their credit that they did as much as the orchestra to keep the audience on the extraordinary plane of exaltation to which it was speedily raised by the composition itself and the manner in which Signor Amato declaimed the sonnets after the passionate element had once been developed. As for the music itself, it was so flooded with beauty, so transfigured by emotion, that it was possible even to forget the composer, who, though presenting himself as a musician with the most sensitive and exalted imagination and the most refined sense of beauty of any his contemporaries (as we believe) yet conducted the work with a firm hand and was enthusiastically acclaimed again and again at the close of the concert.

H. E. K.

BEETHOVEN CONCERTO READ BY ZIMBALIST

The Young Russian Violinist Heard at the Concert of the Symphony Society.

ENESCO'S SYMPHONY AGAIN

Music of the Rumanian Composer Renews the Favorable Impression of Last Winter.

When the Symphony Society Orchestra under Walter Damrosch performed last winter the symphony in E flat of Georges Enesco it was predicted in this place that the work would be played again. It was repeated yesterday afternoon at the Century Theatre. Again the music interested those who give their minds to the consideration of æsthetics in the tonal art and to skill in construction.

Enesco's music has character and that in itself is something to command attention. It is certainly not Teutonic and it is not purely French. Its leanings are toward the Gallic, or perhaps we should rather say the Gallo-Belgic, as formulated in the style of César Franck. Yet there is no little evidence of the influence of the all pervading Debussy. And behind both of these masters looms large the mighty shadow of Wagner. But this must be said of all orchestral music written since Wagner conquered the world.

Without doubt the most firmly conceived and directly developed of Enesco's three movements is the slow one, and this statement in itself is a tribute to the musicianship and talent of the composer. It is not so difficult as it may seem to make effects with pretentious and sounding allegri, but when a man puts on paper a slow movement which unfolds itself logically from a germ of three descending notes and attains poetic beauty he demonstrates his right to be regarded as no intruder into the symphonic world.

It is beyond question that Enesco indulges in the contemporaneous fashion of painting much in the manner of the kaleidoscope simply by changing the pattern and interrelation of the colors. But underlying the painting there is a design and in this slow movement it rises to real architectural proportions.

Enesco's Eastern blood will not permit him to remain long under the domination of the affectation of vagueness, which is falsely called impressionism. He follows the windings of harmonic paths for a time, but presently he breaks into clear and fundamental rhythm and strikes boldly the diatonic harp. At such times he loses the splendors of his brass and sounds the loud trumpet over Debussy's dark sea in a really comforting manner. The symphony was heartily applauded yesterday.

The solo performer was Mr. Zimbalist, who played the Beethoven violin concerto. It was a most interesting presentation of the familiar masterpiece. Mr. Zimbalist's beautiful tone, accurate intonation, unerring technic and free bowing were the striking features of the technical side of the performance.

The reading had dignity, repose and affection to commend it, and in the slow movement it rose to an uncommon level of artistic beauty. The interpretation as a whole added to the glory already won here by this young violinist. The concert concluded with Henry Hadley's rhapsody "A Culprit Fay."

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Enesco's Symphony and Hadley's "Culprit Fay" Played.

Mr. Walter Damrosch repeated at the concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon the symphony of Georges Enesco, the young Roumanian composer, that he gave for the first time last season. Mr. Enesco cannot complain that he has not had a proper hearing for his orchestral compositions in New York. The suite, Op. 9, that Mr. Mahler played for the first time here last season, was repeated, also, a fortnight ago, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Two hearings are better than one for the enjoyment of a new composition with any pretensions to seriousness and originality, and Mr. Enesco's symphony has pretensions to both. It is assuredly a better composition than the suite, and endures the trial of a second performance more successfully.

Mr. Efrem Zimbalist was the soloist, it being his first appearance here since his recitals early in the season. He was heard again with great pleasure, and especially because, almost for the first time, he ventured upon the performance of one of the greatest masterpieces, that is, put his powers as an artist to the highest test. This was Beethoven's violin concerto. His wonderful tone, his dignity and artistic poise served him well in the playing of this composition; but there was more in it than this, and more than the merely technical acquirements that Mr. Zimbalist has so amply exhibited. There was a pure and noble sincerity and a feeling for the significance of the music that lies below the surface, that in the slow movement reached true eloquence. It was a performance that confirmed the artistic standing of this admirable young violinist.

Another orchestral number was Henry Hadley's orchestral rhapsody, based on Joseph Rodman Drake's poem, "The Culprit Fay." This was also played for the second time in New York, having been first made known by the Philharmonic Society last Winter. Mr. Hadley's skill and fine feeling for orchestral effects, especially those of aerial and fairylike character, are prominently displayed in this composition. The music is pretty and diverting but its substance is undeniably rather thin; and if this is necessarily so because of the character of the subject, it is illustrating, the listener at length begins to wish for something more substantial. The audience at this concert was large and was very enthusiastic about Mr. Zimbalist's performance.

The Hippodrome Concert.

A fair sized audience went to the Hippodrome last night to hear the Volpe Symphony Orchestra, which was assisted by Albert Spalding, violinist; Alexander Heinemann, German lieder singer; Charlotte Maconda, soprano; Laura Graves, contralto; Paul Morenzo, tenor, and Victor Benham, pianist.

The long and varied programme was selected from the works of Weber, Leoncavallo, Saint-Saëns, Thomas, Richard Strauss, Franz Shubert, Chopin, Tschaikowsky, Ponchielli, Weiniawski, Denza Schumann and Verdi.

Jan 30 1912

"LOHENGRIN" AT THE OPERA.

Emmy Destinn Appears in the Role of Elsa for First Time Here.

"Lohengrin" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The only reason for making special mention of the fact was the first appearance of Emmy Destinn here in the rôle of *Elsa*. It was an interesting appearance and it added greatly to the importance of the performance. Mme. Destinn's *Elsa* had many interesting features to commend it. To those who are accustomed to hearing the music sung as well as it is usually sung at the Metropolitan her delivery of the music had less significance than her treatment of the character.

It is conceded that *Elsa* is a visionary and that her mind is abstracted from her surroundings. But it must also be conceded that the abstraction is caused by the centring of her thoughts on the heinous charge made against her and the knight who is to come from some mysterious realm to save her. Mme. Destinn's view of the character emphasized the fact that *Elsa* was very human and that *Lohengrin* was to her a very real and altogether desirable man.

This being the case, she brought out the emotions of the woman. She was already in love with the knight. She was ready to give him her life and her devotion. She was eager to do so. She was tremendously moved, and when she saw him she was his. It was not just the submission of the rescued woman. It was joy itself. Yet all this was denoted with a moderation which did not destroy the necessary reserve of the character.

Vocally, the singer was excellent. The music lies well for her voice and its pure lyricism is well suited to her style. This was beautifully shown in her singing of the moonlight revery of the second act. The other members of the cast were Hermann Jadlowker as *Lohengrin*, Hermann Weil as *Telramund*, William Hinshaw as the *Herald*, and Mme. Homer as *Ortrud*. Mr. Hertz conducted.

THE HAILES'S RECITAL.

A Song Composer and His Wife in a Programme of His Own Compositions.

The song recital given by Mr. and Mrs. Eugen Haile in Rumford Hall yesterday afternoon was entirely devoted to songs composed by Mr. Haile. The programme contained twenty songs, some of which were sung by Mrs. Haile, some by Mr. Haile; and several were duets. Mr. Haile played all the accompaniments. Mr. Haile's songs are marked by simplicity and directness, without affectation of "modern" feeling where such an impulse did not come to the composer. He is evidently much influenced by the element of German folksong, and several of his compositions are happy in a deliberate and intentional embodiment of that spirit. Such are the duets, "Reigen," "Ring, Ring, Ringelein," and "Verspatung," the last-named taken from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn."

Mr. Haile also has a fondness for songs with descriptive or characteristic accompaniments, as in the "Teufelslied," and "Werkeluhr," and the ballad "König Elf." Tho last-named is a rather elaborate attempt at the kind exemplified by Loewe's ballads, and is hardly so successful as the others that were sung. "Suomi's Song," after a Swedish poem, called "a glorification of the Finnish language," has a striking and original quality, with a strong undercurrent of sadness. Mr. Haile has not been more successful in any of his songs than in the tender and sincerely expressive little lyrics "Ueber den Bergen" and "Gleich und Gleich," or the dreamy "Im Zitternden Mondlicht," with its haunting melody.

Mr. Haile's talent is modest and unpretentious, but it has individuality and a personal note that are valuable and none too common qualities in music made in the present day. Equally unpretentious is the performance of the two. Mrs. Haile is the more accomplished singer, but neither can lay claim to much distinction of voice or style. And yet the performance, fitting in a way to the music that was sung, gives real pleasure. There was abundant evidence of this manifested by the audience that well filled the little hall, and that demanded a repetition of several of the songs.

Jan 3. 1912

Miss Goodson's Recital.

It is not agreeable ever, even to a callous reviewer, to appear discourteous; neither is it agreeable, always, to invent pleasing observations on entertainments for which one can discover no artistic necessity. If an agent has been so hard pressed to corral an audience by means which all professional and amateur musicians understand—and the public ought to (or will, sooner or later)—why should it be necessary that the occasion be treated, from a critical point of view, when those who were not present would neither understand nor be interested in the discussion, and a large proportion (like the children who were brought in to fill up the seats yesterday) would not be interested in it if made?

Miss Katharine Goodson, an artist who has deserved and won serious attention as a pianoforte performer, gave a recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. She played a serious programme, and she deserved a serious hearing. But it seemed to have been impossible, by hook or by crook, to fill the room with the kind of listeners which she deserved, and there was, in consequence of this (and other matters), a depressing spirit upon the entire affair. Miss Goodson played a sonata by Mozart (the one in A major, beginning with a theme and vartations), then the "Faschingschwank aus Wien," by Schumann, and then the chief numher of her scheme, the "Sonata Tragica," by Mr. MacDowell. This numher seemed something like a bid for the patronage of the American people, and was played with much finer effect than anything else on the programme; but it was not obvious to the critical mind why the other numbers should have been sacrificed to it—especially the composition by Schumann, which lost all its charm because of the hard tone and angular rhythm with which Miss Goodson gave it out. She played afterward two numbers composed by her husband, Mr. Hinton—a romance in A flat and a study in the Mendelssohnian style, from which school Mr. Hinton has not yet quite emerged—charmingly, and, after that, pieces by Debussy and Chopin; hut she was neither so compelling nor so charming as to elicit especial critical commendation.

H. E. K.

Feb 1 1912

"Ariane et Barbe Bleu" Revived in Excellent Style at the Metropolitan.

"Ariane et Barbe Bleu," lyric story in three acts, book by Maurice Maeterlinck, music by Paul Dukas, was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The opera was produced here on March 29 of last season and had four performances before the series closed. It was received with considerable respect by the cognoscenti, but it cannot truthfully be said that the general operatic public was deeply touched. Yet the work has its merits, and they are of no small importance.

It has spectacular beauty of a truly Maeterlinckian order, which is a cheerful hybrid composed of equal parts of pre-Raphaelitism and modern impressionism The picture of *Ariane* breaking a hole in a cellar window is one to dwell long in the memory of him who likes deep delvings in his dramatic entertainment. The ensuing spectacle of *Ariane* leading the submissive wives of the champion husband, *Blue Beard*, out into the freedom of the open world is one of the most exquisite copies of Burne Jones that one could hope to see this side of Aubrey Beardsley.

But the pictures are not all that should interest one. Here is the suffragette primeval. This is the equal franchise poem. This score sings arms and the woman. Why hesitate longer? Every woman who believes in the superiority of her sex, and they all ought to (but do not), should go and sit at the feet of Maeterlinck and learn how to tame the tyrant man.

Of course women will have to take into consideration the indisputable fact that *Blue Beard* was a bluffer. He was master of wives who had neither backbones nor stays. They were just the anæmic creatures of their own incompetency. When *Blue Beard* was up they feared him. When he was down they pitied him. They were women, nothing but women. Now *Ariane* was not in their class. She was fiercer than the male. She had *Blue Beard* at her mercy from the very moment when she made up her mind that she would open the forbidden door.

But this is all telling the story which one ought to enjoy through the operatic representation. It is a shame to spoil pleasure. The trouble is that so few people are willing to take the pains to understand the details of the action and the dialogue. They look at the pretty pictures and then sit up and wait for the popular "numbers."

And of the latter there are none. There are no numbers at all. It is a leading motive opera, with all kinds of delincative music in the orchestra and endless recitative on the stage. It is all interesting and the music is beautifully made. But the local operagoing public is likely to go on preferring Puccini and Verdi. If Mr. Caruso had a part in "Ariane et Berbe Bleu"—but then what is the use of asking such a foolish question. Every one knows that in this case Paul Dukas would be turning out operas at an alarming pace.

The performauce last night had only one novel feature, which was the first appearance of Mme. Matzenauer as the *Nurse*. This rôle was taken last season by Miss Wickham. Mme. Matzenauer made an imposing figure of the attendant of *Ariane*. She was dignified in action yet carefully demarked the difference in her bearing from that of the mistress. More significant, however, was her delivery of the recitative. She sang it with great dramatic insight and her pronunciation of the text might have served as a lesson to some of the other polyglots in the company.

Mr. Rothier was again the *Blue Beard*, the five wives had the same representatives and Geraldine Farrar was the *Ariane*. Of her it may bo said that she showed improvement in action, singing and appearance. Her voice sounded much better than it did at any time last season in the same part. Mr. Toscanini conducted and made the extraordinary chords sound as well as they possibly could. There are some wonderfully brilliant passages in the orchestration and these were delivered adequately. Altogether it was an excellent performance.

A SONATA BY D'INDY

Played at the Second Concert of Miss Parlow and Mr. Consolo.

The second of the series of sonata recitals by Kathleen Parlow, violinist, and Ernest Consolo, pianist, took place last evening in the north ballroom of the Hotel Astor. The programme comprised the C major sonata of Vincent D'Indy, Grieg's in C minor and Beethoven's in A major. Mr. D'Indy's composition was heard for the first time in this city.

The music of this distinguished resident of France is not often found on the programmes of contemporaneous entertainments. Mr. D'Indy, however, still lives and not infrequently makes his presence felt in the world of art either by an essay on some one else or by a publication of his own musical reflections.

One learns to love D'Indy, if one perseveres, but it is unlikely that any one, save possibly an inhabitant of Boston, ever fell in love with him at first sight. To cherish a passion for the music of D'Indy is to seat oneself among the lofty of brow. To enjoy this music is an achievement of the most determined intellect. When all other adjectives fail and they usually do—one speaks of it as "interesting."

Miss Parlow and Mr. Consolo appeared to be deeply interested in the work, for work it was, and the audience properly appreciated their efforts to translate it. They played like two brave spirits not to be dismayed by cerebral contortions in tone. They won much applause and they surely deserved it.

"Ariane et Barbe-Blue" Is Performed Again.

MM. Materlinck and Dukas, working somewhat at cross purposes some five years ago, produced the opera entitled "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," which had its first American production as the last of last season's novelties at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 29, 1911. The exigiencies of the season brought it about that the opera had four performances before the opera closed its doors, but it was not plain to every one ten months ago why the representations should have been four, though it was obvious enough to the professional observer. To the same, frequently disagreeable person, it was also obvious enough that the opera would appear again on this season's repertory. The French and Italian forces at the Metropolitan Opera House are not given to the production of novelties, least of all the former; that occupation is left to the German element and its appreciation to its especial patrons. For the rest Caruso and Tetrazzini and the old repertory suffice.

If "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" could be taken seriously, as Miss Farrar, disagreeing in this with Mr. Maeterlinck, thinks it ought to be, it might be possible in a few weeks to make a comparative study of the woman question as presented in this French opera and the new American product "Mona," thes tory of which also turns on woman's mission. but, we fancy, the temptation will not be strong. Miss Farrar, like everybody else who appears before the fotolights, is of large significance from a newspaper point of view, and last season it seemed more important to know what she htought she knew about Mr. Maeterlinck's drama than what he had proclaimed as to his own purposes. He said it was only an opera comique, without the slightest substraction of moral or social doctrine. But Miss Farrar proclaimed that the new operatic Bluebear was the old-fashioned tyrant man, his five wives the old fashioned happy slaves and that she as Ariane, was the modern emancipated woman, who used the golden key which came into her possession through marriage to unlock the fortune which belongs to womankind; and in the newspapers she preached the highly novel moral philosophy that marital life brings with it mutual rights and mutual obligations.

Unhappily, the play, with its alwayszrilliant, sometimes moving and frequently irritating music, has failed to bring conviction to all its hearers, and The Tribune's reviewer remains stubbornly of the opinion that it is more like a companion piece to Offenbach's opera bouffe "Barbe Bleue" than a serious and novel artistic preachment, except so far as it has excited musical interest by its purely symphonic variations in the scenes in whitch the various treasure chambers opened by the silver keys are concerned. Against the kaleidoscopic light of these movements, scenic and musical, Miss Farrar was silhouetted and in her was centred all the interest of the lyric drama. So it was again last night, although the musical interest was raised to a little higher power by the singinig and acting of Mme. Matzenauer, the only newcomer in the cast. The exhibition of public interest was not large.

H. E. K.

HE EVENING POST:

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Revival of Dukas's "Ariane."

"Ariane et Barhe bleue," the interesting work of the French composer, Dukas, had its first hearing this season last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, and emphasized the favorahle impression it created last year. It will no doubt remain caviar to the general, but to connoisseurs, and particularly to those to whom the height of perfection in orchestral variety appeals most strongly, it will always he heard with pleasure, if not with the thrill which is felt from the greatest of operatic masterworks. The glorious outhurst of the orchestra when the first jewel door is opened, with its triumphant, almost martial, virility; its delicate modification as the cooler hlues of the sapphires pour down; the splendor of the diamonds' coloring, are all moments of unusual delight to the listener. The orchestra is the thing in this French work, and the singers become very much a part of its color, and a secondary matter. No wonder Maestro Toscanini likes to conduct this glowing, iridescent score, with all the virtuoso qualities which are his. In the second act, the composer more than once wanders in the flowery fields of the "Good Friday spell," especially in the introduction, where the resemhlance is so strong that only the false endings of certain phrases bring one hack to Ariane and her blue-haired spouse, and this almost with a feeling of exasperation, as if the note were a mistake. Siegfried's *waldweben* contrihutes something, and in the third act, at Blueheard's approach, Fafner makes himself heard. However, this is only here and there, and Dukas's work is his own for the hetter part. How hauntingly lovely are the strains ct the song of the women in the vault, as they come up through the forhidden door, at first a mere breath, with the ghostlies accompaniment of the strings, hut growing gradually in volume vocally and orchestrally. The music which accompanies the cutting of Bluebeard's honds in the last act is especially heautiful, too.

Last night the cast was the same, with one exception, as heretofore—Geraldine Farrar as Ariane, the dominant figure, Jeanne Maubourg, Leonora Sparkes, Rosina Van Dyck, Henrietta Wakefield, and Lucia Fornaroli as the downtrodden and clinging wives, and Rothier as the tyrant Blueheard. Mme. Matzenauer was heard here for the first time as the nurse, and she interpreted the part with all the mastery of its detail of which she has shown herself capahle. She made a wonderful picture of protest as she stood forhidding the way to Ariane as the latter was ahout to descend into the vaults, and her voice, with its somhre color, gave just the tone of mystery that was necessary for the rôle.

Miss Farrar, thanks to her return to a correct method of producing her tone, was ahle to carry the very trying part of Ariane through to a triumphant finish. In fact, her voice improved as the evening wore on. It sounded somewhat strained in the first act but by the time she had reached the difficult and unvocal climax of the second her voice rang out with no signs of fatigue and it was equally fresh at the end of the opera. As Ariane Miss Farrar is as beautiful as she is in the second act of "Tosca." Her slight, white figure, so small, yet so filled with purpose, is an exquisite thing to look at. As she stood in the third act listening to the attack of the peasants outside on Blueheard, her eyes had the mystic serenity and far-sceing vision that one finds in those of Sargent's painting of Astarte. In its way Miss Farrar's Ariane is as perfect as her Königskind, hut no comparison may be made as to the appealing qualities of the two parts.

"Der Ring das Nibelungen" Starts on Its Yearly Way at Opera House.

"Der Ring des Nibelungen," the great tetralogy of Wagner, was started on its way yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House. Time was when "Das Rheingold" was always heard by small audiences, but that time seems to have passed. Yesterday the auditorium was filled and there were almost as many persons standing behind the orchestra rail as are customarily seen at the presentation of one of the works admitted to be popular.

There were many reasons why the beginning of the tetralogy should call forth such a manifestation of public interest, but possibly no better one need be sought than the general knowledge of the fact that only this one opportunity of hearing the fourfold tragedy is to be provided this season.

If another were to be sought it might be found in the strength of the cast which Mr. Gatti-Casazza so liberally offered for the pleasure of the lovers of Wagner. It is hardly to be believed that these devotees are insensible to the attractions of an array of the best singers, for that insures them a performance having musical merit and the potency of interesting personalities.

There were several new impersonations in yesterday's list, but it cannot be said that any one of them stood out with such prominence as to obscure the excellent general merit of the cast. The performance, in so far as the work of the principals was concerned, had the distinction of a fine unity of style and a convincing concord of artistic purpose.

Hermann Weil's *Wotan*, dignified, intelligent in conception and vocally well planned if not always smooth in execution; Margarete Matzenauer's beautiful *Fricka*, noble in carriage and gesture and perfect in declamatory style; Putnam Griswold's *Fasolt*, pathetic in its crude attempts to win the favor of *Freia* and most artistically finished in every action and in the utterance of every phrase, and Lambert Murphy's *Froh*, simple in manner and perhaps none too suggestive of a denizen of Walhalla, but sung in tune and with pretty voice quality, were the new impersonations of the cast.

Mr. Burrian was once more the *Loge*, a good one, but he would have helped the illusion of the drama much if he had addressed fewer of his remarks to the audience. Mr. Goritz, too, as *Alberich*, might sing once in a while. It is not necessary to deal exclusively in parlando and gutturals in order to make the "Nibelung" repulsive. Mr Reiss's *Mime* continues to be incomparable, even in its brief exposition in the prologue.

Mme Homer sang *Erda's* music admirably, and Alma Gluck looked pretty as *Freia*. The Rhine maidens were Miss Sparkes and Mmes. Alten and Wickham. Basil Ruysdael was the *Fafner* and looked like a very wild man indeed. But all of these people put an immense amount of sincerity into the performance, and the result was that the audience was held firmly under the spell of the singular work. Mr. Hertz conducted and commanded warm praise for the evidences of care in the preparation of the musical interpretation of the drama. A better general performance of "Das Rheingold" has not been heard in many a long day.

The scenic attire was most commendable, and in general the mechanical effects moved smoothly. The rainbow fell upon troublous times. It wavered alarmingly and even threatened to go out, and it left little illusion in the final scene. But "Rheingold" without more than one shortcoming of this kind is a victory. The work makes appalling demands on the stage hands and the technical director, Edward Siedle, head of the technical department, had things moving excellently till the rainbow episode.

In the evening the house was again crowded, but by a very different kind of an audience and for a very different type of opera. It was the old time "double bill" composed of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." In the former Mme. Gadski as *Santuzza*, Mme Maubourg as *Lola*, Mr. Martin as *Turiddu* and Mr Gilly as *Alfio* were the principals. In the latter Miss Destinn was the *Nedda*, Mr. Caruso the *Canio*, Mr Scotti the *Tonio* and Mr Gilly the *Silvio*.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Bonci Sings Two Operatic Airs and Reger's Music Is Heard.

The solo singer at the Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall last night was Alessandro Bonci, the eminent Italian tenor. Mr. Bonci's eminent selections for the instruction and elevation of the subscribers were "Il mio tesoro" from "Don Giovanni" and "Salve dimora" from "Faust." These two operatic excerpts were skilfully embedded among flowers of orchestral poetry. The first solo stood between Gluck's "Iphigenie en Aulide" overture and Max Reger's "Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme." The second was preceded by Saint-Saëns's "Phaeton" and the "Rakoczy" march of Berlioz.

In this congregation of six various numbers there was nothing calling for comment with the possible exception of Max Reger's composition. This work has been heard here once, when it was played about three years ago under the direction of Dr Muck. Its length is an objection, but it is so admirable that none of it could well be spared. The variations are all well made, some superlatively, and all have beauty. The fugue in particular is masterly. It is alone enough to convince the hearer that Reger is an important composer.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Reger's Variations and Fugue the Principal Number—Mr. Bonci soloist.

The most significant number on the programme of Philharmonic Society's concert last evening was not a symphony, but Max Reger's "Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme," Op. 100. This elaborate composition was first played in New York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Muck four years ago. It seems now, as its did then, one of the most vital and interesting of Reger's works hitherto made known here. It is, on the whole, too long, and the variations are too numerous, a few of them have the dryness of Reger's scholastic preoccupations, manufactured by industry, with a joy not in creative power, but in dextrous technique. Mr. Stransky took the matter into his own hand and without mentioning the fact upon the programme, omitted two of the variations. But when all deductions have been made, there remains some of the most interesting and delightful music produced in recent years, music of true beauty, of teeming fancy, as well as of remarkable technical skill. The theme from a wholly forgotten "Singspiel" of Johann Hiller, served Reger's purpose. His imagination has run riot with it. There are pages of true eloquence and a noble beauty; and many passages of seizing charm. The orchestration has not often the sensuous richness that is expected nowadays; it is often restrained and sober. But there is little in it in which a definite purpose and a clear understanding of the end to be attained is not evident. The final fugue is a splendid achievement in its way; and probably there are very few others who could have written it. Reger's treatment is through many of the contrapuntist's most recondite devices; but he has put vitality into the form. The close and climax is impressive, the effect being that of two fugal themes carried forward together, while above them is heard the original theme of the variations imposingly blown by the trombones, and beneath them a persistent organ point. The orchestra played this difficult and involved score with unusual brilliancy and finish.

Gluck's noble overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," Saint-Saëns's symphonic poem "Phaethon," and Berlioz's setting of the "Rakoczy March" were the other numbers of a programme somewhat miscellaneous in its assortment. And to add to the variety Mr. Bonci sang two operatic excerpts, "Il mio Tesoro," from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and "Salve Dimora," from Gounod's "Faust." He sang them in his polished and elegant style, and stirred the audience to much enthusiasm thereby.

'DAS RHEINGOLD" AT OPERA

Also Two Operas of Wagner's Italian Successors.

It was a day of contrasts at the opera yesterday—of contrasts calculated to invite study if long experience had not demonstrated that comparative study of the various phenomena in connection with the delightful exotic called opera and lyric drama was worse than idle. In the afternoon the theatre was crowded by a public plainly eager to see and hear "Das Rheingold"—a representation of which is only to be looked on as an annual concession to the lovers of Wagner's tragedy "The Ring of the Nibelung" who are amiable enough to consider that they are getting a "cyclical" performance of the tetralogy, though its parts are spread over nearly a month and its dramatic illusions spoiled by changes of scenes as well as of persons. But while the old observer was still confronting the question whether or not an old-fashioned Wagnerian epidemic was imminent (since such an attendance on "Das Rheingold" had not been witnessed for years) there came an evening performance with the hackneyed (oh, so hackneyed!) double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," and again the house was crowded. There was only one difference so far as the attendance was concerned, and that was that while in the afternoon seats and boxes were strained to accommodate the listeners, in the evening it was the so-called standing room which had to endure the pressure. The reason? Caruso, of course. He sang in Leoncavallo's opera. That was enough, and will remain enough until the time comes—not yet in the prescience of the farthest-sighted observer—when the song and not the singer shall challenge popular interest and enthusiasm in our opera. In this no reflection is intended on the Italian operas or their interpretation as the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House have long been accustomed to hear them. If anything more perfect in their line is to be found on the lyric stage than New York has enjoyed for two decades and is enjoying now, it would be difficult to locate the stage. Surely not in Italy, France, England or Germany. And if not there, where else? Sometimes the veteran reviewer is tempted to recall the Santuzza, in which Calve first revealed her unique genius to the local public and which came nearer to the marvellous dramatic impersonation of Duse than anything that has been seen or heard since. Yet a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" like that of last night, in which Madame Gadski enacted Santuzza, Mr. Martin Turiddu and Mr. Gilly Alfio, was calculated to prove how vital the hot blooded drama has remained in spite of its too frequent performances. It would have benefited, of course, had Miss Dustin (the best successor that Mme. Calve has had) been permitted to enact the part of Santuzza, but she was needed for Nedda in "Pagliacci," and there, though she did little for the dramatic illusion, she did much for the musical beauty of the work.

As for "Das Rheingold," the audience in itself was a triumph of large dimensions. Nothing like it has been seen for years; but it was almost perfectly performed, the singing of Miss Sparkes and Mmes. Alten and Wickham calling for as much praise for its purely musical quality as the superb musical characterization of Fasolt by Mr. Griswold. Mr. Goritz was superb as Alberich, but that is an old story; and it was delightful to hear the music of Fricka from Mme. Matzenauer and of Erda from Mme. Homer. Two characters ought, it might seem, call for attention on the part of the artistic direction of the Opera House. Why should Freia be so insufferably uninteresting, even when enacted by so charming an artist as Mme. Gluck? And why should Mr. Murphy, as Froh, have been permitted to carry a spear, as he did yesterday? Would not a revision of the work from a poetical point of view be beneficial to the work?

H. E. K.

MUSICAL MORNINGS.

First of the Second Series of These Entertainments Given at the Plaza.

The first of the second series of musical mornings, styled chansons en crinoline, was given yesterday in the ballroom of the Plaza. Miss Alice Zeppilli of the Chicago Opera and Pasquale Amato of the Metropolitan had the first part of the programme, singing songs of Italy in peasant costume. The stage was set with a back drop depicting the Bay of Naples. In the second part these artists appeared in ordinary modern dress. Miss Zeppilli sang some compositions of Gornes Parelli and Tosti, and with Mr. Amato the duo "La Ci Darem la Mano," from "Don Giovanni." Mr. Amato had a great success in the air of Figaro from "The Barber of Seville." The dancer Maurice, from a Broadway cabaret, also appeared. There was nothing in his dancing suggestive of sunny Italy.

The Olive Mead Quartet.

Yesterday afternoon's concert of the Olive Mead Quartet in Rumford Hall began with Haydn's D major Quartet, the adagio cantabile of which is one of the most transportingly lovely and soulful melodies in the whole range of classical chamber music. The four young women played this enchanting movement with warm and smooth tone and thorough grasp of its emotional spirit. The rest of this delightful Quartet benefited equally by their refined and delicate treatment, and they were deservedly applauded. There was an even more effusive demonstration after their second number, an "Interludium in modo antico," by the Russian Glazounoff, and the only means of appeasing it was a repetition of the piece. It amply deserved the distinction, being music of impressive beauty, truly Russian in its melancholy character, and strongly tinged with Gregorian color. The last number—as well done as the other two—was Beethoven's B flat Quartet, op. 18. The temperature of the hall was more conducive to physical comfort than on any previous occasion, but it would seem as though something might be done to prevent the noise of steam beaters disturbing both artists and listeners.

MR. SLEZAK'S SONG RECITAL.

Beautiful Singing by the Operatic Tenor at a Benefit Concert.

Mr. Leo Slezak, the tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, who has unfortunately not yet appeared there this season, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall under the auspices of the Austrian Society. The remarkable beauty and power of his voice and his admirable style have often been enjoyed in the lyric drama, in which he is one of the distinctions of the Opera House. These put remarkable resources at his command as a lieder singer; and he has many of the most necessary qualifications in other ways to give his performance of songs a high value.

German songs made up most of his programme yesterday. His first numbers were not quite on his own highest level. The swelling of the tone upon every line in Schumann's "Wanderlied," and to a less extent in Schubert's "Ständchen," lent an effect of monotony to his delivery of them; yet there was much vigor in the former. Schumann's "Mondnacht" he sang with great delicacy of sentiment and refinement of style. So he did Wolf's "Verschwiegene Liebe" and Hans Sommer's charming "Ganzheise." Mr. Slezak has an unusual power of giving apt and significant expression to a variety of moods, expression that is gained by subtle means in the molding of a phrase, the color of the voice, the suggestion of dramatic or emotional motive; and his singing of Lieder is vitalized thereby in a fascinating way. In most things his phrasing is admirable and his enunciation is of unusual excellence and clearness. He sang an aria from Mozart's "Cosi fan Tutte" in a style that few German singers can command; and after his second group he added Martini's "Plaisirs d'Amour," sung with much charm. A song by Dvorak, not wholly inspired, he sang in Bohemian; and then he continued with two in English, R. Huntington Woodman's "Ashes of Roses," and Walter Morse Rummel's "June," both songs of real musical beauty, into whose spirit he entered with much fervor, and the words of which he pronounced with an altogether remarkable clearness, and with only one or two slight errors.

For the last song on the programme he substituted the long scena for tenor from the first act of Karl Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," which was the finest of all his offerings, a piece of magnificent singing and dramatic declamation, rich in expressive details and rising to a thrilling and sustained fervor. It was enough to show that, after all, admirable as he is in the singing of songs, Mr. Slezak's métier is that of a dramatic singer.

Mr. Oscar Dachs played the accompaniments with true skill and taste; but he performed a work of complete supererogation in playing, as one number of the programme, a transcription for piano of the last scene of "Tristan und Isolde." They do it better at the Metropolitan Opera House under Mr. Toscanini's direction.

Mr. Renaud Appears in "Faust."

There was a new feature in yesterday's performance of "Faust" at the Metropolitan Opera House, which was heard by the large audience surely present at the matinées. This was the appearance of Mr. Renaud as Valentin. The part is not a very important one, but he added distinction to the performance by his acting of it, as he does to most performances. Unfortunately, he was not in very good voice, and his singing left a good deal to be desired, especially in the intonation of his higher tones, which he seemed to have difficulty in reaching. The others in the cast have taken part in "Faust" before—Mr. Jadlowker, Mr. Rothier, Miss Farrar, Mme. Maubourg, and Miss Mattfeld. Mr. Sturani was the conductor.

THREE CONDUCTORS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Walter Damrosch Retires to Let Victor Harris and George Chadwick Wield Baton.

CHORUS OF WOMEN SINGS

The New England Composer's New Suite Proves to Be Frankly Melodious Music.

The sixth Friday afternoon concert of the Symphony Society at the Century Theatre yesterday offered to a large audience a variety of conductors and music. Walter Damrosch surrendered the baton first to Victor Harris and afterward to George W. Chadwick. The activities of Mr. Harris were confined to directing the St. Cecilia Club, a chorus of women, in the performance of five short numbers, which occupied the central part of the programme. Mr. Chadwick appeared as composer and conducted the orchestra

in the first performance in this city of his new "Symphonic Suite."

This new suite of Mr. Chadwick won the prize offered in 1910 by the National Federation of Musical Clubs. The composition was performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra and it has since been heard in other places. It was played as late as January 12 under Emil Oberhoffer by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, an organization which is doing much to further the cause of good music in the middle West.

The suite, which is in E flat, has four movements entitled allegro molto moderato, romanza, intermezzo e humoreske, and finale. The salient characteristic of the entire composition is the frankness of its melodic style. First of all Mr. Chadwick appears to have sought to make his music simple and tuneful. He has not indulged in the present fashionable craze for strange scales or weird chords. He has found in the elementary materials of music all that was necessary to his amiable purpose, namely to make people happy. This, of course, condemns Mr. Chadwick's suite at once as being destitute of profundity, atmosphere, psychology, metaphysics, pathology, idealism, realism, or even snobbism, which is rampant in art. It is just old fashioned music. And it is not even pretentious. It does not make believe that it is great. It is content to be merely pleasing.

But there is something yet worse to be said about it. This suite betrays the awful fact that Mr. Chadwick has been bitten by the Dvorak American music insect. He has not hesitated to write intellectual ragtime, such as the Bohemian put into his American symphony to the intense disgust of Boston. Nor has the distinguished head of the New England conservatory shrunk from openly imitating the melodic line of the negro tunes.

Mr. Chadwick has been charged with this heinous crime before now. On one occasion he spurned the accusation and declared that the tunes which his critics called negro were Irish. Possibly he will do the same again. But will any learned pundits on either side of the Atlantic come boldly out and assert that they are Bohemian? That is what they said about Dvorak's themes, and these belong to the same family. Does one touch of ragtime make the whole world kin?

At any rate it may be said that it is a pretty suite and well worth hearing. The slow movement is perhaps the most fluent, but the cleverest in characterization is the intermezzo. The first movement has spots in which the joints are exposed and the instrumentation is thin. But on the whole the composition is well made and well orchestrated. It was commendably played, but would probably have been more effective if directed by the conductor to whom the orchestra was accustomed.

The concert began with Schumann's adorable symphony in D minor, and this Mr. Damrosch conducted with ability. Mr. Harris's chorus then sang three numbers with orchestral accompaniment, to wit, an "Ave Maria," by Brahms; Thuille's "Rosenlied" and Hugo Wolf's fairy song from "Midsummer Night's Dream." The last was set down as a novelty.

It may be said that in no one of these three numbers did the choir show its best qualities. These were afterward disclosed in two unaccompanied numbers, Verdi's "Song in Praise of the Virgin" from Dante's "Paradiso" and MacDowell's "Summer Wind." These were two good numbers, that of Verdi being especially lovely. The choir sang this with good quality of tone, with balance and with much dainty nuance.

Feb 5 1912

Concert at the Metropolitan.

The twelfth Sunday evening concert given by the Metropolitan Opera Company attracted the usual large attendance last night. The soloists were Mr. Adriano Ariana, pianist; Mme. Rappold, Miss Inga Orner and Messrs. Dimitri Smirnoff and Dink Gilly. Mr. Adolph Rothmeyer conducted. The concert was not up to the standard, although that was not the fault of the conductor. He did the best he could with the material at his command.

THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY.

Chadwick's New "Symphonic Suite" Heard, Composer Conducting.

The New York Symphony Orchestra, with Walter Damrosch conductor, gave the third Sunday afternoon concert of its second series yesterday at the Century Theatre. George W. Chadwick's new "Symphonic Suite" was a leading feature of the programme. This composition had a first hearing here at the society's concert of last Friday afternoon, when its distinguished composer as guest conductor presented it. In this capacity Mr. Chadwick appeared again yesterday.

The favorable impressions made by the suite at its first performance were renewed. It is as a whole a good example of American music when at its best. Mr Chadwick is said to have been at work on his score while in Switzerland and Italy, but finally finished it in Boston. Notwithstanding this, as also the touch of Bohemian forests its thematic development contains, the music's color line ever remains unbroken, it is of fresh and healthy vein, and if monotonous in spots is pleasant to hear. It is to be added that a second hearing gained advantage over the first in matters concerning the smoothness and decision of a well rounded delivery.

The other programme numbers were a prelude, adagio and gavotte of Bach for string orchestra, arranged by Bachrich, with which the concert began, and Brahms's violin concerto, which was placed between the two orchestral numbers. The solo performer was Arkadie Burstine, one of the orchestra's violinists. His rendering of the concerto gave evidence first of all of a well balanced taste. He produced a tone that was not large, but true and clear. If he failed to fully grasp the breadth of Brahms's music he always approached it with delicate skill and an inherent musical sincerity. The audience evidently enjoyed his playing very much.

TIMES, MONDAY.

TWO SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Mr. Stahlberg and Mr. Burstine Distinguish Themselves.

At the two Sunday afternoon concerts given yesterday by the Philharmonic Society and the New York Symphony Orchestra two players in the respective organizations had a chance to distinguish themselves, and did so in a manner that won the approval of their audiences in Carnegie Hall and the Century Theatre. In the Philharmonic Society's programme, amid pieces that have been recently played at other concerts of the society, appeared two "symphonic sketches" by Fritz Stahlberg, one of the first violinists of the orchestra. In the Century Theatre Mr. Arkadie Burstine was taken from his seat among the first violins to play, as the soloist of the afternoon, Brahms's concerto, and he, too, won well deserved approbation by his performance.

Mr. Stahlberg's symphonic sketches are from a suite entitled "In Hochland," containing five numbers. Mr. Stahlberg has appeared as a composer before on the Philharmonic Society's programmes. Three years ago his tone poem, "To the Memory of Abraham Lincoln," was played, a composition of ambitious aim and elaborate construction, in which it differs widely from the two pieces that he conducted yesterday. A year before that the Volpe Symphony Orchestra played another symphonic poem by him entitled "Ueber's Weltenmeer," also planned on a large scale as "programme music." Both of these works showed talent of an unusual order, and no lack of musical ideas, but they also showed an ambition to accomplish something for which, apparently, his technical powers and grasp of his form and medium were not then quite sufficient.

He labored with no such difficulty in the two pieces that were heard yesterday. They are short, simple in their construction, perfectly spontaneous in their utterance, and have the charm of something clearly and wholly viewed and fully achieved. The title of the suite indicates that a programmatic purpose underlies them. The "Highlands" meant are those of Bavaria, and though the composer has given no hint of a definite subject for either and has made no attempt to use definite local color, it is easy to suppose that the first is a mood picture suggested by these surroundings, and that the second, marchlike in character, calls up memories of a peasants' procession. The tranquil spirit of the first is carried through the music in a most agreeable manner. The themes are suave and pleasing, the orchestration is clear and transparent, wholly appropriate in its subdued coloring. There is more brilliancy in the march, in which the festal character is accentuated.

The pieces pleased the audience, which gave Mr. Stahlberg hearty applause. The other orchestral numbers were the overture to Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail," with Busoni's ending for concert use; Smetana's symphonic poem "Ultava," and Dvorak's symphony "From the New World." Mr. Bonci appeared again as the soloist, and sang "Una furtiva Lagrima," from Donizetti's "Elisir d'Amore," and "Che gelida manina," from Puccini's "La Bohème," as he has so often sung them before, with finished style and nice diction.

At the Century Theatre the programme began with Bachrich's arrangement of a Prelude, Andante, and Gavotte by Bach for string orchestra, and ended with Mr. George W. Chadwick's "Symphonic Suite," conducted by the composer, as it was when it was first played on Friday afternoon.

Mr. Burstine's performance of Brahms's concerto for violin, which came between these two orchestral numbers, was a highly creditable one. It showed a real understanding of the music, if not a great penetration into all its depths, and a sincere and artistic attitude toward it. Mr. Burstine's technique was competent to cope with most of its great difficulties. His playing leaves something to be desired in beauty and vibrant quality of tone; and yet there must always be allowances made for a tone that is produced in the Century Theatre. Mr. Burstine was properly rewarded with cordial appreciation.

TRIBUNE, MONDAY,

MUSICAL COMMENT

Remarks on Recent Happenings.

New Orchestral Compositions—A Heroic Tenor as a Singer of Songs.

At the concerts of the Symphony Society on Friday and yesterday afternoons Mr. Walter Damrosch, while retaining one feature of the programme, a novelty, introduced a pleasing variety in the rest of the schemes. On Friday he played Schumann's Symphony in D minor; yesterday he substituted for this the familiar Bach-Bachrich Suite for strings. On Friday he gave a hearing to a choir of female voices, the St. Cecilia Club. Yesterday, instead, he gave a local violinist, Mr. Arkadie Burstine, an opportunity to be heard in Brahms's Concerto. On both occasions he put the baton into the hands of Mr. George W. Chadwick, of Boston, so that he might direct the first New York performances of his Symphonic Suite in E flat major—a work which was written some years ago and which carried off the prize of $700 offered two years ago by the National Federation of Musical Clubs.

In view of the fact that another composition by an American musician received its first performance in New York yesterday afternoon at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, there would seem to be occasion for some words of comment. This other composition was a portion of what would probably also have been termed a Suite (inasmuch as it has five movements) had it been performed in its entirety. But the composer, Fritz Stahlberg (a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra), having hewn more or less along a definite poetical line, called his pieces "symphonic sketches." However, in this day of loose musical terminology, it would be a loss of time to discuss the structural differences between the compositions. Mr. Chadwick, like a sound musician, had symphonic ideas in his head when he wrote his "symphonic suite"; Mr. Stahlberg, like a sound musician, also had symphonic ideas in his head when he wrote the five pieces which he called symphonic sketches, and tried to characterize by the title "Im Hochland," meaning that they were attempts at musical delineation of the moods of Highland scenes and incidents not Scottish, but Bavarian; wherefore the official annotator of the programme took pains to explain that they were based on stories by Ludwig Ganghofer.

Mr. Stahlberg is an American, imported two decades or less ago from Germany; Mr. Chadwick is an American of New England ancestry, who got the culminating part of his musical training in Germany. Mr. Stahlberg, when last he came into large notice, appeared as the musical eulogist of Abraham Lincoln, his symphonic poem in memory of the martyr President having been performed at an afternoon and evening concert of the Philharmonic Society two years ago. Mr. Chadwick has hymned Melpomene and Cleopatra in instrumental chorus. So far the honors would seem to be about even, and so they may be permitted to remain in the case just presented, for the new works of the two men are in no wise antagonistic. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note a national idiom, or something approaching it, in Mr. Chadwick's suite. It is not the first time. Years ago, when he wrote a string quartet for the Kneisel organization, we thought there was a "nigger in the woodpile" somewhere. In the composition to which some few years ago he gave the title now employed by Mr. Stahlberg, there was something racy of the soil in the jocose movement. So there was in the corresponding movement of the suite played on Friday and yesterday. But not only in the movement, which he would have called a scherzo had he thought the work to be of symphonic proportions; it was observable in the more than pretty second movement—a romance (though there strongly tinctured with Scotch heather); and, so it seemed to this reviewer, also in the last movement, which in its fluent vigor might be set down as the most successful movement of the four which make up the suite. What is this Americanism which seems more palpable in Mr. Chadwick's music than in that of any of his colleagues, even when it does not manifest itself in idioms derived from the black people, who *have stamped* a character upon our popular music, no matter how vigorously the fact may be denied?. It quite eludes description. It is felt, not comprehended—like the charm which Walther von Stolzing's song exerted upon the mind of Hans Sachs in Wagner's comic opera. Mr. Chadwick does not seem to seek it, but, on the contrary, seems almost purposely to use means to avoid it. The popular musical idiom of America surely does not ask such studied ingenuity in instrumental invention as Mr. Chadwick employs in this new suite—especially in the third movement, which he calls an Intermezzo and Humoresque, but which is chiefly the latter. Yet Mr. Chadwick's music is certainly American.

And Mr. Stahlberg's is not. This is not said to its discredit, but, on the contrary, in its praise; for Mr. Stahlberg's music is in every respect beautiful and would be so recognized the world over. The pieces played yesterday were a bit of serene contemplation and a bristling little march in the same key, but far apart in every respect except their consistent, logical, finished workmanship, their ingenuous melodiousness and their most praiseworthy orchestral euphony. They are really gems of instrumentation, full of new tonal tints, not one of which betrays striving after novelty. The public ought to know more of Mr. Stahlberg and his music. Mr. Stransky yielded the baton to him in his work, as Mr. Damrosch yielded it to Mr. Chadwick.

The middle numbers of the Symphony Society's Friday scheme naturally attracted a larger popular attention than did that of yesterday. Mr. Victor Harris conducted the St. Cecilia Club in the performance of five numbers, three with orchestral accompaniments (which proved to be more less of a hindrance) and two *a capella*. The first group consisted of an "Ave Maria" by Brahms (Op. 12), a "Rosenlied" by Theville (both very beautiful), and a setting of "Ye Spotted Snakes," from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" by Hugo Wolg, which, despite its charms (especially its orchestral ingenuities), is not likely ever to displace the much more ingratiating compositions of Mendelssohn. The second group comprised the thrice remarkable "Laudi alla Virgine Maria," from the last canto of Dante's "Paradiso" (composed by Verdi and given to the world in 1898, less than three years before he died), and MacDowell's "Summer Wind"—a delightful composition, which was delightfully sung, with quite indescribable airiness and grace. However, the club's most meritorious performance by far—and a very meritorious one it was—was the singing of the hymn by Verdi which the Musical Art Society introduced to New York on December 13, 1906. The composition is a terribly difficult one, and the purity of harmony preserved by Mr. Harris's singers was most admirable, while the lusciousness of the contralto voices was particularly ravishing to ear and heart.

Whoever says that Leo Slezak is far and away the most convincing heroic tenor with whom the present generation is acquainted is not likely to find much contradiction among the knowing. All the greater was the wonder last Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall to discover in him a most finished singer of songs—German more especially. A singer with a voice which is as lovely in quality as it is large in volume; a singer with sentiment running through an amazingly extended scale; with a command of the vocal technique which even his best performances on the stage had not prepared us to expect; a singer of sound taste and—when he wishes—of deep seriousness of purpose. His audience was not as numerous as might have been expected, but it was a genuine one, not one drummed up for the occasion, and if there was anything deplorable disclosed in the affair it was the evidence of too laborious advertising.

H. E. K.

PHILHARMONIC MUSIC.

Interesting New Compositions by Fritz Stahlberg, Local Musician.

The sixth Sunday afternoon subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society took place yesterday at Carnegie Hall before a "sold out" house. Three of the four orchestral numbers offered by Mr. Stransky had been heard recently at the Philharmonic weekday concerts. These were Mozart's overture "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" (with ending by Busoni) with which the programme opened, Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vltava," and Dvorák's "New World" symphony. The new numbers were two symphonic sketches from a series of five, entitled "I'm Hochland," by Fritz Stahlberg, and now heard for the first time.

Mr. Stahlberg is a first violin player in the Philharmonic Orchestra. His symphonic poem, "In Memory of Abraham Lincoln," was played at a pair of Philharmonic concerts three years ago and another work, "Neber's Weltenmeer," had been previously produced at a concert of the Volpe Orchestra.

Mr. Krehbiel in his programme notes desists from translating the title of Mr. Stahlberg's sketches into "In the Highlands" lest a suggestion be given that they contain Scotch color. They had their origin in stories by Ludwig Ganghofer which depict the mountainous dwellers of Bavaria. The composer conducted the two sketches heard yesterday, and with the orchestra's able assistance established much interest among the hearers in them, largely for their ingenious coloring and some deftly defined rhythms. Alessandro Bonci, the Italian tenor, was the soloist. He appeared twice during the first part of the afternoon and sang two operatic excerpts—namely, "Una furtiva lagrima," from Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," and "Chegelida manina," from "La Bohème" of Puccini. His delightful voice and finished style aroused overwhelming applause. The final programme number was the Dvorák symphony.

THE EVENING POST:

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Renaud's First Appearance in "Faust."

Saturday's matinée audience is always the most enthusiastic of the week, and day before yesterday it ontdid itself—with good resson Mr. Gatti-Caeazza presented "Faust" with the finest cast that has been heard in New York since Caruso and Geraldine Farrar appeared together in this opera. On Saturday Mlss Farrar was the Marguerite, Mme. Maubourg the Siebel, Mme. Mattfeld, Martha; Mr. Jadlowker the Faust; Mr. Rothler, Mephistopheles, and, in addition to all this, Mr. Renaud was Valentine, for the first time in New York. There was liberal applause for all the principals, but Mr. Renaud was singled out for a real ovation after his last scene. It has always been a difficult matter for audiences to make this great artist accept special applause, but on Saturday, thanks to the storm of handclapping and the graceful and appropriate self-effacement of his colleagues, he had to respond again and again to the curtain calls.

Mr. Renaud's performance of Valentin fully justified the enthusiasm of the listeners. In the first act he was not in his very best voice, having been suffering from a serious cold—baritones, contrary to the usual course of events, have been the most frequently indisposed singers this year—which showed somewhat in a few of the higher notes, two or three of which varied slightly from the pitch, but Mr. Renaud has other gifts of interpretation which make one overlook such a slight defect as this. Not since the days of Maurel, not perhaps then even, has the *Dio possente* been sung with such expression. This hackneyed number was made beautiful and interesting once more to ears that long ago wearied of it through repeated hearings. Mr. Renaud's Valentin is not a replica of the melancholy Dane, stalking tragically through the round of daily duties. He is a man, a man with red blood in his veins, who is young, strong, virile, handsome, a Valentin who can smile and look happy with his friends, although when he thinks of the dear little unprotected sister he is leaving behind, his face is filled with sorrow. How telling was the look of comprehension and fear, and the quick sign of the cross when he realized who Mephistopheles might be. However, it was in the death scene that he rose to his best. By that time the voice was warmed up to splendid condition, and the singer was free to do with it what he would. Valentin usually seems to have gone beyond the pale of human sympathy for this cruelty to Marguerite a cruelty which springs from his hurt self-love. For the first time one could feel with him and realize the bitterness of his sorrow. Mr. Renaud shares with Jean de Resyke the power of putting a world of meaning into one word, and the gasping, half-whispered "Sottement" in the phrase "J'ai sottement cherché querelle à son amant" summed up the tragic uselessness of his sacrifice and the grim necessity of facing death at the age when life is most precious. The last phrase, too, was a masterpiece of expression, and when he fell heavily forward, tears sprang to one's eyes; a tribute rarely accorded the brother of Marguerite, who is usually represented as such an intolerable prig that one is glad to see the last of him.

Mr. Rothier has developed his part of Mephistopheles in a number of good dramatic details. He and Mme. Mattfeld were really amusing in their scene in the garden; Mr. Jadlowker sang his part extremely well although he was suffering, apparently, from some hoarseness. His voice is a very beautiful one, and it is a great pity that Metropolitan audiences are to lose him next season. Some other tenors might have been more readily spared.

Miss Farrar's Marguerite is one of her best rôles. Her singing on Saturday was especially beautiful, as beautiful as it was emotional. She makes Marguerite so sweet and girlish in the early part, so pathetic later on. The church scene, with its suffering and the final vain appeals for help to her townspeople were especially touching on Saturday. How striking, too, was her attitude of horror toward Faust at the end of the prison scene. No other Marguerite, even Calvé, ever made her last words "Tu me fais horreur" so dramatically telling. It is a pity that she has finally settled on an unbecoming blonde wig, which, with her darkly made-up eyes, takes away something from the child-like innocence of her face in the first act. Why does Marguerite have to wear light hair? May it not just as well have been chestnut? This may seem a trivial matter, but where the wrong effect is produced nothing is trivial.

More than once attention has been called in these columns to the almost inaudible chorus of girls in the first act. No doubt when Gounod wrote this exquisite chorus he intended it to be heard, but at the Metropolitan other ideas seem to prevail. The very light accompaniment, all by itself, produces a novel, but hardly a desirable effect. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gatti-Casazza will see personally that this defect is remedied, for at present the open window and the hesitation of Faust in drinking the poison are not explained by any incidents that may be heard.

There is, in the list of operatic characters, another one that is usually a bore and whom as we know Mr. Renaud has transformed, like Valentine, into a real human being. When "Tannhäuser" was given at the Manhattan Opera House, his wonderful impersonation stood out so prominently above everything else that one felt tempted to suggest that the opera be renamed "Wolfram." Mr. Gatti-Casazza could not possibly give lovers of Wagner a greater treat than by arranging a few performances of "Tannhäuser" this season, with Renaud as Wolfram, Slezak as Tannhäuser, and Geraldine Farrar as Elizabeth, one of her most subtly dramatic parts, in which New Yorkers have unfortunately not heard her for several seasons.

"KOENIGSKINDER" REPEATED.

7 Feb. 6. 1912

Humperdinck's Fairy Opera Well Sung Before a Small Audience.

The thirteenth week of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House began last evening with a repetition of Humperdinck's fairy opera in three acts, named "Königskinder." The audience was one of moderate size. This has been the case in some previous performances of the opera and might suggest that it has been overworked. Yet it was only the fourth performance, and one of the previous three was a special matinée, not in the subscription. "Königskinder" has not yet been offered to all of the subscription audiences of the operatic week.

It would not perhaps be going far astray to suggest that such a work is quite out of tune with the temper of the typical Monday evening audience. It would tax the ingenuity of any impresario to satisfy the taste of that exigeant body, for whom German works are caviare. Again it might be safe to say that grave difficulties are thrust into Mr Gatti-Casazza's path by this season's demand for Mr. Caruso.

When the popular tenor was hors du combat during the latter part of the previous season the operagoing public reconciled itself to the state of affairs and went to hear the other excellent artists of the company. But so long as Mr. Caruso is able to sing in the half dozen operas now closely confining his activities most operagoers seem to sit back and wait for his appearances. Mr Gatti-Casazza is resourceful, but he cannot supply Caruso three or four times a week, nor would he be so injudicious as to do so if he were able. It would be a sorry condition when the Metropolitan fortunes were in the hollow of one singer's hand.

Meanwhile it may be recorded that "Königskinder" was well performed last night by those who have hitherto been identified with the work. Comment on the salient charm of the representation, Miss Farrar's impersonation of the *Goose Girl*, must reduce itself to a repetition of worn phrases. But the artist deserves the warmest praise for her preservation of the youthful freshness and simplicity of her acting and the unaffected simplicity of her style in the song. Her voice was in excellent state last evening, and her tones flowed freely and beautifully. The other members of the cast did well what they done before.

MISS CLARK'S SONG RECITAL.

7 Feb. 6. 1912

A Contralto With a Good Quality of Voice and Good Phrasing.

Elizabeth Sherman Clark, contralto, gave a concert of songs yesterday afternoon in the Lyceum Theatre. It was a very serious entertainment. Miss Clark was plainly nervous at the outset, and it seemed as if she were unable to overcome her alarm at the sight of her many friends in the chairs before her. This was a pity, for in her voice and delivery there were some qualities deserving of praise.

For one thing her tones were generally well placed and except in the low register musical in character. She phrased well and in some of her songs her pronunciation had clarity. But the chief defect of her entertainemnt was its monotony of style. This was partly due to the nature of the songs chosen for the programme, but not wholly so. When a song was not sober in mood, as in the case of Grieg's "Im Kahn," Miss Clark made it so by her weighty manner of presentation. Humor in delivery, archness and lightness did not seem to be parts of her equipment.

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Tetrazzini, Homer, Caruso and Renaud in an Exciting Special Performance of "Rigoletto."

POLICE FIGHT TICKET LINE

Patient Waiters Assemble at 1:30 and Completely Encircle the Big Metropolitan.

The Metropolitan Opera House last night was full of music, strangers and trouble. It was all because Caruso, Tetrazzini, Homer and Renaud got together in the "Rigoletto" quartet. They were together not only in the quartet of which a "record" would cost a gala price, but they were the quartet of principals who made Verdi's old opera develop unsuspected popularity. It was a special performance outside the subscription and that was why the house was full of strangers. Some of the oldest employees rubbed their eyes and stared in wonder at an audience which seemed to contain not one familiar face.

It was 1:30 P. M. when the advance guard of the line of would-be standees appeared in front of the opera house. About the same time those who yearned for gallery seats began to mass on Fortieth street. Slowly the two lines grew. The gallery line stretched to Seventh avenue and then down toward Thirty-ninth street. The other one crawled around into Thirty-ninth street and down past Mr. Gatti-Casazza's windows to Seventh avenue. Presently the two lines met. The house was encircled by the patient ones who stood and waited. The winds blew and the thermometer jeered, but no one went away. Tetrazzini, Caruso, Renaud, Homer. Even Maurice Grau would have called it a star cast.

When the box office on the Broadway side opened the patience of the would-be standees was exhausted. The first fifty got their tickets and rushed inside. Then the line broke and there was pandemonium. Earle Brown, the treasurer, promptly closed the box office window, and the police waded in with their nightsticks. It was give and take for several minutes. Nightsticks and a gala opera crowd made a combination worth going miles to see. No one was arrested that happened later. But there will be some sore ribs to-day.

By dint of hard language and wood the amiable and much tried policemen finally built a new line and Mr. Brown opened the window again. Then he did a first class stunt in ticket selling. He sold 100 admissions in twenty minutes. That touched the limit, for 150 standees are all the house is allowed. If you had gone inside and looked at them you would have said there were 800 of them. But there could not have been. That would have been illegal.

These "standees" were only a fragment of an audience which was one seething bottle of enthusiasm. All that was required was for Caruso as the *Duke* to draw the cork with his solo in the first scene and then the fizz began. A cold hearted calculation would calculate that at least 10,000 bravos broke out, and the wild cries of "Bis" shook the chandelier.

Once started there was no stopping it. The applause and cheers were ceaseless throughout the evening. After the duet between *Gilda* and the *Duke* in Act II. they were deafening. After the quartet they were stunning. It was Mme. Tetrazzini's last appearance, but without doubt few of those present thought of this. The excitement was about that combination of stars, and the four, with the aid of a few others, notably Mr. Rothier as *Sparafucile*, gave a good performance of "Rigoletto."

Traffic was blocked on Broadway last evening, and it was as difficult to walk on the sidewalks as it is on New Year's eve; a performance of opera was responsible for this state of affairs. It occurred to somebody at the Metropolitan Opera House a week or so ago that a performance of "Rigoletto" with an old-fashioned all-star cast might draw a house of large proportions.

Events proved that this prognostication was quite correct. When the experiment was tried last evening, the crowd, even though it was not a subscription night and all the tickets had been placed on sale, was quite unprecedented. Recent seasons, at any rate, have seen nothing like it. About 8 o'clock it was impossible to walk past the theatre, the crowd was so great, and the line extended for over a block down Broadway.

One man who had no ticket tried to get in through the front door. He met with discouragement and finally was led out by John Brown to a policeman on the sidewalk, who escorted him to the Night Court, where he was charged with disorderly conduct. Mr. Bull, who has been at the front door for so long that no regular subscriber of the opera can remember anybody else there, said that he couldn't recall a similar night within the past five years, certainly not on an extra night.

The employes of the house, however, handled the crowd in splendid shape. Opera-goers were rushed through the doors and into their seats as fast as possible. Earl Lewis and his assistants disposed of 400 tanding places at the box office in the record time of twenty minutes.

The reason for all this excitement was the fact that Mme. Tetrazzini, Mrs. Homer, Messrs. Caruso, Renaud, and Rothier were gathered together, on one stage. "Star" casts of this description were once common here. It is not so very long ago that Mme. Sembrich, Mr. Caruso, Mr. Scotti, and Mrs. Homer were seen heard together in this opera. Casts including Mme. Melba, Mr. Bonci, and Mr. Renaud, have been heard at the Manhattan Opera House within recent years.

Lately, however, since Mme. Sembrich retired, Mr. Caruso has seldom appeared in operas demanding the services of light sopranos. He had not been heard as the Duke in "Rigoletto," for instance, for three years. Mrs. Homer, too, relinquished the rôle of Maddelena some time ago. Mme. Tetrazzini and Mr. Renaud, however, have sung their respective parts in the opera during the current season at this house.

An interesting feature of the performance was the fact that Mme. Tetrazzini and Mr. Caruso have not been heard together since the days, before either of them had achieved fame, when they were both singing in Russia. Of course, they had never sung together in New York before last night. They seemed to take delight in their appearance together, and after the duet in the second act they ran out again and again in response to such applause as is not often heard in this theatre.

The audience intermingled "bis" with its "bravos," but to no effect. As Mr. Caruso left the stage after the last recall Mme. Tetrazzini patted him on the back. The house laughed, but quickly subsided when she began to sing the "Caro Nome" air. Of course she received tribute for that. The other signals for great applause came after the duet between Mme. Tetrazzini and Mr. Renaud in the third act, after the quarter, and after the "La Donna Mobile" air.

All the singers were in good voice. Mr. Renaud has not been heard to such good advantage this season. His Rigoletto is always a consummate piece of acting. As for Mr. Caruso, it seems a pity that he can't sing parts like the Duke oftener, now that he has acquired a moderation and finesse, which were often lacking in his performances when he first sang such parts here several years ago. It is pleasant, too, to hear Maddalena's music as well sung as it was.

Mr. Hofmann Plays for Charity.

A mere record of the concert given in Carnegie Hall last night by the Symphony Society, in memory of its late president, Samuel S. Sanford, to endow a hospital bed in his name, for the benefit of the orchestra, must be pitched in an exalted key. That it was financially a success might be gathered from the fact that boxes and ground floor stalls were filled, probably balconies and galleries also, and that a question as to the outcome from the point of view brought out the answer from an authoritative source that $4,500 had been put in the committee's exchequer before the public sale began. The orchestra gave its services gratis and so did Mr. Josef Hofmann, whose performance of Rubinstein's D minor concerto and two pieces on recall (the familiar melodi in F by Rubenstein, and Rachmaninow's prelude in G minor) formed the climax of the evening's enjoyment. It was a most extraordinary climax, and memories will dwell a long time upon Mr. Hofmann's playing of the concerto, as well they may, for if its equal has been heard within a decade the occasion cannot be recalled. From beginning to end Mr. Hofmann's playing recalled that of his master who wrote the concerto—in the manner in which he disclosed the sonorities of the instrument, in the breadth and [illegible] of his cantilena, in the brilliant [illegible] dash o

his passage work (without the slips which were so easily pardoned when the master played), and in the thrillingly effective manner in which he both anticipated and echoed the voices of the orchestral instruments. It was a wonderful performance, and it is no sentimental extravagance to imagine that Mr. Hofmann had thoughts of his friend, the late Mr. Sanford, in his mind while he played, and that it was not only the consummate artist, but also the warm-hearted man who was paying a tribute which he felt to be deserved. And Mr. Damrosch and his men accompanied him with rare skill and sympathy, the effect of their playing being much helped by the acoustical qualities of the concert room. The purely orchestral numbers were the overture to "Sakuntala," by Goldmark; the beautiful slow movement from Elgar's first symphony and the finale of Rimsky-Kovsakow's "Schelierazade." H. E. K.

MR. LHEVINNE'S CONCERT.

The Russian Pianist Applauded by a Large Audience at Carnegie Hall.

Josef Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, gave a solo concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. A numerous audience heard him play Beethoven's Sonata, opus 101, Mozart's "Pastoral Variee," Mendelssohn's presto in E major, Chopin's "Barcarolle," Etude in B minor, Mazurka, opus 56, No. 1, and F sharp minor Polonaise and Schumann's "Carneval." This constituted a peculiar programme and not the least unusual feature of it was the placing of Schumann's long and intimate composition at the end.

When Marx was writing about this Beethoven sonata in A major he said: "The innermost and most secret stirrings of a tender soul, to whom the desire alone is granted, not its realization, only the flights of fancy, not the tangible aims or pithy deeds—how difficult it is to catch what it says and to bring it to a light that shall not offend it." This almost Delphic pronouncement might possibly be applied to Mr. Lhevinne's reading of the exquisitely poetic sonata.

It was a reading full of aspiration, of desire, but hardly of triumphant realization. There were splendid moments in it, and immediately next to them were other moments quite disconcerting. For Mr. Lhevinne, generously equipped as he is in technic, seems not yet able to withstand the seductions of a sonorous bass nor the evanescent allurement of a sforzando. Thus the finest flights of his performances continue to be interrupted by explosive utterances. Aside from these explosions his playing of the Beethoven number had much beauty of tone and technic to commend it.

The most artistic style of this pianist was heard in the Mozart and Mendelssohn numbers. Here indeed he settled down to a continence of color and dynamics quite admirable. The Chopin music, however, was not so clearly planned. The Schumann "Carnival" was performed with sincerity and with many passages of great sensuous beauty. But the interpretation could not be ranked as of the highest artistic import.

All-Star Cast in "Rigoletto."

Mr. Gatti-Casazza's managerial astuteness was amply rewarded last night by the record-breaking audience which filled the Metropolitan to overflowing, to hear a performance of "Rigoletto," in which Mme. Tetrazzini, Mme. Homer, Mr. Caruso, and Mr. Renaud appeared, with Mr. Rothier added for good measure. The seats were sold at the usual prices, but two six-dollar seats were resold for sixty, and there were doubtless many others which almost, if not quite, soared to these astonishing prices. The audience was thoroughly rewarded for paying its money, for the principals were all in superlatively good form. Besides money, the audience gave enthusiasm, which is always the best spur to an artist for the highest that is in him. If blasé, bored people would only realize that enthusiasm creates enthusiasm, they would stamp and clap and yell with the same ardor as the "cranks," and reap a great reward therefrom.

Mme. Tetrazzini has never sung Gilda better than she did last night. Her high notes were as true, as clear, as luscious in quality as ever, and the medium showed the warmth that the singer has been steadily gaining since she first sang in New York. The sensuous charm of some tones in her voice almost makes the tears start from their sheer beauty, and as has been said before, Mme. Tetrazzini has more idea of acting than most coloratura sopranos, and is inspired to her best by association with other great artists.

Mme. Homer looked very handsome in the part of Maddalina, and received an enthusiastic welcome, not only for her admirable singing, but for her good acting of the rôle. A telling point was her well-expressed delight when the victim knocked for admittance and saved the Duke's life. Mr. Rothier was a melodious and melodramatic villain, and made a picturesque addition to the group in the fourth act. It seems almost superfluous to say that the famous quartet has never been sung more magnificently than last night, nor awakened more frenzied applause. It went with a unity and smoothness which could not have been surpassed if the four artists concerned had spent weeks together in constant rehearsal. New York's record of all-star operatic performances was greatly enriched by last night's performance.

Mr. Renaud's "Rigoletto" is both familiar and yet new. He never sings it without adding some memorable detail to enrich the part, and make even those who best know his work wonder at the infinite variety which is his. Even the foolish mistake that Rigoletto makes in the matter of his own home, loses its melodramatic absurdity and becomes very real in the way Mr. Renaud treats it. He was never in better voice than he was last night, and sang the trying rôle from beginning to end with no trace of fatigue, no suggestion, even the slightest, of the cold that he was suffering from last week. Rigoletto is a part in which an artist spends more than his voice, and in which the voice is used to the limit of its endurance, both vocally and emotionally.

For a long time the opera-goers of New York had not seen or heard their beloved tenor, Caruso, in the rôle of the faithless Duke of Verdi's opera. Mr. Caruso was in excellent spirits and in superb voice. He acts the part well and makes love with ardor, an ardor which is always tempered, however, by a spirit of mischief. After his many experiences, the Duke does not take himself or his love affairs with much seriousness, for more than a few minutes at a time. It was interesting, in the first act, to look from the young, handsome, Spanish-looking Duke to the old and ugly face of the dwarf, and see the same spirit of evil fun in their eyes and their smiles, and after the curse to see the Duke's amusement and mocking indifference for his fool's terror at the curse, which might well have fallen on his own head. This same comedy feeling cropped out strongly in Mr. Caruso's singing of "La donna è mobile," which was frantically encored, of course. It is strange that nature has combined in this man a voice to make one's soul vibrate, and a very strong talent for comic acting. That he has a gift for tragic action, too, he has shown more than once, especially in his splendid Don José in "Carmen," the best, aside from Jean de Reszke's, that was ever seen in New York.

It must have been a relief to poor Caruso to get away from the dull routine of the five or six rôles, all told, he has been singing this season. He is an artist who grows with his opportunities and his rôles, like the great Polish tenor just named. It would be a pleasure to hear him again, also, as Faust or as Lohengrin. Why not? He has done it in South America. Let him sing it in Italian, if necessary. The critics would raise a great outcry, but the public would be delighted, and after all opera is given for the public and not for the critics, a point which operatic managers should always bear in mind.

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MISS GERHARDT SINGS HER THIRD RECITAL

Elena Gerhardt is a most interesting singer of songs, but it seems as if it might be asking too much of her to fill Carnegie Hall in a long series of concerts. At any rate the hall was not filled yesterday afternoon when she gave her third recital. Her audience was one of excellent quality, for it manifested a keen and musical intelligence in its art of listening, and its applause was as nicely graded as the nuances of a piano virtuoso.

Miss Gerhardt's programme was better than that of her second entertainment. There was a wider variety in styles and a larger range of moods. Yet there was nothing which imposed too heavy a burden on the technical or interpretative equipment of the singer. The composers represented in the list were Franz and Jensen in the first group, Tschaikowsky and Grieg in the second and Weingartner, Goldmark and Rubinstein in the third.

As heretofore Miss Gerhardt reached the hearts of her hearers in the songs which did not call for the largest manner of utterance, but leaned rather toward gentleness, tenderness, intimacy or even archness. Yet it is undeniable that her admirable art enabled her to give a beautiful reading to Franz's "Im Herbst." This really tragic song she sang with such consummate skill in the use of contrasts between sombre and thin tone that she made positively thrilling effects. Of course it must be premised that the contrasts were arranged according to the dictates of a poetic judgment.

In Franz's "Ständchen" there were irresistible tenderness and yearning, all compressed in the unpretentious lines of the simple text. In Tschaikowsky's "Das Vöglein" and "Das war im ersten Lenzesstrahl" the singing was of the highest order, but undoubtedly Miss Gerhardt has done nothing more completely satisfying than her delivery of three songs of Grieg—"Im wogenden Tanze," "Mit einer Wasserlilie," and "Ein Schwan."

There was a fourth Grieg song, but these three were sung with matchless beauty. In her employment of tone color in such lines as "Da glank deine Stimme so lieblich" Miss Gerhardt shows perfectly how the art of the reader and that of the lieder singer are allied.

Again nothing could be more ravishing in its merely musical beauty, as well as in its profound expressiveness, than her dynamic gradation of the thin tones in the last line of the same song, "Doch glaub'ich es muss wohl sein." It is a pity that for those who do not know German, the translations in the sheet of texts did not more faithfully reproduce the spirit of the originals. But what is to be done with such elusive fancies as those of the last lines of "Ein Schwan?"

> Du schlossest singend
> Die irdsche Bahn doch;
> Du starbst verklingend,
> Du warst ein Schwann doch.

In interpreting such poesy as this through the medium of Grieg's exquisitely imaginative setting Miss Gerhardt reaches a level of delineative art not to be surpassed. It is the most intimate and direct species of song communication, and this particular singer gives it full value.

"LA BOHEME" AT THE OPERA.

Puccini's Opera Moves Slowly in the Scenes of Sparkling Comedy.

Puccini's "La Bohème" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The audience was one of fair size and its applause was bestowed with remarkable liberality. The performance would have been much better if some of the singers had not been so eager to dwell in ecstacy on their own tones. This delight seemed most to invade the responsive soul of Mme. Alten, who addressed *Marcello* in the finale of Act II. in a manner almost pathetic. But others moved slowly and solemnly in the comedy parts of the opera, and hence there was not sufficient contrast when the sad episodes arrived. Mr. Sturani, who conducted, showed no great disposition to abolish the dilatory tactics.

The cast contained no strangers, though Mr. Gilly was not a familiar or frequent representative of the excellent *Marcello*. Miss Farrar as *Mimi* and Mr. Martin as *Rodolfo* were the unfortunate lovers of Murger's artist land, and Mr. de Segurola had the solemn duty of bidding a tearful farewell to the overcoat of *Colline*.

Elena Gerhardt's Recital.

Elena Gerhardt surely deserves a medal or a red ribbon of honor, not to mention a vote of hearty thanks in the bargain. Yesterday afternoon she gave her third song recital in Carnegie Hall, and most of her hearers must instinctively have felt like rubbing their eyes when they glanced through the programme and asking themselves whether they were really awake. Not only did it contain no mention of the much belabored triumvirate Brahms-Wolf-Strauss, but fully seven-eighths of it was consecrated, body and soul, to Franz, Jensen, Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky, and Grieg—a quintet of song-writers that towers illimitably above the aforementioned trio, but which, by grace of the inscrutable reasoning faculties of most professional singers to-day, enjoys small vogue in our concert halls. Perhaps the individual numbers were not in every single instance examples of their composer's best, but there were enough simon-pure master-songs to make the list of offerings one of the most ideal that has fallen to the lot of concert-goers in many a day. It was a veritable banquet of melody. Blessings sevenfold will surely light on the German soprano's head if she condescends to arrange a few more programmes of as pleasing a character.

Yesterday's audience was by no means as large as it should have been, but those who had shown the good sense to come gave every proof of their delight over the numerous gems of the purest water. One regretted that many more recitalists were not on hand to observe the demeanor of the audience and profit by the salutary lesson. Would that Miss Gerhardt's exhibition of artistic philanthropy might be more assiduously copied!

The Franz songs, with which the recital began, consisted of the impressive "An die bretterne Schiffswand," the beautiful "Im Herbst," the exultant and fragrant "Willkommen, mein Wald," and the "Ständchen." The Jensen numbers were "Klinge, mein Pandero" and "Am Ufer des Flusses," while of Tchaikovsky was given the unfamiliar "Das Vöglein" and "Das war im ersten Lenzesstrahl," as well as the more frequently heard "Im wogenden Tanze." The enchanting "Mit einer Wasserlilie" and "Ein Schwan" were the best of the Grieg songs, the third "Hoffnung" being far less distinctive of its composer and otherwise not of the greatest musical interest. Rubinstein—whose name it is almost invariably such a delight to encounter on a programme of songs—was represented by his "Frühlingslied," "Es blinkt der Tau," and "Neue Liebe." The material to fill up the rest of the programme was provided by Felix Weingartner, who contributed two pleasing if not highly significant songs, "Wenn schlanke Lilien wandelten" and "Lied der Ghawäze," and Goldmark, with his charming "Am Quelle."

Miss Gerhardt's singing did not alter the impression it created at her début a few weeks ago. As on that occasion, she satisfied most in songs of more lyrical character. These she gives with smooth legato, and beauty of tone and shading, her piano and pianissimo being extremely beautiful. But her tone emission is not consistently perfect, as was shown in numbers of greater dramatic stress, when her voice often sounded forced and unpleasant. She sang beautifully Franz's ethereally delicate "Ständchen," which the audience made her repeat, and Jensen's rippling "Am Ufer des Flusses," with its lovely melody, was given with delightful deftness and fancy. The first two Tchaikovsky songs are not in that composer's choicest vein—what a pity Miss Gerhardt did not substitute for them "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt" and "Warum"—but the third, which was redemanded, was sung with much emotional grasp.

Miss Gerhardt's poetic insight and interpretative faculties enabled her to give an admirable rendering of Grieg's superb and marvellously moving "A Swan." There was such an outburst of applause after it that a repetition was necessary. Only in one detail does Miss Gerhardt's performance call for criticism: Grieg has especially emphasized the fact that the words "Ja da, da sangst du" must be sung *sempre ff*, if possible, even with a *crescendo*, and by no means *diminuendo* and *piano*. Miss Gerhardt did not maintain the necessary *fortissimo*, but resorted to the *diminuendo* and *piano*, which Grieg advised against, with the result of marring the superb climax. At the close of the recital Miss Gerhardt added several encores, among them Brahms's "Cradle Song"—one of his best—and Wolf's "Der Gärtner."

Miss Gerhardt's Song Recital.

It ought not to be expected of any reviewer that he keep up a continuous performance in praise of Miss Elena Gerhardt as a singer of songs; and yet so long as she sings there seems to be no other way open to the newspaperman. He must go to her recitals from a sense of duty, and he must sit them out and laud them afterward because, in spite of all that is pressing upon him, she has warmed his heart to the degree that he feels it a pleasure to pay his public tribute to her art. At least that was the case yesterday afternoon when she gave her third song recital at Carnegie Hall. She sang songs (in the regular list) by Franz, Jensen, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Weingartner, Goldmark and Rubinstein. To them she added, on recalls, a song by an English composer, "Mother, Mine," Brahms's "Wiegenlied" and Hugo Wolf's "Der Gärtner," besides repeating Tschaikowsky's "Im Wogenden Tanze," Grieg's "Ein Schwan" and Weingartner's "Lied der Ghawäze." If Fräulein Gerhardt could but arrange a series of songs less monotonously passionate in their sentiment than those she has presented thus far there is no saying to what height of enthusiasm the popular admiration for her gifts and genius might rise. There have been few artists in any department who have appeared before the New York public within the last few years who have so forcibly taken hold of the popular heart as she. Praise must go to every feature of her performance—its loveliness of tone, of phrasing, of enunciation, of emotional utterance—and a mild expression of disap-

pointment that she persists in such a monotonous key of sentimental expression in the choice of her songs. A bit of merriment now and then, would marvelously brighten her schemes, but—possibly—the jocose vein is not here. Again there must be a tribute of admiration for the accompaniment, played by Miss Hegner.

H. E. K.

'DIE WALKUERE' SUNG AT METROPOLITAN

An Excellent Performance of Wagner's Music Drama in the "Ring" Cycle.

MR. HENSEL'S SIEGMUND

He Appears In It for the First Time, as Do Mr. Weil and Mme. Matzenauer —Mme. Gadski's Bruennhilde.

Siegmund	Heinrich Hensel
Hunding	Basil Ruysdael
Wotan	Hermann Weil
Sieglinde	Berta Morena
Bruennhilde	Johanna Gadski
Fricka	Margarete Matzenauer
Helmwige	Rita Fornia
Gerhilde	Lenora Sparkes
Ortlinde	Rosina Van Dyck
Waltraute	Florence Wickham
Schwertleite	Henrietta Wakefield
Grimgerde	Margarete Matzenauer
Rossweisse	Marie Mattfeld
Conductor	Alfred Hertz

The second performance in the cycle of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at the Metropolitan Opera House fully maintained the high standard set by Mr. Hertz in that of "Das Rheingold," given last week. The public interest in the cycle was maintained and more than maintained, and there was a very large audience present. It was the first performance this season of "Die Walküre," and it was evident that much care and pains had been spent in obtaining one that should fully represent Wagner's purpose by presenting a completely rounded whole, with imposing and effective ensemble, imbued with dramatic vitality and continuity, carried along on an orchestral stream of potent eloquence and incessant shades of expression, and set in an effective and appropriate stage picture. The performance was, in fact, of unusual excellence, even in these days, when the standard of Wagnerian interpretation is held so high at the Metropolitan, and especially the orchestral score, was raised to its highest power and significance in the whole, without thereby usurping more than its rightful place.

There were several new singers in the cast, and some who have not recently been heard in "Die Walküre." They were all of an equal excellence.

Mr. Heinrich Hensel, who recently made his first appearance here as Lohengrin, is a youthful and manly representative of Siegmund, hardly of the highest distinction as an actor, yet showing at many points a fine understanding of the character, the motives, and their interpretation. He was a disappointment in his singing, and especially in his style. He has a voice that might be effective but for the lack of its production and use, though it is rather small for this music, and in several places yesterday afternoon he fell considerably short of the pitch in the higher notes. Mr. Hermann Weil had nothing better than his presentation of the part of Wotan since he first appeared with the company this season. His singing was more satisfactory than it has been in several respects, notably in its steadiness of tone. In the vehement passages in which his anger against Brunnhilde finds expression at the beginning of the third act his voice lost somewhat in musical quality, but much of it was recovered in his delivery of his farewell. There have been more impressive and imposing Wotans, but Mr. Weil's has many qualities of excellence.

Mme. Matzenauer also appeared for the first time as Fricka; her noble, rich, and powerful voice was never heard to better advantage, and her skill did much toward making her stormy interview with Wotan interesting and convincing. When he first appeared on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House last season Mr. Basil Ruysdael was in the part of Hunding in the first of the season's performances of "Die Walküre," which he did not again assume in the season. His singing showed a remarkable improvement yesterday afternoon, the unsteadiness that marked it has in large measure disappeared, and his voice is much freer in its production than it was upon that occasion. And especially notable was the excellence and clearness of his diction, in which few of his companions equaled him. Mme. Morena's Sieglinde is one of the most beautiful impersonations of the part that has been seen here—a most tender, passionate, and sympathetic one, of plastic grace in figure and pose. There was beauty, too, in her singing. Mme. Gadski's Brünnhilde was one of the dominating features of the performance, for she has never shown more splendor, power, and dramatic eloquence in her singing, and never a warmer or more spontaneous interpretation. The choir of the other Valkyries sang most admirably in the last act, with great vitality, and that stirring scene has seldom been set forth with more effectiveness.

GLUCK FOLLOWS WAGNER

Both on Programmes of Yesterday at the Metropolitan.

Even though Richard Wagner be the operatic Agamemnon, there were kings before him, and not the least of these was Christopher Willibald Gluck. Both Wagner and Gluck were on the programme of yesterday at the Metropolitan Opera House, and once again the true music lovers had a field day. The afternoon was devoted to the second performance of the king series and the first performance this season of "Die Walküre," and as at the opening, "Rheingold," Wagnerites both perfect and imperfect thronged to their Broadway mecca in almost unprecedented numbers. If popular interest is to be followed there seems no reason why there should not be another cycle before the close of the season.

If there is to be only one performance of "Die Walküre" this year, Alfred Hertz, who conducted the one of yesterday, may lay the unction to his soul that, all things considered, it was one of the best and most spirited that the Metropolitan has seen in recent years. There was, in fact, only one flaw in the presentation—the Siegmund of Heinrich Hensel. Mr. Hensel all but spoiled the Love Song with his hard, unsympathetic tones, tones without color or character. There were, too, elsewhere a lack of carrying power and at times a series of disastrous quarrels with the pitch. In short, Mr. Hensel's Germanic style is not agreeable to American ears.

But the Sieglinde of Mme. Morena, the Brünnhilde of Mme. Gadski, the Fricka of Mme. Matzenauer, and the Hunding of Mr. Ruysdael were superb, while Mr. Weil was a capable Wotan, and his eight winged daughters true Valkyrs all. Mme. Morena has always given an imaginative impersonation of the unfortunate Wolsung, but for the last two seasons her voice had sounded strangely worn. She proved yesterday that she has returned in greatly improved vocal condition, and her singing of the music was a delight. Mme. Gadski, too, had never sung better than yesterday, her upper tone being remarkably pure and powerful.

But perhaps heartiest praise of all should be given to Mr. Ruysdael. He made his American début last season in the same part—Hunding. At that time the reviewers heard a voice that had evidently natural beauties, but that faulty tone production rendered throaty and wobbly. A year's study has done wonders, and yesterday the singer revealed himself as a true bass, of voice both rich and resonant, while in addition his dramatic impersonation was more than usually effective. Mr. Ruysdael will undoubtedly become a most useful member of the company.

In the evening Gluck's "Armide," with which a year ago Mr. Gatti-Casazza chose to open the season, thereby throwing a Monday night audience into something approaching consternation, was the opera. Of course Mr. Caruso appeared as Renaud, and was no doubt partly responsible for the large audience, an audience, which rivalled in size, if not in unthinking enthusiasm, those of "Aida" or "Pagliacci." Mr. Caruso has often been reproached with absorbing the whole Metropolitan Opera Company into his own golden voice, as far as its drawing power went, but if he can continue to increase the popularity of such a work as Gluck's, his presence even in this respect may turn out a blessing.

Of course, despite Mr. Caruso's brave attempts to sing in a style not his own, the real star of the evening was Mme. Fremstad, which in all except her French diction exhausts superlative. Her Armide is a conception which she has vitalized and sent forth throbbing with life and uplifted by imagination; and, despite its manifold difficulties, a portrait worthy to stand with her Isolde, her Sieglinde, or her Kundry. More than this, she sang the music of Gluck with a majesty, a poignancy, an infinite sense of light and shade that made the part one which, vocally, she has never surpassed.

Of the others in the cast special mention should be made of Dinh Gilly's Ubalde, of Mrs. Homer's La Haine, of Mme. Naubourg's Phénice, and of Miss Sparkes's Sidonie. Mr. Toscanini conducted magnificently and the ballet did the best it knew how.

"Die Walküre" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. It was the second representation in the month long performance of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," and it was witnessed by an audience almost but not quite as large as that which had attended the beginning of the series. Yesterday's offering was of uneven merit, and it failed to sustain the high level of general excellence reached in "Das Rheingold." Berta Morena made her reappearance as a member of the company, singing *Sieglinde*, and Heinrich Hensel, who has been an absentee, returned as *Siegmund*.

It would seem somewhat harsh to say that much of the weakness of the performance was due to the disillusioning singing of these two, but certainly the beginning of the second act brought a new and inspiring atmosphere into the theatre. Mme. Morena began the first act in a promising manner; but before the end of the duo with *Siegmund* her voice had apparently become fatigued; the tones were tremulous and decidedly deficient in vibrancy and sustaining power. Her impersonation thenceforward had to rely on its sweet and graeious womanhood and the graceful beauty of its pose and action.

Mr. Hensel looked well as *Siegmund*, but was excessively stiff in movement. Whatever may have been his conception of the role of the hapless Volsung, it was buried hopelessly under a white shroud of icy and cheerless tone. If this tone had always been true to the pitch something might have been forgiven, but it frequently wandered far from *Hunding's* fireside. Mr. Ruysdael was an excellent *Hunding*. He has made progress and this is a subject for congratulation.

Mr. Weil as *Wotan*, Mme. Matzenauer as *Fricka* and Mme. Gadski as *Brünnhilde* made the second act open with new spirit. Mr. Weil is hardly weighty enough in voice or style for the chief god, but his impersonation was intelligent and full of excellently made points. Mme. Matzenauer's *Fricka* was majestic and her delivery was an example of Wagnerian declamation at its very best. It was not at all difficult to understand the moral defeat of *Wotan*.

Mme. Gadski was in good voice and she looked a picture. The manner in which she set the wild mountain echoes flying with her "Hojotoho" would have got a salvo of applause from any but a Wagnerian audience. Her entire impersonation called for high praise for most of its qualities, but the labored manner in which she sang most of the music of the third act could cause only regret. There was a competent choir of Valkyrs, and Mr. Hertz conducted with enthusiasm. It must be confessed, however, that the great waves of emotional music written by Wagner for the last scene between *Wotan* and *Brunnhilde* appeared yesterday afternoon in sharp profiles rather than in solid masses.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

A New Piano Concerto by a Composer Living in Baltimore.

There was another Philharmonic concert at Carnegie Hall last night. This time a novelty came from Baltimore to add festivity to the programme. According to the programme, it was a concerto for piano and orchestra in D minor, but as there are no such things as a piano and orchestra in D minor, it was obviously the concerto which was in that key. This concerto was composed by George Frederick Boyle, who was born in Australia in 1886 and is now a professor in the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore. His associate in that institution, Ernest Hutcheson, was the soloist, and Mr. Stransky temporarily resigned the baton to the composer.

Mr. Boyle is a very young composer and his concerto showed that he has gifts worth cultivating. The thematic materials of the composition were dignified and musical in character and they had in them the promise of most interesting development. But the composer with the prodigality of youth strove to put into the piano part such a prodigious wealth of figuration and technical efflorescence that he left himself little room for working out of a more solid musical character.

The first and second movements of the concerto are connected, the first full stop being made at the end of the second. The most satisfying musical effect was made by this slow movement, albeit its cantilena was somewhat broken and disjointed. But it had something more like what the Germans call "stimmung" than either of the other two. Mr. Hutcheson played his part of the concerto brilliantly, but not always with clarity. The other numbers on the programme were Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture, the "Morceau Symphonique" from Franck's "Redemption" and Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony.

GLUCK AT THE OPERA.

"Armide" and Mr. Caruso Heard by a Good Sized Audience.

"Armide," Gluck's imposing version of the Rinaldo story, had its second performance at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The audience was very large and it would be most pleasant to think that this was entirely due to a growth of Gluck's work in popularity. But doubtless, the fact that Mr. Caruso, who sings three times this week, made his only appearance before subscribers, had no small influence on the attendance. There was an opportunity to hear the popular tenor in "Rigoletto" on Tuesday night and he will sing again to-morrow evening in "Pagliacci," but both these performances are outside the subscription list.

Last night Mr. Caruso distinguished himself by singing Gluck's music better than at any previous appearance as *Renaud*. There was a greater suavity in his cantilena and a finer finish in his phrasing. Mr. Caruso's great public favor never tempts him to slight his art, and his improvement in this part must be set down to the sincerity with which he approaches all his duties.

Mme. Fremstad's *Armide* is an imposing impersonation. She was in good voice last night and sang with great nobility of style. Mme. Homer returned to the rôle of *La Haine*, which she sang excellently. Messrs. Amato and Gilly were again admirable as *Hidraot* and *Ubalde*. Mr. Toscanini conducted with fine skill.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

A New Concerto by George F. Boyle—Schubert, Franck, and Tschaikowsky

A new concerto for piano appears rarely on the programmes of the orchestral concerts of the present time, and such an appearance, as was made at the Philharmonic Society's concert last evening is of more than passing note. The concerto was by George Frederick Boyle, a young Australian, and was played by Ernest Hutcheson, also an Australian. Both live now in Baltimore, where they are of the Faculty of the Peabody Institute. Mr. Hutcheson has several time played in New York, but Mr. Boyle's name was hitherto strange to the New York public, though he has composed industriously.

His concerto is an interesting composition, showing unquestionably talent and originality, though the talent has still, in some ways, to "find itself." Mr. Boyle thinks and writes in modern idioms. The manner of the modern French school has not escaped his notice entirely, though his music is by no means cast in its formulas. Nor has he sought to avoid usual methods in the construction of solo concertos. There is a long orchestral introduction; the opening of the first movement has a gloomy and propulsive energy, which continues through much of this movement. The intermezzo is of unconventional character, of a rhapsodical spirit, and there are interesting rhythmical characteristics in this. The last is much involved in brilliant passage work and seems on the whole to have less consistency and continuity in its development than the other two. Mr. Boyle has real musical ideas that he has expressed with skill in this concerto. His harmonic treatment of them is wholly modern in feeling, sometimes courting dissonance, sometimes hinting at the characteristic intervals and progressions that have come out of Paris. But the music has an individual stamp and is far removed from the commonplace.

The composer's style is very free and fluent, fully commanding the modern pianistic idiom and making the instrument "sound"; perhaps there devolves upon the solo performer something of an excess of complicated and elaborate passage work. The orchestration is skillful and sonorous; and the work as a whole is extremely effective and "grateful" for the solo player. Mr. Hutcheson played it with much brilliancy and power, possibly with somewhat more stress upon these qualities than upon the deeper intentions of the composer, but certainly with much zeal and conviction. Mr. Boyle himself conducted, and both the composer and the player were warmly applauded and several times recalled.

The "Morceau Symphonique" from the middle of César Franck's oratorio of "The Redemption" had been played in New York before, but not by the Philharmonic Society; nor is it likely to be a permanent addition to its repertory. The music seems to lack much of the characteristic flavor of César Franck. It has, of course, a significance of its own in the scheme of the oratorio, but, played as a cornet piece, is rather dull music.

Not so is Schubert's overture to "Rosamunde," with which the programme opened—music that is as fresh and delightful to-day as it was ninety years ago, and that Mr. Stransky played with a quite special delicacy, animation, and euphony. Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony came at the end, and in this Mr. Stransky sought sincerely for true musical results rather than for those that would easiest make a sensation, though these lie at times near the surface, especially in the last movement, which, for all the haunting charm of the folk tune used in it, is not a stranger to blatant vulgarity.

"Die Walkure."

Yesterday afternoon the second of the "Ring" performances took place, this having been the first presentation this year of the "Walküre." In some ways it was excellent, whereas in others it was unsatisfactory. Mme. Morena—her first appearance this year—was the Sieglinde, Mme. Gadski the Brünnhilde, and Mme. Matzenauer Fricka. Siegmund was sung by Hensel, Wotan by Weil, and Hunding by Ruysdael.

It was a pleasure to see Mme. Morena once more in the rôle of Sieglinde; she is beautiful to look at, and her expressive face pictures Sieglinde's joy and woe with equal success. Her acting is characterized by much warmth, and yesterday her voice was in better condition, especially in the upper register, than it has been at times. Mr. Hensel was a fairly good Siegmund. He acts and looks the part well, but is not so happy vocally. Many of his upper notes were flat and he has forced a lyric voice to become dramatic, quite against its possibilities, and he seems to have destroyed whatever sensuous beauty it may once have possessed. He sings constantly with a white voice caused by forcing. As he is young, he may easily cure these defects, if he is willing to change his method.

Mme. Gadski and Mme. Matzenauer were both in splendid voice, and, moreover, each was a picture in her way—Fricka majestic and commanding, a goddess, indeed, and Brünnhilde, youthful, slim, full of vitality. The duel between the two dominating forces for the control of Wotan was the striking one. Contrasted with them he seemed a weak creature indeed. It is to be regretted that Mr. Weil has adopted the prevailing German conception of the arbiter of Volsung destinies. He is no worse, no better than the recent Wotans we have seen. Here is no god, simply a cross man who sputters and makes every one else suffer for his sins. He bullies Brünnhilde because he may, and gives in weakly to Fricka because he must. There is no dignity about this conception of Brünnhilde's father. Mr. Weil sings the part very well; less explosively than some Wotans we have heard, for which much thanks. Mr. Ruysdael was a gigantic and satisfactory Hunding. The orchestra was superb under Mr. Hertz's enthusiastic leadership. He wisely and liberally cut the score, and, beginning at 1:30, or a bit later, finished the opera at 5:12. Bravo, Mr. Hertz.

The least satisfactory features of the performance were scenic. The scenery of the second act does not improve upon acquaintance. It is the least satisfactory setting the "Walküre" has ever had in New York. There is no effect of height and grandeur such as there should be. The clouds seemed to be having a vacation, for long before the fight, and while Hunding and Siegmund were supposed to be lost in their mazes, they were hastily run up out of sight, and the consequent effect of the too-visible struggle, the stepping out of Wotan from a hole in the scenery and the hasty descent of a steep flight of stairs by Brünnhilde—all left with no protecting veil—were raw, to say the least. In the last act the Valkyries arrived in lady-like fashion on pleasant summer clouds, with no lightning flash of warning, while one overworked drop, representing a few harmless clouds, moved up and down apparently by clock-work, so insistent was its movement, until finally it became an obsession. On the other hand, the magic fire was better than usual, so far as the quantity of flame was concerned. The Roman-candle effects might well be spared.

Philharmonic Concert.

Mr. Stransky has a rare gift for programme-making, and he appeals to all tastes in the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. Since he arrived, the variety has been surprising and most welcome. There have been few repetitions, in spite of the number of concerts, and these repetitions have been of masterpieces only, such compositions as it would be a delight to hear again and again each year. Last night's concert once more proved the catholicity of Mr. Stransky's taste, Schubert's melodious "Rosamunde" overture, which was played most beautifully; a concerto for piano and orchestra written by a young Australian, George Frederick Boyle, and played by another Australian, Ernest Hutcheson; César Franck's "Morceau Symphonique," from "The Redemption," and last, but far from least, Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony, the one he wrote especially for his friend, Mme. von Meck, and which he calls "our symphony" in his letters to her.

Mr. Boyle conducted his own composition, and conducted it well. The first movement contains the most interesting material, some of it piquantly so, but Mr. Boyle has hardly enough to say to make the subject last as long as is necessary to fill out the concerto form, although he has had the wisdom not to make his composition over-long. Mr. Hutcheson played it admirably, with a technical command of the key-board which is noticeable even in this day of remarkable technique. The composer was fortunate to have such an interpreter for his work.

Frauck's "Morceau Symphonique" is not calculated to convert those who are skeptical as to his greatness. In common with all the moderns, he has a great command of orchestral effects, but what does that count unless there are ideas to express? In the first and last numbers of the programme there were ideas in abundance. Schubert's "Rosamunde" is full of them, fresh, spontaneous, altogether lovely; and the Tchaikovsky symphony is erowded with beauties, beauties of invention as well as of orchestration. Mr. Stransky's readiug of it was stirring and splendid from the first dramatic "kernel of the symphony," the fate motive, as Tchaikovsky says, to the jubilant ending, where he and his men rose to a great climax. The second and third movements are altogether the most fascinating. The luscious melody of the slow movement sounds like the gentle melancholy cooing of a wood dove, then loses itself for a few measures in the intoxicating memories of youth, only to return once more to its half-happy sadness. However, it is in the "pizzicato ostinato" that Tchaikovsky does his greatest work. It sounds like a Mephistophelian serenade played on a giant guitar, rising and falling from an uncanny *pianissimo* to an equally unearthly *mezza forte*, and breaking off in the middle, with a hint of a distant military band, the martial sound of trombones, the squeal of piccolos. This is soon cut short by the return of the pizzicato for all the strings, an inspiration of genius in the matter of orchestral color. The orchestra showed its virtuosity by performing this difficult movement as if they had been one man. No orchestra could have surpassed them, and when it comes to color and body it would be difficult to find another to equal them.

There was a most welcome change in the atmosphere of the hall last night, which made the music still more enjoyable. Assurance has been given that Philharmonic audiences, at any rate, will no longer be compelled to breathe carbonic acid gas instead of air.

Fe 10 1912

"LOBETANZ" AT THE OPERA

A New Pianoforte Concerto at the Philharmonic.

Concerts by the Philharmonic Society follow so fast upon each other's heels nowadays that it is almost a weariness to read even the merest record of their details. It is therefore always a pleasure when curiosity is irritated, or attention piqued, by a novelty in the programmes or particular excellence in the performances. Both things happened to the audiences in attendance on the concerts of Thursday evening and yesterday afternoon. The solo feature of the concerts was music composed and performed by musicians from the Antipodes. Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, whom we have known for a decade as a pianist whose ministrations have gone out from the Peabody Conservatory at Baltimore (he used to play duets with Mr. Randolph), played the solo part of a pianoforte concerto in D minor composed by George Frederick Boyle, who conducted the orchestra on both occasions. Mr. Boyle is also a resident of Baltimore just now, but he and Mr. Hutcheson are English Australians—or Australian Englishmen—Mr. Boyle hailing from Sydney, Mr. Hutcheson from Melbourne. Considering their blood and musical training, the fact that they came from the other side of the earth is inconsequential. Mr. Boyle's composition smacks of Europe (it is a little more Germanic-Gallic than Anglican), and so does Mr. Hutcheson's playing. There is a sterling quality in it. It is virile in idea, strong, assertive—perhaps not thoroughly well balanced as between the solo instrument and its associates. He does not quite carry out the idea which lies at the basis of the concerto form—i. e., of a controversy between the two agencies—for the orchestra begins timidly and the pianoforte with almost impertinent assurance, and though the orchestra plucks up courage later, it is plain throughout that the composer was thinking always more of the solo instrument than of its companions. But there are few concertos in which this is not the case, and Mr. Boyle never permits his orchestra to sink to the level of a mere accompanist. If there is a fault in his concerto in this respect it lies in the fact that the composer seemed to have less command of the orchestral than of the pianoforte language. And so the public seemed disposed to pay greater tribute to the solo performer than to the composer of the music, which, without disrespect to Mr. Hutcheson (who deserved well at the hands of the audience), was a pity—creation is a loftier process than interpretation, even when the latter achieves its highest estate and becomes re-creation. One thing can be said of the concerto—it did not lower the dignity of a Philharmonic Society's programme, as some other compositions performed this year have done.

The symphonic fragment from César Franck's "La Redemption," also played (as with the overture to "Rosamunde" and Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony), was a quasi-novelty, though we believe it has been heard here since Mr. Walter Damrosch brought it out in New York for the first time some six years ago. To share the enthusiasm of the disciples of César Franck touching this and much else of his music, one must become imbued with the religious mysticism which seems to come naturally to the French, but with great difficulty to the people of remoter Teutonic origin. The composition has moments of lofty beauty, especially in its contrasts of moods; but unless one can put aside his æsthetic judgment in favor of pious sentimentality it is somewhat difficult to find dignity, beauty and propriety in the trombone theme, which, we fancy, was intended by Franck to be a symbol of Christian faith.

At the opera last night Thuille's opera, "Lobetanz," was repeated. Despite its admirable music, its beautiful stage pictures and its excellent performance it cannot be said that the opera brings that conviction to the mind of the listener which is essential to its recognition as a really great work of art. It is too incongruous; too full of evidences that the librettist and composer were novices in their art. Every scene has a prototype, and every prototype is a masterpiece in its place. But what have these prototypes to do with the drama "Lobetanz"? It is built on them—crudely built on them, of course—that is only too obvious. Careless minded persons have said that the whole thing is comic opera and that the likenesses do not matter. But if an artist reproduces a familiar thing (whether musical, dramatic or pictorial) so obviously that it cannot fail of notice he does it either for the purpose of parody or as a confession that he needs it and cannot invent anything in its place. The librettist of "Lobetanz," though a great poet, was a novice as a dramatist. There were operatic scenes which all the world knew, and which he recognized as effective—the scene between Parsifal and the Flower Maidens; the scenes in "Die Meistersinger" and "Tannhäuser," at the song contests; the love scene in "Tristan und Isolde"; the forest scene in "Siegfried"; the last scene in "Tannhäuser." These he welded together in most incongruous fashion to tell a story which has real poetic beauty, and which has haunted the human imagination in its essentials for ages—in fact, ever since the Orphic myth came into existence. But because he did not know how to invent, or construct, he brought them into company awkwardly, rudely, inconsistently, and robbed an excellent musician of an opportunity to create a lyric drama which has enough good music in it to stamp it as a masterpiece.

The careless attitude of some critics that "Lobetanz" is merely a comic opera will never save it. It was conceived in a serious romantic vein by both poet and composer. So small is the knowledge of its real nature that even its title has been misinterpreted. "Lobetanz" is not "Merry Dance," but the name of a dance of considerable antiquity. It is what in the sixteenth century in Germany was called a "Verlobungstanz"—a betrothal dance—which in at least one section of Germany was practised for the purpose of bringing young people into company in the hope that marriage engagements might ensue. Like the dances which are now occupying a large part of the public attention, they finally called for the attention of the legal officials. But some of the old German folksongs tell of "Lobetänze" in which the angels participated in heaven.

Dort in dem Himmel.
Das ist ein Lobetanz;
Dort tanzen alle Engel
Um einen Rosenkranz.

Even the Virgin Mary is pictured as taking part in this ancient dance. The final scene of Thuille's opera, in which executioner, judge and everybody in the scene begin to waltz to the fiddler's tune before the scaffold and in the presence of the moribund heroine, is so utterly incongruous and inartistic that an effort was made in Munich (where the composer lived and was much admired) to save the opera by eliminating the dance. It failed; and so did the opera. That will also be its fate here; but for the sake of the music it might be wished that the artistic intelligence of the Opera House had turned toward it before its career (doomed to be short) had begun.

Caruso will not endure forever; somebody ought to be looking out for a repertory. Just now Wagner is a particular blessing.

H. E. K.

Tu 9/12

LAST CHANSON EN CRINOLINE.

Mme. Maggie Teyte and Edmond Clement in Old Frenh Songs.

The last of this season's series of Chansons en Crinoline arranged by Mrs. R. W. Hawkesworth were given yesterday morning at the Plaza before a large and fashionable assembly. The artists were Mme. Maggie Teyte, Edmond Clement, Mme. Annie Louise David, harpist, and Charles Kurth, flautist. Andre Benoit was at the piano.

The stage was set to represent the gardens at Versailles, and the artists appeared in French Court costumes. The programme was made up of old French songs and arias and duets from French operas.

There were a number of luncheon parties after the entertainment. Among those giving small affairs were Mrs. Stephen H. P. Pell, Mrs. Frederic W. Whitridge, Mrs. Stephen G. Whitney, Mrs. Eastman Johnson, Mrs. Bradley Martin, and Mrs. William H. Wickham.

Among the boxholders and subscribers present were Mrs. J. Herbert Johnson, Mrs. Charles W. Harkness, Mrs. John O. H. Pitney Van Buren, Mrs. John D. Archbold, Mrs. Sylvester L. Schoonmaker, Mrs. Edwin Gould, Mrs. Barclay Parsons, Mrs. Adolph Lewisohn, Mrs. Bertram Borden, Mrs. R. A. C. Smith, and Mrs. [illegible] bach.

Tu 12 9 1912

ITALIAN MUSICIANS FILL A PROGRAMME

Compositions From the Sunny Land Give Much Pleasure to the Symphony Audience.

MR. CONSOLO PLAYS PIANO

Early Concerto of Giovanni Sgambati Performed for First Time in This City.

Before departing on a tour of two weeks Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra offered an audience at the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon a concert of Italian music. The programme embraced compositions written in the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The list began with a string concerto of Vivaldi, arranged by Sam Franko. This delightful composition, with its clear cut melodies and its ingenious treatment of the concertion instruments, and with the bright contrasts made with the tutti passages was apparently enjoyed greatly by the audience. Messrs. Mannes and Saslavsky played the solo parts skilfully.

The second number was far removed in style from the first. This second was Rossini's familiar "William Tell" overture. It was most brilliantly performed by the orchestra. The applause showed that the wizardry of the Meyerbeer of the south (but a greater than Meyerbeer of the north) had lost none of its potency. The theatrical eloquence of the old overture could hardly make itself more clearly felt than it did yesterday, when the work was included in a programme of pieces of higher artistic quality than it could boast.

The third number was Giovanni Sgambati's piano concerto, which strangely enough had then to obtain its first hearing in this city. The work is more than thirty years old and it is little short of wonderful that local pianists have not taken it up. It is indeed not a masterpiece, but it is replete with alluring qualities both for the player and the hearer. Its themes are attractive, its developments occupy the solo performer and keep him in the foreground of the picture, and yet nevertheless the orchestra has interesting things to sing and its music is organically united with that of the piano part.

The piano is called upon to sing charming legato melodies and to flash through scintillating technical figures artistically derived from the melodic subject matter of the composition. The first movement, which is a trifle too long, is the most elaborately constructed of the three. It is the music of a scholar who is also a pianist and a real composer. The cadenza is masterly.

The short romanza, which is the slow movement, is charming and provides opportunity for the display of the piano's best powers in the matter of sustaining tone. The third movement is in a measure disappointing, for the reason that the promising first theme does not yield much of substance in the development, and the second theme is almost trivial.

But on the whole it is a good concerto and the piano part is so grateful that players ought to give the composition their attention. Even a mediocre pianist might hope for some success with the work. Ernesto Consolo, who played the piano yesterday, has hitherto been heard mostly as a chamber music artist, but he disclosed the right to be accepted in the ranks of the virtuosi. His performance was technically good, and in some passages excellent, while his musical appreciation of the concerto and his communication of it to his hearers wholly admirable.

The other numbers on the programme were Sinigaglia's overture to "Le Baruffe Chiozotte," two intermezzi from Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna," soon to be given here by Mr. Dippel's company, and the intermezzo from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." Since the intermezzi from the Wolf-Ferrari opera could signify but little apart from their surroundings, it will be better to defer comment on them till they make their proper bow in the opera house.

RUSSIAN SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Fourth Popular Sunday Afternoon Performance With a Varied Programme.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra gave its fourth popular Sunday afternoon concert yesterday at Carnegie Hall. There were two soloists, Luba d'Alexandrowskaya, a young Russian pianist from St. Petersburg, and Mme. Namara-Toye, the young California soprano, who had made a first appearance here at the society's concert last Saturday evening. Conductor Altschuler's programme was of an extremely varied texture, but appropriate for the occasion and of much interest. It contained Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic suite "Scheherazade," Grieg's pianoforte concerto, a serenade by Mary Lawrence Townsend (first time), a berceuse and "Dance of the Gnomes," from the suite "Nur and Anitra," by Ilyinsky; two Caucasian sketches, "In the Aul" and "March Sardar," by Ippolitow Ivanow, and two arias from Verdi's "Traviata" and Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" respectively.

Mme. d'Alexandrowskaya's playing of the Grieg concerto was on the whole very interesting. It at times lacked the distinction that contains delicate poetry and finish. But, again, her style had admirable qualities to recommend it. She played with confidence, facility of technic and a spirit that was delightfully exhilarating. She made a favorable impression upon the audience.

Mrs. Townsend, whose "Serenade" was heard, is a composer living in Washington. She has written other compositions, one of which, a "Sandringham March," is said to have been played at Monte Carlo during a visit there of the late King Edward. The orchestra presented her work in an able manner and showed it to be a quaint, graceful sort of little piece, with some melody effects that were quite charming.

Mme. Namara-Toye sang an aria during each half of the programme and did herself much fuller justice than at her début. Her singing was more sustained, her style more dignified. She is equipped with a voice of real beauty. It is a pity she does not always use it to best advantage.

Alexander Heinemann's Recital.

Alexander Heinemann, barytone, was heard in a recital yesterday at the Belasco Theatre. His programme contained songs by Loewe, Schubert, Schumann, Rubinstein, Mendelssohn, Wolf, Strauss, Hermann, Kämpf and Haile. Those by the last three composers were sung for the first time here. The fourth group consisted of German folk songs. Mr. Heinemann makes a specialty of lieder singing. His style is well known here and so does not need a delineating comment. Suffice it to say that his graphic method of saying first stress upon the text of the songs he presents is rich in its resources. He sang to a large audience.

SGAMBATI'S CONCERTO.

A Work Over Thirty Years Old a New York Novelty.

Walter Damrosch devoted the programme of the concert of the Symphony Society yesterday afternoon entirely to Italian music, making his selections from composers scattered through three centuries. Gustav Mahler had attempted a similar experiment one seldom tried in symphony programmes—last season with the Philharmonic Society, but Mr. Mahler's results were not so interesting as Mr. Damrosch's. The conductor of the Philharmonic had banished dramatic music from his scheme, and it is in dramatic music that the Italian composers, with few exceptions, have made their mark.

There was some opera music yesterday, but perhaps the most interesting feature of the afternoon was music by a composer who has had nothing to do with the writing of lyric dramas in a country where nothing else is fashionable. Giovanni Sgambati's concerto for pianoforte received its first performance in New York on this occasion.

As long ago as 1882 the composer, who is a pupil of Liszt and a brilliant pianist, played the work in London at a concert given by the Philharmonic Society. It seemed hard to understand yesterday why the concerto had waited so long for a New York hearing. It is interesting, full of nobility of purpose and seriousness of intent. Perhaps it is just this seriousness which might keep it from becoming popular.

The romance, which is the second movement of the work, seems little short of being inspired. The pianist plays a melody in sustained notes, while his other fingers play a staccato accompaniment. The effect is extremely beautiful, especially when the music receives such a performance as was yesterday's.

The first movement is in the form of a serious dialogue between the piano and the orchestra, beginning with a very long introduction for the orchestra, after which the piano alternates with the instruments. The finale partakes of the nature of a rondo.

Ernesto Consolo played the work yesterday, and played it well. His performance of the second movement was really remarkable.

The other novelty on the programme was the performance of the two intermezzi from Wolf-Ferrari's new work, "I Giojelli della Madonna." As the opera itself is to be heard at the Metropolitan within the month, it does not seem necessary to make any extended comment on these excerpts, except to say that they bear out the composer's assertion that this work is not written in the style of his other operas which have been heard here, and to mention the fact that the audience received their performance with enthusiasm.

The orchestra, in fact, [illegible] fine mettle. It gave a really inspiring performance of Rossini's overture to "William Tell," which seldom of late years receives a place in serious symphonic schemes. It seems necessary here to compliment Mr. Barrere and the other soloists called for in this score. The programme further included one of Vivaldi's concertos for strings, arranged by Sam Franko, and probably played by him at one of his Concerts of Old Music, and the intermezzo from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut."

ALEXANDER HEINEMANN.

German Lieder Singer Gives a Concert in the Belasco Theatre.

Alexander Heinemann, a German lieder singer, who made several appearances here last season and who has been heard here in miscellaneous concerts this season, gave his first song recital of the year yesterday afternoon in the Belasco Theatre. He is one of the school of dramatic song singers, with which Germany abounds, but he has considerably more voice than some of the singers of this school and sings many songs with genuinely artistic effect.

His programme yesterday included Loewe's "Der Selt'ne Beter," Schubert's "Litanei" and "Im Grünen," Schumann's "Belsazar," Rubinstein's "Der Asra," Mendelssohn's "Gruss" and "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," Wolf's "Storchenbotschaft," Strauss's "Traum durch die Dämmerung," Kämpf's "Liebesfrühling," Eugen Haile's "Teufelsfled" and "Über den Bergen," Hans Hermann's "Der Musikant," and several folk songs. John Mandelbrod played the accompaniments.

Yesterday's Fill of Concerts.

The busiest day of the concert season was yesterday, albeit it was a Sunday and hypothetically a day of rest. How many small and unannounced things were on the carpet need not be told—cannot, in fact—but these were the things of size and significance: A concert of Italian music at the Century Theatre by the Symphony Society, with some novelties calculated to plque curiosity, in the afternoon; simultaneously a song recital by Alexander Heinemann at the Belasco Theatre, also a concert of Russian music by the Russian Symphony Society at Carnegie Hall. These were the offerings of the afternoon in the Borough of Manhattan, but across the East River there was a concert of the same serious import by the New York Philharmonic Society. Then (in order that neither time nor opportunity should be permitted to go to waste) there was a concert by Kubelik (whose managers have not forgotten their first lessons from Mr. Dan Frohman) in the Hippodrome in the evening, and also the usual miscellaneous concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, made interesting this time by the participation of Miss Farlow and the production of a new work by a local composer, Mr. Christiaan Kriens, in which another attempt was made to entere the Dutch musical idiom upon our attention. We say "another attempt" because Mr. Kriens had had his say at least twice before at concerts of the Barrère Ensemble with his "Aquarelles Hollandaises," and had won so much approbation from reviewers and the public as must have satisfied him, if there is such a thing as satisfying any composer—which we greatly doubt.

Under the circumstances careful and detailed consideration can be given to nothing. The composition which challenged the most interest in the afternoon was Sgambati's concerto in G minor for pianoforte and orchestra, of which the solo part was played by Mr. Ernesto Consolo. It had not been heard before in New York; indeed Signor Sgambati's music has been sadly and undeservedly neglected. As one of the few Italian composers who have devoted their attention to higher musical forms than the opera he has deserved better at our hands. There was too much raggedness in the orchestral part to encourage a very energetic expression of opinion concerning the work as a whole, but there was no denying the original charm of the second movement—a romanza—in which Mr. Consolo produced a really astonishing effect in broad cantilena by skilful use of the sostenuto pedal. The solo performance was throughout solid, dignified and brilliant and did honor to the composer as well as the player.

A novelty which challenged more interest (because of circumstances) proved much less interesting than the concerto. This was an excerpt (or two excerpts—orchestral intermezzi) from Wolf-Ferrari's latest opera, "I Giojelli della Madonna," which thus far has been heard only in Berlin and Chicago. The pieces did not measure up to what the other works of the composer justified the listeners in expecting. Obviously they depend for their effectiveness largely on their association with the incidents of the drama. Baldly presented, as they were yesterday, the first invited recollections of the serenade in the prelude to "Cavalleria rusticana," and the second, a waltz, of the song of unlucky things in "La Mascotte." Yet the pieces were delightfully harmonized and orchestred. Otherwise the Italian composers of three generations had representation by a concerto grosso (with two violins as the concertino) by Vivaldi, the overture to "William Tell," Sinigaglia's overture to Goldoni's comedy "Le Baruffe Chiozotte" and the intermezzo from Puccini's opera "Manon Lescaut"—a really expressive bit of dramatic writing descriptive of Manon's journey to Havre to join the passengers of the prison ship, and in which utterance is given to Des Grieux's resolve to follow his love to the ends of the earth.

Mr. Kriens's composition was only one feature of an extremely interesting concert at the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening, for Miss Farlow played the Paganini concerto and other things in her best style. Mr. Smirnoff sang unusually well for him. Mr. Rothier added to the general pleasure, and Mme. Fremstad carried all hearts captive with Elizabeth's entrance air from "Tannhäuser" and a group of Norwegian songs, to say nothing of "Les Filles de Cadix," which she sang after the opera air. The new work, though it has been published and heard abroad, had its first performance in America. It is a suite in four movements, and Mr. Kriens calls it "In Holland." Fluent and ingratiating are all its four movements ("Morning on the Zuyder Zee," "The Dutch Mill," "Evening Sounds" and "Wooden Shoe Dance"), though if there was a Dutch flavor about it it was scarcely distinguishable. But it was pleasing music, and the public enjoyed it.

H. E. K.

Kubelik Has Farewell Concert in Hippodrome

Supported by Damrosch Orchestra, He Fills the Vast Building to Its Full Capacity.

Jan Kubelik, who now, on his own authority may be styled "The Millionaire Violinist," gave the first of a series of "farewell concerts," at the Hippodrome last night. These farewells will be celebrated in the various Eastern cities, but his appearance at the Hippodrome last evening had, it is believed, the dignity of a final appearance in New York—for the season.

At any rate there was the Kubelik crowd present, which means that the house was literally filled to overflowing.

Usually Kubelik has depended on his own unaided efforts to fill the Hippodrome, but last night he invoked the assistance of Walter Damrosch and the orchestra of the New York Symphony Society. Most wisely he arranged a "popular" programme, his principal numbers being Saint Saëns's Concerto in B minor; Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscow," and Paganini's "Campanella." In all of these he displayed that mechanical perfection, exceptionally brilliant technique, dash and dexterity, which have made him such a favorite with the million and which have been his pleasing agents in the garnering of that other million.

The orchestra contributed Dvorak's "Carnival" overture; Mendelssohn's "Spring Song;" and ballroom scene from Tschalkowsky's opera, "Eugene Onegin."

A New "Siegfried."

Just a few minutes before the beginning of yesterday afternoon's performance of "Siegfried," announcement was made from the stage that Mr. Burrian was hoarse, and that Mr. Hensel would replace him in the title rôle. It may be said in the latter's favor that he somewhat improved the impression he created in "Walküre" last week. His singing, while far from perfect, was a good deal better, and he forced his voice less. To the eye Mr. Hensel is a pleasing Siegfried—tall, slender, and really youthful in appearance. His acting, unfortunately, was marred by exaggerated posings and posturings—particularly in the first act. Mr. Hensel should remember that dramatic emphasis is not gained by waving and flourishing one's arms like a windmill. Mme. Morena was beautiful and appealing as Brünhilde, but the music often taxes her voice severely. The rest of the cast was familiar, Mr. Griswold a noble Wanderer, and Mme. Matzenauer singing the music of Erda with thrilling beauty. Goritz and Reiss were incomparable, as always, and Mr. Hertz has seldom read the sublime score with more overpowering effect.

Debussy's "St. Sebastien."

Last night at Carnegie Hall, Mr. Kurt Schindler and the MacDowell chorus, assisted by the Philharmonic Orchestra, gave portions of Debussy's latest work, the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastien," the words being by d'Annunzio. It might prove more interesting if it were given with the stage accessories, as it was at the Châtelet in Paris last spring, but in concert form the result was dull. It was not even frankly Debussyish; but sounded, much of it, like the vague chanting of Catholic priests, who usually wander far from the key. Once in a while the ecclesiastical effect was good, as in the song of the Virgin Mary, but so Mr. Debussy forgot that he was writing for the Christian Virgin, and differentiated very little between the mother of Christ and the pagan Virgin Erigone. If he had relied invention, he could well have given a very pure and uplifted song to this other virgin, and yet produced a marked contrast for Mary. Once again the ecclesiastic color was interesting, in the chorus of martyrs who greet Sebastien when his soul reaches Heaven. It is strange that, since with Mr. Debussy color effects are the end and aim of art, he should have missed the opportunity of a very striking one. Why did he give the voice of the saint's soul to a woman? What it needs is the impersonal detached tone of a boy soprano, and the effect would have been almost thrilling, nearly so as Mr. Debussy's effects can. Even the "martial vigor and splendor" of the horns, trumpets, and drums in the prelude to "The Court of the False Gods" in a mezzo forte splendor, rather chilly, when one remembers how glorious a real burst of the brass may sound when there are ideas to express, which is not the case with Mr. Debussy's work. His themes are puerile five-finger exercises, for the most part. The "blurring together all the semitones of the European scale" may look well on paper but does not sound well when reproduced by an orchestra, and at present we are hardened to strange dissonances—to modes, and Oriental scales—that they may become quite commonplace.

Altogether, the choruses of the women are the best part of the work, although the "Chorus Seraphicus" is made ugly by forcing the soprano voices to almost unattainable heights. The first humming choruses, the "Chorus Mysticus," before any words are sung, make a pleasing effect, and the "Chorus of the Syrian Women" the composer has for a short time produced a rather interesting effect of Oriental rhythmic monotony in the accompaniment, the voices themselves wander aimlessly in a field of many keys, their grief having made them forget all sense of tonality. This may be realism, but it is not the kind one cares to listen to.

The work was done exceedingly well, showed evidence of much rehearsing. The chorus quality is beautiful, but why not use it for other things better worth hearing? Miss Maggie Teyte has just the cool freshness of voice which this music demands, and she has been trained in the Debussy atmosphere, but it does not show what she can do as an artist, as a real singer. Nevin did Saint-Saëns's "La Nuit," his opus 11, has some charming moments when the nightingale sings and the voice answers, and these Miss Teyte sang beautifully.

chorus deserves much praise for its clear enunciation of the French text. Even in English it is difficult to make the words of chorus singing comprehensible.

Other numbers on the programme were the bridal chorus from Chabrier's "Gwendoline," which has a well-worked-up finale, and the "Hymn to Apollo," from the same composer's "Briseïs." The latter shows some good part writing for voices, and confirmed the favorable impression made last year, when the MacDowell chorus sang several excerpts from this same work, under Mr. Schindler's able guidance.

A Concert of French Music, and Something by Debussy.

The conviction most deeply impressed upon the vast majority of the listeners at last night's concert by the McDowell Chorus, aside from all experiences of pleasure and pain, must have been that the artistic management of the institution feels that it has a mission and is determined to fulfil it at all hazards. Whether that mission is to propagate love and knowledge of music, or cultivate an affectation which will in the end cure itself by its own destruction remains to be seen. There ought to be no doubt as to the outcome. Some music that had bone and muscle and marrow in it was performed, but it was not in the excerpts from Debussy's latest work, "St. Sebastien," of which we have heard so much of late, but in those from Chabrier's "Gwendoline" and "Brises" The former was anything but old Saxon or Danish, the latter anything but ancient Greek; but it had musical sanity, and did not affect to give delineation to the music of a period in which there was no harmony (or, if any harmony, of a rudimentary kind) by mixing all the semi-tones of the scale in dissonant combinations of sounds and send them floating through the atmosphere to the irritation of ear, fancy and emotion and the disturbance of every conception which has prevailed throughout the world since beauty came to bless it. An ecstatic analytical programme bade the audience hear a celestial chorus "speak that which no mortal ear can hear." Unhappily, that angelic host was not on hand; the other angels, however, sang music which no mortal ear ought ever be asked to hear. But the patience of the audience was wonderful, its attitude being something like that of the pious Oriental before his idol—knowing that it was ugly he felt that it was great. The listeners sat still in awe, except when they applauded Miss Teyte, as they were in duty bound to do. "Some people," said Sir Thomas Browne, "are able to see merit in the chaos of its elements and to descry perfection in the greatest obscurity of nothing." There must have been many such in the handsome audience which endured the extraordinary music of Debussy last night.

H. E. K.

"SIEGFRIED" AT MATINEE

Given for First Time in Ring Series to Huge Audience.

"Siegfried" received its first performance in the Ring series yesterday afternoon, and despite the fact that the Metropolitan Opera House had already seen it three times before this season, the audience was a huge one. Truly to the New York public Richard is himself again! There were only two singers in the cast who had not appeared before this season—the Siegfried of Heinrich Hensel and the Brünnhilde of Miss Morena.

Mr. Hensel, who, owing to Mr. Burgan's indisposition, was called upon to sing at the last moment, did remarkably well, far better than at either of his previous appearances as Lohengrin or Siegmund. Dramatically he was admirable; in appearance a true young hero, tall, handsome and virile—in short, quite the finest looking Siegfried that the Metropolitan has seen in some years. Vocally, too, despite his poor method of tone emission, he was acceptable. Mr. Hensel has a fine voice naturally. Why will he not learn to sing in other than the German fashion? Mme. Morena was in good voice and gave a truly beautiful picture of the awakening Brünhilde. Mr. Griswold's noble voice was a delight in the part of the wanderer, and Mr. Reiss, Mme. Matzenauer, Mr. Goritz and Mr. Ruysdael all repeated their admirable portrayals. Again, too, the New York public is a debtor to Mr. Hertz for his spirited handling of the orchestra.

In the evening a considerably smaller audience fed itself upon the uncertain joys of Dukas's "Ariane et Barbe Bleue," in which Miss Geraldine Farrar enunciates the gospel according to Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Miss Farrar was in excellent voice, in better voice, perhaps, than at any previous time this season; and if dramatically she is not at her best as the Maeterlinkian Mélisande, she is much more authoritative than she was last year. Miss Farrar never stands still. She is a young woman, possessed of an open mind, and when she doesn't quite accomplish a character she guesses it, at least, her unconquerable beauty and her undying charm, and that is worth the successful portrayal of a hundred musical suffragettes!

Miss Farrar's companions were Mmes. Matzenauer, Maubourg, Sparkes, Van Dyck, Wakefield and Fornaroli, and MM. Pothier, Bourgeois, Begué and Ruysdahl. Mr. Toscanini, of course, conducted, and brought out the undoubted beauties of the score in a manner worthy of the highest praise.

Debussy's Music to D'Annunzio's "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" Heard for First Time.

The concert of the MacDowell Chorus at Carnegie Hall last evening was made specially interesting by the first performance in this country of some parts of "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," of which the book was written by Gabriel d'Annunzio and the music by Claude Achille Debussy. Previous to this music the large audience heard Maggie Teyte, soprano; George Harris, Jr., tenor; Mr. Delmathe-Christin and the chorus in Saint-Saëns's "La Nuit," the bridal chorus from Chabrier's "Gwendoline" and the hymn to Apollo from Chabrier's "Briseis," the last of which was given by the chorus last season.

"Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien" was produced at the Théâtre Châtelet last May and caused no end of enthusiastic comment in Paris. Without doubt many connoisseurs on this side of the ocean will agree with the Frenchmen who declared that in this composition the gifts of the Debussy had produced new things. The excerpts heard last evening made an impression on the audience as a whole and without question a still deeper one on the more careful listeners.

The work is a modernized miracle play. It retains much of the apparatus of one of these mediæval creations, for they had music, instrumental and choral, and in some cases there also solos. The music of some was borrowed from that of the church, but in other instances, and particularly in those in which profane incidents became mingled with religious legend, secular music was introduced.

D'Annunzio constructed his poem on a basis similar to that of a mediæval miracle play, and retained with consummate skill the mediæval spirit. The temptation to comment on the splendid literary quality of his verse must be resisted now in order that the music may receive proper attention. The spoken prologue customary in the miracle play is here replaced by an orchestral prelude.

In this Debussy at once sets forth his departure from the style made familiar by his "Pelléas et Mélisande." The wood wind instruments sing a theme which has all the characteristic of early church music, and following this the strings intone a pentatonic theme afterward used to signify the calling of Sebastien. This number was effectively played last evening.

Then came the first choral of the drama, a mystic repetition of the summons to Sebastien sung by male voices in a remarkably devised polyphony founded on successive tones of a chord. The next incident was the ordeal by fire illustrated partly by a duet for soprano and alto and partly by a chorus.

This "Chorus Seraphicus" disclosed nobly the genius and musicianship of the composer. The polyphonic writing would have done credit to any one of the fathers of the Roman church music, yet it contained certain chord combinations which none of them would have known. Skill in treatment of voices, judgment in their employment in the art of tone painting, and exquisite preservation of balance were displayed in this admirable number. A climax for the whole choir and orchestra brought this part of the work to an imposing conclusion.

Then followed two contrasting solos, one for Erigone, the pagan virgin, and the other for the Virgin Mary. These were excellently sung by Maggie Teyte. It must be admitted, however, that while the composer succeeded in sustaining his atmosphere of religious remoteness and his mediæval style the contrast was rather in the poetic text than in the music. The melodic lines of the two solos lacked distinctiveness of character.

A "Lament of Syrian Women" was the next number, and this was followed by "Paradise," consisting of four choruses and a solo with an ensemble finale. Here again Debussy showed himself a master. The four choral parts were called "Chorus of Martyrs," "Chorus of Virgins," "Chorus of Apostles" and "Chorus of Angels." They are written alternately for men and women and are all unaccompanied. It is in the writing of these a capella choruses that Debussy has shown a fine and commanding musicianship. The part writing is excellent, the chord successions full of color and the music as a whole expressive in the highest degree of the ideas contained in the text.

Throughout the music the composer has avoided the error of endeavoring to paint details. He has recognized the unsuitability of his methods to such an attempt, which indeed is always questionable. He has been content to depict moods and to embody large conceptions. In this he has been brilliantly successful.

If "Le Martyr de Saint Sebastien" in its entirety is as admirable as the excerpts heard last night the work ought to be produced here in its original form. Without doubt it would interest all who love genuine art. The managers of the MacDowell Chorus and Kurt Schindler, the conductor, are to be thanked for giving local music lovers the opportunity to hear some parts of this score, which was received with such deep interest in the French capital.

The performance was on the whole a good one. The chorus sang particularly well in the broader movements, while in those calling for delicacy of treatment the accuracy of the intonation and the generally good quality of tone gave pleasure to musical ears. Miss Teyte sang the solos acceptably, though it would not be difficult to imagine them as having a more satisfying effect if delivered by a more vigorous voice. The Philharmonic Orchestra, except in a brief passage for brass, intended to represent a short incident in Rome, played the orchestral part well.

THE MACDOWELL CHORUS.

Works by Saint-Saens and Chabrier—Debussy's Music to "St. Sebastien" for the First Time.

Mr. Kurt Schindler devoted the programme of the second concert of his MacDowell Chorus, given last evening in Carnegie Hall, entirely to modern French music; but modern as they are, the several selections that were sung were representative of wholly different styles, with as little in common as could well be imagined. The first number was Saint Saens's "La Nuit," for soprano solo and women's voices, a composition of recent date, with the opus number 114. It is music of greater poetical feeling, of a subtler denotement of mood than much that Saint Saens has put forth, especially in his old age. It is, in fact, music of distinction in these respects, in the exquisite effects of color and of contrasted timbres, that he has gained from the chorus and the orchestra, and the combination of the two, as well as from the solo voice with flue obbligato.

Emmanuel Chabrier stands among the modern Frenchmen, but just behind the vanguard of Debussy and his contemporaries. His fragment of opera, "Briséis," was given by Mr. Schindler last season, and made a deep impression. From it was repeated the splendidly sonorous "Hymn to Apollo"; and there was also given, for the first time, the "Bridal Chorus" from his opera of "Gwendoline," of which the orchestral prelude has been heard here, and is, indeed, to be performed again the next concert of the Philharmonic Society. This Epithalamium is a scene for chorus, and solos for soprano and two tenors; music in which Chabrier's luxurious harmonic sense, his feeling for rich tonal effects, are increasingly displayed; music of remarkable brilliancy and power of emotional expressiveness.

The last half of the concert was devoted to the incidental music which Debussy composed for Gabriele d'Annunzio's play of "Le Martyre de St. Sebastien," produced in Paris last Spring. Both play and music have been much discussed; it is evident that the strange dramatic conception of d'Annunzio has given much opportunity to Debussy's imagination in the creation of impressionistic and pictorial effects in music, religious esoteric, Oriental mysterious, elusive, sometimes of strangely suggestive beauty, illustrative of the action of the stage. There is a prelude, in which there are some remarkable effects of blurred and blended tones, especially from the horns, intended to suggest the smaller intervals of Oriental scales. The Seraphic Chorus for women's voices has a singularly piercing quality.

The Song of Grigone, merging into a Song of the Virgin Mary, is in an ecstatic veing that Debussy has been unusually successful in embodying. There is more Oriental character in the "Lament of the Syrian Women." The final scene, entitled "Paradise," consists of a number of choruses, sung autophinally; all of a more or less strained and artificial character until the last one is reached, a "Chorus of All the Saints," in which the music emerges into a more familiar line and cadence—and then there is a touch of commonplace in the invention.

It is more than probable that most of this music, intended to accompany or to prefigure action and vivid stage pictures, necessarily loses something of its significance when given in a concert hall, with only a few lines of descriptive text to suggest to the listener's imagination what goes on upon the stage. As music, solely, much of it fails to produce a deep impression, to stir the mind powerfully, to move the emotions. There is clearly much ingenuity in it, much skill in the manipulation of the orchestral and choral color, in the utilization of the Oriental materials. There is not much in it that by itself can raise the listener far toward the ecstatic, emotional state that the dramatist has aimed at, according to the descriptive notes that accompanied the printed programme.

The performance was a fulfillment generally highly successful of an exceedingly difficult task. Choral music such as Debussy has written here presents many serious problems even for accomplished and practiced choral singers. The solo for soprano were sung by Miss Maggie Teyte, and with remarkable power, freedom, and a sort of exaltation, especially the "Song of Erigone" and the "Song of the Virgin Mary."

Miss Teyt also sang with great charm and delicate beauty of style the solo in Saint Saens's composition. She, Mr. George Harris, and Mr. Delamothe-Christin had the solo parts in the excerpt from Chabrier's "Gwendoline"; but a somewhat more dramatic style was needed in this than any of the three brought to it. The chorus sang delightfully in these and in the "Hymn to Apollo" from "Briséis," with great freshness and vigor and beauty of tone.

Tra 14/1/12

MARY GARDEN AS "CARMEN"

First Representation of the Chicago-Philadelphia Company.

There are many and various things that might be said about the first of this season's representations at the Metropolitan Opera House by the Chicago-Philadelphia Company last night; there are also some that ought, but most emphatically a few that must. It would be a curious occupation, to say the least, to inqire into the fact why in a week in which nine performances are to be vouchsafed to the people of New York the visitors, who are in no respect strangers and who preach no new artistic evangel, though thep may use a few novel texts, should have been greeted by as large an audience as the great theatre would hold. London and Boston are in the throes of an operatic crisis; New York seems opera mad. An obvious observation touching last night's outpouring must be a repetition of that made upon the parallel occasion last year. It was not the subscription audience native in the house, so to speak, but largely an audience of another though an equally fine type. Conclusion? That when the spirit or the mania has surged upon the New York public, there are operagoers enough to fill not two but even three opera houses in the metropolis. Why was the enumeration made in the days of Hammerstein's sturuggling consulship? A timid answer: Because the Manhattan Opera House did not invoke the propulsive power of fad and fashion. The argument? Mr. Dipple's company last night looked as like the old company in West 34th street as two peas in the same pod. Perhaps the opera exerted an unusual attraction, as it ought; New York's opera lovers ought not to be deprived of "Carmen," the brightest gem in the modern French jewel box. But "Carmen" was always a feature in Mr. Hammerstein's repertory. Last night we had "Carmen" with a differnce; but the difference, personified in Miss Mary Garden, the representative of the heroine, added nothing to the attractiveness of the performance, which linger most fondly in the memory of those who know and love the opera. On the contrary, quite the reverse. Let us indulge in restrospect for a moment. Since Bizet's opera became known to New York in the ancient days of Strakosck and Mapleson it is possible to recall nearly a score of Carmens. Here are the names of some which come into mind without help of an appeal to the historical records: Clara Irvine Kellogg, Minnie Hank, Trebelli, Adeline Patti, Lehmann, de Lussan, Bressler-Gianoli, Calvé, Fremstad, Ferrabini, Maria Gay, Cavallieri, Mazaini, Gerntheache, Marguerite Sylva. Was any one of them like Mary Garden, vocally or histrionically? Not a bit. Miss Garden, then, made an original revelation last night. She did, indeed; but not one with which we should care to compare the impersonation of any one of half a dozen of the artists mentioned. It would not be respectful to them; neither would it be respectful to the author of the novel on which the opera is based, who is entitled to some consideration, nor to Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy, who made the libretto, men also to whom respect is due, and least of all to Mr. Bizet, the brilliant musician, who passed on that his predecessors had done through the fires of his unigen genius and brought the material forth with an enrichment which has kept public and critics in thrall for a generation.

Miss Garden's Carmen is her own creation. Of that there can be question. We can recall only one artist who was as original in the part as he, and her's was the least interesting impersonation in all the long list. It was that Adelina Patti who ignored its dramatic elements entirely and cared only for the music, and only the music in which she sang alone. Miss Garden, constitutionally and artistically incapable of doing justice to either her solos or the music in the ensembles, made sad work of it all, and put her dramatic conception of the heroine not only in the foreground, but in the

background and sideground and in every scene of the drama. Her conception, be it understood, not that of one of the creators of the piece. If she forced upon the attention of the public with a violent extravagance of action which sometimes made the spectators gasp and stare with amazement. Mme. Calvé, before, her artistic ideals degenerated to the point whence she could see nothing in the opera except an opportunity to exploit her personality, used to present Carmen as a woman thoroughly wanton, but one equipped with witcheries which, despite their wickedness, offers some explanation, even if no palliation of Don José; she helped him to become a tragic hero. Mme. Fremstad also presented the picture of a loose-limbed, loose-minded woman, an embodiment of selfish animalism and lust; but it was possible that, though variable in her love, she yet felt the passion. There was charm, which appealed to sympathetic interest in the finest, because the most natural, the most intelligently worked out conception presented by Mme. Bressler-Gianoli. But if there was anything like charm in Miss Garden's impersonation we are unable to point it out. If there is dramatic truthfulness in consistent brutality, then let that merit be set down to her credit. All others have made the music and action of the first act insinuating, and thus extenuated and explained the infatuation of Don José. Miss Garden's habañera and sepuidilla breathed only threatenings and slaughter. A strange conception truly; but only one example of many.

There were bright moments in the performance as a whole. M. Renaud provided some of them as Escamillo, though he had to play down to Miss Garden's crude notion in his entrance scene. Mr. Dalmores provided others in in intentien, though hoarseness made his voice fail him. There was a supreme one in the singing of Mme. Scapelli, who has developed into a remarkable artist. The solo dancer caused a wave of enthusiasm by her fire and grace in the dance in the last act. The chorus did excellent work, as did the orchestra, under Signor Campanini; but the opera was Miss Garden.

H. E. K.

Don Jose	Charles Dalmores
Escamillo	Maurice Renaud
Zuniga	Gustave Huberdeau
Lillas Pastia	Jean De Reyser
Morales	Desire Defrere
Carmen	Mary Garden
Micaela	Alice Zeppilli
Frasquita	Marie Cavan
Mercedes	Giuseppina Giaconia
El Dancaino	Constantin Nicolay
El Remendado	Francesco Daddi
A Guide	Charles Meyer
Premiere Danseuse	Rosina Galli
Conductor	Cleofonte Campanini
Stage Manager	Bernard Almfuz

Every one knew that every one else would go to see Mary Garden as *Carmen*. And of course every one was right. The only reason that every one else was not there was that they could not get in. All the seats had been sold for days. The ticket speculators were asking $12 each for them last Saturday. Consequently last evening when the Philadelphia-Chicago Grand Opera Company under the direction of Andreas Dippel begin its series of six Tuesday evening performances at the Metropolitan Opera House in this town the neighborhood of Broadway and Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets was beset by a seething mob.

Now, no one is so naive as to believe that all this excitement was originated by the announcement that there would be once more an opportunity to hear the popular "Habanera" or the still more popular song of the *Toreador*. Bizet's "Carmen" is well beloved, but it has evoked no public uprisings in recent years. Even when the late Oscar Hammerstein brought back, or at any rate endeavored to cause to "come back" the great Emma Calvé, there was only a modified rapture.

But yesterday there was electricity in the air. Every one in the music world was on tip toe. There was surely going to be something doing. And it was going to be done by that unique prima donna Mary Garden. All hail to her! Whatever else may be said of her, it must be avowed that she is a conqueror. She wins every time.

With every one in such a state of mind a still, small fear crept in. It was plain that the public expected an impersonation of the most startlingly sensational character. Could the divine Mary meet the general expectation? Would she? Some even asked whether she ought to. For expectations regarding the histrionic proceedings of this remarkable woman are sometimes highly colored.

There were some who said, "Carmen is just Carmen. Mary Garden can't remodel her into a combination of Dalila, Cleopatra, Catherine of Russia and Mme. Pompadour. It wouldn't be possible and it would be ridiculous. Carmen was a gypsy who worked in a cigarette factory and had a bad heart not a cigarette heart, you know, but a female-of-the-species-is-fiercer-than-the-male sort."

So the record of this morning is not of the meeting of mad anticipations, but of an accomplishment within the dramatic and musical possibilities of the part. Miss Garden made a serious and in some respects successful attempt to sing the music. She must have astonished many of her hearers by the fidelity of her intonation in many passages, but in many others her quality of tone was not only harsh but even distressing.

But as a rule people do not expect Mary Garden to sing. They expect her to interpret, to impersonate and to exude personality. No one who has any affection for the lady would wish to identify her personality with that of the crude and unalluring trollope who flung about the stage last night.

There was what scientists call a trace of Catherine of Russia in this *Carmen*. She tried to be a domineering and overbearing harridan, but she had more "cheek" than personal force. There was not even a trace of Mme. Pompadour, for that distinguished personage had at least savoir faire. As for Delilah and Cleopatra—well, the first of female barbers and the serpent of old Nile are said to have been irresistibly seductive.

According to Miss Garden *Carmen* was not so much a gypsy as a ternagant of the streets of Seville. It seemed to be her idea that men of the types of *Don José* and *Escamillo* could be overcome by the most vulgar animalism. There was no poetry, no subtlety, none of that indescribable magnetism that one finds in the original character. Rude vigor, boisterous action, and something that looked like an undying pique animated her. It has been well said that some artists mistake temper for temperament. It was the former and not the latter which fitted the scowling eyes and moved the writhing form of this quite unseemly *Carmen*. *Richard III.* remarked: "Was ever woman in this humor wooed?" He did not mean it in this way, but *Don José* might properly have asked himself the question and answered it, "Not by me."

Among the principals the chief honors certainly went to Alice Zepilli, whose *Micaela* was simple and unaffected. She sang the music with much taste and generally with good tone. Mr. Dalmores as *Don José* was entirely out of voice and came to grief in the flower song. His impersonation had its old excellences of delineation and his acting in the last act was effective. Mr. Renaud was a handsome *Escamillo*, but he too sang without brilliancy.

The best elements of the performance were those applied by others than the principals. The scenery, for instance, was well designed and well painted. The chorus especially distinguished itself by the excellence of its singing. It is rare indeed that such good phrasing and pretty shading are heard in the delicate choruses of the first act.

The orchestra was good last season, it is much better now. It produces a solid body of rich tone and plays with spirit, color and precision. There was also a dancer, Rosina Galli, whose comeliness and delectable art gave no small pleasure to the audience. Cleofonte Campanini was in the conductor's chair, and there is one mistake which he never makes in "Carmen." He never permits the performance to drag by reason of slow tempi. For this he deserves the thanks of an enlightened community.

It was largely due to the energy of the conductor that last night's performance moved with a vivacity which the poor singing of the three dominant principals strove vainly to overcome. Here and here Miss Garden was vocally in the picture, but when she stepped out of the frame she took a long step, which might have seemed longer had it not been for Mr. Campanini's unflagging industry.

By ALGERNON ST. JOHN-BRENON.

"Carmen" was given last night at the Metropolitan Opera House by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company which, as all men know, is a reinforced survival of the fittest of the members of the defunct Manhattan Opera Company, and is under the management of Andreas Dippel, who for two years was associated with Giulio Gatti-Casazza in the management of the Metropolitan Opera Company. In one aspect the evening took on the appearance of a reunion of old friends.

The entire New York following of Miss Mary Garden, who in herself begins, completes and personifies French opera in America, was on hand and crowded the great auditorium to its last available seat, filling it full of faces familiar to those who followed the fortunes of Mr. Hammerstein's company during the four eventful years of its stirring artistic history.

Miss Garden was seen for the first time in New York as Carmen. M. Dalmones repeated, as Don Jose, an excellent and tasteful performance. M. Renaud sang Escamillo and Alice Zeppilli, Micaela. M. Campanini conducted.

At the risk of writing something that may at first sight be regarded as a paradox, it is my duty to say that Carmen was a French woman and not a Spanish woman. By that is meant that the outlines of her disposition, as delineated by Prosper Merimee, and as adopted by Meilhac and Halevy, the authors of Bizet's brilliant libretto, are those of a French woman and not those of a Spanish woman. It is easy to see how the garb and circumstances of a character may belong to one nation and the soul dramatic to another. There is nothing particularly Danish about Hamlet, for instance.

Nor can any one read "Carmen" in its novel form without realizing at once that Merimee was often drawing upon realistic and possibly personal experiences of Parisian women. In support of an apparent, but only apparent, paradox, remains the fact that the best Carmens have been French women. I refer to Mme. Galli-Marie and to Mlle. Calve. The very worst have been Spaniards. Furthermore, the Spaniards as an artistic community have bitterly and contemptuously rejected Carmen insofar as it has been pretended for her that she is a picture of anything national or racial in Spain. In forming an estimate of Miss Garden's Carmen these considerations may be borne in mind.

The Philadelphia-Chicago Grand Opera Company, Mr. Andreas Dippel general manager, came to the Metropolitan Opera House last night, presenting "Carmen" as the first of a series of six special performances, introducing a new Carmen, Miss Mary Garden. All seats had been sold days ago. Some disposed of privately brought fancy premium prices, and the long line of "waitees" formed early.

When the curtain rose the full capacity of this big opera house had been taxed again and many were turned away. It was a gala night, with the multitude assembled to hear an old opera with a new heroine. The familiar principals were applauded as old friends when they appeared, curtain calls were in order after each act, Miss Garden was half smothered in red roses and even the orchestral prelude to the last act had to be repeated.

But i twas upon Miss Garden that eyes and ears were trained—she who had essayed so many French operatic heroines in New York, but had reserved Bizet's impetuous cigarette girl for the season's novel feature. She had sung the rôle in Philadelphia, Chicago and ita points West. No wonder that New York waited, listened and watched last night.

She had her audience with her from the very start, when she dashed across the bridge, wearing a ruddy rose tipped into the pinnacle of her raven hair—a sort of danger signal to Spain's soldiers. She wore a blue dress, white polka dots and a conventional shawl and made no attempts here to let the prima donna shine through the attire of the poor but dishonest cigarette roller of Seville.

She gave a frantic wave of "Hello" to the applauding audience and bounded down the stairs. That was her best moment, for then she promised to be a tigress, and with Miss Garden unleashed in a wicked rôle operagoers straightened up prepared for a revelation. But it proved to be a disappointment. She was not naughty, she did not throw chairs, as some of her predecessors had done; she did not captivate the audience by her wily dancing, and she did not even start the suggestion of subtleness in her impersonation. She was, in a word, a fairly conventional Carmen.

Fire, snap, vitality, alluring charms—they were all covered by conventional acting. The big card scene of the third act went for little and she made people wonder why poor Jose had deserted his regiment and a decent life to follow her into the mountains. oCmapred with other rôles which Miss Garden has acted, her Carmen is the least interesting, the least convincing.

As for her singing, Miss Garden's personality covered a multitude of tone productions. The part shows up her vocal shortcomings probably more than any other she has sung here.

MR. KARL JORN IN RECITAL.

Singer Did Not Appear to as Good Advantage as He Did in Opera Roles.

This being the gladsome season when operatic tenors temporarily forsake their fold in the Opera House and stray forth into the foid of song recitals, Mr. Karl Jorn, tenor of the eMtropolitan forces, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Jorn has been often heard in opera in past seasons and will be heard again soon in the appointed aristocratic auditorium, but seldom, if ever, has he appeared to such poor advantage. He really is an admirable tenor in opera rôles, but as a singer of Lieder he showed little of the variety needed for this branch of art. His voice rang true and clear as ever, but it had a certain hardness and inflexibility that did not add delight to his work. In a word, he proved that his field is the opera, not the concert stage.

He was assisted by Miss Lelia Royer, soprano, who sang with unsatisfying quality of tone, and Miss Victoria Boshko, pianist, who played with temperament but with apparent little thought of beauty of tone. There were tons of flowers for each artist, and encores were demanded.

Feb. 15. 1912

SIROTA, CANTOR FROM WARSAW, SINGS HER

Sirota, a Hebrew cantor from the chief synagogue of Warsaw, was the "star" of a concert given last evening in Carnegie Hall. A very large audience assembled to hear him and enthusiastically applauded him, whether he sang music of the temple or the opera house. It was a concert of unusual character, for it mingled sacred and secular music, with as little regard for the one as for the other. Mme. Lassale Rabinoff, soprano, and Clarence Eddy, organist, took part in the entertainment but the centre of interest was the cantor.

After Mr. Eddy had appropriately prefaced the chants of the synagogue by playing his own variations and fugue on "Old Hundred," Cantor Sirota, assisted by a choir of boys and men under the direction of L. Loew, and Mr. Eddy at the organ, sang the Ninety-second Psalm "Tow l'Hodos," as arranged by Lewandowski, one of the modern masters of Jewish music. The cantor next sang "Rachmono d'one" alone. Mme. Lassale-Rabinoff toyed gently with "Caro nome," Mr. Eddy played two short organ pieces, and the oantor sang "Celeste Aïda."

This constituted the first part of the programme. In the second part Sirota was heard in four numbers, and Mme. Lassale Rabinoff went mad à la *Lucia*. This part included the "Berosch Haschonoh" of Sulzer, who was probably the most scholarly of all the writers in the field of the Hebrew music.

Those who are unacquainted with the noble and characteristic music of the Hebrew temple might have found much interest them in Sirota's delivery of the modernized arrangements of the chants. The features of Jewish music, which are traditional, stood forth prominently in some of these numbers, and Sirota sang the peculiar portamento passages which grew out of the Oriental melodies with much skill and unfailing effect.

This, however, is not the place for a discussion of the distinctive traits of Hebrew music and their resemblance to certain features of the florid chant of the Roman church. It is essential now to speak only of Sirota. He has a fine natural voice, strong and rich, and he sang the "Celeste Aïda" in a manner which showed that his training had been exclusively in the field of Italian opera he might easily have become a star.

Criticism of his singing of the church music might better be left to the authorities of the synagogue. But it may be said that Gentiles ought to go to his concerts if only to learn something of the priceless heritage of vocal art which has been handed down the centuries among the Jewish people.

It is estimated that 4,000 coreligionists of Cantor Sirota attended the concert. The pit, box tiers and galleries were filled to capacity, and there were a few standees. As many more struggled to get in, and something of a disturbance arose when admittance was refused. A score of policemen in uniform formed a cordon to keep back the disappointed crowd. Plain clothes men moved about looking for pickpockets.

Several thefts were reported, and one man in evening clothes rushed up excitedly to William Morris, standing in the lobby, and told him that he had been cleaned out. He said later that he had lost $500 in cash and several valuable securities. He said he was Alvin Johnson, an architect of Toledo, Ohio.

Among those in the big audience were Baron Schlippenbach, the Russian Consul General; Senator Tim Sullivan, Rabbi Stephen A. Wise, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Arthur Hammerstein, Mme. Alma Gluck, Herman Ridder, Supreme Court Justice Newburger, Daniel P. Hays and William I. Spiegelburg.

It was computed from the attendance that the receipts for the evening would amount to between $6,500 and $7,000. This money, it is said, Cantor Sirota will devote to his favorite charities in Warsaw.

Gerson Sirota reached this country last Wednesday on the Kronprinz Wilhelm accompanied by his choirmaster, L. Loew. It is his first visit to the United States but he has given several concerts in England and on the Continent.

While in this country the cantor will give thirteen concerts, three more in the city and one each in Baltimore, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Rochester, Pittsburg and Cincinnati. His next concert in New York will be given on Sunday at the Hippodrome.

Sirota will sail from this city for home on March 16 in time to be in Warsaw a

opening of the Jewish holidays.
antor Sirota was born at Odessa in
sia and is 38 years old. He is the father
ight children. Every year he is com-
nded to sing in St. Petersburg before
Czar and imperial family.

DOUBLE BILL AT OPERA.

Versiegelt" and "Pagliacci" Give Many Stars an Opportunity.

"Versiegelt" and "Pagliacci" were
en as a double bill last night at the
tropolitan Opera House. The Ger-
n and the Italian singers of M. Gatti-
sazza's forces were deployed in full
ce. In "Versiegelt" Mmes. Gadski
Alten and Messrs. Jadlowker, Weil
Goritz were heard. Alfred Hertz
ducted.
n "Pagliacci" the Milanese trio—
uso, Amato and Destinn—made a
comc appearance. M. Gilly gave
e point to the role of Silvio. Sturani
ducted.

Feb 2 1912

HE PHILARMONIC GIVES A CONCERT

sthumous Symphony of Dvorak Revived as a Feature for the Programme.

The Philharmonic Society offered a
velty at its concert in Carnegie Hall
t night. This was a symphony in E
t by the distinguished Bohemian com-
ser Antonin Dvorak. The musical
rld supposed a few years ago that it
d heard all the symphonies of this
ster, who died in 1904. But some
ew that he was at work in 1872 on a
mphony which was never performed
his lifetime. Conductor Josef Stransky
the Philharmonic has stated that it
s written before that in D major, opus
But it was not completed.
Mr. Stransky has said further that
ward his last days Dr. Dvorak took out
old score, read it and expressed his
easure with it. He decided to revise
rtain features and give the composi-
n out for publication. He began this
rk but was soon busy with his opera
rmida," produced two months before
untimely death. He never returned
the symphony. Last summer Mrs.
orak sold the work to a publisher, and
e revision was completed by the mas-
's son-in-law, Joseph Suk.
Mr. Stransky secured the rights of first
rformance in this country, and the work
s played last night from proof sheets.
seems a pity in the face of this thor-
ghly commendable enterprise that the
mphony did not prove to be more im-
rtant. It is enjoyable and it was worth
oducing, and so Mr. Stransky must be
anked, but it is not one of Dvorák's
ge creations.
There are three movements, allegro
derato, adagio molto, which has a
bdivision marked tempo di marcia,
d allegro vivace. In all three of these
ovements the thematic matter is of the
mplest kind. Indeed, in the first and
t the melodies are of folk music type
d lead one to surmise that the composer
d the rural life of his own country in
nd.
The first movement is the simplest,
e most naive of the three. It is happy
d peaceful music, but its themes are so
venile that they fail to give food for
ally interesting treatment. In the
nale dance and festal merriment of the
untry, with just an undercurrent of
artial feeling, make themselves ap-
rent.
The second movement has stronger
oods than either of the other two, but
structure it shows none of that finished
ill which rounded the symmetry of
vorak's later works. Indeed this is
e weakness of the whole work. It is
easing and it is admirably scored, but
shows none of that splendid mastery
the symphonic method found in the
me writer's "From the New World."
was well played and Mr. Stransky
serves credit for his care in preparing it.
The solo performer of the concert was
driano Ariani, the Italian pianist, who
layed Chopin's F minor concerto in a
ooth and elegant style, but with little
eling for the pungent rhythms of its
ore characteristic Polish themes. The
her numbers on the programme were
erlioz's "Corsair" overture, which was
ost brilliantly played; Strauss's sere-
ade for thirteen wind instruments, opus 7,
charming work charmingly given, and
eber's "Euryanthe" overture.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE" SUNG.

Friday — Feb 16/12

Last Performance of the Season of Wagner's Great Love Drama.

The last performance of "Tristan und Isolde" for the present season was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening before a large audience. The reason for not giving the work again is that Carl Burrian, the tenor, is about to return to Europe, and no one else in the company sings *Tristan*. Mr. Burrian sang the rôle last night in his usual excellent manner.

Mme. Fremstad was the *Isolde*, Mme. Homer the *Bran ane*, Mr. Weil the *Kurvenal* and Mr. Witherspoon the *King Mark*. Mr. Toscanini conducted with his customary excellent skill. The performance as a whole was admirable and the audience rewarded the singers with plenty of applause.

"Tosca" for French Hospital.

A specal performance of "Tosca" at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday evening will be for the benefit of the French Hospital, which is administered by the French Benevolent Society. Farrar will sing *Tosca*, Martin will be the *Cavaradossi* and Scotti, Maubourg and Pini-Corsi will be in the cast. Toscanini will conduct.

A symphony in E flat major, by Duorak, an early work, yet posthumoous because laid aside by the composer and toward the end of his life partly revised by him, a revision completed after his death by his son-in-law, Mr. Josef Suk, was the novelty at last night's concert of the Philharmouis Society, in Carnegie Hall. The work was heard for the first time in America and possibly anywhere. It is three movements and an interesting composition, but hardly one of first importance like the "New World" symphony.

The first movement, an allegro moderato, is most promising with the sweep and freedom of its opening theme, which fairly haunts the movement. The second movement, a dirgelike division in march rhythm, but not clearly enough defined to be called a funeral march, is longer than the interest of its thematic material would seem to warrant. The finale is vigorous with, somehow, no definite aesthetic cause for the turmoil among the instruments. With Mr. Stransky the conducting of the symphony evidently was a labor of love. He also gave an admirable interpretation of Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

Mr. Adriano Ariani played Chopin's F minor piano concerto, opus 21. While it lacked the irridescence and some of the charm and sentiment associated with Chopin, save in the second movement, which was beautifully played, it is only fair to the virtuoso to say that he scored a great success with the audience and was recalled many times.

Last evening's concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall was made noteworthy by a first performance of Dvorak's posthumous symphony in E Flat. Josef Stransky, conductor of the society last Summer managed to get the manuscript of this still unpublished work and last evening his orchestra gave it its first American performance.

The symphony is unusual in at least one respect—it contains no scherzo, or joyous movement. Consequently it is made up of only three movements, and each of these is considerably shorter than customary. Musically is has a great deal of charm. The first movement, allegro moderato, contains many lively figures with a strain of melancholy running through almost its entire length. The second movement, adagio, was somewhat long-drawn out in its plaintive and wailing themes, and dragged almost from start to finish, while the last movement, allegro vivace, was the embodiment of Bohemian tunefulness, full of fire and color and crashes, and resembling a Hungarian gypsy dance in its fragmentary character.

Berlioz's overture, "The Corsair," based on Byron's poem and containing tone-pictures from that work; a serenade for wind instruments by Richard Strauss and the overture to Weber's "Eurranthe" were the other numbers.

The soloist of the evening was Adriano Ariani, who played the piano part in Chopin's Concerto No. 2. He gave an admirable performance, combining poetic insight with good taste.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

N. J. Tribune.

Revamped Symphony by Dvorak —Sirota and Jewish Music.

Feb. 17-1912

At the concerts given by the Philharmonic Society on Thursday evening and yesterday afternoon considerable music unfamiliar to the local public was performed. There was, for instance, to begin with, Berlioz's overture to "The Corsair," which, though not particularly interesting because of its contents, may have excited the curiosity of a few who remembered that some years ago an employe of "The Musical Courier" attempted to capture the Paderewski Prize by sending to the judges a copy of it under the title "The Palisades." The fraud was promptly discovered and only the indifference of the trustees of the Paderewski fund prevented a prosecution of the perpetrator for a violation of the federal laws. But that is a small matter—in one sense. Another old work, essentially new and not much more interesting than the overture except as a milestone in the progress of the composer, was Richard Strauss's Serenade for Wind Instruments. Then there came Chopin's second concerto for pianoforte, most tastefully and even elegantly played by the young Italian virtuoso Adriano Ariani. Greater poetry and emotionality might have been expected in a performance of the old work—because they have been heard many times—but scarcely greater refinement and a nicer adjustment of values. An interesting quasi-novelty—the overture to Chabrier's "Gwendoline"—announced on the programme, was cancelled in favor of Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," which was played with much spirit and good taste until Mr. Stransky indulged in his fondness for distorting rhythms and tempi in the closing section. Why such things should be when there are many in the audience capable of associating the theme with the corresponding situation and text in the opera passes the understanding of the ordinary critic—possibly also of the average concert-goer.

The concluding number of the programme was an unqualified novelty—a symphony in E flat major, composed by Antonin Dvorak in 1872 and just published. This means that it lay in its author's desk thirty-two years, long after he had become one of the most popular composers of the day. Why did he not give it to the world? The annotated programme says:

Mr. Stransky, who secured the right of first performance in America for the Philharmonic Society, contributes his knowledge of the history of the work in a letter in which he says that the symphony was composed before that known to the world as the one in D major, Op. 60. (As a matter of fact the proof sheets of the score bear the remark "Composed in 1872.") Mr. Stransky adds that toward the close of his life Dr. Dvorak took the score out of his desk, read it over with pleasure and remarked that he thought it "throughout individual and noble," and that he intended to revise its marks of expression and phrasing and give it out for publication. He even began the work of revision, but was soon so completely occupied with the composition of his last opera, "Armida" (which was produced only two months before his unexpected death) that he could not return to it. His widow last summer sold the symphony together with another in D minor to the publisher Simrock, and Josef Suk, Dvorak's son-in-law, completed the work begun by the composer.

Performances of the work have been talked about in Vienna and Munich, but as yet we have not heard from them. It may be that it is a greater kindness to the public to resurrect an old work by a dead master than to produce a new work by a living novice; hut it is a question whether or not it is fair to the master. Dr. Dvorak was the last truly great naïve musician. He knew well the value of his works, although toward the close of his career his creative powers decayed. But even while writing his programmatic pieces which have failed to obtain a footing in the concert room he did not give to the public the two early symphonies which have been printed since his death. Ought this to have been done by his family? Certainly not. It is a common procedure in this commercial age and it results only in injury to the reputation of great men; for all listeners are not judicious. There are scores if not hundreds of Schubert's songs which he did not publish and which are now in print because of the mistaken notion that there ought to be a "complete" collection of his works. They are only a cause of sorrow to his admirers. Trifles to which Beethoven paid no attention when he wrote them (dances and other works for occasions, etc.) have been brought to light and printed—to the profound grief of all sincere Beethoven lovers. Why should not a composer have the privilege of determining what he wishes to leave to the world and what not? They are not all as wise as Brahms, who took care that none of his unpublished manuscripts should survive him by putting them in the fire. This symphony by Dvorak has some pretty measures, but it is so obviously the work of a "'prentice hand" that we are obliged to take Mr. Stransky's statement with many grains of salt. Many musicians in New York knew Dvorak; it will be difficult to make any one who was familiar with him believe that he ever dreamed of publishing it. He wrote a trio for two violins and a viola for performance by his children at home. When it was done he recognized its beauty and rewrote it for publication; and it is a little masterpiece. That illustrates his manner. Like Beethoven, he left no gems unset; but he put out nothing which he knew to be paste.

Sirota, the cantor from the great synagogue at Warsaw, has stirred the musical pool not a little. No doubt the tremendous Hippodrome will be crowded by those who want to hear him to-morrow afternoon. And yet how anomalous the whole matter appears! To judge by his singing of "Celeste Aida" on Wednesday evening one would have to say that he was rude in taste and raw in technique. Yet when he sang the liturgical music of the synagogue he compelled amazement at the flexibility of a beautiful tenor voice which is as truly heroic in quality as that of Slezak. The music of the Jewish liturgy, like all Oriental music (as one may learn from listening to a gypsy band) is very florid; and this music pours out of the throat of the great chasan as fluently as it might out of the throat of Tetrazzini. It is amazing, and one can easily understand that he has achieved as great a renown in his field as Caruso has in his. Without the public in general, or even the professional observers, having ever heard of him. One fact may have struck students of folkmusic as a bit singular last Wednesday. This was the absence of intervalic characteristics in the music which he sang—especially in his strangely named "Improvization"—an improvisation for which an organ part with interludes had carefully been written out. It could not fail to call up the old remark (was it Chopin's) to Liszt when the latter asked the company what he should play: "Oh, play your usual improvisation."

H. E. K.

Tragic "La Gioconda," repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, had its one merry moment after the third act when the artists had to take a full dozen curtain calls. Then the irrepressible, high spirits of Mr. Caruso escaped, and he had his audience laughing by seriously shaking hands with the big, gold tassel that is draped from the curtain. At the next curtain call his dagger fell out of its sheath, and Mr. Amato picked it up and tossed it at him. To get even, as the boys say, he stepped on Mr. Amato's heels while the barytone was disappearing off the stage.

All this was a happy "aside," for the performance itself was one of the best and most serious ever given here of this opera. Mr. Caruso's voice was golden, and his "Ciele e Mar" aria precipitated such applause that it stopped the opera for a time. Mr. Amato's Barnaba was admirably sung and dramatically acted.

Mme. Matzenauer sang La Cieca for the first time here, having arrived from Baltimore just in time, after having sung Brunnhilde on Thursday night. Miss Destinn was in brilliant voice in the title rôle, but Mme. Wickham left much to be desired in the part of Laura. Mr. Toscanini conducted with fine effect.

Feb 18 1912

SLEZAK AS TANNHAEUSER.

First Performance of Opera This Season Packs the Metropolitan.

The first performance of "Tannhauser" at the Metropolitan Opera House this season yesterday afternoon served also as the occasion for the reappearance of Leo Slezek. As is usual on Saturday afternoons at this theatre, the auditorium was packed. Even standing room was at a premium.

Mme. Fremstad was the Venus, Miss Morena the Elizabeth, Mme. Sparkes the Shepherd, Mr. Griswold was Landgraf Hermann, and Hermann Weil the Wolffram. Mr. Hertz conducted this performance.

Feb 19 1912

ALL CONCERT MUSIC POPULAR YESTERDAY

New "Ave Maria" at the Opera House and Some "Natoma" at Philharmonic.

SIROTA AT HIPPODROME

Mme. Tetrazzini Follows the Cantor of Warsaw at Sixth Avenue Playhouse.

Four concerts were offered for the entertainment of music lovers yesterday. All of them were within the limits set by the elastic term "popular." For in none of them was the matter of such serious import as to alarm the sensitive into

applying to it the formidable term "classical." At the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening the customary weekly concert took place, and although Mme. Destinn, Mr. Hensel, Mr. Didur and others sang and there was a performance of an "Ave Maria" for chorus composed by no less a personage than Giulio Setti, chorus master of the institution, the entertainment was still a typical opera house Sunday night concert.

Not far away at the Hippodrome Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini, having finished her local operatic appearances, burst into the radiance of the concert world and sang to an audience which left no blanks in the great auditorium. Mme. Tetrazzini sang "Ah, fors e lui" and also a new song by Victor Herbert, as well as other things, and had the assistance of Emilio Puyans, flautist; Yves Nat, pianist, and Nahan Franko with his orchestra.

In the same place in the afternoon Cantor Gerson Sirota of Warsaw gave his second concert. A week ago the house had been sold out and yesterday the speculators who infest the small shops in the block below the Hippodrome were doing a land office business. Many fine looking policemen stood at skirmish line intervals around the Hippodrome and the hattles with doorkeepers witnessed a few evenings back at Carnegie Hall were not repeated The house was filled to its capacity and all the space on the stage not needed for the singers, the organ and the orchestra was occupied by seats placed for auditors.

The concert was of a character similar to that previously given in Carnegie Hall. Cantor Sirota sang chants of the synagogue and also opera music. Mme. Lasalle-Rabinoff also sang. As before the cantor was most interesting in his delivery of the temple music and in the opera melody betrayed his want of schooling But his voice is a fine one and his entertainment singular.

At Carnegie Hall in the afternoon the industrious Philharmonic Society gave another of its series of popular concerts. The programme was pleasing without any attempt at profundity, though Tschaikowsky's piano concerto in B flat minor, performed by Katherine Goodson, is wont to appear in the most important musical company. Miss Goodson played with much brilliancy and energy and was not daunted by occasionally dropping a note or two under the piano.

Haydn's C minor symphony, first on the programme, and well played, greatly pleased the audience. It was followed by those two elegiac melodies of Grieg which habitually travel in company, namely "Heart Wounds" and "The Last Spring." Both of these were played with much interest by the orchestra, albeit Conductor Stransky was very insistent on most of his nuances.

The love scene from Richard Strauss's "Feuersnot" was not so well played for the reason that it lacked clearness and finish. A novel feature was a performance of the prelude to the third act of Victor Herbert's opera "Natoma." This proved to be quite effective when dissociated from the rest of the work and it may perhaps be used often as a concert piece. It belongs to the best act of Mr. Herbert's work and is admirably orchestrated. The concert ended with the Hungarian march from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust."

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

Half a Dozen Composers Heard, and One of Them Present.

Out of the oddly arranged programme of yesterday afternoon's Philharmonic Society concert at Carnegie Hall there came a series of unrelated but not indistinct impressions—the ingratiating voice of Papa Haydn, as it issued from his symphony in C minor, one of the 153; the melodic persuasiveness of Grieg, the grandiloquent chorus of orchestral sounds in the excerpt from Strauss's "Feuersnot," with its veritable realization of the essence of a drama of emotion and spectacle; the sonorities of Victor Herbert, with the composer bowing his acknowledgments from a box; the fine richness of the Tschaikowsky concerto for pianoforte, played by Miss Katharine Goodson and the enthusiastic orchestra, and, finally, the stirring Hungarian rhythms of the "Rakoczy March," which sent the auditors away with its thunderous beats still ringing in their ears.

Truly a lavish variety, though not too long in actual time of performance. Mr. Stransky read the Haydn symphony with due gentleness, but Carnegie Hall and the gathering of some eighty-five players seemed too large in scale to let the spirit of the genial composer of a century ago exercise its proper control over the occasion. It was less a matter of sound than of the general impression that a smaller room would have made. The Grieg melodies for strings, "Heart Wounds" and "The Last Spring," with their touching notes of sadness, were performed with an eloquence that reached and affected the hearers. Whatever of intellectual quality such music as this may lack, it is beyond doubt an outpouring from the composer's heart, and it rarely fails to meet with a response.

As for the Strauss fragment, its picturesqueness and effectiveness are not to be denied. It was performed yesterday in a way that aroused the vigorous plaudits of the hearers, especially for the bravura that marked the finale. Mr. Herbert's contribution to the list was the prelude to the third act of his opera "Natoma," that part of his drama in which the Indian maiden, who is its heroine, enters a nunnery. There is enough of musical material here to give the excerpt effectiveness in the concert hall, apart from its operatic significance.

It remains to say that Miss Goodson played with her accustomed sense of organized efficiency, touching the lovely melody of the slow movement with exceeding grace and bringing to her performance of the final allegro a power and brilliancy that gave just expression to its force and edge. Mr. Stransky showed here and in the other music that his control over the orchestra was based upon a thorough mutual understanding.

THRONG HEARS SIROTA

Warsaw Tenor Sings at the Hippodrome Concert.

Sirota, the tenor cantor of Warsaw, whose American debut last week in Carnegie Hall gave the musical world something new to talk about, appeared at the Hippodrome yesterday afternoon. It was stated by the management that it was the largest audience ever contained by America's most capacious playhouse, more than seven thousand persons paying admission, nearly a thousand chairs having been placed on the stage alone.

It was distinctly an East Side crowd, probably not more than 10 per cent being of American parentage; but it was for that reason a crowd much better versed in the music of the Jewish liturgy than would otherwise have been the case. It was an assemblage out for enjoyment, and one that applauded wildly, and at times indiscriminately. But when all was said and done the tenor's magnificent voice and his feeling for the music deserved all that it received.

Sirota's is a voice which, had he chosen the heroic roles of the operative stage for its display, would undoubtedly have made his name known as are those of the world's chief tenors. It is powerful, resonant, with the upper tones of exceeding brilliancy—in short, a true heroic tenor. His method of using it is not always of the most perfect, and in the operatic selections this crudity is apparent; but in the Jewish music it is eminently effective, and despite the programme yesterday's offerings were on the part of the cantor entirely Jewish in character.

With the tenor appeared the choir, under the direction of L. Loew, an orchestra led by Vittorio Podesti and Mme. La Salle-Rabinoff. Mme. Rabinoff's singing of the mad scene from "Lucia" was creditably performed, but was scarcely worthy of the evocation of enthusiasm that quite overwhelmed anything the cantor himself gave rise to. However, the crowd's love of a flute and a trill is as notorious as to some in may be incomprehensible.

GIULIO SETTI AS COMPOSER

Chorus Master at the Metropolitan Presents an "Ave Maria."

Giulio Setti, the able chorus master of the Metropolitan Opera Company, made his bow to a New York audience as composer last night at the regular Sunday concert. The composition was an "Ave Maria" for mixed chorus à capella, sung by the full Metropolitan chorus.

It proved to be a most musicianly composition, finely harmonized and delicately worked out. The chorus evidently gave its leader an offering of love, and sang with fine feeling for the innate spirit of the work. Mr. Setti, of course, conducted the "Ave Maria," as well as the orchestra in the other numbers on the programme. The purely orchestral ones were the prelude to "Lohengrin" and the "Marche Hongroise" of Berlioz.

Mr. Didur sang the invication in "Robert le Diable"; Mr. Hensel, Lohengrin's Narrative; Mmes. Destinn, Mattfeld and the chorus Scene 1, Act II, to "The Flying Dutchman"; Mr. Didur and chorus the prologue to "Mefistofele"; Miss Destinn an aria from Dvorak's "Rosalka" and the "Vissi d'Arte," and the chorus and orchestra the march from "Tannhäuser."

MME. TETRAZZINI'S CONCERT.

It was a Tetrazzini crowd last night at the Hippodrome, and that means—without intending unkindly reference to the singer's physical proportions—a big crowd. The most ample of theatrical auditoriums was filled by lovers of vocal pyrotechnics and their thousands of ears were feasted.

Mme. Tetrazzini's rendition of the aria "Ah fors e lui," from "Traviata," and of the "Polacca," from "Mignon," was heartily enjoyed, and her numbers in English, Cowan's "The Swallows" and Victor Herbert's setting of "Love's Hour"—presented last evening for the first time—brought forth even greater demonstrations of approval. Nahan Franko and his orchestra, with Yves Nat, pianist, and Emilio Puyans, flutist, assisted.

"Tannhäuser."

Saturday matinée audiences at the opera are always large, but the one which filled the Metropolitan the day before yesterday was of even greater proportions than usual. The first performance of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" this season, as well as the return of Leo Slezak, proved the attractive combination of circumstances that drew so large a gathering. Caruso himself could not have done it better, and the Italian tenor might also have been proud to have been the object of such enthusiasm as prevailed after every act.

Tannhäuser has always been one of Mr. Slezak's best rôles, and last Saturday he invested it with the customary picturesqueness and dramatic force. His singing was beautiful, for the most part, and was less disfigured than usual by a tremolo. The climax of his efforts was reached, of course, in the marvellous narrative. Concerning this particular passage the English critic Chorley wrote years ago that "to sing, or vocally declaim this scene is impossible." Mr. Slezak not only easily accomplished this "impossibility" with great beauty of ringing virile tone, but he put into it a wealth of searching, poignant eloquence, especially as he enunciated the fateful words of the Pope. His acting gave cause for satisfaction in all but the great scene of the second act where the knights denounce and threaten the sinner. Here Mr. Slezak's expression of indifference and unconcern while every one else on the stage is moved by strong emotions produces an extremely jarring effect.

The Elizabeth was Miss Morena, whose impersonation is sincere, touching, and poetic. It is only a pity that as favorable things cannot be said of her singing, even though she always knows how to color her voice with the right shades of emotion. Mme. Fremstad's Venus was magnificent, as it always is. Wolfram, in the bands of Mr. Weil, was conventional and not always of the utmost vocal efficiency. The cast would have been greatly strengthened by assigning the part to Maurice Renaud, who is the greatest impersonator of Wolfram the world has ever seen, and who sings it in German as well as French. But perhaps that is one of the surprises the management has in store for opera-goers. Putnam Griswold as the Landgrave was in all respects most commendable. Of this baritone American opera-goers may well feel proud. A word of praise is also due Lenora Sparkes, whose fresh and lovely voice beautified the shepherd's song. The choruses were thrilling ly done, and the orchestra played gloriously especially in the tumultuous and intoxicatingly beautiful bacchanale.

The audience at yesterday afternoon's Philharmonic concert was one of the most enthusiastic that Carnegie Hall has held this winter. It had every reason to be so, for the concert was a delight almost from beginning to end. The soloist was Katherine Goodson, who never fails to please. She played the glorious Tchaikovsky B flat minor concerto, the first movement of which always carries away the auditor by its sweet, melodic beauty and rhythmic energy, no matter how many times he may previously have heard it. Miss Goodson's playing, technically, of course, beyond reproach, had furthermore an abundance of poetry, dash, and musical feeling, and the young English pianist was applauded to the echo and called back to the stage five or six times after the last movement.

Mr. Stransky began the programme with Haydn's brief and charming C minor symphony, which he played delightfully. This was followed by the two heavenly "Elegiac Melodies" of Grieg for string orchestra, which aroused such unprecedented enthusiasm a few weeks ago. Of course, the applause yesterday—especially after the wonderfully poetic "Last Spring"—was quite as hearty, and Mr. Stransky made the players rise in acknowledgment. No conductor could do these pieces better than Mr. Stransky, who understands, and brings out admirably, every vestige of the exquisite delicacy and heartfelt tenderness with which these tone cameos are filled. In thus active recognizing the widespread love of Grieg the Philharmonic conductor cannot fail to win the gratitude of all genuine music lovers.

A third powerful attraction at yesterday's concert was the prelude to the third act of "Natoma"—admirable music, which ought often to figure on Philharmonic programmes in the future. Victor Herbert, who sat in a box, received an ovation after his work had been rousingly played. The love scene from Strauss's "Feuersnot" and the Rakoczy March made up the rest of the offerings.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Mrs. Katharine Goodson, Soloist—A Prelude from "Natoma" Played.

Mr. Stransky's programme for the Philharmonic Society's Sunday afternoon concert yesterday was made up largely of orchestral numbers that he has given at recent concerts of the orchestra: Haydn's Symphony in C, Grieg's two "Elegiac Melodies", for string orchestra, which are transcriptions of songs, the love scene from Strauss's opera of "Feuersnot," and Berlioz's stirring arrangement for orchestra of the Rakoczy March. There were two new features of the programme: Mrs. Katharine Goodson played Tschaikowsky's B flat minor concerto, and for orchestra there was the prelude to the third act of Victor Herbert's opera "Natoma."

Mr. Herbert's prelude bears transplanting from the opera house to the concert hall remarkably well. It is based, of course, on a number of the themes, largely those which he wishes to be understood as Indian, that he has used in the opera with a dramatic purpose; but it is a broad and powerfully developed piece of symphonic music that is quite able to stand by itself and is deeply impressive in its musical quality. At the performances of the opera which were given here last Winter it was recognized as the strongest and best passage in the whole work, the moment in which he had allowed himself the largest, most sustained, most dignified, and most developed musical utterance. He has put into it all his resources of instrumentation, which are great, and he has made of his thematic material a consistent whole. It is true that his Indian themes, built on the pentatonic scale and characterized by what is so universally familiar as the "Scotch snap," have a very Gaelic flavor to the average listener. But that is because the average listener remembers them both through the medium of Scottish music and does not stop to think that neither of them is an exclusive property of such music. The point of real importance is that Mr. Herbert's prelude is a fine piece of music, and that it was worth a place in the Philharmonic's programmes.

Mrs. Goodson played Tschaikowsky's concerto with much energy and power, with rhythmic force; not always with perfect technique and not always with tone of richness and resonance, where richness and resonance are peculiarly needed. It was on the whole an effective performance, and aroused enthusiasm.

SIROTA SINGS AGAIN

Before an Audience Which Crowd Hippodrome Stage and Auditorium.

Cantor Sirota from Warsaw, who almos caused a riot by giving a concert at Car negie Hall last Wednesday evening whic apparently all New York wanted to at tend, gave his second concert at the Hip podrome yesterday afternoon with simila results. Several days before the conce there was not a seat to be had, and ye terday when Sirota walked upon the sta as much of the platform as was not b ing used for the orchestra and chor was filled with auditors. It was probab the largest audience that had ever asser bled in that theatre. There surely ha been no larger.

Cantor Sirota disclosed the same ten voice of extraordinary quality, the san floridity of execution in the Hebre melodies which he sang, either by hi self or with the choir directed by L Loew. One of these, especially, the "H ben Jakir" of Rosowsky, in which t tenor vied with a boy contralto in ela orate runs, trills, and sustained note aroused the house to the highest pitch enthusiasm.

As at his previous concert, Sirota a his associates preserved the atmosphe of the temple by wearing high hats wh singing the traditional melodies. An o chestra, under the direction of Vitto Podesti, played several numbers, a Mrs. La Salle Rabinoff sang twice du ing the course of the programme.

Two more Sirota concerts are a nounced, one at the Hippodrome, Sund evening, March 10, and the other at Ca negie Hall, Wednesday evening, March

It was a Tetrazzini night at the Hip podrome last evening, which means throng, every seat occupied and a mo generous outpouring of applause.

The coloratura prima donna ha closed her season with the Metropoli tan Opera and has begun a series o concerts which will take her to th

ific Coast. By a pleasant coincl- ce Mme. Tetrazzini is now singing er the management of the Tivoli ra Company, and it was under this ne management that she won her laurels of recognition in America, n she appeared in San Francisco n or eight years ago.

ast night Mme. Tetrazzini made a ble concession to the fast grow- move for opera in English by sing- two songs in the vernacular—Sir lerick Cowan's "The Swallows" and tor Herbert's "Last Hour," thus ving that a singer who is essential- n Italian and an Italian opera sing- inds English an easy, flexible and sfactory exponent of musical sen- nt

er other numbers were the aria n "Traviata" (without which no azzini concert would be complete) the equally inevitable "Polacca," n "Mignon."

edless to say all these numbers provocative of an enthusiastic onse from the audience, which in- d on those encores with which the er is characteristically liberal.

han Franko's orchestra furnished instrumental background for the ert, while the piano accompani- s were played by Yves Nat, the g Frenchman whose spirited and c playing were such a feature of r Seagle's recital.

Feb 20 1912

Mr. Caruso in High Spirits in "Boheme"

Tenor Sings Rodolfo for First Time in Two Years and Has a Lot of Fun.

the first time in two years Mr. Ca sang Rodolfe in "La Bohême" a Metropolitan Opera House last night as the best and most spirited perform of the opera heard here in many and began the fifteenth week o a with a flourish.

h first and second acts gave oppor- les for high spirited byplay, Mr. Ca- stabbing Mr. Pini-Corsi with a loaf rench bread, though not fatally. And e Café Momus scene the austere Mr. Segurola dropped his monocle, which Caruso grabbed and stuck in his own leaving his fellow artist's face sad undecorated. Mme. Alten joined in fun and threw away Mr. Aamto's Quarter sombrero, and not until first curtain call did the wearer re- it from way down among the foot- s.

there was enough seriousness to e enthusiasm of one of the biggest nces of the season. Miss Farrar Mimi admirably and acted it even r, Mr. Caruso's Rodolfo was teeming golden tones, Mr. Amato's Marcello a vocal joy. Miss Alten sang a bit y, but well, as Musett, and Mr. al conducted a more sympathetic rmance than usual.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

ne announcement that Caruso would n to his old part of Rodolfo in "La " last night drew a huge audi- the Metropolitan.

n for a year past had the most pop- of living tenors been heard here in ini's opera. For some time past role of the young poet had been en- ed to less famous singers, of whom had done ill in it

ith the appearance of Caruso in the the most charming—though, per- not most ambitious—of Puccini's s took on new life. The artists ed to catch the warmth and spirit h distinguished the Rodolfo's sing- With one exception, all were on mettle. They sang more fluently as a rule, with taste. The music ed in eloquence.

was a joy to hear "Che gelida ma- phrased once more as the com- meant it should be. Into that fa- song Caruso poured all the re- es of his art, compelling noisy out- s of applause. And he was equally ive later on in the quartet which s the climax of the third act—one of most skilfully devised in all Puccini's skilful operas.

raldine Farrar was delightful, too, Mimi. She was in better voice than has seemed this season and took r pains to get her words across footlights.

mato's pure, full tones rang out as in the music of Marcello, blending tifully with those of the three other ts in that quartet, with its con- d mirth and patho

Schaunard of Didur and the Col- f De Segurola contributed to th

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m ... were ... n the Marcetta. A ... weak spot ... the character o ... earlier occasions, the character ... young lady was interpreted ... by Bella Alten. Moreover, ... the second act Miss Alten dragged her tempi painfully.

The opera was conducted, somewhat heavily, last night by Mr. Sturani.

"La Bohême."

About once in two years the management of the Metropolitan Opera House indulges in the extravagance of putting its two most popular stars, Caruso and Geraldine Farrar, into the same act. Last night this happened in the case of "La Bohême" with results that need not be described further than to say that every seat and every inch of standing room was filled and the vast audience was happy. Caruso was in fine spirits and rollicked through the opera, full of life and vigor, getting out all the fun there is, and sang delightfully. It was a joy to hear him in "Che gelida manina," and the outbursts of applause at its conclusion were long and loud. In the quartet, later on, he was equally effective. Miss Farrar was in fine voice, and her Mimi was a treat for eyes and ears. Amato sang gloriously, while Didur, De Segurola, Alten, and the others added to the pleasure of the evening. Sturani conducted.

Feb 21 1912

A CHARMING OPERA ABOUT CINDERELLA

Jules Massenet's "Cendrillon" Given for the First Time at the Opera House.

Cendrillon	Maggie Teyte
Mme. de la Haltière	Louise Berat
The Prince	Mary Garden
The Fairy	Jennie Dufau
Noemie	Mabel Riegelman
Dorothee	Marie Cavan
Pandolfe	Hector Dufranne
The King	Gustave Huberdeau
Dean of the Faculty	Francesco Daddi
Première Danseuse Etoile	Rosina Galli

"Cendrillon," a fairy tale in four acts and six tableaux, the book by Henri Cain and the music by Jules Massenet, was performed by the Philadelphia-Chicago opera company under the direction of Andreas Dippel at the Metropolitan Opera House last night for the first time in this city. This organization had already given the opera in the course of its winter season in Chicago and disclosed its charms to Philadelphians last Saturday afternoon.

The opera was produced in Paris at the Opéra Comique on May 24, 1899. Naturally many people said that it was a French "Hänsel und Gretel" and that if it had not been for Humperdinck it would not have come into existence. Henri Cain promptly declared that he had sketched his libretto before Humperdinck's fairy opera had been made known. He added in a letter to Adolph Jullien that the great success of the German work made him and Massenet doubtful as to whether they ought to go ahead with theirs.

All this is history, but it has no great significance, for the sufficient reason that "Cendrillon" is no more like "Hänsel und Gretel" than "Pelléas et Mélisande" is like "Tristan und Isolde." Humperdinck builded better than he knew; Massenet only as well. Humperdinck made Wagner out of folk music; Massenet turned Perrault into a Louis XIII. pastoral.

It is not necessary to tell the story of Perrault, for every child knows it. Henri Cain has arranged it excellently for the purposes of the lyric stage. The action is a series of sentimental episodes alternating with or accompanied by spectacular beauty of no mean order. Proper points of repose for the exercise of the spell of music are provided, and these are followed by the movement necessary to carry the story forward.

Inevitably the materials furnished by the little tale are of the slightest texture. There is no opportunity for a display of grand expression. The musician who sets the book must deal only in dainty fancy and pretty sentiment. There is no passion; there is no tragedy. The opera should be heard at many matinées. It would delight the children and be an advantageous exercise in French.

Since, then, there is no profundity in the lyric play, there shall be none in the passing record of the morning after. Men do not powder fairy wings under the pestle of analysis. The first act, then, shows us the hard hearted stepmother and her two daughters making ready to go to the ball. The poor father, *Pandolphe*, is seen to be well henpecked. The servants secretly deride the old woman and her girls. All this is set forth with much animation and with graceful fluent music. One remembers nothing, but one is pleased while it all passes the ear. The skill of Massenet's fine stagecraft is always felt.

Then comes the natural change of mood. *Cinderella* enters and reflects upon her condition. Finally she goes to sleep in the chimney corner. Now we hear the voice of the good fairy. She is a most excellently disposed immortal, clad in discreet draperies, and voicing her ideas in Meyerbeerian coloratura, a true elf of the Bois de Boulogne. She has her chorus, at first invisible, then seen. It is all delightful, this fairy action. Loie Fuller lights, silent dancing, mysterious posing, shifting, evanishing colors, and music as thin and iridescent as gossamers unite in making a most exquisite scene.

Cinderella awakes to find herself clad in gorgeous raiment and her chariot ready to take her to the ball. The music sparkles with joy and florid ornament. Trills and roulades and other blossoms of song bestrew the stage. It is all wonderfully designed. The effect of the moment is convincing. Later when you try to recall it you find that it has gone like the gossamers with the morning sunlight.

In the second act in a splendid hall of the palace we see the *Prince* refusing to be pleased with life. The *King* and the court assemble. There are dances, slight, delicate, like the lace on my lady's fan. The picture is ravishing to the senses. The music is perfect in its reproduction of the elegant artificialities of the Louis XIII. period. Again the theatrical skill of Massenet triumphs. The stepmother and her daughters enter. They are burlesqued politely by the music. Then radiant vision, *Cinderella*, the disguised one, arrives. The wooden face of the *Prince* changes at last. He steps down to meet her. The *King* dismisses the court. Of course there is a duet, again finely spun and intangible. The bell strikes the fatal hour of midnight. The *Princess* flees and the little glass slipper remains.

In the first tableau of the third act poor *Cinderella* returns to her home and laments her banishment from the beautiful world of courts and princely love. Then the stepmother, the daughters and the poor father return. It is not a happy time for papa. The three others seem to hold him to blame for their discomfiture at court. They tell *Cinderella* that the *Prince* was quite disgusted with the impudence of a stranger who intruded. She grows faint. The father arises to the occasion and drives the other women from the room.

Then follows a lovely scene for father and daughter. They resolve to fly. Here the composer has found some tender accents for the father's love. For once the score becomes almost serious, almost forgets that it is telling a fairy tale for children who do not know what father love really is. When the father has gone *Cinderella* has a well written soliloquy. She weeps and calls upon her mother. In vain. She decides to go and die under a certain enchanted oak in the forest.

The scene changes. We are in the forest, a moonlit, fairy forest. We would not be astonished to see Sir John Falstaff there with his horns. But no; instead of that we hear more fairy coloratura, accompanied by more invisible chorus. We listen and gaze at the wonderfully well constructed picture, a marvel of scene painting and stage carpentry. Presently the coloratura fairy reveals herself. She is in the hollow of the tree. The others who sang are below traps or in the wings. They too show themselves.

And then come the lovers, one from each side, while a great branch of the tree, which the fairy has caused to fall, hides them from one another. Both appeal to the fairy, and she reveals them to each other. A love duet is inevitable. It is a charming duet, admirably written for the voices and containing the best and most thoroughly operatic music in the entire score.

Here indeed the opera might well stop, for the Prince has found his Princess. But the story must end according to the letter. So the fairy condemns them to a little more separation, and in the first scene of the fourth act we find *Cinderella* back at home and ill from exposure in the forest. Again, she has a pretty scene with her father. But at length we hear the voice of a herald calling for women to come and try on the slipper.

The scene changes to a hall in the palace. The *Prince* again wears his wooden face. He has changed his costume, but not his expression. Presently the *Cinderella-Princess* arrives and he smiles. They embrace. The stepmother declares that she always loved *Cinderella*. The curtain falls.

Always it is sweet, always it is entertaining, always it is as delicate as a painting on porcelain. Never is the music obtrusive. Never is it overdone. Nor is it ever such as to enchain the mind or lay strong hold on the memory. The orchestration is of course as highly finished as the construction of the music. The whole work is not perhaps fibrous nor wire drawn, but slender, like its own gliding nymphs of the wood, and filamentous as their transparent wings. All through it the cool, green moonlight shines gently, and the leaves of its fairy forest are never buffeted by rude and stormy dramatic winds.

The opera has been beautifully placed on the stage by Mr. Dippel. The splendor of the magnificent palace hall in which the ball takes place has not been outdone by that of any other interior exhibited in recent years. The glories of the enchanted forest, filled with fairy forms and voices, are indeed bewitching. Much complicated machinery is well managed and the presentation as a whole is admirable.

The performance was excellent in all its minor details. Indeed, it may fairly be said that the accessories were more satisfying than the principals. Maggie Teyte as *Cinderella* was sweet and simple, but it was certainly not essential that she should make the character quite so anaemic as it appeared to be last night.

But if this was the case with the heroine it was more so with the hero. The era of sexless opera can be revived only by making the puppets seem to dance. Mary Garden made *Prince Charming* ligneous apparition in an inky robe. But it was not the inky cloak that made this charming *Prince* so gloomy. It was Miss Garden's impenetrable mask of facial indifference. The true *Prince* belonged to the age of fable, but this one to the glacial epoch.

The father, *Pandolphe*, was well impersonated by that sterling artist, Hector Dufranne, Louise Berat as the pompous stepmother (an admirable impersonation), Jennie Dufau as the fairy and Mabel Riegelmann and Marie Cavan as the stepdaughters. The opera was capably conducted by Mr. Campanini.

Massenet's "Cendrillon" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The operatic organization whose artistic course is directed by Andreas Dippel (of Protean fame) and Cleofonte Campanini, but which poor, benighted New Yorkers cannot designate with surety, because they do not know whether obeisance is first to be made to Chicago or to Philadelphia, produced an opera new to New York at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. In the last instance it does not matter whether it was the Chicago Opera Company or the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company which did the gracious deed. In any event, it was the old Manhattan Opera House Company, revised and improved—not by the author—which performed the opera in pursuance of an old policy. The work was Massenet's "Cendrillon." To some it may have looked like a challenge to the Metropolitan management, which, for good and sufficient business and artistic reasons, has shown an extraordinary indifference to French opera this season. But there are wheels within wheels, and it does not require much logic to account for the paucity of French opera this year, or a very large prophetic sense to predict that it will return again next season to its deserved position in the Metropolitan Opera House. It is not a question of longitude, but of business—with our grand opera companies working on the lines of a trust against which it would be unamiable as well as unwise to raise a complaint at present, since we owe it so much enjoyment.

The story of "Cendrillon" is more or less the story of "Cinderella," and inasmuch as Massenet produced his opera six years after Humperdinck had set the whole European stage afire (figuratively speaking) with his operatic version of the nursery tale "Hänsel und Gretel," it is not much to be wondered at that the writer of the book, Henri Cain (whom we know as the literary author of "La Navarraise,") and M. Massenet should have feared lest public and critics should think that they had been influenced in their choice of a subject by the German authors. Mr. Cain went so far as to write a letter on the subject to Adolphe Jullien, in which he said that he and M. Massenet had been dallying with the story of Cinderella, and had even sketched their opera before Humperdinck had launched his delightful opera. But he needed not to have taken the trouble. In the first place, "Hänsel und Gretel" existed as a private play for the family of the sister of the composer some time before it became an opera. In the next place, there had been operas based on nursery—and even on that of Cinderella—tales long before Massenet and Henri Cain dreamed of the lyric drama. There was a French "Cendrillon" as early as 1759; Steibelt (a very considerable musical fellow who carried everything before him until he tried his mountebank tricks against Beethoven in Vienna won a large reputation with an opera on the same subject which he produced in St. Petersburg in 1809; Isouard brought out a Cinderella opera in 1810, and it is possible still to hear occasionally an aria from Rossini's "Cenerentola," which had its first performance in 1817 and in which Alboni made a triumph. Had untoward circumstances intervened we should have heard "Cendrillon" some years ago from the New Orleans Opera Company, whose most precious legacy to New York was Mme. Bressler-Gianoli's Carmen. The public may easily be forgiven for forgetting such things, but it is less pardonable in historians to falsify the record by stating, as the Frenchmen, Clément and Larousse, and the German, Hugo Riemann, do

state, that Manoel Popolo Garcia, who introduced Italian opera in New York some eighty-seven years ago, also produced a Cinderella opera in his short New York season. As a matter of fact, he brought forward two operas of his own composition, but the Cinderella opera which he gave was Rossini's. Thus carelessly is history made.

But, after all, it does not much matter. If "Cendrillon," which we heard last night, had preceded "Hänsel und Gretel" by half a hundred years, as it was preceded by the other French and Italian operas on the same subject, it would not be better in the estimation of contemporary criticism than it is. Somewhere in Romaine Rolland's interminable "Jean Christophe" there is an intimation that no matter what French composers try to do and be there is a little Massenet at the bottom of their hearts. Perhaps—we have no time to analyze—Rolland meant his remark to be a compliment to the most prolific and successful of French operatic composers. If he had "Cendrillon" and "Hänsel und Gretel" in his mind, however, the observation must have been cruelly critical. There is nothing which makes Humperdinck's nursery opera appealing, charming, compelling to the intellect as well as the emotions which is to be set by the side for a moment of the French setting of the tale of Cinderella, which is no more the property of the French people than of any other. Humperdinck did wonders by treating his fairy tale in the same manner that Wagner treated the ancient Teutonic myths, using the same musical system with wonderful skill, but taking his musical themes, as he took his literary, out of the mouths of the children who love the story. M. Massenet did nothing of the sort. He took a familiar nursery tale, and, regardless of everybody and everything (not only aided and abetted but led on by his librettist), made an opera in his style out of it—with his delightful mastery of the technique of composition, his complete understanding of the value of contrasts, his grace and elegance of melodic and harmonic expression. But not once did he introduce the atmosphere of the old nursery tale into it. He and Henri Cain made a conventional opera out of it, and when Mr. Dippel made us accept Mary Garden as the representative of Prince Charming, he asked us to take leave not only of our appreciation of beauty in song but also of poetry and grace in dramatic pose and action. All that he left us was admiring appreciation of the conducting and singing of Miss, or Mme., Maggie Teyte. The talents of other artists like Dufranne and Huberdeau were wasted. H. E. K.

Cendrillon	Maggie Teyte
Mme. De Le Haltiere	Louise Berat
The Prince	Mary Garden
The Fairy	Jennie Dufau
Noemie	Mabel Riegelman
Dorothee	Marie Cavan
Pandolfe	Hector Dufranne
The King	Gustave Huberdeau
Dean of the Faculty	Francesco Dadd
Master of Amusements	Desire Defrete
The Prime Minister	Constantin Nicolay
Voix du Heraut	Charles Meyer
Premiere Danseuse Etoile	Rosina Galli
General Musical Director	Cleofonte Campanini

Mr. Dippel, carrying on the Massenet tradition that he inherited from Mr. Hammerstein, who invented it and developed it as an operatic manager with so much success, produced Massenet's "Cendrillon" at the second performance o fthe Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was the first performance in New York, though it had been given earlier in the Winter by Mr. Dippel's company both in Chicago and in Philadelphia. New York, however, came perilously near hearing it twice, about eight years ago, on the visit of the New Orleans Opera Company that gave a few performances at the Casino and then faded away. "Cendrillon" was announced, but the company has dissolved before the dates were reached.

The audience was large, though far from as large as that which greeted the company at its first appearance last week. It gave evidences of pleasure at the performance that did not break through the boundary line of decorum or even rise often to the pitch of enthusiasm.

The special department of statistical science devoted to Massenet shows that "Cendrillon" is his fifteenth opera, and the eleventh of his operas to be heard in New York. It has already a respectable age in the tale of the prolific French composer's works, for it was first produced in Paris on May 24, 1899. It is called on the title page a "Fairy Tale in Four Acts and Six Tableaux," the intention being doubtless to disabuse any who might expect to hear a "grand opera," or even an "opéra comique," of the idea that they would find either in this work. The librettist was Henri Cain, who has since won fame as a dramatist, but who up to that time had not even attempted an operatic libretto. The two collaborators have denied that they were in the least turned toward this fairy tale as a subject for operatic treatment by the great success of "Hänsel und Gretel," that made its appearance not long before "Cendrillon," though M. Adolphe Julien, a keen observer, remarks that "Massenet generally knows which way the wind is blowing, and never tries to go counter to it," and remembers that he was shrewdly suspected of finding the suggestion for "La Navarraise" in the great success of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Based on Fairy Tale.

The point is of little moment, especially as there can be no suggestion of any similarity of means or method of treatment between the German and the French fairy opera. "Cendrillon" is, of course based on the tale of Charles Perrault, the delightful seventeenth century story teller, to whom the world owes so much for its fairy tales. It appears in the opera that Cinderella's real name is Lucette; that her wicked stepmother is Mme. de la Haltière, and her own father M. Pandolfe. Everything in the story takes its familiar course till after Cinderella's return from the ball at which she has had so brilliant a success. The stepmother and step-sisters, furious at their failure to attract the notice of Prince Charming, indulge in high words, and M. Pandolfe, wearied of the strife in his home, announces his intention of leaving it with his daughter and withdrawing to his old farm. But Cinderella, disheartened, in despair of ever seeing the Prince again, steals out of the house to die under the Fairies' Oak Tree. Thither comes also the Prince, likewise in despair of ever seeing Cinderella again, who had escaped so suddenly at the stroke of 12; and he, too, is seeking death. Though unaware of each other's presence, both invoke Fairy Godmother to the same effect, and she, seeing the two so near and each intending to die for the other, parts the curtain of verdure that separates them, and as they are united puts them to sleep with her magic wand.

In the last act, Cinderella, no longer a servant in her step-mother's house, is in the country watched by her solicitous father. She is recovering from a long illness, troubled by many strange dreams about fairies, slippers, and the Prince, that came upon her after he had found her lying unconscious under the oak tree. Then comes the trial to discover the owner of the glass slipper left behind at the ball by the damsel who had so enraptured the Prince, and the triumph of Cinderella, whom alone it fits.

"Cendrillon" is untroubled by symbolism, allegory, mysticism, or any other of the modern operatic "arrière pensées." It is frankly a fairy story, most innocently set to music, and its characters are the good and bad old friends of the tale, who act exactly as they do there and represent nothing else but themselves. The librettist has had, perhaps, to elaborate some of the incidents of "Cinderella" a good deal to make an opera out of the story. Some of them are spread a little thin. The story finds its climax in the third act in the reunion of the two lovers under the fairy godmother's wand; and the last act, representing the search for the owner of the glass slipper, its success, and the second reunion of the lovers, makes a rather perfunctory ending to correspond with the tradition of the fairy story. And yet a fairy story must end in this way, and they must live happily forever after! M. Pandolfe turns to the audience and says, "Here all ends well, you see," and the chorus gives the old-fashioned epilogue, "And so we end our play. We have all done our best to entice you away into fairyland blest."

Has a Human Interest.

But with all its simplicity of motive, "Cendrillon" has a human interest, even adult human interest, and a real charm. The librettist was skillful in his elaboration of the characters, motives, and situations provided for him by the delightful Perrault, and has given a succession of scenes, vivacious, pathetic, tender, and mirthful, always sympathetic; and he has also, naturally, taken thought of the possibilities of spectacular treatment which the scenes at court and the doings of the fairies suggest. The spectacle, in truth, has to hear a considerable part in maintaining the interest of this opera.

"Cendrillon" is another and a conspicuous example added to many presented before of Massenet's mastery of his trade of operatic composition. He had, it must be confessed, little inspiration to put into this work. There is nothing in this music that bears any sign that it was beating at his heart, clamoring at the portals of his soul for utterance to the world. Massenet, however, is one who "hath a mint of phrases in his brain," and its coinage is reasonably sound. The dexterity and skill with which he has written this music, with which he has made it express the characters and fit the situations, the variety, contrast, effectiveness, appropriateness that it all has, are something to admire. It is music which has, perhaps, at no point any sweeping power or real intensity, any vivid emotional force, any really great beauty of any sort. With all its finish and efficiency of workmanship, there is almost something sketchy about much of it. And yet it is agreeable, and almost always has something characteristic, something that engages and interests the listener, and is not unworthy of his attention.

There is little attempt to express the naïveté of childhood, that might be expected to have suggested itself to the composer as a means to his end in treating this fairy tale. Nor has Massenet sought to embody in it any of that folk song element that is so conspicuous in "Hänsel und Gretel," and that gives that fairy opera so much of its distinctive charm.

On the other hand, he has taken advantage of numerous opportunities for pleasing and picturesque musical episodes, diversions from the main course of the drama. There is the little concert for lute, viole d'amore and "crystal flute," which fails to charm the Prince at the outset of the second act, though it has a quaint old-world flavor. There are pleasing orchestral movements—somewhat lacking in pungency and flavor, notwithstanding some interesting rhythmic traits—when the various delegations of doctors, courtiers, noble daughters, players of the "mandora"—a larger mandolin—the Florentine dancer, enter to do their best to move and divert the Prince. The courtiers all unite to dance the "rigadoon," also pleasantly.

Comic Scenes are Lively.

Massenet's comic scenes are bustling and lively, as in the opening of the opera, where the stepmother is scolding the servants and where the messengers come with the ball dresses; and there is humor in the condescending phrases of pity when the courtiers have failed to make the Prince take notice. The fairy music is delicate and graceful without having any very distinct originality; it recalls in a way Mendelssohn and Berlioz, whose methods have become traditional. The Fairy Queen, after the fashion of most fairy queens, is addicted to florid song, and has many brilliant passages of this sort to sing. And this, at least, is one point that gives "Cendrillon" an unusual distinction among modern operas, whose composers have, as one man, rejected vocal coloratura as a means of expression.

Much of the music that Cinderella has to sing is tender, simple in outline, appropriate to the gentle and winning personality that is represented. Where Massenet most leaves a void is in his musical expression of the ardent passion of the Prince and of Cinderella for each other. Perhaps he found a hurtling vehemence, even a contained intensity of emotion, misplaced in these situations. At all events there is little glow of passion in the music at the meeting of Prince Charming and Cinderella at the ball—even when they are discreetly left alone—and again in their second meeting under the fairies' oak tree, and the brief moment that brings them together at the end.

One thing that never fails the composer is his fine and sensitive feeling for orchestral color, the power to present his music in an orchestral garb that seems the inevitable vesture of his ideas. And so in this work in which the stroke is always so light, the hand so sketchily free, the orchestration is light, fluent, transparent, and at the same time abounding in the fortunate touches in which he is so facile.

THE EVENING POST:

MUSIC AND DRAMA

A French Operatic "Cinderella."

How the New York public does love French operas when they are performed in the true Gallic spirit and with singers of the French school! The enthusiastic reception given at the Metropolitan last week to "Carmen" as performed by Mr. Dippel's Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company showed this; and it was shown again last night, when another large audience welcomed another Parisian opera, which was applauded far more than the average performance at the Metropolitan, although it is a work which would not appeal to the gallery. This opera was Massenet's "Cendrillon," which on this occasion had its first hearing in New York. In the list of Massenet's operas, if we begin with "Le Roi de Lahore," it occupies the thirteenth place, coming between "Sapho" and "Grisélidis." Of the nine operas following it, two—"Grisélidis" and the "Jongleur de Notre Dame"—have been produced in this city, while of those preceding it, seven had been produced here—"Hérodiade," "Manon," "Le Cid," "Werther," "Thaïs," "La Navarraise," and "Sapho." "Cendrillon" is thus the eleventh of Massenet's twenty-two operas to be produced here. In Paris it was first staged in 1899, and its reception by the public as well as the press was most favorable.

Henri Cain has written a most charming libretto, in four acts. In one or two details he has added telling dramatic points, but he has touched the old fairy-tale of Cinderella and her tiny glass slipper with loving fingers, and has added to its poetry instead of taking from it, as might so easily have happened, with a less delicate style than his. The present writer does not recall in the fairy tale a loving father, a much hen-pecked man, whose heart ached sorely for his own little daughter; nor the meeting in the wood of the lovers, under the fairies' oak, where poor little Cinderella had gone to end her life; nor the sudden and politic change of the wicked stepmother to a loving relative, when the Prince chooses her pretty step-child to be his bride. These are none of them out of place. They enrich a classic, and make it more appealing to grown-up hearers, more fitted for the opera house than the slenderer plot would be. Cinderella is a loveable little creature who should quickly win her way to the hearts of opera-goers, large and small, much as Hänsel und Gretel have done.

Musically, the work is as light, as delicate, as the libretto, although here and there Massenet's dramatic instinct, made him touch a deeper note, notably in the two unusually beautiful duets of the lovers, in Prince Charming's scene alone before the lovely Unknown appears, and in the one where little Cinderella and her father are longing, with a tender homesickness, for their farm and the lilies of the valley which they picked in the dewy mornings. There are exquisite wood-wind melodies peeping out here and there in this part of the score and suggesting the piping of distant shepherds with the same charm that exists in the "Jongleur," but with totally different melodies. Massenet has too much invention to repeat himself except in color. He has written some beautiful coloratura passages for the fairy godmother. Louis Schneider poetically states that Massenet "dusted the tale of Perrault and the libretto of Henri Cain with a fine powder of sounds," which is true in part, but does not reach the more heartfelt moments of his work. Perhaps the detail which stands out most strongly in this delicate pastel score is the composer's use of the oboe, whose penetrating sweetness of timbre is eminently appropriate to the gentle, pretty subject of his work. Cinderella's song in the first act, a resigned acceptance of her dull life, is charming, plaintive, but a brave little song, nevertheless, and the dances at the ball are quite delightful enough to divert even the sons of a prince. The first one is rhythmically as Spanish as the Carmen ballet, and the third is a *pizzicato ostinato* almost as sustained as the famous one of Tchaikovsky's symphony. The entry of Cinderella's unsympathetic relatives and their friends is delightfully pompous and daintily grotesque. There is a melody which the sorrowing prince sings which reminds one of some of those written by Franz, by its feeling, its melancholy, and its melodious originality. Massenet never wrote anything more adorable than the duet of the lovers under the fairies' oak. This same oak, a mighty tree which might have held all the fairies in Christendom, caused the audience to applaud when the curtain opened. Two slight scenic improvements might be suggested here, one being more uneven distribution of the fairy light and the other a veil that would lend more mystery to this enchanted spot. A veil, too, would have added to the charm of the scene where the fairies first appear to prepare Cinderella for the ball. These are mere suggestions, not criticisms, for Mr. Dippel has once more shown his unusual ability in operatic management. He has had the wisdom not to overload the settings, but has kept the whole stage light and agreeable to the eye. One scene, the terrace where Cinderella is sitting recovering from her illness, masses of flowering vines hanging above her, and a glimpse of the village show through an arch at the back, is particularly attractive.

The cast was excellent, except for one particular. The charming and difficult music of the fairy was not adequately performed, but it seems to be almost impossible to find well-trained coloratura voices at the present time. Miss Maggie Teyte as Cinderella was singularly attractive. Her slight, girlish figure, and her pleasing little face were perfectly adapted to the part, and no one could have sung the music better. Her voice is as youthful, as charming as she is, and it possesses a touch of pathos too. The part does not call for much acting, but what there was was good, and Miss Teyte won a well-earned success. Mary Garden, as Prince Charming, looked the part to the life, quite as if she had walked out of a story-book, and she sang uniformally well, at times beautifully, especially the prince's soliloquy and the ardent appeal to the fairy to let him see the lost one once more. Louise Berat, a contralto with a beautiful, rich, smooth voice, was excellent in the part of the wicked stepmother, Marie Cavan and Mabel Riegelman being her two daughters. It is, perhaps, too much to think of a pretty girl that she should make herself ugly, but recollections of the old fairy tale suggest homely and over-dressed sisters, instead of pretty and tasteful ones as were those last night. Hector Dufranne took the part of Pandolfe, the hen-pecked husband, father of Cinderella, and sang exceedingly well. He might, and would have handled the part with more lightness for, though he is a sorrowful and somewhat crushed being, he is sorrowful and crushed in a fairy-tale atmosphere, not in a modern drama. Mr. Huberdeau took the small part of the King, and did it well, as he always does everything, and the rest of the cast was satisfactory.

Mr. Campanini conducted the work with real French *esprit* and brought out the lovely coloring of the orchestra most poetically, and always with the necessary restraint. He is indefatigable, this man, always ready, always working, and brings always to his task a freshness and vivacity which are truly inspiring.

Ellen Ballon's Recital.

Two years ago Ellen Ballon, an eleven-ar-old pupil of Rafael Joseffy, astonish- and delighted connoisseurs by an ex-ptionally promising exhibition of piano-ying. She did not reappear publicly on concert stage, however, until yesterday ernoon, when she gave a recital at the lasco Theatre before a large audience. tle Miss Ballon has not been idle since was last heard, and her playing has ned remarkably in maturity and polse. leed, to hear a thirteen-year-old child y a long, exacting, and widely diversified gramme, including such things as Bach's alian Concerto," the Scarlatti "Pastor- and Capriccio," Beethoven's "Thirty- Variations," a Schubert Impromptu, a ndeissohn Scherzo, half a dozen Chopin nbers, a Liszt Rhapsody, and several er things with such flawless technic, t fingers, round and solid tone, exquis- legato effects, and musical feeling in eral, is thoroughly amazing, to say the st. Naturally, one can scarcely look strongly developed temperamental quali- as yet in the little girl's perform- es. These will come in due course of e, and then music-lovers can look to s Ballon for big things. Her playing every number yesterday would have e credit to many an older and more erienced artist, and her hearers ap-uded her rapturously.

THE VOLPE ORCHESTRA.

rt Spalding Plays Bach's E Major Concerto for Violin.

he Volpe Symphony Society gave its d subscription concert last night at negie Hall. It had chosen to make programme interesting by present- music from many lands, as Ger-y, Hungary, Norway, France and sia. Conductor Volpe's custom has lly been to offer at each of these erts an American composition. Last t the programme contained no such k, but an American soloist had been cted. This was the young violinist, rt Spalding.

e orchestra gave as an opening ber the symphony in E flat major, 39, of Mozart, and in a manner that genuinely refreshing. The players have some things to learn about gradations and the restraint of rous emphasis while sustaining a er level of musical ideas.

t they always played with an in-gence imbued with musical virility, frequently, as in the minuet and e movements of the symphony, with od degree of orchestral technic.

e next important item in the list Bach's violin concerto, No. 2, in E r. Mr. Spalding's performance of as notable first of all for beauty of eption. There were a few passages would have been more acceptable he ear if his executive power had less restrained and his clearness ne a little more distinctly defined. these spots were few and left his ing of Bach's music to show as an evement of rare musical lovelliness.

her programme numbers were mark's "Sakuntala" overture, g's "Lyric Suite," the "Rondo Ca-cioso" of Saint-Saens for violin, and sky-Korsakow's effective "Capric-Espagnol." The audience was a very e one and appreciative.

Cinderella," the opera, had its first per-nance in New York at the Metropolitan ra House last night. It was the second t this season of the Philadelphia-Chi-o Opera Company and the début here pera of Mi Maggie Teyte in the title . The opera, by Mons. Jules Masse-s a dozen years old and has been given ther cities. Considering how long New k operagoers had to wait to hear it, took the first performance very calm-ndeed.

is a pretty subject for an opera—the iliar fairy tale fashioned into an opera etto by Mons. Henri Cain. Its plot is he tip of every one's tongue and does need to be told anew. Everybody be-es in it who believes in fairies and ce Charming. But to judge from the ic that Mons. Massenet has poured and into the libretto, he did not be-in these things when he composed score.

is fairly uninspired music, with long k stretches and occasional touches of ch grace. The best that can be said it is that it is "pretty," which in d opera means little. A few themes incidents might stand transplanting e comic opera stage without the aid of usical tailor, but on the big Metropol-stage they sounded rather flimsy.

e of the most satisfying episodes was scene between Cinderella and her er in the beginning of the fourth act. he other hand, the most disappointing was the opening scene, when step-mother and stepsisters go to the ball and leave Cinderella moping by the fire until the fairies rescue her. Here there was no suggestion of that happy "make believe" that rejuvenates the world. It was "stagy," the fairies were unattractive ballet figures and Cinderella herself appeared simply an opera prima donna.

Nor did the performance atone for the composer's lack of inspiration. Miss Teyte, in the title part, has been heard here in recital and concert, and she then gave every indication that she would be much better in opera than she was last night. She sang well, taking her tones freely and displaying a pleasing quality of voice, but the volume was quite inadequate for the Metropolitan.

As Prince Charming Miss Carden seemed very ill at ease. Her costume fitted her as though she and it had been cast in one mould. Knickerbockers, velvet coat and beplumed hat were all as the imagination would have painted them, but she was stodgy in her movements and did not dominate the scene. As for her singing, she had a very few happy moments. And when she has little acting to do her singing always sounds not its best.

Mons. Dufranne sang Pandolfe, Cinderalia's father, with excellent diction, and his one comedy scene, when he refuses to be henpecked any longer, was admirably carried off. Mons. Huberdeau was a sonorous King.

There was a newcomer in the part of the Fairy, Miss Jennie Dufau, whose high soprano did not meet the requirements of this florid music satisfactorily. Another newcomer in a small rôle was Miss Louise Berat, the stepmother, who acted vivaciously, but did not set the audience astir by her singing. Mr. Campanini conducted brilliantly and had to take curtain calls with Misses Garden and Teyte. The orchestra was not at its best last night.

Scenically the production is lavish, principally the picture of the fairy oak tree, a great impressive gnarled oak whose branch drops and reveals the fairy's hiding place, and the two court scenes, were handsomely set.

E. - 22 1912

"Otello" at the Metropolitan.

Verdi's opera "Otello" was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last night for the first time this seasos. It is a great work, and for that reason has to wait every year for the coming of a dramtic tenor who is great outside of the conventional roles, for "Otello" is anything but a conventional opera. Carusos may sing conventional operas, but they cannot (or will not) sing the great operas which signify in the development of art. Let us excuse them; it is not their business or that of their employers. Herr Slezak is one of the best operatic Otellos alive—indeed, we doubt if he has his fellow—and he was in fine condition last night. There was a picturesque Iago in Signor Scotti and an amiable Desdemona in Mme. Alda (it would be straining a point to say more), and as for the rest, as our operatic performances go, they were satisfactory—they did not disappoint because they had nothing significant to do.

Much has been written in the last two seasons of Herr Slezak's Moor, an impersonation that is not unworthy to stand with that of Tamagna, and on its dramatic side even with that of the elder Salvini. There is one objection to the Bohemian tenor's conception—Otello was a Moor, but there is no necessity of believing that his complexion was the hue of soot. Herr Slezak's conception is not that of a barbarian, who is half a beast, but of a simple, upright man, of great dignity and great tenderness, whose outbursts are not those of innate animosity, but of a strong spirit goaded to desperation. To this conception a rich olive skin would prove more attractive than that of an inhabitant of Abyssinnia. But, despite this slight criticism, the tenor's performance is one of remarkable majesty and one that is uplifted by unusual imagination. Well earned was the tumult of applause that greeted him, with Signor Scotti, at the conclusion of the second act. In addition, except for a slight vibrator, his voice was last night in excellent condition.

Antonio Scotti's dago has always been one of his most successful parts, and his acting last night had never been more subtle nor more envenomed. Mme. Alda, appearing as a member of the company for the first time in two years, wisely chose one of her best parts, and as Desdemona was an appealing figure, who sang the music with delicacy and usually with pure tone. Mr. Toscanini conducted with fine spirit.

Verdi's "Otello."

"Otello," the last but one of Verdi's operas, was given last night at the Metropolitan for the first time this season. It is safe to predict that it will not be sung many times, for, while it shows more invention than "Falsaff," the fire of Verdi's genius was beginning to turn to ashes. There are beautiful moments, as the 'celio love melody and other occasional melodic snatches like the one to which Desdemona enters in act third; the spiendid storm—magnificently conducted by Toscanini—which opens the first act. Even this cannot equal that of the last act of "Rigoletto." There is less of spontaneity, and workmanship will never take the place of inspiration, no matter how much hothouse forcing such works may receive. In the meantime operas of far greater musical value are being neglected.

The cast was a good one Slezak as Otello, Scotti as Iago, Mme. Alda as Desdemona, Mme. Mauhourg as Emilia, while the smaller parts were capably performed, especially Segurola's Lodovico. It is inevitable, or practically so, that the opera should become centred completely on the two men, Otello and Iago. The audience applauded their great scene at the end of the second act most enthusiastically, and drowned the claque which had been in evidence earlier in the performance, and also made one forget the singing of the quartet, which was woefully flat. Otello is Slezak's best rôle. There is an elemental force, and passion—and tenderness too—in his impersonation which are very impressive and make one forgive a good deal of defective singing.

Iago is one of Mr. Scotti's best rôles, and while he was not in especially good voice, he always gives an intelligent and interesting performance of Otello's enemy. It is a pity that facial expression is not one of his attributes, for if he had this supreme gift, he could make his work far more valuable. Mme. Alda sang her part better than two years ago, except for an occasional wandering from the pitch. Her high notes were more agreeable than usual, although they frequently drop back into a white quality which might easily and advantageously be eliminated. She made the "willow" song rather less monotonous than it is usually, the darkening of the voice being a gain.

It is needless to say that Mr. Toscanini did full justice to the score.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Otello," an Italian opera in four acts, by G. Verdi.

The Cast.

Otello	Leo Slezak
Iago	Antonio Scotti
Cassio	Angelo Bada
Roderigo	Pietro Audisio
Lodovico	Andrea de Segurola
Montano	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Un Araldo	Bernard Begue
Desdemona	Frances Alda
Emilia	Jeanne Maubourg
Conductor	Arturo Toscanini.

Verdi's opera, "Otello," was offered as a novelty this season at the Metropolitan last night, with the added attraction of Mme. Frances Alda (Mme. Gatti-Casazza), who has not been heard in more than two years. This musical study on the evils of miscegenation none of its inherent beauty and accuracy in development of detail as it was produced by M. Gatti-Casazza.

On first acquaintance the musical outline of "Otello" seems surprising and even difficult. But familiarity discloses merits of a very high order which indeed are not surpassed in the always favorite "Aida" or in "Falstaff."

Those who know say that "Otello" really bears a striking resemblance to Verdi's other Shakespearian offering, and while the music does not seem the same there may be and probably are technical similarities. They certainly belong to the same period of the composer's development.

M. Toscanini conducted, of course, and further justified his title and reputation of genius. His reading of the picturesque and highly characterized score—a score so highly and delicately colored and so powerful and abundant in dramatic suggestion—was at once poetical, imaginative, lucid and emphatic.

Madame Alda sang the role in which Madame Rappold was heard last year, and Madame Rappold has admitted that Desdemona is not easy to sing. It exacts vocal skill and discipline rarely found in the newer singers, who put a great deal of reliance on those two qualities called "temperament and personality." Madame Alda recreated the part and achieved a plane of superior artistic accomplishment.

There was a rule in the opera, now happily abrogated, that the woman who was Madame Gatti-Casazza must be banished to a vocal Siberia, the only roads out of which were Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and that wide territory known generally as "the West." That now, last night proved, is in the past; and who really wishes for the return of the mythical olden times?

Madame Alda justified the raising of the ban. Her voice is of the sweetest and most sympathetic quality. It is the sort of voice one would like to hear sing lullabies. And, to the great relief of those who are tired of opera acting, she acted as one would expect from a stage star who was not a prima donna.

The other members of the cast have sung the same opera within a year, and consequently are remembered in their roles by those who take their opera seriously.

M. Slezak's Otello is a forceful and well-understood interpretation, and Mr. Scotti in Iago makes it plain that he knows at least the Italian translation of Shakespeare. Madame Maubourg was a graceful Emilia.

The performance was artistic from beginning to end. It should be recorded among the real successes at the Metropolitan in this or any other year.

E. - 23 1912

THE NIBELUNG'S RING RETURNS TO RHINE

Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was brought to a conclusion at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, when "Götterdämmerung" was given. The preservation of public interest through the month long performance of the famous tetralogy was not the least significant feature of the proceedings. If the professional observer were inclined to do so he might easily read into the record evidence of the returning Wagnerian enthusiasm which is certain to come.

But it is doubtful whether the public itself is at all aware of this undercurrent of feeling. And furthermore it would not be difficult to set up a strong argument to show that the people who flock to the "Ring" performances are not those who sit enwrapped through "Tosca" or "The Girl of the Golden West."

Nevertheless there is a greater general enthusiasm this season over the "Ring" than there was last, and that fact cannot be passed over. Sooner or later all people who regard opera as an art and not as a mere pastime are going to awaken to the fact that Wagner is growing bigger every day instead of smaller. They are going to discover that little or almost nothing has been done in the way of progress in the lyric drama since he ceased to labor. They will discern in the finely spun tonal webs of Debussy a fatal finish out of some Wagnerian ideas of one class, and in the latest ebullition of the genius of Mr. Puccini a reductio ad absurdum of others of another class. Only Verdi knew how to march in the procession and carry his own standard.

And when they turn their eyes away from the weary field of the lyric stage and contemplate the domain of instrumental music again they are going to find the migthy shadow of Wagner leaning across it to its utmost rim. It matters not that these things are not clearly seen at present. But it is interesting to note that they are dimly felt and that people are beginning once again to steep themselves with passionate delight in the great waves of dramatic expression hurled into the ocean of art by the power of Wagner's genius.

If the four dramas of the "Ring" series could have been given in closer connection at the Metropolitan the throb of the public pulse would have rung itself into bell-like audibility. There would have been no misunderstanding of its meaning, for at each performance the audience was large and its absorption beautiful to note. Doubtless the singers have felt the thrill of sympathy, for the representations, uneven at times and in some moments regrettably defective, have had a profound undertone of sincerity.

From the first to the last the artists have given themselves with lovely devotion to the task of vitalizing Wagner's written page, and in this they have followed a good leader in Alfred Hertz. If he is sometimes overenthusiastic, he errs at least on the better side. It is quite possible to put *Brünnhilde* to sleep before her time and never wake her up.

The cast of yesterday's performance comprised Olive Fremstad as *Brünnhilde*, Mme. Homer as *Waltraute* and *Flosshilde*, Mr. Burrian as *Siegfried*, Mr. Weil as *Gunther*, Mr. Griswold as *Hagen*, Mr. Goritz as *Alberich*, Mme. Fornia as *Gutrune*, Mme. Alten as *Wellgunde* and Miss Sparkes as *Woglinde*. All of these persons have been heard before in the same rôles. It is only essential to note at this time that Mme. Homer, who did not appear in the previous segregated presentation of "Götterdämmerung," effected her return to the beautiful *Waltraute* episode with artistic success. Mme. Fremstad's impersonation of *Brünnhilde* was simply magnificent. This is a brief summing up of something whose details might fill a column of praise.

In the evening "Aida" was given with Mmes. Destinn and Matzenauer, Messrs. Caruso, Gilly and Didur in the chief rôles. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Geraldine Farrar Sings Elizabeth's Prayer in a Determined Manner.

The fourth evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last evening had two features which demand special comment this morning. One was the singing of *Elizabeth's* prayer from "Tannhauser," the third number on the programme, by Miss Geraldine Farrar, prima donna soprano of the Metpolitan Opera House, and the playing of Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" by the orchestra under the inspiring direction of Conductor Max Fiedler.

Miss Farrar was attired in the most gorgeous and striking manner, but that is of course not a matter for critical comment. But her singing of the touching prayer of *Elizabeth* was something not only open to critical comment, but actually clamoring for it. The air is usually sung piano; Miss Farrar, who apparently rejoices in opportunities to shatter the most cherished traditions, sang it in full voice, with very little nuance and an abundance of tone quality which could not have ravished any sensitive ear. Her entire reading of the lovely air was deficient in technical beauty and interpretative sentiment.

Mr. Fielder and the gentlemen of Boston glorified Strauss's music and themselves. The noble peroration of the work was reached in a subtly planned series of gradations and when it came its tonal proclamation was nothing short of stupendous. The performance of this work was a demonstration of what the Boston orchestra can do at its best.

The other orchestral numbers on the programme were Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" overture, Beethoven's fourth symphony and Enesco's "Rumanian Rhapsody" in A major, opus 11, No. 1. This work, which is pleasing but of slight importance, was heard for the first time this city. Just before this number Miss Farrar sang with piano accompaniment Schumann's "Intermezzo" and "Ihre Stimme," Sinding's "Sylvelin" and Grieg's "Ein Traum."

That sedate band of harmony, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave their fourth evening concert of the season in Carnegie Hall last night, and Miss Geraldine Farrar, of the Metropolitan, was the soloist. She was more than that, for she was really startling. She wore a gown that appeared to be a combination of crimson, turqoise blue, light blue, and white, queerly slashed, gashed and cut. She wore a turban of gold and crimson, with flaring blue feathers in front. At time it looked like some Indian head dress, at others, the effect was that of a modish godess of liberty.

Waving a huge ostrich plume fan, Miss Farrar sang the prayer from "Tannhauser." The whole combination of gown, turban, fan and prayer seemed incongruous. She sang it well, but with full voice and without much sentiment. It seemed an odd and unhappy number to have chosen. Later, with piano accompaniment she sang a group of songs, the most charming of which was Sinding's "Sylvelin." She received many recalls.

Under Mr. Max Fiedler's baton the Boston Orchestra played note perfect again last night. Mr. Richard Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" was stirringly done, every nuance being heeded, every detail nursed without sacrifice of general, sweeping effect.

Mr. George Enesco's Roumanian rhapsody, No. 1, was another feat of virtuosity. Its composer is court violinist to the Queen of Roumania and this brilliant composition, which is a sheer delight, is based upon Roumanian airs. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony and Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" completed the list of pieces, both admirably played. Twice during the evening did the orchestra have to arise and bow in answer to applause.

"RING" ENDS IN GLORY

"Gotterdammerung" Given Before Huge Audience.

The special cycle of Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen" came to an end yesterday in a veritable blaze of glory with a performance of "Götterdämmerung," which for brilliancy perhaps surpassed any similar performance for several years. First honors fell to Mme. Olive Fremstad, whose Brünnhilde was an impersonation both dramatically and vocally long to be remembered—the descent upon the New York stage of a veritable avator. Mr. Burrian's Siegfried, Mr. Griswold's Hagen, Mr. Weil's Gunther, and Miss Farrar's Gutrune were all worthy companions, and Alfred Hertz led the orchestra with fine authority and feeling for the score. The audience was a huge one and brought a healthful feeling that even in New York the public is not quite yet oblivious to the work of art itself.

In the evening Verdi's "Aïda" made a change in the artistic if not the physical atmosphere, the audience being equalled only by the capacity of the house. Of course, the reason was the appearance of Mr. Caruso as Radames, who, in good voice, delighted pit, gallery and rail. Miss Destin was the Aïda and Mme. Matzenauer the Amneris. A good word should be said for the Amonasro of Mr. Gilly, the French baritone, showing that his voice is fast regaining the smoothness and brilliancy it possessed last year. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

While 'Aïda" was in progress at the Opera, the Boston Symphony Orchestra was giving its fourth New York performance of the season in Carnegie Hall, the hall being sold out, as all Boston Orchestra concerts are nowadays. The orchestra, under Mr. Fiedlers' direction, gave a most scholarly rendition of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony and a magnificently brilliant one of Richard Strauss's Death and Transfiguration. The other orchestral number was the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" and Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody in A major.

The soloist of the evening was Miss Geraldine Farrar, who appeared upon the stage looking like the Statue of Liberty out for a walk. Her dress was red, white and blue, and over her fair head waved triumphantly the feathers of a red flamingo. Miss Farrar was evidently determined that the audience should not forget that she knew it was Washington's Birthday. But loudly as her colors proclaimed her patriotism, more loudly still did she declaim Elizabeth's Praper from "Tannhäuser," so loudly, indeed that the angels in the seventh heaven must have awakened from their sleep. Then after a while she sang to pianoforte accompaniment three songs by Schumann, Sinding and Grieg.

Feb 24 1912

"THE BARTERED BRIDE"

Smetana's comic opera, "The Bartered Bride," was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. The work was produced here in the season of 1908-09 and had six representations. Last winter it was given four times. These records stand in sharp contrast with those of the early years of opera in German at the Metropolitan Opera House.

In one of those seasons Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" was sung fifteen times. In the next season it was heard four times and it was speedily retired from the repertory. It remained in silence till Heinrich Conried revived it. Mr. Gatti-Casazza's judicious policy has prevented the keeping of any one work before the public till interest was entirely killed.

The method of the present impresario has been to give an opera on each subscription night and at one matineé and to add in special instances one or two extra performances. Thus when a work is given as many as six times in one season we may accept that as a pretty certain proof that it is popular.

Meanwhile Mr. Gatti-Casazza's method insures the freshening up of the repertory from time to time, as it needs it. The present season has not been barren of comic operas, and two new ones, "Le Donne Curiose" and "Versiegelt," have been introduced to the notice of local operagoers. The revival of "The Bartered Bride" is naturally coincident with the return to the company of Carl Jörn, the tenor, who sings the rôle of *Hons*.

The revival seemed to please the considerable audience which was present. Doubtless to many of the hearers the work was new. These must have obtained great enjoyment, for the character of the music is altogether different from that found in any of the other scores used in the Metropolitan repertory.

The composer well knew that inorder to make his music faithful to his story he must go to the soil of Bohemia. His melodies are in the manner of the Bohemian folk song, and hence they sound not in the least like the German and Italian music heard for the most part at the opera house. Folk song ideals are followed in "Hänsel und Gretel" and in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and operagoers well know what a gulf separates these.

But an equally wide gulf lies between them and "Prodana Nevesta," as "The Bartered Bride" is called in its original tongue. Humperdinck has Wagnerized German folk ideas and Mascagni has dressed Sicilian themes in the costumes of the Teatro San Carlo. Of the oil and wine of that good humor which lies close to the earth there is more in "The Bartered Bride" than in Humperdinck's wonderfully sophisticated creation. The latter is more elaborate art, the former is more spontaneous.

All the good things of "The Bartered Bride" brought joy last night. These do not all belong to the lovers. There are the ballet, with all the leaping dancers, led by Ottokar Bartik; *Wenzel*, the stutterer, inimitably impersonated by Albert Reiss; *Springer*, the circus man, made a striking piece of humorous characterization by Julius Bayer, and *Kezal*, the matchmaker, admirably done by Mr. Didur. So if Mr. Jörn was not in his best voice, and Mme. Destinn, as *Marie*, was somewhat tired after the previous night's "Aida," these were but small blemishes on an otherwise good performance. Anna Case was the *Esmeralda* and a creditable one, too. Mr. Hertz conducted. The overture was played before the opera. It used to be given between the acts.

MME. SZUMOWSKA'S CONCERT.

Her "Lecture Recital" at Berkeley Theatre Proves to Be Interesting.

Mme. Antoinette Szumowska gave at the Berkeley Theatre yesterday afternoon the first of her series of entertainments called "lesson recitals." The purpose of these performances is to enlighten auditors as to the structure of compositions and the points to be made in their interpretation. Mme. Szumowska, who is a pianist of skill and a pupil of Mr. Paderewski, has made a serious study of her art and her talks yesterday on some of the more important compotitions on her programme ought to have been instructive to her hearers.

She spoke briefly of the composers except in the case of Beethoven, of whom she naturally had much to say. She analyzed his "Pastoral sonata in D minor and showed how certain parts of it ought to be read. After opening up the composition to her hearers she played it. She followed this same plan with Scarlatti's "Pastoral" and capriccio. Conpedino's "La Poole" and other works on her list.

'THE BARTERED BRIDE' GIVEN.

Smetana's Bohemian Opera, with Mme. Destinn, Messrs. Joern, Didur, and Reiss.

Kruschina	Herbert Witherspoon
Kathinka	Marie Mattfeld
Marie	Emmy Destinn
Micha	Basil Ruysdael
Agnes	Henrietta Wakefield
Wenzel	Albert Reiss
Hans	Carl Jorn
Kezal	Adama Didur
Springer	Julius Bayer
Esmeralda	Anna Case
Mupp	Ludwig Burgstaller

Smetana's opera of "The Bartered Bride" seems to have made a place for itself in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House. It began its fourth season there last evening in very much the same shape in which it was presented a year ago. The only important change in the cast was the replacement of Mr. Goritz, who last season took the place of Rezal, the voluble and self-important marriage broker, by Mr. Didur, who had previously had it, and who was the original representative of it in New York. Mme. Destinn and Mr. Jorn were, as they were in the previous representations, the heroine, Marie, and the hero, Hans, and Mr. Reiss again presented the comic figure of Wenzel.

The performance was given with the gayety and spirit that made the success of the opera with the Metropolitan's public in former seasons. If Mme. Destinn did not seem to be in the best of mood and voice, there was reason for it in the fact that a few hours before the curtain rose she had received news of her brother's death in Europe.

"The Bartered Bride" is an opera frankly made after old-fashioned models, sometimes grazing and passing over the line that divides opera from operetta. It is melodious in an obvious and innocent way, and presents no problems or difficulties of any kind. It was intended by its composer to be a national opera, rooting in the nature Bohemian soil, illustrating national types, representing the village life of the country; and, according to Bohemians, it does so. The composer in carrying out his purpose has made large use of the native musical idiom. Dance rhythms have a prominent place in the score; and the national dances, the polka and furiant, are danced by the corps of Bohemian dancers with inspiriting effect. Much of the vitality of the opera depends upon the skillful stage management that keeps the action brisk and varied. Some of the features of the traveling show introduced into the last act go a little beyond the strict injunction of the score; but they help to lighten an act that in some respects has need of such aid. Mr. Hertz conducted with much energy and with an unceasing attention to the thoroughly marked and characteristic rhythm that belongs to so much of Smetana's music.

CIRCUS AT THE OPERA

Audience Aroused by Gayety of "The Bartered Bride."

All is not murder, riot and sudden death even on the operatic stage, as a visit to the Metropolitan Opera House last night would have evidenced. Smetana's comic opera, "The Bartered Bride," was on the boards, and the goddess of simple country mirth had displaced the great god Phtha of Egypt of the night before. But the great god Phtha got his hand in after all, for the Marie of Miss Emmy Destinn had not entirely recovered from the strain of her previous night's "Aida." Yet despite t fact, the character is one of the Bohemi soprano's best impersonations, and g gave great pleasure.

The Hans was Carl Jörn, who made l reappearance as a member of the compa He, too, was not in the best voice, but wi him, again, the part is one that is mo sympathetic. The gayety of the audien was admirably sustained by Mr. Didur, M Reiss, Mr. Bayer and Mr. Burgstaller. O the joys of that last act circus! The sha of the late Mr. Barnum must have smil on the other side of the Styx and shak congratulatory hands with Smetana. N one but a man who had been a boy wi had played truant ever could have writt that circus music! Every bar was a melo of popcorn and pink lemonade!

A special word of praise should be sa for the Esmeralda of Miss Anna Ca. Miss Case is a young woman who do not often get the opportunity of showi what she can do. She got it last nigl and in both voice and action made ma regret that she is not heard and seen mo often. Alfred Hertz, of course conduct and conducted with gratifying lightne and a sense of the humor of the score.

Feb 25 1912

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Alwyn Schroeder Plays a Cello Composition by Tschaikowsky.

The fourth afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall yesterday was delightful, but not of the kind that emands profound comment. The orchestral numbers were Schumann's C major symphony, Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel" and Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture. The solo performer was Alwyn Schroeder, one of the cellists of he orchestra and formerly cellist of the Kneisel Quartet. He played Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme."

These variations are of very slight texture, but they are well suited to the utterance of the violoncello. While they do not call upon it for the expression of any large emotion such as the instrument can well sing, they do ask of it perfection of cantilena as well as a floridity which does not violate its dingity. Mr. Schroeder is no stranger to this public. His art is ripe and filled with the repose which comes from authority. His performance yesterday was a model of beautiful tone, finished teohnic and elegant style. The audience received it with uncommon enthusiasm, recalling the artist no less than eight times.

While the performance of the Schumann symphony was uplifting, the central achievement of the orchestra was its delivery of the humorous rondo of Mr Strauss. This composition at each hearing renews the conviction that for sheer orchestral virtuosity it has not its fellow There are phrases which arouse the ire of adorers of the mellow clarinet or the plaintive oboe, but they are such wickedly ingenious proclamations of ribald jest, boisterous merriment or sardonic humor, that they extort admiration even from the unwilling.

Max Fiedler is one of the apostles of Strauss and conducts his music with communicative enthusiasm. The performance of the great rondo yesterday was one to call for the warmest praise. It was a magnificent instrument upon which the conductor had to play, and he played upon it like a master.

YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA.

Verdi's Music in the Afternoon and Puccini's Heard in the Evening.

"Il Trovatore" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The old time opera was heard by a a large audience, which was generous in its applause. The representative of *Manrico*, the unfortunate troubadour whose love affair went so badly, was the tall tenor, Leo Slezak, who sang his music with plenty of spirit. Mme. Rappold's voice is well suited to the rôle of *Leonora* and her mildness of demeanor is not out of place. Mme. Homer sang *Azuceno* with abundant tone and much dramatic vigor, while Mr. Amato voiced the despair of the rejected *Count d'Luna* with great sonority.

In the evening the opera was "Madama Butterfly," which was offered at popular prices. A very large audience packed the house. The cast embraced Miss Farrar as *Cio-Cio-San*, Mr. Martin as *Pinkerton*, Mr. Scotti as *Sharpless* and Mme. Fornia as *Suzuki*. Mr. Toscanini conducted. Miss Farrar, who was in excellent voice, sang the music of her part well and as usual made a charming and sympathetic picture of the little Japanese girl. The performance of the opera was excellent as a whole and not the smallest of its delights was the admirable playing of the orchestra.

Feb 20 1912

MUSICAL COMMENT

elik and Bachaus in Concert.

Boston Orchestra—Other rospective Visitors—Wagner Redivivus—Opera in the Olden Time.

at was obviously planned as a sen-
al concert for a Sunday afternoon,
roved less so than might have been
ted, took place in Carnegie Hall yes-
y afternoon. Kubelik, the Bohemian
ist, and Bachaus, the German pianist,
d their forces and gave a concert of
and pianoforte music. They played
ner only once, and (as the judicious
t have expected) this performance
the least satisfactory feature from
rtistic point of view of the after-
The work was Beethoven's sonata
, named after Kreutzer. Virtuosi,
s they have put their heads to-
r and come to an agreement, seldom
ve satisfactory results in ensemble
c; and so it was yesterday. The dis-
nating portion of the audience had
scover Kubelik's greater genius in
performance of Bach's Chaconne
violin alone) and the arrangement
e air from the same composer's Suite
major. Later came more ear tickling
by Sarasate, Hubay and Wie-
ski, but it was noteworthy that the
musicianship of Bachaus as dis-
d in Schumann's "Aufschwang," Ru-
ein's Study in C and the Tausig
ngement of Schubert's "Marche Mili-
" brought him the artistic honors of
afternoon.

ugh Mr. Fiedler and his excellent
cians from Boston seemed rather more
derate of New York's symphony lov-
han usual last week, in so far as they
not indulge excessively in vain repeti-
, it can scarcely be said that the solo
rmers were felt to be greatly needed.
Farrar we have with us always at the
, and of her talents as a singer of
s we, in the latitude and longitude of
York, do not think quite so highly
hose who are under the spell of Mel-
Mass. Also, while we retain our old
ration for Alwin Schroeder, we cannot
enthusiastic over Tschaikowsky's vari-
s on a rococo theme. But perhaps
are trifling things compared with the
tiful euphony and the comforting san-
f the Beethoven and Schumann sym-
ies (the former's in B flat, the latter's
major), and the dash and brilliancy
o compositions by Richard Strauss—
th and Transfiguration" and "Till
nspiegel's Merry Pranks." We had
Beethoven's fourth symphony twice
e from Mr. Walter Damrosch and the
hony Society (and beautifully played,
but it is not often heard, and a repe-
n in the same season by the Boston
icians was more tolerable than it would
been from any other band. As for
uss's musical delineation of a man in
agonies of mortal dissolution, though
nay not like the subject, we must rec-
ze that it contains many flashes of his
ration when it was at its freshest;
"Till Eulenspiegel" is still unmatched
symphonic humoresque, even if we re-
to believe that Strauss meant one-half
he things which his commentators have
into it with their literary essays.
he one significant fact in connection
this monthly visit of Mr. Fiedler and
hen is that they have been accepted as
ntegral part of New York's musical
and that though there seems to be an
a mad public which can not only stom-
but apparently relish from eight to
performances a week at the Metropoli-
Opera House the circumstance does
interfere with the triumphal procession
he Boston Symphony Orchestra. It
d be gratifying to local pride, consider-
how unselfish a devotion is bestowed
our own orchestral organizations by
particular patrons, if the same thing
d be said of them.

o matter how overwhelming the local
cal surge, however, the fact works no
pal on the admirable foreign invasions.
Theodore Thomas Orchestra, of Chi-
, though it has been here this season,
oming twice again this week in com-
with the thrice excellent Mendelssohn
r, of Toronto—coming, too, on Tuesday,
, after two song recitals in the after-
(to say nothing of an organ recital),
will be a concert of chamber music
the first performance in New York of
-Ferrari's latest opera, "I Gioielli della
onna," in the evening. It is to be hoped
New York will be equal to the strain
and that contentment will be general. Philadelphia's orchestra has looked longingly toward the American metropolis this season, but has exercised a wise discretion in staying away. Perhaps the old incident is not forgotten when our neighbors came and asked a musical surfeited community to listen to (was it not?) two concertos and symphonies, or their equivalent, in a single evening. And yet we were glad to hear them.

And now Minneapolis is coming with such amiable mien, such agreeable countenance, that who will have the heart to gainsay her? Read:

The directors of the Orchestral Association of Minneapolis beg to direct attention to the concert to be given by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall on the evening of March 18. This will be the first concert ever given in New York by a symphony orchestra from the Northwest, and the directors of this association feel that some explanation of their ambitious undertaking may not be inappropriate. They fully understand that there is no lack of orchestral music in New York, and they especially wish to emphasize the fact that they are not sending their orchestra East with any boastful intention of showing its great orchestras how to play symphonic music. They desire to rehearse briefly the history of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in order to elucidate their present plans. The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra is nine years old. It started with forty-four musicians, rehearsing once a week and with an annual guarantee fund of $10,000. To-day it comprises more than eighty musicians, most carefully assembled. It is rehearsed daily and is a complete and competent symphony organization, with an annual guarantee fund of $65,000 subscribed by a group of public spirited citizens. The orchestra will give forty concerts this year in Minneapolis, attended by approximately one hundred thousand people, a larger symphony audience than that of any other city in the United States, except New York, Boston and Chicago.

The orchestra's popularity outside of Minneapolis has grown steadily the last five years. Throughout the Middle West it has been able to meet the competition of the Chicago and Eastern orchestras successfully. It will give this year more than two hundred concerts outside of Minneapolis. Although the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra sprang from a fortunate combination of circumstances it, like so many other symphony orchestras in this country, owes much of its inspiration to that first and greatest of our musical pioneers, Theodore Thomas. It is to the personality of Emil Oberhoffer that the directors of this association attribute the orchestra's rapid development and success. He is the creator as well as the conductor of this orchestra. If critics in the territory where the orchestra is known have not erred, Mr. Oberhoffer's gifts are such as to entitle him to a New York hearing. Finally, the West has hitherto been the beneficiary of the East in all art matters. If the recent appearance of the Chicago orchestra and this visit of the Minneapolis orchestra shall demonstrate that the West is now in a position to contribute as well as to receive it will mark an interesting stage in the musical development of America.

In view of these facts and motives the directors of the Orchestral Association of Minneapolis trust that their intentions may not be misunderstood nor their plans appear ill considered. They hope that the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra may be received in New York by lovers of symphonic music in the same cordial and fraternal spirit in which it is sent.

It has been remarked that New York seems just now to be opera mad; yet there seems to be some reason in this madness. For the first time in many years Wagner's tragedy, "The Ring of the Nibelung," has drawn crowded houses, although its proper dramatic effect has been dissipated by distributing its constituent parts over three weeks; yet when a curious individual inquired of an official of the Metropolitan Opera House if the fact did not seem to justify a week (outside of the season, so that there could be no complaint from the many subscribers who think that the lyric drama is summed up in Caruso and Farrar) he was told that the success of the so-called "cycle" was due largely to the fact that the dramas were so widely distributed. It seems that a large proportion of the audiences has been drawn from out of town, some from towns and cities hundreds of miles distant. These enthusiasts could scarcely spend a week in New York simply to hear the dramas of "The Ring" in such close sequence as ought to prevail for the sake of their best effect. It seems that Bayreuth conditions cannot yet be established in New York.

But the evidences of the last month in this respect have been gratifying. Perhaps the time is coming (we might almost say returning, in view of the experiences which New York went through twenty-five years ago and once since then) when opera will not be so largely, as it is now, a matter of fad and fashion. A change must come soon, unless the world is blessed with a new creation of singers. Now, so far as a subscription season is concerned we are where London is (Hammerstein has made a twofold demonstration of the fact), and where London was in the days of Handel, say, two hundred years ago, or a few less years ago; when admiration for different singers divided families, noble ladies showed their preferences by the disposition of beauty spots upon their faces, a Caffarelli could grow so wealthy and egotistical as to buy an Italian dukedom for his nephew and rear for himself a palace, over the portals of which he placed the inscription, "Amphion Thebas, ego domum," and Farinelli could become to all intents and purposes the Prime Minister at the court of Spain.

H. E. K.

KUBELIK AND BACHAUS.

Violinist and Pianist Give a Joint Recital in Carnegie Hall.

By an agreement between their respective managers there was a joint recital given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall by Jan Kubelik, violinist, and Wilhelm Bachaus, pianist, both of whom have been several times heard alone here in New York this season. Their union did not result in the performance of so many ensemble pieces by the two together as some might have wished for. The only one of this kind that appeared on their programme was Beethoven's sonata, for piano and violin, dedicated to Kreutzer. The performance of this, while it was in many ways excellent, was not so notable as the powers of the two players ought to have made it. Mr. Kubelik's playing of the violin part was extremely finished and smart, beautiful in tone; but it had not all the fire and energy, and especially rhythmic quality, that belong to it. Mr. Bachaus's part was likewise very finished and smooth; but it was a little preponderating. Carnegie Hall is not at best a fitting place for chamber music of this sort.

The two players then went their separate ways in the rest of the recital. Mr. Kubelik played the chaconne from Bach's D minor solo sonata and some minor pieces by Sarasate, Hubay, and Wieniawski. Mr. Bachaus played pieces by Schumann, Rubinstein, and Schubert, arranged by Tausig.

TO AID WORKING GIRLS.

Interesting Music Recital Given by Miss Sassoli and Miss Fatman.

For the benefit of a working girls' recuperating home, to be founded by Miss Nettie Gerstle, a niece of Mr. Daniel Guggenheim, a recital was given last night at the Carnegie Studio, Chamber Music Hall. Miss Margaret Fatman sang very daintily several songs in French and English, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Louis H. Smith, and Miss Ada Sassoli played selections on the harp.

Included among Miss Fatman's songs were "Le Retour Du Marin," "Vive Le Roi," "La Femme Du Bossu, L' Hypocrite" and "En Passant Par La Lorraine." Both she and Miss Sassoli were frequently encored.

"VISITORS' NIGHT" AT THE METROPOLITAN

Mr. Albert Spalding, Violinist, and Mr. Murray Davey, Barytone, Among Artists Heard at Opera Concert.

The policy of the Metropolitan Opera House of inviting outside artists to appear at the Sunday night concerts was heartily indorsed last night by a large audience that heard Mr. Albert Spalding, the American violinist, play there for the first time this season. He played Mendelssohn's concerto in E mior, and in answer to the applause gave Sarasate's "Zapateado." His other numbers were Mons Saint-Saëns' melody, "Le Cygne," for violin and harp, the latter being played by Mr. Carlos Salzedo; Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscow," and for an encore Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen."

For the rest of the programme French, Italian and German composers were given a hearing. Mr. Murray Davey, basso, also a visiting artist from England, sang the aria of Leporello from "Don Giovanni," and was well received. Others who sang were Mme. Marie Rappold, Miss Berta Morena and Mr. Carl Burrian, members of the Metropolitan company. It was Mr. Burrian's last appearance here in concert, for he will return to Europe in a few days. He sings to-night in "Die Walkure."

Mme. Rappold's singing was enjoyed, particularly the Bach - Gounod "Ave ara." She sang also an aria from "Il Trovatore," and then Miss Morena followed with "Dich theure Halle," from Tannhäuser.

With that ease which comes from intimate association with Wagner's compositions the Metropolitan orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Pasternack, closed one of the winter's most interesting concerts with a selection from "Das Rheingold."

KUBELIK AND BACHAUS.

The Violinist and the Pianist Heard in a Joint Concert.

A joint concert was given yesterday afternoon by the Bohemian violinist Jan Kubelik and Wilhelm Bachaus, the German pianist, at Carnegie Hall. Just why these two artists should choose to give a concert together was hardly made obvious when each has a drawing power sufficient to fill the auditorium when they were heard yesterday. Perhaps it was that together they might present Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, with which the programme began. However this may be, the audience was not one of the large ones frequently gathered in the hall, the floor being not more than two-thirds filled.

The players' rendering of the Beethoven sonata was in many respects remarkable for finish in performance. Much virtuosity of technic, appropriate sentiment and passion were put into their delivery. It could easily have been backed by a more closely allied understanding of breadth and balance of tone. In power of tone the piano was far too much in the ascendancy. This was obviously due in part to the native qualities of the two performers and again to the lid of the piano being open to its full extent.

After the sonata Mr. Kubelik played with exquisite tone and technical skill the chaconne of Bach. His later numbers in the list were Sarasate's "Romanze Andalouse," Hubay's "Zephyr" and the "Carneval Russe" of Wieniawski.

Mr. Bachaus's group of solos included Schumann's "Aufschwung," the study in C major by Rubinstein and the Schubert-Taussig "Marche Militaire." In general Mr. Kubelik's playing yesterday emphasized the fact that his tone is not so well placed when heard in a space vast in size. He exhibited his usual feats of technical musicianship, so dazzling in their brilliancy and bravura, while in the expression of sentiment he drew richly upon his elegant resources of lyric feeling.

Mr. Bachaus lent to his interpretations the qualities of distinction consistent with the best piano playing. The two artists received warm applause from the audience, both for their ensemble and solo work, that at times became very demonstrative. Sometimes it even seemed more so than the occasion required.

Elenore Altman Gives Recital.

Elenore Altman gave a piano recital in the Belasco Theatre last evening. Her programme included the Bach-Busoni choral preludes, "Wacht Auf, ruft uns die Stimme," and "In dir ist Freude," an adagio of Mozart's; Beethoven's sonata, Opus 31, No. 3; Schumann's "Des Abends," "In der Nacht," and "Warum"; Chopin's sonata in B minor, "Chant d'Amour" and "Amourette de Pierrot" of Stojowski, and Liszt's thirteenth Hungarian Rhapsody.

Feb 27 1912

Mme. Matzenauer Triumphs Again in Soprano Role

Contralto Is a Splendid and Heroic Brunnhilde—Mr. Berrian Sings Last Time This Season.

Having sung most operatic rôles that a contralto is called upon to sing, and a few more than that, and having also sung one soprano part here, Mme. Margarete Matzenauer, who is listed as a contralto, last night appeared again as a soprano in the Metropolitan Opera House. She sang the rôle of Brunnhilde in a repetition of "Die Walkuere." It was the first time she had sung it here, although she sang it in Baltimore last week.

Mme. Matzenauer looked every inch Wotan's daughter as she appeared in the second act, and her Valkyrie cry awoke applause that almost interrupted the opera. She proved quickly that her conception of the rôle is more heroic than tender, and her Death Annunciation scene was admirably done. At the close of the act there was a veritable ovation for her.

In other respects the performance was a duplicate of the previous one, save that Mr. Burrian was the Siegmund. The part, however, was not new to him for he has appeared in it here in past years. Last night was his farewell for the season, and he sang and acted with customary dramatic dignity. Miss Morena's Sieglinde was again beautifully and expressively acted, and Mme. Homer was a majestic Fricka. Mr. Weil sang Wetan excellently again and Mr. Ruysdael was acceptable as Hunding.

Mr. Hertz conducted with fine enthusiasm although he forced the tone of the orchestra too much. But that was a minor fault in such an admirable performance.

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

The Last Concert of the Series Attended by a Large Audience.

The Flonzaley Quartet gave the last of its series of subscription concerts at the Carnegie Lyceum last night. The high degree of public favor in which this admirable organization now rejoices was again attested by the size of the audience, which filled the hall. The programme consisted of Mozart's quartet in D major, No. 421 in the Köchel catalogue; Beethoven's quartet in F minor, opus 95, and the interlude and scherzo from Glazounov's quartet, opus 64.

The playing of the quartet had its now familiar characteristics. The Mozart number gave great pleasure by reason of the beauty of tone and finish of style heard in it. In the Beethoven number there was perhaps a little too much eagerness to emphasize the points of the reading. The result of this was to break the breadth and sustained character of the composer's phraseology. Accepting the design of the players, however, their execution of it had great technical excellence and tonal beauty.

A New Brunnhilde.

Mme. Matzenauer has not allowed her contralto origin to interfere with her soprano ambitions, and although she has not been called upon abroad to sing the great Wagnerian soprano rôles, she has made it her business to acquaint herself fully with certain of the more important ones and hold them in reserve for possible emergencies. Not long ago she amazed operagoers here with her Kundry, which she had never sung on any stage before, and which she did on that occasion only at the eleventh hour, and practically without rehearsal. A week or so ago she saved a performance of "Walküre" for Mr. Dippel in Baltimore by singing Brünnhilde—another part she knew, but had never had the chance to put to practical use.

Last night she appeared in this part for the first time in New York, when the second "Walküre" of the season was given. There was little doubt that this splendid artist would sing and act the part magnificently and movingly, and this is precisely what she did. Her Brünnhilde is undoubtedly a trifle matronly in appearance, but nevertheless poetic. It is not altogether certain, however, that the contralto quality of voice is best suited to this music. It lies well in the compass of her voice, though, the only doubtful moment last night being the high B in the Valkyrie call, which sounded forced. For the rest, her tones had their wonted opulence and plenitude, and were faithfully colored to the ever-changing emotional character of the music. The audience applauded her as soon as it first caught sight of her, and gave her an ovation after the second act. Mme. Homer was a splendid Fricka; Mr. Weil was Wotan, and Miss Morena a dramatically lovely and appealing Sieglinde, Mr. Burrian made his farewell for the season as Siegmund, though he has sung this part better than he did last night.

Feb 28 1912

Extra Opera at the Metropolitan.

Until the newspapers appeared with their disappointing announcement yesterday morning the opera patrons of New York (or, rather, the special Tuesday class in Philadelphia-Chicago opera) expected to hear the latest opera of Wolf-Ferrari, "I Giojelli della Madonna," at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Those who came were asked to take the same composer's "Il Segreto di Susanna" and Hammerstein's version of Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" instead. Many persons refused to accept the substitution, and the money which they had paid for their tickets was returned to them. Under certain conditions the disappointment would not have been large, except to the mere seekers after variety, for there are few light musical comedies which can hold a candle to Susanna's cigarette, and if Massenet has written an opera superior in sustained style, dignity and beauty to "Le Jongleur" and more potent in its pathetic appeal we do not know which of his many familiar works it is. Unhappily, the one element which inspired him has been despoiled of its essence by giving the principal part to a woman—and that woman Mary Garden, who, with all her obvious sincerity, spoils the drama by overacting in a womanly fashion where she ought sanely and naturally act like a man, and spoils the music because a man's voice is required for its proper color.

It is no secret that Massenet wrote "Le Jongleur" chiefly to meet the criticism that all his other operas were inspired by women identified with their first productions; and it is difficult to believe that after such an achievement as "Le Jongleur," with its fine mediæval flavor, he should ever have consented to the change which Mr. Hammerstein made here for the sake of Miss Garden, and has vainly attempted also to force upon London. Aside from the artistic disillusionment caused by this change, however, last night's performance was full of the charm with which Messrs. Renaud, Dufrann, Huberdeau and others filled it in the days of the Manhattan Opera House and again last year. Wolf-Ferrari's exquisite comedy, from which the musical incense arises as daintily as the smoke from Susanna's fateful cigarette, was admirably sung and played by Miss White, who assisted in introducing the work to us, and Afrido Costa, a newcomer, who is more than a welcome addition to Mr. Dippel's forces. Massenet's opera was directed by Signor Campanini and Wolf-Ferrari's by Signor Ettore Perosio.

H. E. K.

GOOD CHOIR SINGING SENT FROM TORONTO

Dr. A. S. Vogt and His Mendelssohn Singers Return After Four Years Absence.

CONCERT OF MUCH MERIT

The Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago Comes to Assist the Canadian Singers.

The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto came to this town and gave two concerts at Carnegie Hall on February 12 and 13, 1907. The Pittsburg Orchestra, conducted by Emil Paur, assisted in these entertainments. Last evening the choir was heard again at Carnegie Hall, this time with the aid of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, Frederick Stock conductor. As before, the programme was much too long. It seemed as if Dr. A. S. Vogt, the competent conductor of the Toronto singers, was not satisfied with putting forward the best foot but was anxious to plant all of them.

But the amiable ambition to give the best possible exhibition may be forgiven since we do not hear this superb chorus often. The choir numbers a few more than 200. The quality of its tone is usually excellent. Even when pushed to the limit of its uncommonly big fortissimo this chorus continues to sing and cannot be accused of shouting. Without doubt this is due to two causes which are potent in most of the other excellences of the organization. The material is good and rehearsals are frequent.

With a solid body of really sonorous tone the choir has also a thoroughly good balance. The basses are remarkably strong without being rough and they provide a firm foundation for the general harmony. There may have been moments when these basses seemed to dominate but they were few and the same fault can often be found in certain passages even in the playing of the best orchestras.

The other three departments produced fine general results. In developing long crescendi as in the opening of Lotti's "Crucifixus," the first number on the programme, Dr. Vogt made most skilful use of his singers and they rewarded him brilliantly. In all piano passages the sustained tone and even emission were excellent and in moderate phrases the singing had a truly vital quality.

The phrasing of this choir was admirable at all times and the nuancing was carefully worked out and executed with perfect unanimity. The bold, confident and precise attacks in full voice were inspiring, and the communicative enthusiasm, noted when the singers were here before, continued to be one of the most delightful features of their art.

It is always a joy to hear a really great chorus, and this one fully merits the use of that important adjective. Questions about treatment of this or that passage might easily arise, but most of them would have to be referred to that personal equation which exists among conductors, as well as among scientific observers. Certainly there was nothing in last evening's concert to call for any serious quarrel.

The "Crucifixus" already mentioned was beautifully sung and the brilliancy of the Gounod 137th Psalm, which followed, paled in the reflection of the noble music of the elder and purer style. The "Judex crederis" from the "Te Deum" of Berlioz was the third number, and here some minor roughness in the orchestra marred the general effect of an otherwise good performance.

The Canzone, "Now an angel calleth," from Wolf-Ferrari's "La Vita Nuova," was sung with much finish, but perhaps the musical climax of the concert was the admirable delivery of the grand "Sanctus" from the immortal B minor mass of Bach. The development of the fugato was notably well done with an exquisitely fine gradation of dynamics.

The orchestra played several numbers under Mr. Stock, beginning the concert with a charmingly lucid and spirited performance of Georg Schumann's "Liebesfrühling" overture. The bacchanale from "Tannhäuser" was also on the programme, but in this there was more elegance than Venusberg riot. The choir will give another concert this evening, when Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem" will be sung.

TWO SONG RECITALS.

Yvonne de Treville at Carnegie Hall. Franklin Riker at the Belasco.

Two song recitals occupied the attention of music lovers yesterday afternoon. Yvonne de Treville, soprano, sang French songs at Carnegie Hall and Franklin Riker, tenor, a miscellaneous list at the Belasco Theatre. Miss de Treville's programme was arranged to illustrate a historical progress and contained much attractive matter. The first group contained numbers of Rameau, Lulli, Gretry and Garat, the last being the famous French tenor, Pierre Jean Garat, who died in 1825, not 1823, as the programme had it.

The second group was composed of music by Godard, Bizet, Franck and Delibes, while the final part was devoted to living composers: Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Debussy, Hahn and Widor. The pleasant natural quality of Miss de Treville's voice gave pleasure but there was much room for more finesse and more intimacy of expression.

Mr. Riker began with Handel's "Waft Her, Angels" and afterward sang songs in Italian, French, German and English, including two of his own. This tenor has a small and thin voice, but his singing was pleasing because of the taste and sentiment which it displayed. As a salon singer Mr. Riker should have a place.

Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," with Mary Garden, Sung by Chicago Company.

"THE SECRET OF SUZANNE"

Wolf-Ferrari's Charming One-Act Piece Given with Carolina White as the Countess Gil.

THE SECRET OF SUZANNE

Count Gil	Alfredo Costa
Countess Gil	Carolina White
Sante	Francesco Daddi
Musical Director	Ettore Perosio

LE JONGLEUR DE NOTRE DAME.

Jean	Mary Garden
Boniface	Maurice Renaud
The Prior	Hector Dufranne
The Poet Monk	Edmond Warnery
The Painter Monk	Gustave Huberdeau
The Sculptor Monk	Constantin Nicolay
The Musician Monk	Armand Crabbe
A Buffoon	Jean De Keyser
A Drunken Man	Desire Defrere
A Knight	Charles Meyer
General Musical Director	Cleofonte Campanini

It had been intended to present Wolf-Ferrari's latest opera, "I Giojelli della Madonna," last night at the Metropolitan Opera House as the third of the series of performances given by the Philadelphia-Chicago Company, but the illness of Mario Sammarco, who is an important factor in the cast, prevented that. The fact was known on Monday and was announced yesterday morning, but the arriving audience found posters in the lobby of the theatre with the details of the change of bill.

Under the new arrangement a double bill was given, the works including Wolf-Ferrari's charming one-act piece, "The Secret of Suzanne," and Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame."

This latter work had been a feature of Mr. Hammerstein's répertoire at the Manhattan Opera House. It was among the works acquired from Mr. Hammerstein by Mr. Dippel, and it was presented by him last season at the Metropolitan Opera House with a cast which did not differ in any significant particular from that of last night, or, as a matter of fact, from that which was usualy heard at the Manhattan.

This cast included Miss Mary Garden in the rôle of the juggler, Jean, to which she contributes many picturesque details; Mr. Renaud in his unforgettable impersonation of the monk cook, Boniface, and Mr. Dufranne as the Prior. Some of the less important characters were in newer hands. Mr. Campanini conducted.

Mario Sammarco's illness in some ways affected the presentation of "The Secret of Suzanne," for he has been accustomed to sing the part of the Count. He was heard in the part, in fact, the two times that the work was sung in New York last season. Last night Alfredo Costa appeared in the rôle. Carolina White again sang the music allotted to the cigarette-smoking wife and Francesco Daddi again appeared as the dumb servant. Ettore Perosio conducted this opera.

MME. DE TREVILLE'S RECITAL.

She Sings a Programme of French Songs in Carnegie Hall.

A song recital was given at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon by Mme. Yvonne de Treville. A large audience was provided for the occasion. Mme. de Tréville made her first appearance in New York after a number of years of absence a month ago with the Russian Symphony Orchestra. Her programme at this song recital yesterday was an interesting one, made up entirely of French songs; beginning with the old composers Rameau, Lulli, Grétry, and Garat. She came down through the deceased composers of the nineteenth century, Eodar, Bizet, Franck, and Delibes, to living composers of the twentieth, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Debussy, Hahn, and Widor.

Mme. de Tréville's singing has pleasing qualities. She has a fondness for coloratura in song; and her execution of passages of this sort show points of excellence. It might be affirmed that coloratura should not be sung unless it is perfectly and brilliantly sung, and that defects in this form of art are less easy to condone than in some others. But Mme. de Tréville's offerings of this sort found favor with her listeners, as did most of her other numbers upon the programme. No doubt they would have found even more had she disclosed a greater diversity of style, a greater power of suggesting the character and bringing out the pith of the music she sang.

VISITING MUSICIANS HEA

Thomas Orchestra and Mendelssohn Choir Arouse Enthusias

It was no ordinary occasion that brought out the crowd that filled Carnegie Hall last night, for it was the joint appearance of the famous Mendelssohn Choir, of Toronto, and the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, of Chicago. There was good reason for the size of the audience and there was wise good reason for its enthusiasm: the two organizations being in all respects of the first rank.

There was in fact only one drawback, the length of the programme. The patience even of the genuine music lover, and even when listening to music and musicians of the first order, has its limits, and last night's programme surely approached the limit.

The great choir under its able conductor, A. S. Vogt, performed all and more than was expected of it. In volume, richness and resonance of tone, in precision and unanimity of attack, in delicacy of shading, in powers of crescendo and diminuendo it was deserving of the highest praise. Especially beautifully sung—sung, too, with real religious feeling—was Antonio Lotti's "Crucifixus," a composition which, when brought in contrast with Gounod's setting to Psalm cxxxvii, showed off most strongly the religiosity of the Frenchman's music. Finely sung, too, was the Hymne et Prière "Judex Credeus," from Berlioz's "Te Deum," in which Mr. Stock and his orchestra performed its part most effectively. Other selections by the choir were an excerpt from Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova," the Sanctus from Bach's B minor mass, a number of choruses a coppella and several selections by Elgar.

Of the purely orchestral numbers Mr. Stock gave a most beautifully delicate reading of Wogner's "Träume," as arranged by Theodore Thomas, and a spirited one of the Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser." The orchestra is in every way a fine one, and in the strings there was a special brilliancy of tone.

The two organizations give Verdi's Requiem Mass to-night in Carnegie H

Franklin Riker Gives a Varied Song Recita

The Margulies Trio Heard in The Last Concert of the Season in Carnegie Lyceum.

Those who have the arranging of musical events have come to favor Tuesdays during the present season, and yesterday music lovers had a choice of several concerts.

In the afternoon Franklin Riker, a tenor of much ability and power, was heard at the Belasco Theatre in a song recital. He sang French songs by Massenet, Puget and Chabrier; German lieder by Schumann, Tschaikowsky and Kremer; songs in English by Handel, Hus and Kernochan, besides Irish folksongs and two charming compositions written by himself.

At Carnegie Lyceum, in the evening the Margulies Trio gave their last concert for the season. The regular members of this excellent organization were assisted by Josef Kovarick, of the Philharmonic Orchestra, who played the viola part in Brahms's quartette in G minor. The concert opened with Schubert's fascinating and mellifluous Trio in E flat major, which was presented with sincerity, skill and devotion to the high ideals in ensemble playing. The concerted outlines were maintained without a blemish and the result was most pleasing to admirers of chamber music.

Miss Margulies and Mr. Lichtenberg next played a Goldmark sonata for piano and violin. This work is marked by the usual characteristics of the composer, who is and always has been

d to melody. The sonata teems with
sant and charming musical episodes,
h were handled in an artistic fash-
The quartette by Brahms closed the
ramme and the season.

Rumford Hall last evening Miss
orio Boshko gave a piano recital to
od-sized and friendly audience. Her
ramme was long and diverse and she
ed a remarkable familiarity with
o compositions of many schools.

VISITING OPERA SINGERS.

ry Garden Heard Once More as the Pathetic Juggler.

ndreas Dippel and his Chicago Opera
npany in their weekly visit to New
k gave last night at the Metropolitan
era House Massenet's "Le Jongleur
Notre Dame," preceded by Wolf-
rari's "The Secret of Suzanne" as a
called curtain raiser. The audience,
st each of these special Tuesday eve-
g performances, was of great brill-
y, though less in size than heretofore.

olf-Perrari's charming little opera
a of one act was first introduced here
Mr. Dippel last season when it at once
blished a secure spot for itself in public
r because of its individual style,
hful spirit and refreshing Italian
ody. Its performance last night was
he whole good, though lacking some-
t in delicacy of finish. Caroline White
e a charming picture as the *Countess*,
voice, which is a lovely clear soprano,
itself especially well to the style
music she sang. Her acting could
been more flexible and original, but
ok on much feminine charm. Alfredo
a, who sang the part for the first
here, made an excellent *Count*.
Daddi added much clever effect
is fively impersonation of the dumb
ant.

assenet's popular "Le Jongleur de
e Dame," which followed, served
of all to show Mary Garden in her
acteristic impersonation of *Jean*.
acting throughout was filled with
aling charm, while the music's frag-
tary vocal character afforded her
sual opportunity for disguising some
hose shortcomings which are familiar
er hearers. Mr. Renaud was heard
his excellent portrayal of *Boniface*.
Dufranne was the *Abbot*. The singing
he several principals found much
r with the audience. Mr. Campanini
ucted the latter opera and Mr. Perosio
first. The latter conductor was not
penser of unalloyed delight.

Mr. Dippel's Double Bill.

e audience which filled the Metropolitan
night to hear Mr. Dippel's opera com-
was treated to an evening of pure mel-
The curtain-raiser was Wolf-Ferrari's
Secret of Suzanna," which was fol-
d by Massenet's most perfect operatic
, "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame."

Mr. Sammarco was ill—thus causing
postponement of Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels
e Madonna," which was to have had its
York première last night—the Count's
in the little comedy of Suzanna was
by Alfredo Costa, who both sang and
the part of the jealous young husband
dingly well. Caroline White was the
nna, and a very charming one, while
i played the rôle of the purchaser of
ettes and the man-servant of the
e. The work is a mere trifle, but in its
act it has far more of pretty melody
spontaneity than can be found in the
acts of "Donne Curiose." This prom-
well for the new opera, since his gaiu
ecn the first and second is so pronouuc-
Of special charm is the music which
mpanies the frightened servant's work
dying up the room—of collectiug the
hed furniture and crockery.

e "Jongleur," however, was the work
h brought most of the hearers to the
opolitan. The oftener one hears this
al jewel the more one loves it, the
one is impressed by its perfection of
manship and the originality of its
dies. Massenet has achieved far more
this, however, in this miracle play of
He has touched a moving and pro-
i chord, the same chord which vibrates
e hearers who lieten to "Parsifal." It
not the sublimity of "Parsifal," but
lifts in much the same way, and ap-
e seems almost as out of place as it
after the first and last acts of Wag-
work. There ie the half-reverent, half-
liar attitude of the Latin Catholic to-
his Maker, who, with the saints, comes
closely into the daily life of the peo-
an attitude which may seem shocking,
st, to puritanical sensibilities, but one
has many beauties to commend it.

autiful as is the work itself, it would
have had the chance to be admired in
York as it has been were it not that
r Hammerstein cast it ae he did.
a few minor exceptions, Mr. Dippel
the same artiets, Dufranne being an
excellent prior, with just the voice quality suited to tbe part, and Huberdeau, Crabbé, Warnery, and the others making a splendid ensemble. His conductor, Campanini, is the same, and the stage setting has not been changed, but were it not for Mary Garden and Maurice Renaud, even these necessities to the perfect whole would have failed to popularize the "Jongleur." Mr. Hammerstein once tried the experiment of giving it without these two—and he never tried it again. There was no sale. The cast is the thing, and justly so. It is not Chopin on a programme that makes it attractive, but a great pianist to play Chopin. That is the answer to those who are always foolishly chiding the public for asking "who is going to sing?" instead of "What is the opera?" Star casts are what the public wants—and does not always get at the Metropolitan, especially when French operas are given.

Miss Garden's Jongleur is the most beautiful thing she does. She gives it throughout the necessary touch of pathos; first, that of the abused, weak youth struggling in a fight that is too hard for him; and then, the deeper longing of an unsatisfied love which yearns hopelessly for the opportunity to do honor to the object of its reverence. There is a wistful, hungering look in her eyes when she sees the gifts of the other brothers, which is infinitely touching. Little Jean has exchanged the bodily hunger for that of the soul. No one can fail to rejoice, with his good friend Boniface, that his cheeks are rosy and round, instead of wan and sunken, but the look in his eyes makes one's heart ache. The famous scene of the sage brush legend remaine in one's mind an unforgettable picture, with Jean's tender simplicity as he listens to the story of the adored Virgin, and Boniface's equal simplicity—added to the dramatic interest—

which he feels in picturing to Jean the miracle of the rescue of the Savior.

Renaud has never been in more splendid voice than he was last night; but sensuous beauty of voice is, after all, only one of a great singer's qualities. Maurice Renaud has a hundred virtues that ordinary singers lack. He always acts with the voice as well as with the face and the whole body. To mention one small detail in his acting: In impersonating Boniface he is like a heavy, almost decrepit, old man; whereas, as the toreador in "Carmen," he walks with the athletic grace and spring of a youth. Boniface's child-like vanity and assumed humility are deliciously *naïf*, and his explanation to Jean that he has remained humble to please the virgin opens a vista of heights unscaled, not through lack of talent, but simply through strength of will to repress his gifts and lay them, a sacrifice, at Mary's feet. No emile was ever more kindly than that which Boniface bestows generously, frequently, on the brotherhood, especially on little Jean, his protégé.

Mr. Campanini brought out the many beauties of the score with all his usual sympathy and enthusiasm. Except for a suggestion of the "Meistersinger," just before the first curtain rises, the music is Massenet's own in every particular, and what is more, Massenet's fertility is such that he does not borrow from his own operas as some other composers do. It is a great pity that there will be no other opportunity to hear this charming opera this season.

Toronto Choir and Thomas Orchestra.

When the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto appeared here five years ago, its singing was so different in kind from what New York was accustomed to that it could only be compared with the work of our best orchestras. Last night it had to brave comparison with its own superb standard, handicapped by the accumulated anticipation aroused by its former achievements. Those who heard it before began to doubt their own enthusiasm, but the opening strain of Lotti's Crucifixus showed that Dr. Vogt had not only held his own, but gone beyond, and at the end of the first part of the programme there was no doubt that his choir of to-day is as much better than his choir of five years ago as that choir was different from any other we had heard. Magnificent confidence in his singers must have led Dr. Vogt to select the Crucifixus for his opening number. The Thomas Orchestra under Mr. Stock had given an intense performance of Georg Schumann's "Liebesfrühling," which the audience applauded heartily. Then came the welcome to Dr. Vogt. As the applause died away, the hall was suffused with tone as mysterious and supernatural as the first note of "Rheingold." This grew and grew as each of the eight parts came in, until all poseibilities of tonal climax had been exhausted. There was no wavering, no uncertainty of pitch or attack, the perfection of detail holding the listeners spellbound, with the awe felt when one sees the Matterhorn for the first time. The Gounod setting of the 137th Psalm showed the emotional possibilities of the choir, and was a fine contrast to the other number.

With the orchestra, the choir gave the Judex Crederis from the Berlioz "Te Deum." Despite the splendid rendering, this seemed to be a composition of greater antiquity than the Lotti Crucifixus, being grandiose and uninspiring. The two Wagner numbers by the orchestra were a pleasant relief. Mr. Stock reads Wagner well, but he does not feel him yet. With the orchestra, the choir then sang an excerpt from "La Vita Nuova," by Wolf-Ferrari, and the Sonctus from Bach's Mass in B minor. In the Sanctus the choir again demonstrated its technical equipment. Each voice of the fugue was as distinct and well defined as though given out with instruments. The men's voices were as fluent as those of the women, which enabled Dr. Vogt to preserve the integrity of the rhythm. It is impossible to conceive of a better performance of a Bach choral number than that given by the Mendelssohn Choir.

The second part of the programme was made up of compositions in lighter vein. "Night Witchery" and "The Nottingham Hunt," for men's voices, were enthusiastically received, and the Hunt was redemanded. Dr. Vogt has the highest tonal ideals, and has succeeded in realizing them in his tenors and basses. To hear tenors take high notes without forcing and basses singing low notes without growling is a treat indeed. Bantock's arrangement of "Annie Laurie" is a charming composition, and nothing the choir did gave greater pleasure than its singing of this. Here the sopranos were at their best. The two Brockway numbers, particularly the Hey nonino, proved their rights to be sung by this choir.

Mr. Stock's Symphonic Waltz would have been redemanded had the programme been shorter. It is a charming composition, aud was delightfully played. Elgar's Lullaby, from the "Bavarian Highlands" suite for choir and orchestra, derives its charm from the folk-song introduced in it, and the composer's command of orchestral effects. His lack of melodic inspiration was also plainly shown in the "Caractacus" Epilogue. If he had something to say he could say it well, but—however, it made an excellent medium for the resources of the choir. Dr. Vogt piled tone on tone, and never did his singers fail him. The voices were as fresh at the close as at the beginning of a too long but decidedly interesting programme, a programme which exploited every phase of the attainments of this wonderful organization, which stands alone. There are other choruses, but ouc must allow something here and there for shortcomings; with the Mendieesohn Choir and Dr. Vogt, its creator and maintainer, one can be as exacting as he likes and find no fault to cavil at.

To-night the Verdi Mazzoni Requiem will be given by the same choir and orchestra.

Yvonne de Treville.

The coloratura soprano, Yvonne de Treville, was heard in a song recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, and was well received by an audience of moderate size. Her programme was made up of French songs exclusively, ranging from Rameau, Lulli, and Grétry down to Massenet, Saint-Saëns, and Debussy. Miss de Treville's voice, while light, is not without a certain quality of charm, although it is not capable of any great range of color, and, consequently, her interpretations of songs calling for sentiment lack variety. Her tones sounded better equalized yesterday than at her recent début, though in passages of coloratura they are less satisfying in this regard than in pure cantabile. Of florid song thie soprano is by no means a flawless exponent.

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"TOSCA" AT THE OPERA.

Mr. Caruso Sings Cavaradossi and the House Is Crowded.

At tho Metropolitan Opera House last evening "Tosca" was sung before an audience which repeated the familiar record of the present season. In other words Mr. Caruso was in the cast and all the seats and standing room in the large auditorium were occupied. This is now an old story, and it is told only when the adored tenor discloses the beauties of his tones.

Nevertheless there were others in the performance. Mme. Fremstad was the impersonator of the beautiful Roman singer, and it is no news to operagoers that hers is a most interesting characterization. Mr. Amato was the *Scarpia*. His version of the part lays more emphasis on the vigorous villainy of the man than on the finesse of his Machiavellian intellect. But Mr. Amato rejoices and is strong in voice and his days of psychological profundity have not yet dawned. The performance as a whole was most commendable and it certainly was a delight to hear Mr. Caruso sing the music of *Cavaradossi*.

THE VERDI REQUIEM EXCELLENTLY SUNG

The Mendelssohn Choir's Second

The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto gave its second concert last evening at Carnegie Hall. The chorus was placed before the audience as the important part of the force assembled for a performance of Verdi's "Requiem," the work written in 1873-74 in memory of Alessandro Manzoni. Such a concert as that of 1 st evening displayed this admirable chorus less in the brilliant position of "star" than the entertainment of the previous evening, and in so doing exhibited the organization at its best.

The "Manzoni Requiem," as most music lovers well know, might easily be accepted as a pious twin sister of "Aida." It is replete in phrases which require only the change of one or two notes to become repetitions of phrases heard in the popular opera. It is doubtless for this reason that the charge of theatricalism has so often and with foundation been brought against it.

But after all it may well be questioned whether this mass is not a just exposition of the religious emotion of modern Italy. The dramatic character of the "Dies Iræ," especially the "Rex tremendæ" passage, must assuredly appeal to a Roman of today with more irresistible force than any part of such a work as Palestrina's "Missa Papæ Marcelli."

For this reason a concert presentation of the "Manzoni Requiem," no matter how spectacular it may be, cannot of itself work grave injury to the music. When the composition is given with such insight into its musical and emotional content as Dr. Vogt and his forces disclosed last evening, it gains in the offering as an entertainment what it could not well be expected to have as a church service in the dim Byzantine cloisters of San Marco.

And yet it may not be going too far to say that last evening's concert was noteworthy for the remarkable manner in which it preserved both religious and spectacular traits of this singular work. The theatrical effects were not overworked. They were presented without undue pressure and permitted to perform their office in as natural a manner as possible. On the other hand all that was reverential in the pose of the music was brought out with dignity and a finish of style altogether commendable.

In achieving this result the solo singers were led to cooperate perfectly with Dr. Vogt and his choir. These singers were Florence Hinckle, soprano; Christine Miller, contralto; George Hamlin, tenor, and Clarence Whitehill, barytone. It is quite unnecessary to make a catalogue of the parts of the work which each of these sang especially well. It is more to their credit to say that while all of them sang with technical and artistic skill they gained their greater glory by the exactness with which they kept themselves in the picture.

Dr. Vogt's conducting of the composition was masterly. His orchestra, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, was governed with fine judgment. Not even in the "Tuba Mirum" did the conductor yield to the temptation of lifting the instruments to the rank of principals, though it must be admitted that in this number the treacherous acoustics of Carnegie Hall partly defeated the very manifest plan of the director.

But on the whole the reading of Verdi's music was such as to produce just those results which have herein been briefly indicated. It was a most excellent concert and will leave behind it a feeling of satisfaction which the rather irregularly arranged miscellaneous programme of the first entertainment could not give.

MME. FREMSTAD IN "TOSCA."

Caruso in the Cast — Metropolitan Filled to Overflowing.

"Tosca," with Mme. Fremstad in the title part, was last night's opera at the Metropolitan. Just why the Brünnhilde of the week before should wish to impersonate the Sardou Roman actress might cause some questioning, but the fact remains that she does.

Mme. Fremstad's is an admirable study, though the music at times lies high for her voice; a study that is not, it is true, among the singer's master impersonations, but one that is consistently worked out. Mr. Caruso being the Cavarodossi, the house was filled to overflowing, and Mr. Amato, as Scarpia, gave generously of his glorious voice.

Mr. Toscanini built up the climax to the last act until Puccini's music appeared to possess a force and directness that quite [illegible] in an ordinary performance.

MR. HESS'S RECITAL.

Songs by Debussy, MacFadyen Wolf, and Haile Sung.

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Ludwig Hess, the German tenor, who made his appearance several times in the earlier part of the season, gave another song recital last evening in Carnegie Lyceum. He sang for the first time here two new songs by Claude Debussy, also songs by Alexander MacFadyen, five by Hugo Wolf, and a series of seven by Eugen Haile. Mr. Hess's voice sounded in less good condition last evening than it did earlier in the season, and some of his unfortunate processes of tone production and mannerisms of delivery were accentuated; a pity for they injure the effect of a voice that has naturally fine qualities.

Many of Mr. Hess's sons were of interest as well as novelty. There was considerable inequality in the merits of these sons; the best of them show an original fancy, sincerity, a purpose to go his own way uninfluenced by some of the prevalent musical styles. Mr. Haile played the accompaniments for thesongs.

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THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Miss Elena Gerhardt Soloist in Songs by Wagner and Wolf.

At the concert of the Philharmonic Society last evening the orchestral numbers included Grieg's overture "In Autumn," Strauss's tone poem "Death and Transfiguration," and Schumann's first symphony in B flat. They were played by the orchestra extremely well. Mr. Stransky evidently put much weight upon his interpretation of Strauss's tone poem, and presented it in a very dramatic light, with all the emphasis and all the contrasts that could well be imagined possible. The performance was impressive and was filled with the spirit of Strauss's conception. Grieg's overture "In Autumn" was played with much clearness and rhythmic incisiveness. It is not a composition to make much effect with nowadays; it is an early effort of the composer's, and seems rather thin and meagre, very neatly put together—it is a transcription and extension of one of his songs—but showing not much of the atmosphere and mood suggested by its title. It bears on its face the reason why orchestral conductors rarely think it worthy of a place on their programmes.

Schumann's "Spring" symphony was given with freshness and buoyance, with brilliancy and richness of tone. There were some of Mr. Stransky's own ideas about "modofications" of tempo which are more like abrupt changes. Is it always necessary that the second theme of a movement in sonata form should be, not subtly, but markedly retarded? But, on the whole, the symphony was sanely as well as lucidly and vivaciously played.

Miss Eleanor Garhardt was the soloist. She sang two groups of songs, the first comprising three of Wagner's, the second three of Wolf's; and all of them were given with orchestral accompaniments that were transcribed from the original piano accompaniments. Miss Gerhardt was not quite so much at home in these as she is in her own chosen field of the song recital with her own chosen accompanist upon the piano. There were fine qualities in her singing of the more sustained songs, as Wagner's "Träume" and Wolf's "Verborgenheit." In the stormy beginning of Wagner's "Stehe Still" she labored considerably, and in Wolf's "Der Freund" she was curiously ineffective. The songs of Wolf gain nothing by the transcription of the accompaniments for orchestra, whether they are Wolf's own or Arthur Nikisch's. Miss Gerhardt was heard with evident pleasure and applauded with enthusiasm.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Mr. Stransky Gives an Effective Reading of a Strauss Tone Poem.

The programme of the Philharmonic Society's concert at Carnegie Hall last night contained three orchestral numbers. These were Grieg's overture, called "In Autumn," Richard Strauss's tone poem "Death and Transfiguration" and Schumann's B flat symphony. The soloist of the evening was the German lieder singer Elena Gerhardt. After the overture she sang three Wagner songs, "Stehe still," "Träume" and "Schmergen." After the Strauss number she sang three songs by Hugo Wolf, "Verborgenheit," "Der Freund" and "Er ist's." The orchestration of the accompaniments of the first two war by Arthur Nikisch; that of the third was the composer's, and it was by far the best of the three

The Grieg overture is not played very often, and without doubt the audience of last evening heard it with modified rapture. It is a good composition, but it has no great brilliancy and develops into no imposing climax beloved of conductors. Mr. Stransky's opportunity to make eloquent proclamations came with the Strauss tone poem, and he took advantage of it.

His reading of the composition was excellent. It was evident that he had most carefully studied the work and that he had thoroughly rehearsed his orchestra. While the sonorous tutti made splendid effects, it was rather in the more repressed parts of the score that the precision of the playing and the nicely graded dynamics achieved excellent results But taking it as a whole the performance was technically one of the best given by the Philharmonic under its present conductor.

Miss Gerhardt's singing did not give as much pleasure as it has in some of her recitals. She appeared to be under the impression that Herculean efforts were needed to force out vast volumes of tone. Her singing of "Träume," for example, was labored and unpoetic, and the same epithets might properly be applied to her delivery of Wolf's songs.

Last "Donne Curiose" Is Greatly Enjoyed

Delicate Humors and Graces of Wolf Ferrari Improve on Acquaintance.

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

For reasons undivulged, though not hard to guess, last night's performance of "Le Donne Curiose" will not this season be repeated at the Metropolitan.

Wolf-Ferrari's bright and dainty comic opera has been heard only five times here. On each new hearing it has gained in charm and grace. The music breathes the spirit of Goldoni. And Goldoni seemed the very soul of Venice, in her lighter, merrier moods.

Action and word and tone all go together in delightful harmony. The humors of the orchestra eke out the drollery of the text. While these, again, are [illegible] by various singers. The solitaires of the young lovers, Rosaura and Florindo, the shrewishness of the impressive Beatrice; the surliness of Ottavio, and the grotesqueness of those conventional Venetian characters, Pantalone and Arlecchino, all these and many other things are expressed in the opera, with the fleetness of a Mozart, the delicacy of a Massenet and the quaintness of a Haydn.

The work makes great demands on several singers, more particularly in the lively "patter songs." But every now and then conversational passages are followed by smooth, flowing airs and duos affording a glow of rest. And these are beautiful—as beautiful as the most gracious in some Mozart operas. Indeed, had Mozart come into the world in our day, he might have composed just such sweet songs as Wolf-Ferrari gave us in his "Donne Curiose."

Of many lovely episodes in the opera we shall look back with special thankfulness to the overture in the old-fashioned style, the admirable quartette of Beatrice, Ottavio, Rosaura and Florindo in the second act the exquisite love duo of Florindo and Rosaura, and the introduction to the third act, which hints at all the poetry of Venice.

LISZT RECITAL GIVEN.

Hungarian Pianist Heard by Women of Society in Brooklyn.

Given for the benefit of the Master School of Music of Brooklyn, the first of three Lenten recitals attracted a large audience of women yesterday afternoon to the ballroom of the Pouch Mansion, in Brooklyn. The programme, given by Mr. Gyöngyöshalaszy, a Hungarian pianist, assisted by Mrs. John Lewis Childs and Miss Rhea Massicotte, consisted entirely of compositions by Liszt. Mr. Gyöngyöshalszy played two groups, including Liszt's arrangements of Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Love" and Schumann's Hungarian March and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 9.

Mrs. Childs talked of Liszt, the man and musician, and Liszt, the pianist and teacher. Miss Massicotte sang.

The Philharmonic Society.

With so much high class orchestral music as New York is enjoying (or enduring) in the present season it seems as if the public ought to be privileged to think of some features of each concert and forget others. The Philharmonic Society is always with us, and its concerts ought to supply the most interesting topics for discussion. Unhappily, this is not the case. It was only to meet with disappointment to sit out the concert of last Thursday evening, and we cannot imagine that that of yesterday afternoon, at which the same programme was repeated, showed much improvement. The overture "In Autumn," by Grieg, is inconsequential, though it discloses the composer's marvellous sense of pictorial color, and the tone poem "Tod und Verklärung," by Richard Strauss, was played with what might be called unusual vividness, inasmuch as it brought out poignantly the things which seem to have appeared to be of the greatest import to the composer in it—the struggle of a man against mental dissolution. But no doubt there were listeners in the audience who would gladly have exchanged some of the pungent odor of carbolic acid exuded by the orchestra in this work for the sweet perfume of spring, which ought to pervade, but was noticeably absent from Schumann's symphony in B flat, which came at the end of the concert. Miss Gerhardt sang songs by Wagner and Wolf to orchestral accompaniment, and sang them in the full throated style which has proved so fascinating to the local public. But it is reported that a famous teacher of the pianoforte in Vienna once criticised a talented pupil with the sententious remark: "Viel zu viel Gerfühl," and it seems as if Miss Gerhardt could not sing without calling up a memory of that eminently sane observation.

CARUSO AND SLEZAK APPEAR

"Rigoletto" Followed by "Tannhaeuser" in the Evening.

It was a day of mingled emotions at the Opera yesterday. In the afternoon the special performance of "Rigoletto" gave the admirers of Enrico Caruso a chance to shout their loudest. Yet to be fair, the Duke is one of the great tenor's finest parts, and one that gives him an opportunity to show that he is a master of bel canto as well as of the more explosive school. He sang beautifully yesterday, and of course had to repeat "La Donne e Mobile."

The Jester was again impersonated by Maurice Renaud, in whose voice the ravages of time are now unconcealed, but whose dramatic power is so potent and so imaginative as almost to make forgetfulness of his vocal deficiencies possible.

The Gilda was Mme. De Pasquali, who, if not a coloratura soprano of the first rank, sang not at all badly, and, unlike some other singers, took no liberties with the music. Mme. Homer, as Maddelena, helped make the quartet go with unusual spirit

The evening saw the season's second performance of "Tannhäuser," with Leo Slezak in the title role. There were some things last night, among them an occasional throatiness of tone quality, in the tenor's singing that might have been wished otherwise, but he sang none the less with great feeling and exquisite delicacy of phrase.

Dramatically Mr. Slezak's Heinrich is one of the most extraordinary impersonations that the Metropolitan stage has seen in recent years. It is by turns tender and defiant, yet ever implicit with the sense of moral suffering. In facial expression, in nobility of bearing, in tragic power it is worthy of the highest praise.

The Elizabeth was Miss Destinn, who, though scarcely ideal either in appearance or in acting, sang the music as few can sing it. Mme. Fremstad's Venus is a well known and beautiful impersonation, while Mr. Griswold's Landgraf and Mr. Weil's Wolfram are both admirable. Mr. Hertz conducted with strenuous desire.

THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY.

With a programme of Saint-Saëns, Grieg and the English composer, William Wallace, and with a young newcomer, Miss Cecile Ayres, as the solo pianist, the Symphony Society of New York yesterday gave its patrons, who made up an audience of good size, an afternoon of musical variety at the Century Theatre. The French composer was represented by his C minor symphony, the Norwegian by his ever popular concerto for the pianoforte, and the Englishman contributed the symphonic poem based upon the inviting literary figure of François Villon, whose name and fame depend not more upon his deft and delightful verses than on his aromatic reputation.

Mr. Damrosch prefaced the concert with a brief and enthusiastic account of the symphony, and many of his auditors gained, no doubt, from his remarks and from his pianistic illustrations as much pleasure as from the music itself. There is a disappointing quality of dryness in this work, especially in the slow portions of the first movement and in the *maestoso* division of the second movement. The theme of the opening *allegro* has a grace and swing that promise more than the rest of the symphony fulfils; it is capitally representative of Saint-Saëns in one of his less deliberately professorial moods, when disclosing his ingenious and able treatment of the melodic design and the movel voices. But when the French composer calls in the aid of ecclesiastical thematic material, and solemnly works out his musical pattern as one would solve a puzzle not too many of his listeners will sit patiently under the long drawn out performance. The organ, which enters the instrumental group with high effectiveness, subsides into comparative insignificance before the score is closed, and the same may be said of the pianoforte, which, played yesterday by Mrs. Mannes, said competently what the composer had allotted to it, but failed to justify by any decisive note of presence as a part of the orchestral apparatus, which Saint-Saëns designed to be modern when he wrote the score, some twenty-five years ago, but which never really succeeded in being anything but unusual and a little pedantic.

The symphonic poem, "Villon," which Damrosch and his orchestra brought here a year ago as a novelty, gains by renewed hearing. The listener will be justified in assuming that this agreeable and well written piece of musical characterization owes something to Richard Strauss and his "Till Eulenspiegel," but holds enough that is personal and incisive to win respect as well as liking. It was performed with a sympathetic understanding by Mr. Damrosch and his players.

Miss Cecile Ayres, who is a young woman hailing from Chester, Penn., and who studies have been made with Mr. Gabrilowitsch and others, showed in her performance of the Grieg concerto a fair amount of musical appreciation, a deal of assurance and a rather brittle style, with a tone that was apparently not a naturally fine one, but which she fortified by obvious physical effort. In the cadenza of the first movement she did unexpectedly well, and her playing of the concerto as a whole, while a trifle labored, indicated earnestness and a talent worth developing.

ITALIAN AND GERMAN AT THE METROPOLITAN

"Rigoletto" in the Afternoon and "Tannhaeuser' at Night Make Up the Bills.

There were two performances yesterday at the Metropolitan Opera House. In the afternoon a large audience to hear Enrico Caruso as the Duke in "Rigoletto." His performance calls for no comment other than that he was in fine voice. Mme. Bernice James de Pasquale—it is to be hoped she is named correctly—appeared as Gilda, a part to which many prima donnas have done many things. Mme. de Pasquale conceals under her picturesque denomination a nativity so Bostonian and so anecstral that she is a Daughter of the Revolution, probably the only such patrician that ever appeared at the Neapolitan Opera House, for Neapolitan it certainly was yesterday with Caruso and Amat' in the east, Amat' singing Rigolett'.

Mme. de Pasquale seemed at first nervous, diffident and unimpressive. But when she came to 'Caro nome' in the second act she sang more than cleverly, even brilliantly. The vocal intricacies of that aria are meant, of course, to display the vocal resources, the training and the general power of vocalization of its interpretant. Mme. de Pasquale is to be congratulated upon the facility of her execution and the sparkle and elaboration of her display. The kingdom of the coloratura soprano is not a wide one and is daily shrinking, but the Bottou songstress occupied its throne for the time being with unusual ability and to general approbation. Louise Homer and Adamo Didur were also in the cast.

"Tannhaeuser" was given in the evening, with Emmy Destinn, Olive Fremstad, Leo Slezak and Hermann Weil in the chief roles.

Mme. Destinn had not been heard in the part for years. Alfred Hertz conducted.

mmy Destinn in Role of Elizabeth

usic in "Tannhauser" Is Peculiarly Fitted to Artist's Voice.

The feature of last evening's performce of "Tannhauser" at the Metropoli- n Opera House was the first appearce in this city of Mme. Emmy Destinn the role of Elisabeth. The music of s part is peculiarly fitted to Mme. estinn's voice, for the sympathy and derness which are the dominating alities of the music are the noticeable aracteristics of her singing.

Her second act was all womanly arm and appeal, and she sang the ayer with all the necessary reverence d feeling. Her mediaeval robes, with eir long, straight lines, were quite the st becoming she has worn this season. Mme. Fremstad gave her usual splen- performance of Venus; Slezak sang nnhaeuser; Herman Weil appeared as olfram; and, barring a few very low tes which he just managed to touch, tnam Griswold gave an acceptable in- pretation of the Landgraf. Mr. Hertz nducted.

Mch 3 1912

STRING PLAYERS HEARD.

chestras of the Music School Settlement Play at Concert.

he fifth in the series of Symptony ncerts for young people, which was gen yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hll, was given over to the young people of the senior and junior string orchestras of the Music School Settlement. It has been the recent custom to devote one of these concerts in the course of the season to the boys and girls whom Mr. David Mannes has trained so effectively, and they made as creditable a showing as ever in yesterday's concert. The two orchestras united in playing Vivalli's concerto in A minor; the junior orchestra played an overture by Cimarosa and the senior orchestra Grétry's "Marche de la Caravane," the andante cantabile from Tschaikowski's string quartet Op. 11, the serenade from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," in which the lady's voice was represented by an obbligato violoncello, an arrangement of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and Czibulka's "Fliegenmenuet." The programme began with "The Star-Spangled Banner," and ended with the "Music School Chorale," composed by Abram Flatow, one of the students of the Settlement.

It has been understood that the Music School Settlement did not favor the exploitation of "infant prodigies." Nevertheless, Miss Edna Ruppel played Kreisler's "Liebestreud" and Master Beryl Rubinstein several pieces for piano, including Etudes by MacDowell, Liszt, and Chopin, and Tarentella by Rubinstein. But he was allowed to play Chopin's Etude, Op. 25, No. 11, at least, was a boy.

"ARIANE ET BARBE BLEUE."

Miss Farrar, Mme. Matzenauer, and Mr. Rothier in Matinee Performance.

There was not a very large audience at the matinée performance of Paul Dukas's opera, "Ariane et Barbe Bleue," at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. It does not seem to be an opera adapted for attracting the matinée audiences at least. There is only a baritone in this opera, and he has only a few notes to sing, and is in general put much in the wrong although it. He is anything but a heroic figure, and makes no bid whatever for feminine admiration.

Also it is likely that Dukas's music is found difficult to listen to for a whole afternoon. Notwithstanding his brilliant episodes, the incessant succession of modern French harmonies before long palls upon the ear, and even worse than palls. And again the Maeterlinckian deliberation of movement, the abundance of exquisition on the part of Ariane, the paucity of dramatic incident are not without their deterrent effect upon the operatic public.

Miss Farrar, Mr. Rothier, and Mme. Matzenauer, this season's excellent interpreter of the partof the Nurse, together with the group of previously heard, took part in an excellent performance, which Mr. Toscanini conducted.

YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA.

"Ariane et Barbe Bleue" at Matinee and "Lohengrin" in the Evening.

At the Metropolitan Opera House Paul Dukas's opera "Ariane et Barbe Bleue" was given yesterday afternoon to the excellent cast heard at the last previous performance. The matinée audiences on most occasions have been such as to test the strength of the auditorium walls, but there was plenty of room yesterday afternoon in the Via Nova. This sad state of affairs, however, may easily be explained. First, the opera is not popular. Second, Mr. Caruso did not sing. Third, there was no tenor at all in the cast. Fourth—but no other reasons need be named.

Yet "Ariane et Barbe Bleue" has certain elements which ought to call for the serious consideration of the connoisseurs of music. Furthermore there are matters which ought to draw the attention of all progressives among women, especially those believing in the superiority of the eternal feminine to mere man. Yet the fate of this singular opera leaves the hard hearted observer with the conviction that the true matinée girl "loves" to see the "hero" win the "heroine." In "Ariane et Barbe Bleue" there is no hero and only one heroine out of seven women.

Geraldine Farrar sings the music of *Ariane* like a heroine, and there are times when Mr. Toscanini calls for all her courage, for he is proud of the great sound made by his orchestra. Mme. Matzenauer is admirable as the *Nurse* and the cringing wives are all well done especially *Alladine*, who does not say a word but is adorably personated by Miss Fornaroli, a dancer.

The offering at popular prices last night was "Lohengrin," with Mme. Morena as *Elsa* and Mme. Homer as *Ortrud*. Mr. Jörn sang *Lohengrin* for the first time this season. Mr. Goritz was the representative of *Wolfram von Eschenbach*, author of "Parzival." Mr. Witherspoon was the *King Henry*, and Mr. Hertz conducted. The audience was large.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT.

Music Provided by Orchestral and Solo Players of Tender Years.

The young people who went to Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon to hear the symphony concert in the series provided for their entertainment had an opportunity to hear what other young persons could do in the way of providing delights for them. The senior and junior orchestras of the Music School Settlement, conducted by David Mannes, played several numbers and showed that they had profited by the training acquired under their director.

There were also two youthful solo performers, Beryl Rubinstein, pianist, and Edna Ruppel, violinist. The juvenile audience seemed to enjoy greatly the playing of these youthful performers, both of whom, however, might profitably wait for public honors till they are much older. But sometimes fond parents are injudicious in pushing forward the pride of the family.

Miss Fatman's First Song Recital.

Miss Margaret Fatman, who has been studying abroad for two years in preparation for a professional career, sang for the first time in public at Carnegie Music Hall last week at a benefit for the Working Girls' Recuperative Home. Her répertoire included a wide range of selections and she made a favorable impression. The first part of her recital was entirely in French and included "Vive le Roi," "La Femme du Bossu," "L'Hypocrite" and "La Legende de St. Nicholas." In her first song, "Le Retour du Marin," her dramatic ability was demonstrated.

Mch 4 1912

The Concerts of a Sunday.

Yesterday's musical entertainments offered a slight change from the usual order in that they approached the vaudeville shows in being more or less continuous for about eight hours. The change was effected by the musical organization known as the Bohemians, who started a concert at 4:45 o'clock p. m. (that is, an hour and three-quarters after the Symphony and Russian orchestras had begun to play), and, making it of generous length, carried the active period close to the time when the evening entertainments began. However, there seem to be many music-lovers in New York, and if all in the audiences did not pay for their entertainment, many did; and it is no business of the recorder of affairs to strike a financial balance. In this respect, however, one fact must be noticed. The concert given under the auspices of the Bohemians at the Hotel Astor had for its purpose the establishment of a fund for the benefit of needy musicians. Mr. Franz Kneisel, the president of the club, has been greatly interested in promoting the philanthropic enterprise, and it must have been a large satisfaction to him yesterday to note that the receipts were somewhere in the neighborhood of $5,000 and that, the expenses being merely nominal, the benevolent purpose was most handsomely initiated. The performers were the Kneisel Quartet (composed, in addition to Mr. Kneisel, of Julius Roentgen, Louis Svecenski and Willem Willeke); Mme. Matzenauer, of the Metropolitan Opera House; Josef Lhévinne, pianoforte; Henry Leon Leroy, clarinet; Benjamin Kohon, bassoon; Xaver Reiter, French horn; Ludwig Manoly, double bass, and Sigmund Herzog, accompanist. The wind instrument players mentioned and Mr. Manoly took part in the concluding number of the programme, which was Beethoven's familiar Septet, which is not so familiar a feature of our chamber music concerts now as it was a couple of decades ago.

The friends of the Bohemians who showed their interest by buying boxes for the concert were Mr. E. D. Adams, Mr. Martin Beck, Mr. E. J. de Coppet, Mrs. Charles Ditson, Mr. Carl Fischer, Mr. Harry Harkness Flagler, Mrs. Randolph Guggenhelmer, Mrs. Christian Herter, Mr. Otto Kahn, Mr. Franz Kneisel, Mr. August Lüchow, Mr. Dave Hennen Morris, Mr. Elkan Naumburg, Mrs. Rudolf Schirmer, Mr. Alfred Seligman, Mr. A. B. Sinn, Mrs. Frederick Steinway, Messrs. Steinway & Sons, Mr. Maurice Sternberger, Mr. Thomas Tapper, Mr. Felix Warburg and Mr. Paul Warburg.

The novel feature of the concert of the Russian Symphony Orchestra in the afternoon (and a very charming one it proved to be) was the verbal commentary on two numbers of the programme made by Miss Kitty Cheatham. This was scarcely called for in the case of Arensky's effective variations on the melody of Tschaikowsky's "Christ Child Legend," which has been heard here in its original choral form, but it was delightfully effective in the "Nutcracker" suite, the story of which she told in a most graceful and ingenuous version prepared by Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton and herself. So winning was Miss Cheatham's narrative and so graciously helpful to the music that had the audience had its way every number would have been repeated.

A MUSICIANS' FUND CONCERT.

Large Attendance at a Performance Under Auspices of the Bohemians.

A concert for the fund for needy musicians which has been established by the Bohemians, was given in the ball room of the Hotel Astor yesterday afternoon. There was a large attendance, and the receipts from the concert amounted to nearly $5,000. Those who participated were the Kneisel Quartet, Mme. Margarete Matzenauer, mezzo soprano; Mr. Josef Lhévinne, pianist; Messrs. Leroy, Kohon, Reiter and Manoly and Mr. Willem Willeke. The Kneisel Quartet played the variations on "Death and the Maiden" from Schubert's D minor quartet, and Wolf's "Italian Serenade" and with the assistance of wind and string players, Beethoven's Septet, Op. 20. Mr. Willeke, with Mr. Herzog, played a sonata for 'cello by Corelli. Mme. Matzenauer sang two groupes of songs, and Mr. Lhévinne played brilliant piano pieces.

A HYMN TO PALLAS BY M. SAINT-SAENS

Mme. Jeanne Jomelli Sings the Composition at Concert of the Damrosch Orchestra.

WILLIAM WALLACE'S MUSIC

His Symphonic Poem on Francois Villon Renews Impressions Made at First Hearing.

The Symphony Society's concert at the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon produced only one item of new matter, to wit, a "Hymn to Pallas Athene" from the pen of that eminent French master Camille Saint-Saëns. This is a composition for voice and orchestra and it was sung with much spirit and style by Mme. Jeanne Jomelli. The work was written for a festival held at Orange in 1894.

In that place are the ruins of a great Roman amphitheatre. The text of the hymn, written by J. L. Croze, is mainly an appeal to the ancient goddess to come to Provence, which is a sister of Greece, and reawaken the old deities and their spirit. The music is made in a broadly melodious style with good declamatory effects.

The other vocal number was an air from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue." The orchestra played Saint-Saëns's symphony in C minor, William Wallace's symphonic poem, "François Villon" and Goldmark's overture, "Sakuntala." The last named work, one of the favorites of earlier concert seasons, was without much doubt the best piece of music on the list. The Saint-Saëns symphony has its interesting features, but it is a wandering and uncertain creation and leaves the attentive hearer somewhat puzzled as to the precise aim of the composer.

Mr. Wallace is a thoughtful musician and a student of the development of his art, as is demonstrated by his critical book, "The Threshold of Music." That he should have selected François Villon, the "mad glad sad bad" brother of Swinburne, as a subject is not at all astonishing. When the composition was first played here on October 28 of the season of 1910-11 by Mr. Damrosch's orchestra it made an impression which was renewed yesterday.

The work delineates certain moods of Villon as set forth in his poems. Some of these moods are sad or bad, while others are glad or mad. When the music follows the former it is melancholy and quite English. When it follows the latter it is altogether un-English and proves conclusively that Villon was a close relation of Til Edlenspiegel. The symphonic poem is melodious, well constructed and admirably orchestrated, but —

There was once a poet in Mr. Wallace's country who wrote a poem about a flower. He told how he had raised this flower and how every one had called it splendid, but how in the end every one could raise it because they all had the seed. And the result was that it was so abundant that people took to calling it a weed. Richard Strauss may or may not know the poem, but he would smile if he read it and then heard "François Villon."

The composition was excellently performed by the Symphony Society Orchestra, which has adapted itself skilfully to the requirements of the auditorium of the Century Theatre.

THE RUSSIAN ORCHESTRA.

A Programme of Tschaikowsky to End the Season.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra with Modest Altschuler, conductor, gave its final concert of this season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. What was called a "Lenten programme" was offered, and it proved to be of much interest. It consisted of three orchestral compositions by Tschaikowsky and some recitations. Kitty Cheatham was the reciter and she appeared twice. Before and between the parts of Arensky's variations for strings on Tschaikowsky's "Legend" theme, "Christ when a child a garden made and many roses planted there." Miss Cheatham gave, with all her wonted grace of expression, the text of the legend as taken from the Russian of Plestchejew. Later she prefaced each number of "The Nutcracker" suite with the fairy tale of Hoffmann, upon which it is based, the adaptation having been made by herself and Walter Prichard Eaton.

These adaptations were dainty and arch bits of literary production and preceded in turn the "Overture Miniature" and eight dances comprising the suite. In her introductory remarks Miss Cheatham dwelt upon the fact that the composition was connected with the time of Tschaikowsky's visit to this country twenty years ago, and that the date of its completion was March 2, 1892. In her telling of the stories the reciter's eloquent manner and her unique and winning methods of diction united in exercising the captivating effect upon her hearers which is always brought about by her presence on a platform.

The orchestra played its part with much sympathy and good adjustment of tone. In fact the players have not been heard this season to such good advantage as yesterday. The "Pathetic" symphony, with which the programme began, was, if not always of a high degree of finish, in many respects excellently played and it was much enjoyed by the large audience present.

SUNDAY ORCHESTRA MUSIC.

Miss Cheatham Interprets Russian Music—Mme. Jomelli Sings.

The New York Symphony Orchestra and the Russian Symphony Orchestra both gave concerts yesterday afternoon in which the programmes were but slightly changed from those which were presented by the same organizations last week. The New York Symphony Orchestra at the Century Theatre repeated Saint-Saens's long and not very interesting symphony in C minor and also William Wallace's symphonic poem "François Villon." Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture was played. Mme. Jeanne Jomelli was soloist at this concert. She sang Saint-Saens's "Hymn to Pallas Athene" and an air from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue."

Saint-Saens's hymn was heard for the first time in New York. It is an "occasional" composition, written for the festival of 1894 in the old Roman amphitheatre at Orange, in France. Saint-Saens has composed other music for performance in the remains of Roman theatres that exist in France. This hymn is in a grandiose manner that is in its way effective, especially in the spirit in which Mme. Jomelli sang it; although its musical substance can hardly be said to be derived from direct inspiration.

The Russian Orchestra's concert was the last one of its Sunday afternoon series. The symphony was Tschaikowsky's sixth, and the "Nutcracker" suite was played; also a set of variations by Arensky on a chorus by Tschaikowsky, a legend of the Christ Child, a beautiful composition that the Musical Art Society has

sung here. A novel feature of the concert was contributed by Miss Kitty Cheatham. Before the variations by Arensky she recited the touching legend on which the chorus is based, translated from the Russian. She also threw light on the "Nutcracker" suite by prefacing each number of it with the original fairy tale by E. T. A. Hoffman, which the music illustrates. The idea was novel, and Miss Cheatham's delivery of these various texts was charming and sympathetic. It gave pleasure to the audience.

13 MUSICIANS FROM GREECE.

All Men of Professional Rank and Prince Nicholas Is Their President.

The Greek liner Athena brought to New York yesterday an interesting company of thirteen professional men of Athens—lawyers, doctors, dentists, and bankers—who non-professionally compose the Mandolin Club of the University of Athens. Prof. J. G. Halapleus, Professor of Greek in the University of Toledo, Ohio, was their guide, philosopher and friend. He met them in Athens, where he has been studying, and persuaded them to make the visit to America.

The thirteen men are all graduates of the University of Athens. When they were in college together they formed the mandolin club, and since their graduation they have kept their organization, and, according to Prof. Halapleus, have brought their work to a very high degree of excellence. They have played before the King of Italy, and received decorations from him. At Corfu they appeared before the German Emperor and played for him three solid hours, at the end of which time they were decorated and commended by the Emperor. At the exposition at Milan last year they competed with musical clubs from many cities of Europe and received the awards for first, second, and third prizes.

But they do not visit America primarily as musicians on tour. They are interested in the country, and wish to show some of the good points of their own. They are professional men first, and musicians second. The President of their organization is Prince Nicholas, third son of King George of Greece.

The leader of the club is Nicholas Laydas, a composer of Greek music. He is the Director of the Chemical Laboratory at the University of Athens. The others, who are all Athenians, are: Dionysius Alevisopoulos, a dentist; Miltiades Xenos, Professor of French in the university; Gus Laydas, a lawyer; George Yombas, a lawyer; Yason Stathacopoulos, a student of medicine; Demetri Sayor, a lawyer; Elias Alessios, a doctor; Bassili Michos, a doctor; Gus A. Laydas, a banker; Spiros Drongulis, a lawyer; Paul Picros, a doctor, and Marcos Saricostas.

The Greeks had a very stormy voyage. They were thirty-two days on the way, although sixteen days is the usual length of time required. They were obliged to put in at Bermuda for provisions.

MUSIC LATE FOR CONCERT.

But Violinist and Tenor Finally Get It and Go Ahead.

Henri Wieniawski, having died in 1880, his violin concerto in D major must have been composed before that year. But at half-past eight last night it had not yet reached the Belasco Theatre, so a concert announced for that hour by Mr. Jan Munkacsy, a violinist, and Mons. José Erard, a tenor, did not begin until long after the time set.

When finally the belated music arrived it was found that the violinist might well have dispensed with it, for he did not play it with as much skill as he showed in his solos, in which latter he produced some pleasing effects, although his tone is not large.

Mons. Erard sang several songs expressively, save for a tremolo on sustained notes. Like other concert tenors, however, he made the mistake of singing with piano accompaniment operatic selections in which more famous singers, among them Mr. Caruso, are heard at the Metropolitan with the rich accompaniment of a full orchestra.

Honors were well divided in the Metropolitan Opera House, where a concert was given as is usual on Sunday nights. They went to various members of the opera company and to Mr. Carlos Salzedo, a French harpist, who was the only artist not connected with the company.

Mr. Salzedo played Widor's "Choral and Variations" with the orchestra under Mr. Pasternack, and later gave Hasselman's "Nocturne" and a variation on an old theme by himself. Both numbers were played charmingly, and for each he had to give an encore to satisfy the audience.

Mme. Gluck sang the jewel song from "Faust; Mr. Amato the Eri Tu aira from "The Masked Ball" and one from "Trovatore" as an encore; Mr. Martin the flower song from "Carmen" and an aria from "I Pagliacci" as an encore; Mr. Hensel the Oh Paradiso from "L'Africaine;" Mr. Witherspoon the air "With Joy the Impatient Husbandman" from Haydn's "The Seasons," and Miss Wakefield a group of songs. These six then sang the sextet from "Lucia."

The orchestral numbers were the overture to "Der Freischutz," the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" and a nocturne by Martucci. From beginning it was a programme that delighted the audience.

HEINRICH HENSEL'S ADIEU.

Sings His Farewell to Metropolitan Before a Packed House.

The audience which attended the concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening was one of the largest of the season. It surged into every nook and corner of the vast auditorium, and the space in which the orchestra sits on the opera evenings was filled with chairs to seat more auditors.

Carlos Salzedo, harpist and a member of the opera orchestra, played Widor's "Choral and Variations," with the assistance of the orchestra. Later he was heard in a nocturne by Hasselmans and his own variations "on an old theme." Mr. Heinrich Hensel sang his farewell to the Opera House in the air "O Paradise," from "L'Africaine."

Riccardo Martin sang the "Flower Song" from "Carmen," and to this he added Mario's last act air from "Tosca." He was also heard in the sextet from "Lucia," with Mrs. Gluck, Mrs. Wakefield, and Messrs. Amato, Bada, and Witherspoon. Mrs. Gluck gave the "Jewel Song" from "Faust; Mr. Amato sang an air from "The Masked Ball"; Mrs. Wakefield rendered three songs, and Mr. Witherspoon offered an air from Haydn's oratorio, "The Seasons." The orchestra, under the direction of Josef Pasternack, played the overture to "Der Freischütz," and a noeturne of Martucci.

JOSE ERARD SINGS.

Gives a Recital with Jan Munkacsy at the Belasco Theatre.

The Belasco Theatre has been a concert hall nearly every Sunday evening this season. Last evening José Erard, tenor, and Jan Munkacsy, violinist, were heard in a concert there. Mr. Erard sang a number of opera airs, including the famous one from "Pagliacci," which was not composed by Puccini, although the programme so stated it; an air from "Tosca," three Schumann songs, airs from "Gioconda" and "L'Africaine," and a song by Standing.

Mr. Munkacsy played a concerto by Wieniawski, and several shorter numbers by Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Ernst, Chopin, and Bazzini.

Mch 5. 1912

"OTELLO" AT THE OPERA.

Verdi's Setting of the Tragedy Attracts a Small Audience.

Verdi's "Otello" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last night before an audience very little larger than the subscription. In spite of the excited statements at the beginning of the season that there were no single seats for sale on Mondays the audiences have varied greatly on those evenings. It is conceded that Verdi's "Otello" does not "draw money," but critical opinion wil surely continue obstinately to attribute this to a want of taste on the part of the public. It might perhaps be more accurate to say that the opera does not arouse interest except when it is ideally performed, and it is not quite that at the Metropolitan.

It is well done, earnestly done, and with no small measure of merit, but there is no irresistible appeal to the sympathies of a miscellaneous audience. Let it be conceded that even Shakespeare's tremendous study of the overthrow of a noble mind by the growth of jealousy rarely touched the public heart. Nevertheless Verdi's marvellous musical embodiment of the emotions of the drama ought to do so if adequately presented. Mr. Slezak's *Otello* is no rival of Tamagno's nor does it awaken memories of Salvini, but yet it is meritorious.

Mr. Scotti's *Iago* and Mme. Alda's *Desdemona* are well conceived, and Mr. Toscanini assuredly understands the various values in the score. But when all is said and done the present Metropolitan performances of the work command respectful admiration rather than enthusiasm. It may be an illusion or a delusion, but the conviction will not down that Mr. Slezak's impersonation of the Moor has lost some of the commanding power it disclosed in its early days. At any rate it does not arouse so much emotion and in this it perhaps sets the key for the whole performance of the present.

But none of the want of enthusiasm should be laid at the door of the opera itself. It is a splendid masterpiece, far and away above the scented epitomes of cheap sentiment that are for the moment possessed of the power and the kingdom in the operatic world. Long after some of them have been laid away on the shores of oblivious Lethe this lyric drama will hold the stage and be celebrated as one of the great products of a great master

A Violin and Piano Concert.

Sigismond Stojowski, pianist, and Arthur Argiewicz, violinist, gave their second joint concert last night at the MacDowell Club's rooms. Together they played César Franck's sonata in A major and Gabriel Faure's sonata in the same key. Mr. Stojowski's solo numbers were a reverie by Pierné, Dubois's "Les Abeilles," Diemer's "Orientale" and Godard's "En Route." Mr. Argiewicz chose for his solo number the introduction and rondo capriccioso of Saint-Saëns. There was an audience of good size and both players were warmly applauded.

Mch 6. 1912

WOLF-FERRARI'S NEW OPERA

An Interesting Novelty at the Metropolitan Opera House.

In Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "Donne Curiose," the gondoliers sing their barcarolle and compel even the cynic of the drama to break out into an enthusiastic exclamation: "Oh, beautiful Venice!" The world has heard more of the natural beauties of Naples than of the artificial ones of Venice, but when Naples is made the scene of a drama of any kind it seems that its attractions for librettist and composer lie in the vulgarity and vice, libertinism and lust, the wickedness and wantonness of a portion of its people rather than in the loveliness of character which such a place might or ought to inspire.

Last night at the Metropolitan Opera House the New York public heard for the first time "I Giojelli della Madonna," the latest opera by Wolf-Ferrari. Berlin made its acquaintance in December last, Chicago some weeks later, and Philadelphia had two hearings before New York was vouchsafed one. All these representations had a large significance, because through them Mr. Dippel broke down the barriers which had kept the works of one of the foremost composers of the day not only out of Great Britain, France and the United States, but even out of his native Italy. The entering wedge was the charming trifle, "Il Segreto di Susanna"; the effect will be large in more respects than one.

Yet after "Il Segreto" and "Le Donne" was it not more than a little surprising that so soon as the composer turned to Naples as a theatre for his drama he should not only change the style of his music, but also revert to the kind of tale which his predecessors in the field seem to have thought appropriate to the place which we have been told all of us should see once and die out of sheer ecstasy over its beauty? Why are only the slums of Naples deemed appropriate for dramatic treatment?

How many stories of Neapolitan life have been told in operas since Auber wrote his "La Muette di Portici" we do not know; doubtless many whose existence ended with the stagione for which they were composed. But it is a singular fact bearing on the present discussion that when the young "veritists" of Italy broke loose after the success of Mascagni's "Cavalleria rusticana" there came almost a universal desire to rush to the Neapolitan shambles for subjects. New York has been spared all of these operas except the delectable "A basso porto" which Mr. Savage's company gave to us in English twelve years ago; but there can be no harm in rehearsing the stories of some of the products of "verismo" to which this reviewer made reference a decade ago, simply because of their relationship to the new opera produced here last night.

In Cilea's "Tilda" a street singer seeks to avenge her wrongs upon a faithless lover. She bribes a jailer to connive at the escape of a robber as he is being led to punishment. Him she elects to be the instrument of her vengeance. Right merrily she lives with him and his companions in the greenwood until the hand captures the renegade lover on his wedding journey. Tilda rushes upon the bride with drawn dagger, but melts when she sees her victim in the attitude of prayer and sinks on her knees beside her only to receive the death-blow from her seducer. A picture of piquant contrasts, and there are "Ave Marias" and tarantellas in the music. So there are in the new music heard last night. Or take the story of Giordano's "Mala Vita." Here the hero is a young dyer whose dissolute habits have brought on consumption. The principal object of his amours is the wife of a friend. A violent hemorrhage warns him of approaching death, and, stricken with cowardly fear, he rushes to the nearest statue of the Madonna and registers a vow: he will marry a wanton, redeem her and save his own life. He pledges himself to the heroine who meets the requirements and she feels momentarily blest. But the married siren, the Lola in the case, winds her toils about him again and gloats over the unfortunate one, who sinks lifeless at her door.

Piquancy again, achieved now without that poor palliative—punishment of evildoer. The list might easily be exte Tasca's "A Santa Lucia" has an appel story of an oysterman's son who dese woman by whom he has a child in to marry one to whom he had previ been affianced. The women meet in a d brawl and the fiancée strikes her r child to the ground. The mother tri stab her rival with the ever-ready da which act stirs up the embers of the l love. He takes her back to his arms a his father's house. The child must be four years old by this time, but the o man knows nothing about the relatio isting between his housekeeper and hi and dreams a dream of marriage wit common-law daughter-in-law. Enter discarded fiancée with a tale for Cio ears of his mistress's infidelity. "It i true!" shrieks the poor woman; bu wretch's ears are deaf to her protest and she hurls herself into the sea. Ci rushes after and bears her to the s where she dies in his arms, gasph *articulo mortis*, "It is not true!"

Whether or not Wolf-Ferrari got the ject of "I Giojelli della Madonna" fro sources drawn on by his predecesso do not know. We believe that, like cavallo, he says that the story of his has a basis of fact, Leoncavallo havin serted over and over again that a ca murder like that portrayed in "Pagli had come before his father, who judicial officer. Be this as it may, certain that Wolf-Ferrari called on versifiers to help him out in makin book of the opera and that the story essence is not far removed from that French opera "Aphrodite," produced years ago by Baron Erlanger. In opera there is a rapc of the adornmer a statue of Venus; in the new work jewels enriching an effigy of the Mary. The story is not as filthy a other plots we have rehearsed, but there is the same striving after ("piquant," some will say) contrasts blending of things sacred and profane mixture of ecclesiastical music and da and—what is most significant—the g ous use of the style of melody which in with Ponchielli and his pupils. Giojelli della Madonna" a young w discards the love of an honest-hearted to throw herself out of sheer wanto into the arms of a blackguard dandy. win her heart through her love of per adornment the man of faithful mind suggestion having come from his r does the desperate deed of stealing fo the jewels of the Madonna. It is to h sumed that she rewards him for the s legious act, but without turning away the blackguard, to whom she gran stolen interview during the time wher true love is committing the crime. even the vulgar and wicked companio the dandy, who is a leader among Camorristi, turn from her with h when they discover the stolen jewels ar her neck, and she gives herself to dea the sea. Then the poor lover, placin jewels on the altar, invokes forgive and, seeing it in a ray of light illumines them, thrusts a dagger int heart and dies at the feet of the effig the goddess whom he had profaned.

The story would not take long i telling were it not tricked out with a titude of incidents designed to illus the popular life of Naples during a val. Such things are old familiar and necessary elements, in many cases even understood by the audience. with them Signor Wolf-Ferrari ma to introduce most successfully the at phere which he preserves even thro out his tragical moments—the atmosp of Neapolitan life and feeling. The s is saturated with Neapolitan folk s We say Neapolitan rather than Ita because the mixed population of Na has introduced ements which it w be rash to define as always Italian even Latin. While doing this the poser surrendered himself unreserv and frankly to other influences. Tha one of the things which make him adm ble in the estimation of latter-day cri In "Le Donne Curiose" he is most ingly frank in his companionship Mozart. In "Il Segreto" there is a co nation of all the styles that preva from Mozart to Donizetti. In "I Gioj no attempt seems to have been mad him to avoid comparison with the poser who has made the most succes attempt at giving musical expressio a drama which fifty years ago the farsighted of critics would have set as too rapid of movement to admit of quate musical expression—Mascagni his "Cavalleria Rusticana," of course. we are tempted to say that the most vellous faculty of Wolf-Ferrari is t all these things without sacrifice o individuality. He has gone further. have spoken only of his operas whic know, but in "La Vita Nuova" the again an entirely different man. No in his operas seems half so darin everything in this cantata. How he

oduce a feeling of mediævalism in the tting of Dante's sonnets and yet make e of the most modern means of harnization and orchestration is still a ystery to this reviewer. Yet having ne it long ago, he takes up the modern vie of Italian melody and blends it with e old Church song, so that while you e made to think one moment of Masgni, you are set back a couple of centies by the cadences and harmonies of e hymns which find their way into the rrymakings of the festa. But everyng appeals to the ear—nothing offends and for that, whatever our philosophl notions, we ought to be grateful to melodiousness, the euphony and the h orchestration of the new opera.

he illustration of any phase in artistic gress is much more important than a cussion of the details of a performance ld be, and therefore there is no need of rying long with the performance which s offered last night. It was interesting; ld good service to the composition as closing the purposes of its authors; it s most unmistakably appealing to the ience—which was a fine one; it brought a brighter light than has yet shone n it the talent of Miss Carolina White, it compelled the audience to make rant offerings to Signor Campanini and se who labored under him. The prommme contained a long list of names, but four of the performers had any sigance. These were Miss White, Signori si and Sammarco and Mme. Dufau. To s White we have already tried to pay mpliment, but she yet deserves a word praise for the intelligence shown in her reciation of the character of Mallella, well as her vocal performance, which ld challenge comparison with the best the Metropolitan company has to offer er voice were but a little darker in re and more emotional in character. tenor, Bassi, made a particularly paic figure of the honest lover, Gennaro, as a piece of character acting Signor marco's Rafaele will seek long and ly for a counterpart. As for Signor panini, he was honored by calls before curtain of every act and by an unable request for a repeittion of the mezzi before the second and third acts, gh why they should deservè such ors is a little beyond our comprehen-

H. E. K.

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nnaro	Amadeo Bassi
rmela	Louise Berat
liella	Carolina White
faele	Mario Sammarco
aso	Francesco Daddi
cillo	Emilio Venturin
la	Jenny Dufau
ncetta	Mabel Riegelman
ena	Marta Wittkowska
azia	Rosina Galli
tonno	Edmond Warner
cco	Nicola Fossetta

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's opera "I Gioelli della Madonna "(The Jewels of the Madonna) was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company for the first time in this city. The opera was accorded its first American production in Chicago on January 15, when it was received with acclamations by a great audience and with much praise by critics. A telegraphic despatch at that time declared it to be the consensus of opinion among the critics of the Great Lake City that this was the significant opera of the decade. "It merits this distinction," said the writer, "by reason of the beauty and dramatic truth of the music, the vividness of the action and the pathos of its culminating tragedy." These words originated in a city where Mr. Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" had been frequently sung. That they will be at least faintly echoed along Broadway to-day is likely. The opera has singular, sinister and striking power mingled with pure beauties of no common order. As a whole it is a graphic stage embodiment of certain dark phases of Italian life.

The dramatic materials of the opera come from the composer's own fancy. The plot of the book is his. In making the verse he called in the aid of C. Zangrini and E. Golisciani, who may be esteemed fortunate in gaining places for their unimportant names on the composer's title page. The story is on the surface melodramatic, but its fundamental notions are based on very real tragedy. The environment of the action is excellently chosen for the purposes of a lyric drama in that they suggest a continuation ries of poignant contrasts between two rieties of music, one gay and the other pathetic, of which the former furnishes scenic background for the latter, the al exponent of the drama.

Here is the tale briefly told as may be. *Carmela* has taken a child of the streets, *Malliela*, to rear her. The spirit of the streets is incorrigible. In the midst of carnival merriment *Malliela* breaks the bonds of restraint. In a defiant mood she challenges the riotous youths. They pursue her and the episode brings her to the notice of *Raffaele*, a Cammorist leader, who determines to win her.

She repels his advances and even stabs him with a long hairpin. He becomes more determined and finally as the procession of the Madonna passes offers to steal the jewels and bring them to *Malliela*. *Gennaro*, a blacksmith, who loves her, vainly woos her. He hears from her lips the boast that *Raffaele* offered to steal for her the Madonna's jewels. She declares that *Raffaele* is the man for her.

Gennaro makes no declarations as to what he will do, but goes and steals the jewels. While he is gone there is passionate love making between *Malliela* and *Raffaele*. When *Gennaro* returns with the jewels the girl's soul enters an ecstatic state. Her rising passion for *Raffaele* blinds sense and understanding. She accepts the jewels as a gift coming from him and thinking only of him sinks a victim to the passion of *Gennaro*, who holds her in his arms.

When she realizes what has taken place she seeks *Raffaele* in the haunt of Camorrists and tells him. He spurns her and when *Gennaro*, terrorized by his own crime, enters and confesses, *Malliela*, rejected by *Raffaele*, who believes she sold herself for the jewels and horrified at *Gennaro*, flies to throw herself into the sea. *Gennaro* slays himself before a shrine of the Virgin.

This is the tragedy. The background is Naples, the carnival, and the superstitions of the lower Italians. Nowhere is the force and picturesqueness of this peculiar superstition brought out more than in the various expressions of horror by the ruined girl and the crime stained Cammorists at the violation of the Madonna's sanctity. This feeling becomes almost one with the deeper and more universal human passions on which the drama is based.

The horrors of this story are by no means inconsiderable and its personages dwell in the blood and filth of Naples which so shocked us all when Nicola Spinelli's "A Basso Porto" was revealed here on January 22, 1900. But we have dug deep in the mire of veritism since that time, and in a decade we have learned to look with equanimity on scenes of spiritual depravity and carnal frankness far beyond the imagination of the respectable opera composers of the earlier period dominated by the romantic feeling of Victor Hugo.

Whatever we may think of the stews and dregs a great city as subject matter for a work of dramatic art we are forced to admit that the manners of the common people have the merit of directness. The expression of emotion is unbridled. The passion is followed by the blow and the blow by the stiletto. The desire but little precedes the kiss which, as in Byron's poem, not only rhymes with bliss but always leads to something worse. The innate graphic nature of such ingredients gives even the most gruesome drama influence, and no one can deny that elemental human passions are disclosed in "The Jewels of the Madonna" in all their naked ugliness.

It is in the musical embodiment of these various emotions that Wolf-Ferrari has proved himself a master. His music is built on two types of melodic idea, each of which preserves in perfection the ancient musical principle, developed in symphonic as well as operatic music, that in the contrast between melodies in differing modes, movements and rhythms, a composer can arrive at a high level of expression.

To delineate the Neapolitan background and sing the spirit of the people and the soil, the composer has wisely drunk from the inexhaustible fount of the folk song. He has imparted unmistakable character to his score by utilizing Neapolitan melodies and inventing others of his own in a similar style.

For the exposition of the tragedy he has written in a full blooded melodic song in which the themes are designed to meet the demands of the great passionate moods of the play. Since the Neapolitan tunes are distinctively Italian in their folk song character and the composer's own delineativo music is equally pure Italian the artistic homogeneity of the score is striking and beautiful. There is a marvellous unity of organism in it, and this is brought out in great clearness by the perfection of the symphonic mastery with which the work is elaborated.

Psychologically considered the music of this opera is of convincing power, for the passage from the lighthearted song of the street to the utterance of agonized spirits torn by the emotions of the play is effected with a startling force of contrast, yet without any shock through radical change in style. The opera has diversity in unity. It is an example of advanced and complex artistic organism.

The orchestra is of large proportions and it is handled with consummate ease. The harmonic plan embraces everything that has been added to the resources of music in these experimental modern days. We sweep the contrapuntal gamut of Strauss or swim in the transparent tonalities of Debussy. Yet always the sunshine of primitive melodic light illumines the page.

A very few representative themes (or "leading motives") appear in the score. The most important of them all in its use and developments is the theme of the Madonna. In its original or germinal form this theme consists of three descending notes in a sequence common to Scotch and Oriental music, in other words the first three notes of a descending pentatonic scale. In this form it is heard in the opening bars of the orchestral score, reiterated over a counterpoint in the basses.

When *Gennaro* is about to begin his first solo, "Madonna, con sospiro," it is intoned by bells, as it is several times afterward. It is heard again with tragic effect when *Gennaro* offers his last prayer to the Madonna before slaying himself. But in its completed form the theme has an additional passage of three ascending notes. It is thus sung by the monks to the words "Beatam me dicont," and this completed phrase becomes the theme from which is developed an extended ensemble number in praise of the Virgin. With the phrase the finale of the first act is reached. One easily recognizes the kinship of this theme with the tune called "Old Hundredth," which dates at least as far back as the Genevan psalter of 1551 and was undoubtedly much older than that. Wolf-Ferrari's use of this melodic fragment is his furthest incursion into the "leit motif" field in the present score.

The real significance of his use of the representative theme is to be found in his symphonic development of the act. The theme is a leading motive in the symphonic sense. It dominates the great musical climaxes of the work, and the rest of the subject matter serves as a background to this one main thought, that of the Madonna. It is by such a mastery of the materials of his craft that Wolf-Ferrari convinces the thoughtful observer of his fitness for the calling which he has adopted.

He has penetrated to the heart the nature of dramatic music as applied to the purposes of the theatre. His consummate skill in welding together scenic music—the Neapolitan songs and dances which give the local color of the play—the personal utterances of his characters, each possessed of a well defined individuality in a continuous flow of melody, which rises to grand lyric climaxes at the moments of highest dramatic tension is shown brilliantly in the remarkably beautiful first act. It is also in evidence in the two others, but it strikes less forcibly because of the closer concentration of the thought of the drama.

In the second act the expression is held closely to the passions of the three leading actors in the tragedy. The Neapolitan note is struck, however, in the serenade of *Raffaele*, a piece of glorified banality, in which the daring of the composer in descending into the commonplace is justified by its perfect fitness to the situation.

Again in the beginning of the last act the wild orgy in the den of the Cammorists gives the musician opportunity to let loose the riot of the tarantella, into which is injected the disgusting dance of the day, the turkey trot. The sudden and startling pause made by the cry of the tormented *Malliela* from outside is one of the poignant instants of the opera. The remaining music of the last act is recitative, short, sharp, decisive, till *Gennaro* sings out his soul before the image of the Madonna.

The summit of tragic passion is found in the second act, and here the listener may perhaps question the character of the means employed by the composer. That they are artistically suitable is certain. But whether the music might not have found more direct expression of the profound pathos of the scene may well be asked. On the other hand, it is possible that the composer thought it wiser to write with a certain continence and permit the dramatic thought to speak for itself.

At any rate there is enough beautiful and eloquent music in the act to satisfy the habitual operagoer. An undercurrent of sensuous ecstacy flows below a surface of rapt mysticism. The mood of *Gennaro* is adequately communicated. So too is the thought of *Malliela* up to the time when she enters that emotional transport which causes her to see only *Raffaele* while she is in the arms of *Gennaro*. Only text can explain such a condition, and the composer has asked of his music only the suggestion of mystery.

These are some first impressions of a work which ought to be heard often. The original style of much of the music, the variety and richness of the rhythms, the sweeping splendor of some of the voice parts, the opulence and significance of the instrumentation, the imposing ensembles, the pregnant declamatory phrases and the subtle dramatic progress of the ground plan of the entire work all came from the imagination of a genuine maestro.

We shall doubtless be presented with some learned comment on the unwisdom of the composer in departing from his former style, as disclosed to us in "The Secret of Suzanne" and "Le Donne Curiose." Lamentations over the loss of the modern Mozart will be loud and long. But let us all try and bear the calamity. Disaster would be greater and more certain if the composer had tried to write an opera seria in the same musical idiom as he employed for the opera buffa. The days when that could be done have long passed.

The adoption of a method wholly different from that of his joyous works shows that Wolf-Ferrari has correct dramatic instincts and the resources of a real opera composer. The transformation is only one more step in the progress of this writer who has with quick strides placed himself in the vanguard of musical progress. Italy is to be congratulated.

The pers nages of the play are real types. Of them all *Raffaele* will most swiftly gain recognition from those who have penetrated the Santa Lucia quarter of Naples or the harbor regions of Genoa. This Cammorist "boss," a captain of "cadets," a petty tyrant, swaggering in his cheap finery and airing his rude authority among parasitical bullies and adoring wenches, is one of the most clearly drawn types in all recent opera, and the impersonation by Mario Sammarco disclosed a compelling dramatic art, of which no one could ever before have suspected this excellent singer.

The role of *Gennaro* is really tragic, pathetic in the extreme and uncommonly difficult of execution. Amadeo Bassi has never before done anything which would have led operagoers to expect from him such a truly conceived and well drawn delineation. Even the familiar faults of his singing were partly forgotten in the touching sincerity of his manner, while his action, rarely overwrought, had the fine touch of nature.

Carolina White had the very difficult task of denoting the tremendous and conflicting emotions of *Malliela*. It must be said for her that her design was always apparent and that for the most part her symbols were well chosen. If she was not always as intense as the situation demanded we must bear in mind that her music was appallingly exacting and that she gave her voice and her vocal art to it without reservation. To sing such music well and to act subtly at the same time would indeed be a remarkable achievement. Miss White went far toward it and her impersonation must be accorded much praise.

It is not possible this morning to comment on the interpretations of all the minor roles, but one must not be overlooked. The sketch of *Totonno*, a youthful "sport" of the lower class, became very prominent in the hands of Edmund Warnery, who made it complete in every detail and sang its few measures admirably.

Mr. Dippel has put the opera on the stage most excellently. The scenery had the true Italian character and the costumes, action and groupings were all arranged in a spirit of fidelity. Musically the performance was most meritorious and this reflected credit on the untiring devotion of Cleofonte Campanini. Of course the intermezzo had to be repeated and they were indeed admirably played.

MUSICAL ART SOCIETY.

The Final Concert of Its Nineteenth Season Gives Pleasure.

The Musical Art Society gave the second and final concert of its nineteenth season last night at Carnegie Hall. It was assisted in one number by a choir of boys trained by Jacques Ungerer, organist and choirmaster of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The programme as designed by Frank Damrosch was divided into two parts, which according to his custom at this season contained compositions marking the observance of Lent and the Easter celebration.

A "Magnificat" of Orlando di Lasso was the first number sung. It was followed by the same master's "Adoramus Te Christe," now sung by the society for the first time. The other numbers in part first were "Tu es Petrus" of Palestrina, "Tantum Ergo" of Vittoria, Grieg's "Ave Maria Stella" and three Hebrew melodies arranged by Bruch, "Oh! Weep for Those," "She Walks in Beauty" and "On Jordan's Banks."

In presenting Lasso's "Magnificat" the seventy singers of the chorus had the able assistance of Mr. Ungerer's boy choir. The performance thus given the work was of a marvellous loveliness. The voices of the boys, alternating in turn with those of the choir, combined well in skilfully unfolding as a whole the rich union of splendid forms and religious feeling with which Lasso so lavishly endowed his music.

The whole imparted an appeal for high musical appreciation that was at once given it by the many listeners present, and it also served to establish with them an entirely proper mood for the music which was to follow.

The selections in the second part bore rather upon Easter and the joys of springtime. They were set down as follows: "Come, Lovers, Follow Me," by Morley; two canons by Beethoven, "Short Is Our Grief" and "To Mälzel"; an "Easter Song," "Die Glocken läuten des Ostern Ein" of Othegraven; two Russian songs, "Blue Flowrets" and "Echo," by Cui; "Evening Scene" by Elgar and "Fragen" of Brahms.

The programme as sung by the choir in its beauty and entirety last evening could but be regarded as one more glowing factor in the record of the society's successful history, a history whose purpose has ever been actuated by the twofold object of presenting through a medium of highest vocal standards a Capella writings and other infrequently heard works by the masters of choral writing.

A Music Recital by Two.

The first of two recitals by Isabel Hauser, a pianist, and Alexander Saslavsky, second concert master of the New York Symphony Orchestra, was given last night in the Myrtle room of the Waldorf-Astoria. The two artists were assisted by Paul Kefer, the first 'cellist of the orchestra, and by Hans Weissman on the viola. The programme included Mendelssohn's opus 49, a trio; Grieg's thirteenth sonata and Schumann's piano quartet, opus 47. The recital was given under the direction of Mrs. Paul Sutorius. The second of the series will be given on April 2.

First of N. Y. U. Concerts.

The first concert in the campus concert course at New York University was given last night in the auditorium of the library at University Heights, by Reinald Werrenrath, barytone, assisted by Miss Helen Wright, pianist. The affair was a success and both Mr. Werrenrath and Miss Wright were encored time after time. The second concert of the series, which will be given by the Frank Croxton Quartet, will take place on Wednesday evening, March 27.

Mme. Ciaparelli-Viafora Heard at Carnegie Lyceum.

Gina Ciaparelli-Viafora, soprano, gave a recital last night at the Carnegie Lyceum. She presented a programme in which she had the assistance of Joseph Zoellner, 'cellist, and Charles Gilbert Spross as accompanist. Mme. Ciaparelli-Viafora is a local singer and has been heard here before in a recital. She presented last night many songs of interest by Italian, German and English composers. There were in her list two new songs by Courtlandt Palmer, "Si j'etais Dieu" and "Lethe," with 'cello obligato, and according to the programme, accompanied by the composer.

The singer disclosed a rich and powerful voice that has more of mezzo quality than pure soprano. She sang with a good sense of feeling and with dramatic instinct. There was an unsteadiness of tone, however, that was frequently observable and left an impression not wholly favorable. She had a good sized audience, which heard her with marked favor.

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"DIE MEISTERSINGER" GIVEN.

An Admirable Performance of Wagner's Comedy Under Mr. Toscanini.

Eva ..... Emmy Destinn
Magdalene ..... Florence Wickham
Walther von Stolzing ..... Carl Jörn
Hans Sachs ..... Hermann Weil
Beckmesser ..... Otto Goritz
Veit Pogner ..... Putnam Griswold
Kothner ..... William Hinshaw
Vogelgesang ..... Lambert Murphy
Zorn ..... Julius Bayer
Moser ..... Pietro Audisio
Eisslinger ..... Charles Hargreaves
Nachtigal ..... Gaston Martin
Ortel ..... Paolo Ananian
Foltz ..... Carl Heger
Schwartz ..... Bernhard Heidenreich
David ..... Albert Reiss
Ein Nachtwächter ..... Antonio Pini-Corsi
Conductor Arturo Toscanini.

"Die Meistersinger" as it is performed at the Metropolitan Opera House, has in recent years been one of the most notable productions to be heard there—one that is in many respects almost an ideal fulfilment of Wagner's intentions as embodied in this music drama. It was given there last evening for the first time this season—a late addition to the repertory as it has been for the last two years. Two seasons ago its direction was intrusted to Mr. Toscanini, and he again has it. There is room for some discussion as to his reading of the work in certain particulars, as there has been in the past. But it can hardly be denied that this reading is one of the richest, fullest, most entrancing musical beauty. It has exquisite finish and a perfect balance and adjustment of the orchestral components that give it a ceaseless, golden euphony, and that bring always uppermost the melody that sings and swells through the score. The melodic line is beautifully preserved. Some of Mr. Toscanini's tempos seem somewhat fast and his treatment of some of the scenes of comedy is a little unyielding. His attention is directed, perhaps, more to the purely musical side of the work than to the dramatic. But this is of surpassing beauty, and many of the scenes have scarcely been done better, as that of the riot at the end of the second act.

There were some new appearances in the cast, of which most were familiar from performances in previous seasons. Mr. Hermann Weil took the part of Hans Sachs for the first time here. It was an intelligent impersonation, and many of its details were excellent in conception and in their relation to the whole. But Mr. Weil did not lay much emphasis on the side of kindly humor and geniality, the "Gemüthlichkeit," that is so essential an element in this character. His action was lacking in unction and mellowness; nor were these qualities prominent in his singing. Mr. Putnam Griswold's Pogner was a new and delightful disclosure of his powers in both singing and impersonation; amiable in feeling and sung with a noble and beautiful voice. Of the other mastersingers Mr. William Hinshaw's Kothner deserves praise for its excellent qualities; it will deserve more when he has gained greater flexibility and fluency in the part.

Mme. Destinn as Eva, Mr. Jörn as Walther, Mlle Wickham as Magdalene, Mr Garitz as Beckmesser, and Mr. Reiss as David, are well remembered and most of them much admired representatives of these characters, and they do much to give the performance the distinction which it has.

The audience that heard "Die Meistersinger" was large and gave indications of unusual enjoyment and appreciation of it.

THE MASTER SINGERS

Wagner's immortal musical comedy, "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," was reached last evening in the course of events at the Metropolitan Opera House. That hearings of this masterpiece produce different degrees of pleasure among auditors is a trite fact, which might be permitted to pass without note were it not that the occasion to insist once again upon the consideration of an opera as a work of art and not a mere amusement should not be passed.

If Wagner had aimed only at making pretty melodies there are surely enough in this score to delight any music lover who is not wed for life to the primitive dance rhythms and elementary harmonies of the early writers. Fortunately some have had opportunity to listen to the strange fancies of Strauss and Debussy, and to these the melos of Wagner is as clear, as brilliant and vitalizing as the sunlight itself.

But "Die Meistersinger" seeks something larger than the mere tickling of ears, and if it calls upon us to approach it also with the understanding we have only ourselves to blame if we refuse to do this and find as a result that we fail to get complete satisfaction from the work.

In the present day performances of "Die Meistersinger" at the Metropolitan Opera House there is no want of insistence on the sensuous charms of the melodies. The opera is conducted by Mr. Toscanini, to whom the pages of the music are indeed an open book, but to whom much of the spirit of the truly German comedy must remain a sealed volume. Whatever there is of suavity, of sweetness, of sheer joy in the glory of sound in all this work that indeed Mr. Toscanini conveys to the hearer with masterly skill. But the Teutonic stratum of the drama often is buried beneath splendid Italian flowers.

To the average opera goer, whose heart is eager for the ravishments of vocal tone and desires little else, Mr. Toscanini's is the ideal reading, and indeed its beauties appeal even to those who cherish the German conception. When the cast is composed of singers who can follow where Mr. Toscanini leads much delight results.

When there is, as sometimes is the case, a contest between German ideals on the stage and Italian in the orchestra the results are not so satisfactory. But on the whole the "Meistersinger" as now given at the Metropolitan is still a mighty creation and brings joy to thousands.

The audience which heard it last night was not large enough to crowd the house, but something may be attributed to the weather. The cast was one of merit if not of entire distinction and the performance had a fine spirit of sincerity. Most of those concerned in it had been heard in the same rôles before, but there were three new impersonations. Of these the most important was Hermann Weil's *Hans Sachs*, which was commendable.

Mr. Weil was a somewhat dry and anxious interpreter of the cobbler poet and there was in his *Sachs* little of the unction and good humor associated with the character as set forth by Wagner. In the singing there was a want of suavity. But the impersonation had sincerity, dignity and consistency.

Mr. Griswold's *Pogner* was excellent in both song and action, and Mr. Hinshaw's vocal style and clear enunciation fitted perfectly the role of *Kothner*. Miss Destinn as *Eva*, Carl Jörn as *Walther*, Florence Wickham as *Magdalena*, Albert Reiss as *David* and Otto Goritz in his inimitable delineation of *Bicknaesser* were the other principals. The orchestra played with great beauty of tone and polish of style and the choristers discharged their duties capably.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER" SUNG

Otto Goritz Real Star of Wagner's Comi cOpera.

"Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," prince of all comic operas, received its first production of the season last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the house was crowded. "Die Meistersinger" is a work that appeals to others than the perfect Wagnerites, for its humor and its melody are universal, and no Bernard Shaw is needed to expound its esoteric meanings or propound socialistic philosophies that the composer himself probably never dreamed of. For "Die Meistersinger" is of the soil, a child of good old red Mother Earth, a child whose song and whose laughter is as spontaneous and as effervescent as the springs of earth itself.

Of last night's cast only the Hans Sachs of Herman Weil and the Pogner of Putnam Griswold were new to New York. Mr. Weil was properly philosophic and sang effectively, but there was little unction in his impersonation. He was an intellectual shoemaker, but his intellect was dryer than might have been necessary. Mr. Griswold's superb voice, with his skill in song, made his Pogner a figure to be remembered. Miss Destinn's Eva is always admirable, though attimes a little heavy, while others well known and justly admired were the David of the inimitable Albert Reiss, the Kothner of William Hinshaw, and the Magdalene of Mrs. Wickham.

But the real star of last night's performance was Otto Goritz, whose Beckmesser is a figure which, for sheer comedy—comedy of figure, of action, of song—has never been surpassed on the Metropolitan stage. The world is broad, opera singers are many, but of Otto Goritz there is only one. Mr. Jörn was in unusually good voice as Walter, and sang the Prize Song most charmingly.

Mr. Toscanini conducted with lightness, with charm, with authority. Perhaps there are in the expanse of broad humor places where Mr. Toscanini's delicacy of feeling refines too much the hearty German laugh; but in the tenderest passages, above all in the love music, his mastership is supreme.

ZOELLNER QUARTET CONCERT.

The Zoellner Quartet, composed of four members of one family, gave a concert last night in Carnegie Lyceum. The programme consisted of Fosch's "Sonata a Quattro," Sinding's "Serenade," Op. 92, and Beethoven's Quartet in E flat major, Op. 74. The soloist was Miss Marion May, contralto, who sang Bemberg's "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc" and "'Tis Snowing"; also two songs by Haile and MacDowell. Miss May's voice is of pleasing quality and she sang her songs with feeling and expression. The audience was of good size.

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The final concert in the series for which The World gave a fund of $10,000, took place last night in Columbia Hall, Richmond Hill, L. I., in co-operation with the Richmond Hill Choral Club. It is unfortunate that it was not given in the largest auditorium in the city so that the largest possible audience could have enjoyed a performance that rivalled the best of a similar character given anywhere.

As it was, close to 1,500 persons, as many as could safely be crowded into the hall, tried to make up by their enthusiasm for the thousands who were disappointed in not being able to obtain tickets. "The Messiah," the famous oratorio that has been such a favorite for so many years, was the feature of the affair. It was sung by a chorus of one hundred, with Miss Marie Stoddart, Mrs. Etta Burgess Nobbes, Henry D. Bastow and W. J. Coulson, soloists. The New York City Orchestra took the instrumental parts.

Walter H. Robinson, the conductor, distinguished himself by his masterly direction of the oratorio. The chorus sang with a decision and intelligence that would have done credit to a metropolitan organization. It is rarely, in fact, that any choral organization has attained such splendid results as were achieved last night. The success of the performance should be encouraging to similar choral societies in suburban sections, since the one at Richmond Hill has shown that it can stand with the best in the larger centres.

Massed on the stage on raised seats back of the orchestra, the women all in white, the choral society made a picture that was as fine in its way as the quality of the music.

Equally notable was the orchestral programme given by the orchestra under the direction of Prof. Henry T. Fleck, who has so ably conducted The World series. Every number was rendered with great spirit and a degree of finish that attested the great care that has been taken by Prof. Fleck in perfecting his organization.

This was the programme:

"Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn
a. Asa's Death.....Grieg
b. Anitra's Dance.....Grieg
Scherzo, "Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
Dance of the Hours.....Ponchielli

Later this month, at a date yet to be determined, an extra concert will be given to mark the opening of a new school in the Washington Square section.

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THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

Brahms's St. Anthony Variations the Most Important Number.

The programme of the Philharmonic Society's concert at Carnegie Hall last evening comprised Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture, Brahms's variations on the "Chorale St. Antoni," two solos for 'cello, with orchestra accompaniment, Leo Schulz, first 'cellist of the orchestra being the soloist; Strauss's "Feuersnot" love scene, and Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" symphony, in which Josef Kovarik played the viola obbligato.

This is not a programme calling for profound discussion. The Brahms variations are not heard as often as they used to be in the days when Theodore Thomas ruled the destines of orchestral music in this town. Conductors in these days are fond of seeking for novelties, and they labor often in vain.

The old music of this sound and interesting type is left to the mercies of the younger organizations now springing up all over the West, but even they hanker after the fleshpots of Strauss. Every conductor who is aiming to become a star hastens to give a "reading" of "Don Juan" or in the current season of the "Death and Transfiguration."

Meanwhile the St. Anthony variations have had a rest, and last evening they certainly did sound good. Mr. Schulz plays well upon the 'cello, and his offerings were received with gratitude by the audience. Mr. Kovarik was an interesting singer of the wandering Harold in the characteristic creation of Hector Berlioz.

AN OPERATIC SINGER.

Mme. Gerville-Reache Delivers Song From Carnegie Hall Platform.

Manifold were the musical joys of yesterday, but chief among them was the song recital of Mme. Gerville-Reache which smote the atmosphere in Carnegie Hall. This eminent contralto, erstwhile one of the idols of Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House and now the prima donna contralto of the omnivorous Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company has hitherto spared music lovers the necessity of considering her when not protected by an orchestra and backed by painted scenery.

But like many other opera singers she has her lovely ambitions and one of them is to lay hands upon the concert stage. Few opera singers have succeeded in carrying artistic conviction with them when they have come out from behind the footlights. Most of them, when called upon to stand still and sing to the accompaniment of a piano, reveal such poverty of vocal art that the heartless truth is made known, to wit, that their stage success is due chiefly to their ability to emit vast volumes of astonishing sound.

Mme. Gerville-Reache rejoices in the possession of a voice of great power and sound qualities. She poured it out yesterday with reckless prodigality. She filled the air with sonorous tones and the people rejoiced greatly. But the sensitive listener waited vainly for some revelation of poetic insight or refinement of vocal style. It was very operatic song reciting and it was much applauded. And that is the whole story.

YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA

"Haensel und Gretel" and "La Boheme" Occupy the Metropolitan.

There were two performances at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. In the afternoon there was a special matinée of Humperdinck's beautiful "Hänsel und Gretel." The audience was fairly large and many children were permitted to consider this bewitching musical version of "The Babes in the Wood." The case was that usually associated with the opera in its recent performances, but there was a new conductor in the person of Hans Morgenstern, who acquitted himself creditably of his duties.

In the evening "La Bohème" was proffered to the subscribers with Geraldine Farrar in her familiar impersonation of *Mimi*. The principal men were Martin as *Rodolfo*, Mr. Gilly as *Marcello* and Mr. de Segurola as *Colline*. There was a new *Musette* in the person of Lenora Sparkes. Mr. Martin was suffering from hoarseness, but clung manfully to the pitch and sang with much grace of style. Miss Farrar was in excellent voice and sang well throughout the evening.

Miss Sparkes, who has done many small rôles extremely well, achieved a decided success as *Musetta*. Her clear penetrating tones were excellently suited to the music, especially in the second act in which she sang her solo capitally and easily dominated the finale.

K TIMES. FRIDAY.

MME. GERVILLE-REACHE SING

Contralto in Recital of German, French, and English Songs.

Mme. Gerville-Réache, first introduced to New York by Hr. Hammerstein, member of his opera company as long as it lasted, and since then a member of Mr. Dippel's company in Chicago and Philadelphia, is the latest recruit among opera singers who desire to be known also as singers of songs. She gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, where an audience of considerable numbers and friendliness heard her. Her programme was made up of German, French, Italian, and English songs. H

ice was at its best. There have been nes in her operatic performances when has had much less freshness, color, and wer than it did yesterday. It has the atest beauty in its middle register, ugh her deep tones, the tones of a e contralto, such as are seldom heard, very effective and cannot fail to im ss the listener.

Mme. Gerville-Réache, like many opera gers, is not fully at home in the do in of lieder singing; and in her German gs especially there was something to desired in the matter of style. This y be said of Brahms's "Sapphische e" and Schumann's "Ich Grolle ht," which latter she sang with dra tic intention, extending to her bearing gesture, and which she repeated. ere was a nearer approach to the true le of the music in Schubert's "Der Tod l das Mädchen."

mong her songs was the "Aria di esa," (which she sang well and with ch sincerity,) ordinarily set down, as as on her programme, as by Alessan Stradella. It is not by this seven nth century Italian composer, as is evi t from its style, but is by either Ros or a French composer of the nine nth century named Niedermeyer—in tigators are not agreed. There was a song called "Addio," by Atillio eili, one of the conductors of the Chi o-Philadelphia Opera Company, ded ed to Mme. Gerville-Réache. In vier Leroux's "Le Nil" a violin obli o was played by Antonio Ferrara.

printed slip in the programme stated t at the last moment the "Société des eurs, Compositeurs, et Editeurs de sique," whose American agent dis ed so much activity recently, had in osed with a demand for royalty on singing of an air from Debussy's Enfant Prodigue" and Reynaldo n's "D'Une Prison." It was further ed that, rather than submit to such iquitous imposition," Mme. Gerville che would withdraw the two songs n the programme. The agent of the ety was said to have thought better t later, and to have withdrawn his and.

E PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

art, Brahms, Strauss,and Berlioz Played—Leo Schulz Soloist.

e Philharmonic Society's programme s fifteenth concert, given last evening arnegie Hall, contained a number of estral compositions that do not often ar now on concert programmes. Mr. nsky added the overture to "Die erflöte" to those of Mozart's which e recently been heard in concerts here d heard with much pleasure. It was ed with brilliancy, delicacy, and fin and moreover with a certain zest on part of both conductor and players made it especially enjoyable to hear. e was also Brahms's set of varia s on a theme by Haydn, a delightful osition that deserves more frequent ings than it gets; music that shows e of Brahms's most characteristic in the form of the variations, his us in developing beauty in luxurious dance, and diversity of expression a chosen theme. Here, too, the play of the orchestra was clear, trans nt, and a true exposition of the in ual beauty of Brahms's instrumen n, so exactly fitted to the musical it embodies.

e love scene from Strauss's opera, uersnot," was repeated. The sym y was Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," the viola obligato admirably played r. Kovarik, first viola of the or tra. This music, too, had evidently carefully and devotedly studied. But poor and dry it seems as music! How rtain is Berlioz's touch in the de ment of his ideas, as in the first ment especially! The pious duty of ng Berlioz's music is, fortunately, one that weighs heavily on the con ice of orchestral conductors.

e soloist was Leo Schulz, first st of the orchestra, who played Bar le Adagio op. 38, and Dvorak's Rondo, p. 94, for 'cello and orchestra. Mr. lz was greeted with a great and de strative cordiality by the audience left him in no doubt as to where he ol in their esteem, and his perform was received with an equal warmth, h it fully deserved. Mr. Schulz played n artist, a master, with great finish yle, a sincere grasp of the contents he music, and with rich tone and phrasing. But the music he played regrettably dry, and not only Bar le, but also Dvorak's seemed already kled and aged. As there was recent ion to remark here, the violoncellists n a far worse case than the violin in respect of music that is really h their attention.

ERVILLE-REACHE GIVES A RECITAL

mer Contralto of the Manhattan pera Company Prsents an Attractive Programme.

ST IN DRAMATIC SONGS

lle. Jeanne Gerville-Reache gave a ital of song yesterday afternoon at rnegie Hall.

lle. Reache will be remembered as of the half dozen contralti who lent ir sonorous aid during Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's eventful seasons at the Manhattan Opera House. That she is favorably remembered by a large public was proved by the abundant audience that greeted her. Contralti are rare, especially as most of them, when they reach a certain stage, have a trick of turning themselves into bad dramatic soprani. The reasons for this frequent change are purely artistic, and there is no case on record in which a contralto became a soprano because the change involved the extension of her repertoire and the increase of her salary.

Mlle. Gerville-Reache has resisted the temptation, and consequently one was enabled yesterday to enjoy to the full her fine voice, her power of dramatic interpretation, her handsome face, a peach-pink dress and a Persian and glittering perispomenon drawn around her raven and nocturnal curls.

Sang in Many Languages.

She sang in a variety of languages, but—not unnaturally—was most at home in her own. She did thoroughly well in the Sapphische Ode of Brahms. "Ich Grolle Nicht" so struck the fancy of the auditors that she was compelled to repeat it. Her version of Alessandro Stradella's "Pieta Signor" showed considerable command over the finesses of singing. "Chi sa legare, sa cantare" is an old and valuable proverb among singing teachers. Mlle. Gerville-Reache does well to bear in mind that the medium and the lower parts of her voice are by far the finest. Indeed, the chest notes are almost marvelous because of their breadth and their thrilling musical effect. It was by means of songs that discovered these qualities that she established herself most firmly in the affections of her hearers. Her high notes need development, but they are not, naturally, forcible or on a plane with the rest of her beautiful voice.

Best in Romantic Songs.

The more romantic a song was the better she rendered it. This is the actress in her, and she always could act with her voice.

Before the concert began the busy familiars of the Society for the Suppression of French Music forced her to eliminate two numbers from her programme, one by Debussy and another b Hahn. But as songs by Saint-Saens, by Faure, by Chaminade, Erlanger and even by Marion Eugenie Bauer remained nobody suffered acutely. Even if they had Dr. Rambaud was present ready to administer an anaesthetic.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Yesterday's Concerts and Operas.

The most enthusiastic applause at last night's Philharmonic concert was that which followed Leo Schulz's playing of Bargiel's "Adagio," op. 38, and Dvorák's charming "Rondo," op. 94. The sterling 'cellist was called back to the stage to bow five or six times, and the ovation was perfectly genuine and sincere. Mr. Schulz deserved every bit of it, too, for he played with exquisite artistic finish, with smooth and velvety tone, good intonation, and warmth of sentiment. The Bargiel number seems to be about all that remains of that composer's productions; Mr. Schulz made the most of it. The Dvorák was a real delight.

It cannot be said that, as far as the rest of the programme went, the concert was one of the most gratifying of the season. Mr. Stransky has given his hearers so many good things of late that the contrast appealed all the more strongly. The concert began with the "Magic Flute" overture—splendidly played—and included Brahms's Variations on a theme by Haydn, the love scene from Strauss's "Feuersnot," and Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" symphony. With the performance of the orchestra there is occasion for no fault finding. The Berlioz symphony was played with devotion, and the last movement was given with much fire. The viola solo was very well done by J. J. Kovarik. But whatever interest the symphony may command from the point of view of form and orchestral technic, its musical ideas are exceedingly tenuous, and there is much of it that is merely hollow and empty. Berlioz's ambitions outran his creative faculty. As for the Brahms variations, they require for their enjoyment a very perfect Brahmsite, indeed. To those who demand something higher in music than mere mechanical manipulation of themes they are—except for a detail or two—dull, stale, and unprofitable. Though Mr. Stransky made as much of them as can well be made, they were scarcely received with overwhelming favor.

In the afternoon there was a large audience in Carnegie Hall for the song recital of Mme. Gerville-Réache. The French contralto's programme was excessively long, and while it included some masterpieces, there were many more things that were distinctly the contrary.

Mme. Gerville-Réache's voice is large in size and full and rich in quality, but it is not always handled with the greatest skill in emission. While she can express emotion in the delivery of songs, she nevertheless sounds no great depths, and hence the recital became to a certain extent monotonous long before it was over. Her operatic work is more truly representative of her abilities. The singer received flowers in abundance, and had to give a number of encores.

At the Metropolitan, two operas were given yesterday. In the afternoon an audience of adults and young folks enjoyed a performance of "Hänsel and Gretel," with the usual excellent cast, under the direction of Hans Morgenstern. In the evening "La Bohême" was sung by Mmes. Farrar and Sparkes, Messrs. Martin, Gilly, Pini-Corsi, De Segurola.

MME. FREMSTAD IS HEARD AS ARMIDE

Caruso the Renaud of Gluck's Opera and Mme. Homer Has the Role of Hate.

Gluck's spectacular opera, "Armide," was repeated last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. The cast was the same in all important particulars as that seen before. Enrico Caruso, looking like a prefiguration of Columbus, was heard as Renaud, and Olive Fremstad gave an impersonation of the enchantress Armide powerful in its dramatic aspects and clever in its adaptation of her vocal means to a style of song older and severer than that to which she is accustomed. Madame Homer was heard as Hate.

Arturo Toscanini conducted.

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YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA.

Wagner Drama in the Afternoon and Verdi in the Evening.

The matinee audience at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday had an opportunity to contemplate the beauties and the mysteries of Wagner's "Die Walküre." It was the third performance of the familiar work in the course of the current season. It had been given once in the afternoon as a part of the annual presentation of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" and again for the delectation of a Monday night audience which received it with glad acclamations. The only important changes in the cast yesterday were the appearance of Mr. Jörn as *Siegmund* and Mr. Griswold as *Wotan*.

The American bass had not hitherto been heard as the head of the Norse household of deities and indeed it was stated that he had sung the rôle only once before in his career. It is safe to say that he will sing it again. Mr. Griswold has some high qualifications for the part. He has a voice of noble quality and sonority, a broad and musical style and great dignity of carriage. His *Wotan* made a thoroughly favorable impression. His last scene was especially admirable.

Mme. Gadski returned to the company after a concert tour of three weeks. Her travels seemed not to have wearied her powerful voice and her delivery of that characteristic piece of Wagnerian bravura, the Valkyr's cry, was brilliant. In the subsequent passages, demanding more dignity than brilliancy, she was also admirable.

In the evening the house was crowded for Verdi's "Aida." Mme. Destinn repeated her most excellent impersonation of the heroine. The *Amneris* was Maria Claessens of the Boston company and formerly a member of the Metropolitan forces. The unhappy Egyptian soldier *Rhadames* had a stalwart representative in Mr. Slezak, whose vigorous singing was much appluaded. Mr. Gilly, whose singing has improved since the early part of the season, was a competent *Amonasro*. Mr. Didur as the *High Priest*, Mr. Rossi as the *King* and Miss Case as the *Priestess* were the other members of the cast. Mr. Sturani conducted.

Mme. Szumowska's Lesson Recital.

Mme. Antoinette Szumowska, pianist, gave her second "lesson recital" yesterday afternoon at the Berkeley Theatre. The first part of her entertainment consisted of remarks on the general characteristics of the composers represented on her list and on the phrasing and other traits of the performance of their music. Her programme consisted of Mozart's romanza in A flat and fantasia in D minor, Schumann's "Papillons," Chopin's F sharp nocturne, D flat prelude, two mazurkas and the A flat polonaise.

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THE SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Richard Strauss Played by Philharmonic and Symphony Societies.

At Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon the Philharmonic Society gave the last of its regular series of Sunday concerts. The programme comprised the "Corsair" overture of Berlioz, four songs by Wolf-Ferrari, Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," an air from Charpentier's opera "Louise" and Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony. The solo singer was Mme. Frances Alda, prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House.

In this imposing array of musical offerings there was nothing of a nature to excite the nations. The four songs of Mr. Wolf-Ferrari had certain charming characteristics and carried with them that individuality of style which marks much of this writer's music. The other numbers on the programme had all been heard often enough to be familiar to concertgoers, and Mr. Stransky's interpretation of the Strauss tone poem was described only a few days ago after its disclosure at a Thursday evening concert.

The Symphony Society entertained an audience of moderate size at the Century Theatre in the afternoon. There was nothing of large interest in this concert either. Mr. Damrosch had announced Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, but at a late hour he removed it and put on Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, which probably gave the audience as much pleasure as the other one could have given.

George Barrére, the flutist, exhibited his admirable technic and elegant style in two highly unimportant trifles, a romance by Saint-Saëns and a scherzo by Widor. The concert was effectively concluded with Richard Straus'ss early work, "Aus Italien." It was excellently performed.

YESTERDAY'S MUSIC NOTES

Philharmonic and Symphony Society Concerts.

The Sunday concert of the Philharmonic Society given in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon contained only vocal numbers which were novel. They were four songs by Wolf-Ferrari, originally composed with pianoforte accompaniment, but orchestrated for Mme. Alda, who sang them. The printed copies give no indication of the authorship of the poems, but they have a quaint mediæval flavor, which the composer followed in their setting. The musical idioms of centuries that are past seem not only familiar, but at the beck and call of Signor Wolf-Ferrari, to judge by his operas; and they were particularly effective in these beautiful songs, all but the last of which Mme. Alda sang with considerable skill, without calling to her aid the old style of unaffected cantilena which they seem to require and on which their chief charm depends. Later she was called on for the somewhat overworked air, "Depuis le jour," from Charpentier's "Louise." The orchestral numbers were the overture "Le Corsair," by Berlioz; Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony, all of which had recently been heard at Philharmonic concerts.

The sturdy feature of the Symphony society's concert at the Century Theatre, given simultaneously with that of the Philharmonic, was Mozart's so-called "Jupiter" symphony, which had been substituted for Rubinstein's "Ocean," announced last week. After it came a couple of flute solos, played with so much musicianly taste as well as skill by M. Barrère as to make one forget the traditional prejudice against the flute as a solo instrument. So far as the public was concerned the solos seemed to be the most popular feature of the programme. At the end came Richard Strauss's symphonic fantasia, "Aus Italien," a feature of which called up the amusing legal controversy which Mr. Strauss's publisher raised a couple of years ago when he attempted to prevent the publication of some variations in which the composer sought to pay a tribute to Herr Strauss by using one of his themes episodically in one of the variations. The publisher applied for a writ of injunction, but the court decided that under the Prussian law copyright protection extended only to "melodies," and that the theme utilized was not a melody. Of course, the question had not been raised in 1886, when Richard Strauss wrote his symphonic fantasia, but when the legal question was raised he might modestly have recalled the fact that he had asked no privilege or permission when he made his last movement out of Denza's "Funiculi, funicula," which Puccini seems also to have had in

his mind when he wrote the song of the American minstrel, which is supposed to have created homesickness in his most amazing American opera based on "The Girl of the Golden West." But, forgetting all this, yesterday's music was thoroughly delightful to the audiences in both concert rooms. H. E. K.

Great Audience Again Applauds Famous Cantor

Mr. Sirota Sings in the Hippodrome with Cantors' Association, a Choir and Orchestra.

The audience drawn to the Hippodrome last night by Mr. Gerson Sirota, the famous cantor of Warsaw, was one of the largest that hase ever gathered in that house of large audiences. It overflowed to seats on the stage.

Besides the star cantor himself, Mr. William Morris had obtained the Cantor's Association of America and Mr. Nahan Franko's orchestra, the former conducted by Mr. Leon M. Kramer and the latter by Mr. Vittorio Podesti, and there was a choir of men and boys under the direction of Mr. L. Loew. Thus while the great cantor was the centre of interest, the programme was ample and varied.

The first vocal number was a solo by Mr. Sirota, "L'dor Modor" (improvisation). He received an enthusiastic welcome and both this and his subsequent numbers were followed hy many recalls. The Cantors' Association, with Mr. R. J. Jacobson as tenor soloist, then sang "Adonoy Techorom," by Mr. D. Novakowsky, and the Rev. Bernard Steinberg gave "It is Enough," from "Elijah," contributions that were well received.

There were more demonstrations of enthusiasm after Mr. Sirota and the choir led by Mr. Loew had sung tho latter's "Weshomru" and "Kduschah." The cantor's voice soared above the chorus and a cadenza in "Kduschah" was forcefully and brilliantly delivered.

The cantor was first heard in the latter part of the programme in "Koruz m' chomer," a piece in recitative style, which he declaimed with telling effect. Next he sang with chorus the trist "Vnsane-Tokef," giving it with profound feeling and ending it with a ringing high note. "Adonoy Adonoy," by Bernstein, was his next selection. It was beautifully delivered.

nI the "Vnsane-Tokef" a cunning little choir boy sang a soprano solo which brought him a round of applause then and there, and afterward a call out of the ranks. His name is oJsef Pavlov.

There were other selections by the Cantors' Association, with Mr. I. Kaminsky, the Rev. A. Minkowsky and the Rev. oGldsmith as soloists. All of them, as well as the work of the orchestra, were greatly enjoyed.

MME. ALDA HEARD IN ARIA FROM "LOUISE"

She Also Gives Four New Songs by Wolf-Ferrari at Philharmonic Society's Concert.

Mme. Frances Alda was the soloist at the last Sunday concert for this season of the Philharmonic Society, given yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Mme. Alda was heard in the well known aria from "Louise," which has been more often butchered than sung. A particular interest attached to Mme. Alda's selection of this particular song. It was she who created the role of Louise in Italy. With her customary enterprise, she gave four new songs by Wolf-Ferrari. She was in good voice and looked as pretty and as wiusome as ever.

The symphony played was Tschaikowsky's No. 4. Mr. Stransky very wisely included in his programme the "Death and Transfiguration" of Strauss, in which he and his musicians are always at their best.

SING CHORAL NUMBERS.

Variety for Metropolitan's Sunday Night Patrons.

A choral concert at the Metropolitan Opera Honse varied the usual Sunday night proceedings there. It was conducted by Giulio Setti, who for some years has been in charge of the chorus at the Metropolitan. The choral numbers included Mr. Setti's own "Ave Marie," the "Tannhaeuser" march, with its fine concluding ensemble, and the prologue to Boito's "Mefistofele"—a stirring composition—with Adamo Didus as the scoffing fiend.

The spinning scene from "The Flying Dutchman" was of course inevitable, Mme. Destinn singing Senta's music. Mme. Destinn also sung some Puccini arias, and Lambert Murphy was heard in some English songs.

The Symphony Society was heard at the Century Theatre.

George Barrere, first flutist of the New York Symphony Orchestra, was the soloist at yesterday afternoon's concert of this organization in the Century Theatre. He selected two small and brief compositions, but they were sufficient to permit this artist to display his interpretative abilities and virtuosity.

No matter what piece of music Mr. Barrere undertakes to perform, he never fails to command respect. His tone is so mellow and of such wide contrast—considering the flute's limit in point of power—that simple melodies are always a delight when sung through the medium of his instrument. The conclusion of a Saint-Saens Romance, and a Scherzo by Widor, brought merited applause for the soloist.

The Mozart "Jupiter" symphony in C opened the programme and was the finest composition presented. Its classic beauty and perfection of form were factors appealing to the many lovers of music in the large audience. Walter Damrosch conducted with evident appreciation of the work and his men imparted to the interpretation a goodly measure of the qualities demanded. Three of the four musical pictures in Richard Strauss's symphonic fantasy, "From Italy," closed the concert. They were "On the Roman Campagna," "At the Shore of Sorrento" and "Life in Naples," the "Amid Rome's Ruins" being omitted. Strauss was prompted to create this series of musical impressions after his first visit to the land of sunny skies, and it is colorful and made with consummate skill.

For the seventeenth Sunday night concert of the season in the Metropolitan Opera House last night the entire mixed chorus of two hundred voices, the orchestra of ninety pieces and four of the star singers of the opera company gave a programme which was one of the most varied and interesting of the series.

Among the attractions that drew the audience, which was so large that part of it had to stand, was Miss Emma Destinn. She was the principal soloist, and it is seldom that she appears in concert. Last night she was at her best, singing the entrance music of Clo-Clo-San from Mr. Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" and the Vissi d'Arte aria from the same composer's "Tosca."

The latter she repeated as the only encore of the evening. In her third number she was assisted by Mme. Marie Mattfeld and the chorus of women. This numbcl was the first scene from the second act of Wagner's "The Flyinhg Dutchman."

The other soloists were Messrs. Lambert, Murphy and Adamo Didur. Mr. Murphy sang three songs in English, the most pleasing of which was Daniels' "Daybreak." Mr. Didur sang an aria from "The Barber of Seville" and also the prologue to Boito's "Mefistofele," the chorus again showed its merit in the latter.

Mr. Guilo Setti, chorus master of the Metropolitan, was a busy man. Besides conducting the orchestra from the regular leader's stand, he "doubled" on the stage and directed the chorus in the second presentation here of his own choral composition, "Ave Maria," without orchestral accompaniment.

SETTI'S "AVE MARIA" AGAIN.

Work of Metropolitan Chorus Trainer Repeated at Opera House.

The chorus "Ave Maria," composed by Giulio Setti, trainer of the Metropolitan Opera chorus, which was sung at one of the recent Sunday night concerts, proved so popular that by request it was repeated last night before another large and appreciative audience. The Metropolitan's full chorus of 150 voices took part and gave a fine interpretation of their leader's work.

In addition, Lambert Murphy sang a group of three songs, Adamo Didur was heard in an aria from "The Barbor of Seville," Mmes. Emmy Destinn and Mattfeld and a woman's chorus gave a scene from "The Flying Dutchman," and Mme. Destinn sang a selection from "Madam Butterfly" and the Vissi d'Arte from "Tosca." Setti conducted the orchestra throughout.

Feb 12 1912

EDWIN GRASSE'S CONCERT.

The Blind Violinist Warmly Applauded by an Audience of Large Size.

It is somewhat difficult to tell what concert givers mean by the word "recital" in these days. It used to mean a performance of solo numbers or songs for one voice. Nevertheless the programme called Edwin Grasse's entertainment at the Carnegie Lyceum last evening a recital in spite of the fact that it contained a trio for violin, 'cello and piano and a sonata for piano and violin. It used to be the custom to call such an entertainment a concert of music, and it is impossible to improve upon this title. But perhaps concert givers are of the opinion that they ought to orchestrate titles after the manner of Strauss.

At any rate the Carnegie Lyceum was filled with people who evidently had a warm regard for Edwin Grasse, the blind violinist. Mr. Grasse's courageous attitude in the face of his infirmity and the genuine sincerity of his artistic purpose command deep respect. He has never made any attempt to parade his affliction as a plea in extenuation, nor has he yielded to the temptation to seek sensationalism so ready to his hand. He has always appeared before the public simply as a serious muscian aiming at achievements in the field of real art, and for this he must be praised.

The trio in A major, opus 10, and the C major sonata, opus 14, for piano and violin, heard last night are compositions by Mr. Grasse. Both are in four movements. The trio has a minuet as the third and the sonata has a scherzando as its second movement. Mr. Grasse's writing is marked by fluency and simplicity rather than by profundity. His melodies are graceful and unpretentious and they are treated very gently in development and in part writing. His music has elements of popularity, especially in such pretty movements as the minuet of the trio, which was very warmly applauded.

Mr. Grasse plays the violin very well and acquitted himself with credit in solo numbers of his own and by Pugnani, Couperin and Tartini. In the other numbers he had the aid of Paul Kefer, 'cellist, and George Falkenstein, pianist.

"TANNHAEUSER" AT THE OPERA.

Wagner's Opera Repeated at the Metropolitan With Much Merit.

Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The audience was not one of the large size and its raptures were of the kind described by Sir William Gilbert as modified until after the second act, when there seemed to be a general awakening to the fact that good music was in the air. The performance had certain features of high dignity and artistic worth. Of these the admirable *Tannhäuser* of Mr. Slezak was the most important, although it had an almost equally valuable companion in the splendid *Venus* of Mme. Fremstad.

The only reason why this impersonation lacks the importance of the *Tannhäuser* is that it is too soon over. Mme. Morena was a very womanly *Elizabeth*, but she has sung the rôle better. The other principals were Mr. Weil as *Wolfram* and Mr. Witherspoon as the *Landgrave*. Mr. Hertz conducted.

Grasse Plays His Own Compositions

They Prove a Charming Feature of the Violinist's Carnegie Lyceum Concert.

Edwin Grasse, a violinist of international renown, assisted by Paul Kefer, first 'cellist of the New York Symphony Society, gave a joint recital last evening at Carnegie Lyceum.

Although Mr Grasse's recitals have come to be annual events, last night's concert contained an added feature. This was the inclusion of several of his own compositions and arrangements.

The first number was a trio for piano, 'cello and violin, written by Mr Grasse, and proved to be a work of noble and dignified proportions. It permitted each of the three musicians opportunities for individual prominence and was interesting throughout. George Falkenstein was the pianist.

Other selections heard were two Songs Without Words; a Norwegian Dance and a Sonata for piano and violin, all by Mr Grasse, a Praelulium and Allegro by Pugnani, Chanson Louis XIII by Couperin, and Tartini's Fugue in A major.

The efforts of the three instrumentalists were much appreciated by a good-sized and attentive audience.

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By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

"Tannhaeuser," with Olive Fremstad (at her best) as Venus, Berta Morena (her second best, which is good enough) as Elisabeth, Leo Slezak in the title part and Herman Weil, as Wolfram, did not draw quite a full house at the Metropolitan last night.

New York, perhaps, is rather tired of "Tannhaeuser."

Yet every time one hears that famous setting of man's struggle between purity and passion new beauties charm one's ear.

Last night I fell in love with the little Shepherd's song. Wagner, who knew the value of strong contrasts, showed his dramatic instinct when he wrote this simple air. It falls upon the heart like dew and balm, resting it after the tumultuent stress and rapture of The Venusberg. And it was beautifully sung by Lenora Sparkes, simply and happily and with a fresh, young voice that charmed the audience as it charmed the sin-stained Knight.

That Shepherd's song forms a delightful link between the first and second episodes in "Tannhauser." Yet no one speaks of it. The Shepherd is the Spring and Youth personified. And that is why he charms us when he sings.

Last night another minor part impressed me in the performance—the tawdriness of the stage picture in the opening scene. If Venus really made herself at home in such a grotto as they show us in the opera, she was easily satisfied.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza has done wonders for other operas. Can he do nothing to frame "Tannhaeuser" more artistically.

EDWIN GRASSE'S CONCERT.

The Blind Violinist Plays His Trio and Sonata with Messrs. Falkenstein and Kefer.

Edwin Grasse, known to New York both as a violinist and as a composer, gave a concert in Carnegie Lyceum last evening, in which he appeared in both capacities. As is also well known, Mr. Grasse has the handicap of blindness. Of his own composition were played a trioin A major, Op. 10, for piano, violin and violoncello, and a sonata for piano and violin in C, Op. 11. In these he had the assistance of George Falkenstein, pianist, and Paul Kéfer, violoncellist.

Mr. Grasse's music shows much fluency and readiness in writing for the instruments, and especially for the strings; and his compositions do not lack for copiousness of melody and fertility in its development and disposition. It cannot be said that thematic invention is often highly distinguished, but he has shown in the trio an avoidance of harmonic commonplace without an undue straining after originality. The third movement, a "tempo di menuetto," is especially pleasing in its melody.

Between the two ensemble pieces there were half a dozen solos of smaller dimensions, including two "Songs Without Words" by Mr. Grasse, and a transcription for the violin of one of Grieg's Norwegian dances. Mr. Grasse's playing of his instrument is under the circumstances remarkable. His assistants, Mr. Falkenstein and Mr. Kéfer, are known as admirable musicians, and seconded the concert giver in a most efficient manner. The audience was large and entirely sympathetic in its attitude toward Mr. Grasse the composer and Mr. Grasse the violinist.

Tannhauser at the Opera.

"Tannhäuser" was given again at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening with Mmes. Morena and Fremstad and Messrs. Slezak, Weil, and Witherspoon in the chief parts. They have been heard before in these parts, several of them many times. Mme. Morena's impersonation of Elizabeth is in many respects of the highest beauty and poetry. It is a pity that in voice it is somewhat deficient in beauty and quality. Mr. Slezak's Tannhäuser is one of his most imposing and powerful achievements.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

Music by Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, and Haydn Played—Mr. Consolo Pianist.

Mr. Kneisel made an unusual arrangement of the programme at the fifth concert of the Kneisel Quartet, given last evening in the Hotel Astor. He began with one of the last quartets of Beethoven—that in B flat, Op. 130, and continuing with Tschaikowsky's trio in A minor, Op. 50, ended with a quartet by Hayden in C major.

Mr. Kneisel has paid much attention in recent years to the last quartets of Beethoven, and has seldom allowed a season to pass without playing one or more of them in his concerts. It is well that he does so, and such is evidently the opinion of his public, which listened to the one given last evening with great attention and signified much pleasure at hearing it. The Kneisel Quartet plays these works, so difficult technically and in the problems of ensemble they present, as few

ther such organizations can play them. or is a full mastery of their musical ontent vouchsafed except to the most ccomplished musicianship and the sinerest study of Beethoven's spirit and ymphony with it. These are exactly hat Mr. Kneisel and his associates ring to these quartets, and in so doing hey set them before their listeners in heir true form. Thus played they no onger seem to modern ears accustomed o difficulties, cryptic, incomprehensible r the harsh and eccentric utterances of a enius cut off by his infirmity from the ealities of his art. This quartet that as played last evening offered, in fact, o difficulties to experienced and sympathetic listeners. It offered, on the conrary, an amazing fullness and variety of usical ideas, overflowing with an inense vitality and presenting many aspects f the purest beauty, reaching their climax in the eloquent Cavatina.

Tschaikowsky's piano trio is not often layed nowadays, because of the extreme ngth and diffuseness; much of its development, especially in the first movement, s wooden and perfunctory. Yet there is nough of beauty and of the characteristic Tschaikowsky in it to save it from blivion. Its pervading mood is elegiac, s might well have been explained upon e programme by putting in the dedicaon that Tschaikowsky gave it, "To the emory of a Great Artist," namely, his iend, Nicholas Rubinstein. The series of ariations that make up the second movenent and include the last, contains much hat is ingenious and fertile in resource, any captivating developments from the heme. Mr. Ernesto Consolo played the iano part in this trio with great skill nd sympathetic feeling, especially in the et of variations. Those that required race and brilliancy he was especially uccessful in.

For the first time this season "Thais f Alexandria," occupied the stage of he Metropolitan Opera House last ight. The Philadelphia-Chicago Opera ompany had arranged to present Samson et Dalila," but the biblica pera was replaced by Mons. Massenet's ork.

The opera has always been a great traction here, and a big audience atsted its lasting popularity. Every at was filled and the standing room ronged with enthusiasts who revelled the melodic charms of the music d were not content until the orchesa, led by Mr. Campanini, had repeated e tuneful "Meditation" intermezzo.

The cast was familiar, including Miss rden, Mons. Dalmers and Mons. naud. Carrying an armful of vivid red es and bounding upon the stage in ppy dance measure, Miss Garden, in title rôle, won her audience from the t. Her singing and acting, were inely better than any previous performces this season. Mons. Renaud revelled he portrayal of the fervent Arthanael, king as much as ever of the well died rôle; and as Niclas, gay young hario of Alexandria, Mons. Dalmores g well and acted with much freedom. ong the minor characters Mme. Berat inguished herself by excellent singthe music allotted to Albinc. Misses gelman and Cavan were pleasing to and ear as Crobyle and Myrtale. The ole performance moved smoothly, and re were many curtain calls after each

"THAIS" AT METROPOLITAN

Large House Welcomes Mary Garden in Her Famous Part.

haïs the delectable arrived in town in last night via Philadelphia. The ay's wanderings have been wide since years ago she left the hospitable ge built for her in 34th street. She has urned alternately beside the stockyards beside the Delaware, with various or trips into the lesser provinces, where preached the gospel of good and evil he vast astonishment and uplift of the al masses. And last night she arrived in in the metropolis, and the Metropoli Opera House received her and engulfed

he house was a large one, though not large as it probably would have been Miss Mary Garden been the artistic nomenon she was in the days of Oscar nmerstein. Yet Miss Garden's methods e changed little, except that they have sened. As the Alexandrian courtesan sweeps in with the same triumphant her stride as of yore, and her scenes eduction, if obvious, are none the less pelling. There is in her conception e of the grande amoureuse and much he fille des rues; but taken as she gives t is an impersonation of remarkable er. As for her singing, it was probably se than anything that she has managed ccomplish hitherto.

aurice Renaud was the Athanael, and y magnificent was his dramatic offer. His is a portrait in which each detail vell nigh perfect, and in which the hesis and final adjustment cause to ain in the memory a figure of truly ic import. In voice Mr. Renaud was from his former self, which was also of the Niclas of Charles Dalmores. fonte Campanini conducted with his stomed authority.

"THAIS" AT THE OPERA.

Mary Garden and Maurice Renaud Heard Again in Their Old Rôles.

The Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company gave Massenet's "Thais" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The house was crowded, but that seems to be the invariable record when this company pays its weekly visit to this city. The familiar work of Massenet was received with many evidences of satisfaction. The principal members of the cast were those who have heretofore been heard in this opera. Mary Garden was the alluring representative of the Alexandrian woman who was too successfully reformed by the work. Her singing had its familiar characteristics, which are at least clearly defined. They arouse mingled emotions in sensitive spirits, but they also evoke much applause. Grosser natures can sate themselves with the physical attractions of the impersonation.

Mr. Renaud's *Athanael* has lost none of its splendid dramatic qualities and it was last night the same remarkable histrionic achievement as of old. As for the singing, it was not what it used to be. Mr. Dalmores was a fine figure of a man as *Nikias* and sang acceptably. The minor members of the cast were acceptable and Mr. Campanini conducted excellently.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

Ernesto Consolo Heard to Great Advantage in Tschaikowsky Trio.

The Kneisel Quartet concert at the Hotel Astor last evening was attended, as these entertainments usually are, by a large audience. The programme was not one calling for extended comment. It consisted of Haydn's C major quartet, Tschaikowsky's trio in A minor, opus 50, in memory of Nicholas Rubinstein, and Beethoven's quartet in B major, opus 130. The pianist in the trio was Ernesto Consolo, and the work, which has many of the elements of popularity, was admirably played by Mr. Consolo, Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Willeke.

The trio is made especially interesting by the second movement, which contains a most admirable set of variations, designed by the composer as a tribute to the musicianship of Rubinstein. In these variations the piano part is particularly brilliant and here Mr. Consolo made the most of his opportunities. The Beethoven quartet is one of the Kneisel battle horses, and it was excellently performed.

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Mr. Gerson Sirota gave his farewell concert for the season in Carnegie Hall last night before a large audience. Having usually been designated on the programmes as the "Cantor of Warsaw," it was interesting to observe that last night he was billed as the "Tenor of Warsaw." This shows the impression his ringing, vibrant tenor voice has made upon the public here.

He sang several of the numbers with which he has made his greatest success. They were "L'dor Wodor" (improvisation), "Weschomru," "Kol Nidre," "Korna M'chomer," "Reze" and "Adonoy Adonoy.." He was assisted by a chorus. Mr. Clarence Eddy was at the organ and Mr. L. Loew conducted.

Mr. Sirota met with his usual success. There were recalls after each number. The "Koruz M'chomer" and "Reze" are especially effective with an audience, because they close with high, ringing notes, which the tenor sang with splendid force, arousing great enthusiasm. His most beautiful aadn expressive singing, however, was the "Adonoy," the last selection on the programme, and because of its sadness, a fitting farewell.

The little choirboy, Josef Pavlov, again distinguished himself and had a separate recall as he did on Sunday night at Mr. Sirota's concert in the Hippodrome. The little fellow mounted the conductor's stand and from there made his acknowledgments to the applauding audience.

Mr. Eddy played several organ solos, among them Dudley Buck's concert variations on "The Star Spangled Banner," the audience rising as soon as it heard the national anthem. Mme. Gilda Longari, with Mr. Fernando Tanara at the piano, sang several numbers and was encored.

TWO OPERA PERFORMANCES.

"Madama Butterfly" at Matinee and "The Bartered Bride" at Night.

There were two performances of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. In the afternoon "Madama Butterfly" was sung before a good-sized audience. The cast included Miss Farrar, Mme. Fornia, and Messrs. Jadlowker, and Scotti. Mr. Toscanini conducted.

In the evening "The Bartered Bride" was the bill, conducted by Mr. Hertz and sung by Miss Destinn, Miss Case, Mrs. Mattfeld, Mrs. Wakefield, and Messrs. Jörn, Reiss, Didur, Witherspoon, Ruysdael, Bayer, and Burgstaller. An important feature of the performance, as it always has been, was the dancing, arranged by Ottokar Bartik and performed by Bohemian dancers.

From Japan to Bohemia is a far cry, but it was accomplished operatically yesterday at the Metropolitan, "Madama Butterfly" being sung in the afternoon and "The Bartered Bride" at night. It was one of the best presentations of Mr. Puccini's exotic opera given here this year, Miss Farrar in the title rôle singing in better voice than she has any time this season. Mr. Jadlowker, for the first time this season sang Pinkerton very well and Mr. Scotti was excellent as Sharpless. Mr. Toscanini conduoted admirably and the whole performance won the enthusiastic approval of the audience.

"The Bartered Bride" at night moved with customary smoothness, Miss Destinn singing Marie and Mr. John the part of Hans, both excellently. As Wenzel Mr. Reiss had his audience in convulsions again and Mr. Didur's portrayal of Kezal was capital. Mr. Hertz conducted well. The Bohemian ballet at the end of the first act aroused muoh applause from a large audience.

mch 15 1912

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Its Final Evening Subscription Concert at Carnegie Hall.

The Philharmonic Society, with its conductor, Josef Stransky, gave the final evening subscription concert of its seventieth season last night at Carnegie Hall. The programme offered was unusual, as it appealed strictly to lovers of classic music and was without the aid of a solo performer.

Its general scheme presented an accurate and comprehensive idea of the development of the symphony as traced through the century, beginning with the year 1721, when Bach composed the set of six concerti grossi for Christian Ludwig, the Margrave of Brandenburg.

In the French dedication of these compositions for strings Bach spoke of them as "concerts aves plusieurs instruments." The one played last night was the third, that in G major. It received a delightful performance at the hands of the various participants, one of these being Max Liebling, who was at the harpsichord.

Three symphonies followed in the list after the Brandenburg concerto. These were Haydn's symphony in D major, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony in C major and the fifth symphony of Beethoven in C minor.

It is to be added to the record that Mr. Stransky, with the sympathetic cooperation of his orchestra, entered wholly into the spirit of the programme and achieved therein results such as gave plentiful satisfaction to the large audience present while evoking its frequent admiration.

"Mona"—At the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Roman Governor	Putnam Griswold
Quintus	Riccardo Martin
Arth	Herbert Witherspoon
Eyna	Rita Fornia
Gloom	William Hinshaw
Caradoc	Lambert Murphy
Nial	Albert Reiss
Mona	Louise Homer

"Mona," opera in three acts, the poem by Brian Hooker, the music by Horatio Parker, had its first performance on any stage last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. It can hardly be news to any reader of daily journals that this is the opera which won the substantial prize offered by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Nor can it be altogether unknown that the author of the music is the head of the musical department of Yale University and a composer who has already attained high distinction both at home and abroad. Hence the production of the opera was without question an event in the musical world, and it was so treated by a large and brilliant audience, which listened to the performance with every evidence of respectful interest.

Much has already been published about "Mona," but naturally much remains to be said now that it has passed the ordeal of public performance. The story has been told, but a brief résumé of it will not be out of place: *Quintus*, son of a Roman governor of Britain, has fallen in love with *Mona*, a native. He has joined himself to her people and even become a bard. But her foster father and foster brother are plotting destruction to the Romans. In *Mona*, believed to be a descendant of Boadicea, they see a new liberator. She is set apart as leader and queen. *Quintus*, called *Gwynn* among the Britons, strives to avert strife by appeal to *Mona's* love. He even swears to be one with the plotters.

Gwynn now continues to hold off war and secretly to protect *Mona*, but the natives make ready to strike. The Roman governor promises *Gwynn* to spare them if through *Mona* he prevents an outbreak. On the eve of battle *Gwynn* so stirs the love of *Mona* that she wavers, and this leads him to tell her how he means to bring peace. When she learns that he is a Roman she summons her people, who make him a prisoner while *Mona* and her forces rush to attack the town Roman.

The Romans are prepared for the onslaught and defeat the Britons. *Gwynn*, who has escaped, comes to *Mona* and again tries to stop the strife. He tells her who is his father and asks her to help him; but she, believing that it was he who betrayed their plans, now thinks him a liar and presently kills him. The governor arrives and the whole truth is disclosed. *Mona*, bewailing her lost opportunity for a woman's happiness and her failure as a leader, is led away captive. The opera thus ends.

The story is one well provided with dramatic material. It is furthermore well suited to lyric treatment, for the action is largely emotional, not merely physical. The clash of personalities, of feelings, is strong and well fitted for musical expression. But this might be expected of any librettist who had his eye clearly fixed on the possibilities of the stage.

Mr. Hooker has written his poem in a really admirable literary style. It would be difficult indeed to point to another opera book of such elevated poetic quality. The diction is clear, strong and pure. Imagery is sparingly used and only in such places as invite it. The emotional battles of the protagonists are couched in simple, vigorous speech. There are two or three places in which Mr. Hooker has confided to his stage directions explanations of the feeling of his actors, and this was unnecessary. The situations are quite clear when enacted. On the whole this "Mona" of Brian Hooker is an uncommonly excellent and even distinguished dramatic poem, a work of genuine literature and one of which the American stage may well be proud.

Regarded merely as an opera libretto, the book calls for other considerations. Apparently it is written in blank verse of the traditional iambic pentameter variety. But Mr. Hooker has made no endeavor to submit himself to the hard government of the rules of prosody. His lines are extremely free in the matter of scansion. His aim was manifestly to make a text of indubitably declamatory character, but of most elastic form. In this it may be said he has succeeded, but it may well be questioned whether the object was the best that could be sought.

Here, however, enters the aim of the composer. Mr. Parker undoubtedly conveyed to his poet his ideas as to the manner in which he wished the text to be made in order that it might suit itself to the musical scheme in the composer's mind. The opera, as it was revealed in its entirety last evening, proves that the musician's aim was to avoid all separate lyric forms and to set the text afloat upon the most fluid stream of recitative.

Mr. Parker has earnestly sought to avoid placing himself firmly in any recognized school. Nevertheless it may be said that his method—not his manner—somewhat resembles that of Debussy. There is not a phrase, nor a chord, nor a passage of orchestration that sounds like Pelléas et Mélisande," but the composer has given his dialogue in a restless, broken recitative which only on rare occasions approaches melodic song style, just as the Frenchman did.

The ceaseless change of tonality and the endless intrusion of opposing rhythms impart to this musical speech a singularly intangible character. It was probably the composer's theory that through this medium the speech of the various personages in the drama would be conveyed to the understanding of the auditors without disturbance of its poetic quality.

Mr. Parker's conception of the correct method of composing a lyric drama is akin to that held by the young Florentines who dragged the music of the theatre out of the entanglements of the polyphonic style and placed it in the unobstructed path of pure solo utterance.

He has sought, however, to superimpose upon the foundation laid by these early masters all that modern musical art has acquired in the domain of harmony, rhythmic complexity, opulence of orchestration and vigor of vocal delivery.

As already intimated, the few approaches to sustained melodic development, approaches rather than excursions into this domain, foreign as it is to the composer's plan, are extremely contingen

in manner. Their melodic idiom is austere and intellectual rather than confessedly theatric. The frank and even insistent publication of passion in accents of sensuous fascination, so common to the lyric stage, is avoided at all times by this composer. His method is opposed to it; his musical feeling is averse to it. He conceives the most agitated utterance of his personages rather in terms of tumultuous rhythmic movement and in kaleidoscopic changes of the enutre harmonic structure.

But while the result is singular and quite idiosyncratic it is in too many places ineffective. The situations at times clamor for a more elemental publication. One sometimes wishes that Mr. Parker's unfailing distinction was not that of a scholar and a gentleman. He too seldom smells of the earth.

This comment may indeed be read two ways, but it should not be interpreted as altogether derogatory. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that Mr. Parker has imitated no one. His musical manner is wholly his own. It is a manner aristocratic, artistically clean, imbued with the reflective strength of a splendid scholarship. Whatever may be the fate of "Mona" it will assuredly not pass wholly out of the consideration of those who are seeking for a style of recitative well suited to a dignified literary English text.

The orchestral background to this recitative is admirable in bulk and in detail. It is solid and rich, yet transparent. It has an endless variety of tints and it has an exquisite fitness in every episode. This orchestration is perhaps the portion of the composer's work in which the technical advances made by him in recent years are most plainly disclosed. He uses all contemporary instruments, even to the blessed celesta of the Russians, and he uses them all idiomatically and with an unerring instinct for color. Even the harp glissandi, so often treated as a mere ad captandum device, here assumes a real dramatic significance. It is hardly necessary to add that the score contains representative themes.

From the foregoing account it may be gathered that the opera deals too much in unmelodic speech and not enough in fundamental musical development. This is indeed its radical defect. The experience of three centuries has shown that the artistic principle lying at the foundation of opera is not, as the young Florentines dreamed, an imitation in song of the inflections and movements of the voice in speech, but a delineation of dramatic moods in extended melodic developments.

Mr. Parker has been quoted as declaring that the music of Verdi is poor stuff. The American composer could not believe this unless he had a complete misconception of the nature of the means by which a lyrico-dramatic art work is to be constructed. His "Mona," which has merits of the highest order and an originality quite as astonishing, falls short of the necessities of the theatre absolutely because it excludes from altogether too many of its pages the most potent of musical spells, the revelation of inner mood in large melodic song.

There are some passages of great beauty in the score nevertheless. *Nial's* utterances are all admirably set. *Gwynn's* speech in the first act on the splendor of Rome's military power is a notably strong and moving piece of declamation. The treatment of the scene of the oath in the same act is masterly. In the second act the scene between *Gloom* and *Mona* is excellently written and carries across the footlights its whole message.

The duet for *Gwynn* and *Mona* beginning with the words "There is a cloud over the moon," despite the fact that its opening accords suggest "Tristan und Isolde," is very fine, restrained in style, intimate, close in thought, but nevertheless a truly noble conception. The finale of the act with its vigorous rhythmic effects and its wild tumult of voices is an excellent embodiment of the savage mood of the scene and is indeed the most direct and successful piece of stage writing in the whole score.

In the last act the most praiseworthy feature is the beautiful orchestral postlude to the death of *Gwynn*. What follows this tragic incident is altogether too extended. The poet and the musician should have seen that with *Gwynn's* death their drama was over and the discovery of her fatal error by *Mona* should have been set before the audience in a few swift lines and then the curtain. But the long drawn out scene over the deadbody is bad. The example of *Isolde* is not for every heroine to imitate.

The summary of the whole matter is that Mr. Parker's musical design is fundamentally unthcatrical. It is unoperatic. It employs too sparingly the means by which the greatest masters of all periods and all schools have expressed the emotions of the dramatic scene. That the composer in spite of his plan has produced an opera containing so many splendid characteristics is something to the glory of American music, yet in its cradle. "Mona" is a work of the highest artistic aim, of serious and beautiful devotion to ideals, of poetic purpose and profoundly intellectual quality. But many operas which have not half its poetic worth or musical solidity have double its value as stage material.

The production was on a scale which proved that the authorities at the Metropolitan Opera House did not intend that the work should fall behand any other novelty in the glory of its attire. The three scenes are excellent examples of the scene painter's art and the costumes are perfectly suited to the drama. The cast was competent in almost every respect and in some matters super excellent.

Mme. Homer's impersonation of *Mona* enriched the brilliancy of her artistic laurel crown. It was superbly dramatic, filled with the dignity which marked her *Orfeo*, but poignant with a pathos greater than that of her classic hero. Only in her enunciation of the English text did Mme. Homer fail to meet the requirements of the evening. The music of the rôle soars high, but she rose to its demands almost always with success.

For those who believe that the performance of opera in English is to be the final solution of all the æsthetic problems surrounding the hybrid art form called opera it may be recorded that only in the dries, parts of the recitative could every syllable be understood. In the more flowing passages the elongatoin of vowels and the distortion of accents worked the inevitable havoc. In spite of this it may be said that Messrs. Hinshaw, Reiss and Witherspoon, especially the second of these, succeeded in getting nearly all of their words over the footlights. Mr. Martin was less happy. All of them, however, sang well and acted excellently, and this praise must be extended to include Mr. Murphy.

After Mme. Homer Messrs. Witherspoon, Hinshaw and Reiss carried off the histrionic honors of the performance. Something more about these impersonations may be said hereafter. Mr. Hertz, who conducted, had prepared the whole work with tremendous zeal and devotion and he conducted it with authority and artistic results. Excepting Mr. Reiss the singers were all Americans.

The attitude of the audience was friendly from the outset. The work was heard with close attention, and it was plain that public interest in the experiment of the Metropolitan directors had been roused fully. After the first act there was a scene of prolonged enthusiasm. The principal artists had been called ten times before Mr. Parker appeared. He was summoned three times before Mr. Hooker appeared. The two together got not less than ten calls.

After the second act there was a similar scene. The two makers of the opera were called out about twenty times. Mr. Parker received from the summer colony of Blue Hill, Me., a handsome wreath, together with an evening dress set of buttons and studs. He also received wreaths from the Bohemians (a musical club of this city) and the New Haven Oratorio Society. Mme. Homer and Mr. Martin also received large "floral tributes." Altogether it was a demonstration of kindly feeling which the high artistic effort of all concerned thoroughly deserved.

Mch 16. 1912

DANCES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Novel Features on the Programme of the Last of the Orchestral Concerts.

The last of the symphony concerts for young people, which was given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall under Walter Damrosch's direction, offered some new and interesting features. There were four members of orchestral music to represent "the various moods of nature," as the programme expressed it. These were the overture to Rossini's "Well Tell," the "Scotch Idyl from Saint-Saëns's "Henry VIII.," the largo fro mthe New World Symphony by Dvorak, and Strauss's immortal waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube," the last played with an enormous amount of expression.

Then Mr. Damrosch spoke and said that on that day the United States Government was performing a solemn function many miles away in towing the hulk of the ill-fated Maine out to sea to bury it, covered with roses, which would float on the surface of the sea as the ship sank. In memory of this occasion he proposed that the whole audience should rise and join in singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," which they did.

The second part of the programme consisted of dances. There were folk-dances under the direction of Elizabeth Burchenal, organizer of the Folk-Dance Committee of the Playground Association of America, and Inspector of Athletics of the Board of Education, New York. These dances were danced in costume, and as taught in the public schools of New York by the Girls' Branch of the Public School Athletic League; and comprised an English maypole dance, a Scotch threesome reel, to the delightful accompaniment of a bagpiper; two Danish and two Swedish dances.

What followed was called "a frolic," under the direction of Grace Jenkins Anderson, and comprised a number of more elaborate dances, also in costume, by children from the Ethical Culture School. All these dances were extremely pretty and danced with much grace and spirit. They pleased both young and old in the audience.

Mch. 9. 1912

"IRISH SYMPHONY" AT CENTURY THEATRE

Probably no people would have been more astonished than the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians if they had strayed into the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon and found the New York Symphony Society in the act of celebrating St. Patrick's Day. But there was little danger, for the lovable children of Erin are not marked as enthusiastic patrons of that peculiarly Teutonic art product, modern orchestral music.

Common or garden Americans, however, can get much real pleasure out of a performance of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's "Irish Symphony," which Walter Damrosch put first on his programme yesterday in honor of the day. It is now twenty-four years since the same Damrosch gave the work its first performance is this town and one is not therefore astonished at the freedom from the blighting influences of Strauss and Debussy which it shows.

If the whole tone scale and the indefinite decimal system of harmonic resolution ever became mixed up with Irish melodies there would be a ruction beside which Donnybrook Fair would be a prayer meeting. And if Richard Strauss fell to developing Zarathustran preachments or Quixotic variations out of the same melodies and then dressing them up in the gay feathers of his orchestration, there would be a Fenian uprising somewhere in the neighborhood of Munich.

But Sir Charles Villiers Stanford was wise in his day and generation. He wrote his symphony in an old fashioned manner and was content to let the Irish ideas in it speak in the idiom of Britain. The second and third movements of the composition are much the best of the four. The andante has tender pathos and the scherzo, which is really a jig, has a most insinuating trio. The composition was excellently performed yesterday.

Excerpts from "Die Meistersinger" formed the second part of the programme. They were the two monologues of *Hans Sachs*, sung by Putnam Griswold; the prelude to Act III., the prize song, as arranged for orchestra, and the vorspiel to the comedy. Mr. Griswold's singing of the two numbers was such as make one long earnestly to hear him sing the whole role of *Hans Sachs*.

It was the singing of an admirable artist, who came to the Metropolitan Opera House without trumpeting and who has quietly, but conclusively, demonstrated that he is a basso such as the institution has not possessed since the departure of Plancon. His voice is a noble one, his technic as good, and his interpretations always have artistic dignity and eloquence, while they are invariably free from cheap devices to catch the applause of the unthinking.

The People's Symphony Society concert at Carnegie Hall served to introduce to this town a new overture by H. F. B. Gilbert, a comedy overture on negro themes. This work has melodic and rhythmic piquancy and possesses a popular flavor which ought to win repetition for it. The only other incident of the concert demanding a record is that Alice Nielsen awoke the echoes of years long dead by singing Arditi's "Il Bacio," the Carlo Magno of Italian waltz songs, which our grandfathers used to encore in the old Academy of Music.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON MUSIC.

Irish Symphony and Negro Overture —Griswold's Fine Singing.

Yesterday afternoon's concerts were given by the New York Symphony Orchestra in the Century Theatre and the People's Symphony Society in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Damrosch, who has a keen scent for the day's interest, celebrated St. Patrick's Day appropriately by playing Sir Charles Stanford's "Irish" symphony, a work that was revived last season by Mr. Mahler after several years of neglect in New York. It was worth reviving then and worth repeating yesterday because of its real beauty, the felicitous use the Irish composer has made of Irish themes, and the success with which he has made his music expressive of the Gaelic spirit, by turns merry and pathetic.

The second part of the programme was devoted to excerpts from "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Putnam Griswold was the soloist, and sang Hans Sachs's two monologues, "Wie duftet doch der Flieder," from the second act, and "Wahn, Wahn," from the third act. Mr. Griswold's singing of these was most poetical in conception and finished in style, noble and beautiful in voice, and of that remarkable excellence of diction that has won him so much admiration at the Opera. It was singing of the highest art and mastery, and prompted the hope that he would be enabled to show what he can do in the part of Hans Sachs in performances of the comedy at the Opera. The orchestra played the prelude, the prelude to Act III., and the Prize Song.

At the concert of the People's Symphony Society there was played a "comedy overture" by Henry F. Gilbert, based on negro themes. It is one of the most interesting and most truly musical contributions that have been made to this sort of composition, and discloses a fresh and orginal talent that ought to have a more extended hearing in New York than it has had. The overture was played yesterday for the first time in a New York concert hall, though it was performed here two years ago at one of the Summer concerts in Central Park. It has been played in Boston by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and at the Pittsburgh Exposition. Mr. Gilbert is a Boston musician, a pupil of Edward MacDowell, and not a youth, but a man of 44.

The overture, which is said to have been intended as the overture to an opera, is based entirely upon real negro melodies used as artistic material for ingenious and effective development, going even to the extent of a fugue. The rhythmic character of the music, (from which "ragtime" elements are not excluded,) is especially appealing, and there is something genuinely stirring about the whole overture, something vivid and individual that marks it as a production much out of the common.

The orchestra, which is under F. X. Arens's direction, also played Tschaikovsky's sixth symphony and a march from Grieg's music to "Sigurd Jorsalfar." Miss Alice Nielsen was the soloist, and sang Arditi's once popular vocal waltz, "Il Bacio," and the air, "Visi d'arte," from Puccini's "Tosca." There were pleasing and brilliant qualities in her singing which appealed to the audience.

CHARITY CONCERT AT HIPPODROME

Six Musical Stars and the Russian Symphony Orchestra Aid a Worthy Cause.

Although the Hippodrome has repeatedly opened its doors to various orphan asylums and institutions for children, it has never been used for a worthier project than was the case last evening, when a huge benefit was arranged for the Young Folks' League of the Hebrew Infant Asylum. Some time ago word was passed around that the League could find many uses for a little additional money. This condition appealed to sympathetic friends of the society, and these, with the assistance of a few energetic and influential co-workers, planned an attractive musical programme for the Hippodrome concert of last evening.

The important feature of the concert was the inclusion of six celebrated musical stars who permitted themselves to shine for the occasion. They were supplemented by the entire Russian Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Modest Altschuler.

Mme. Namara-Toye, the young prima donna soprano, who has been such a success on this, her first American season, sang an aria from Massenet's "Manon" and the Gounod "Ave Maria," and, with Mme. Rose Olitzka, the well known contralto, gave an admirable interpretation of the duet "Sull Aria" from "The Marriage of Figaro."

Albert Spalding, the American violinist, played Wilhelmj's arrangement of the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger," and works by Wieniawski and Sarasate; Herbert Sachs-Hirsh, the pianist, gave a brilliant performance of Saint-Saens's Concerto in G minor. Alexander Heinemann, the German lieder singer, was heard in folk songs, and in the baritone part of the quartet from "Rigoletto" demonstrated his ability as an operatic baritone, and M. Henri La Bonte, a newly-arrived French tenor, sang excerpts from "La Boheme" and "Rigoletto" in a finished and brilliant manner.

The audience was large and in appreciative.

In behalf of the city I recognize what has been done for the city by this series of The World's popular concerts. It has been a distinct public service, characteristic alike in conception and in execution of the public spirit and genius of that great publisher and splendid citizen, Joseph Pulitzer.

With this praise Borough President George McAneny yesterday closed the sixty-fifth and last of The World's concerts. It was given at the formal opening of the auditorium of Public School No. 95 in West Houston street before an audience that included residents of the immediate neighborhood and of Washington Square North, as well as members of the old guard music lovers who have followed Prof. Henry T. Fleck, his orchestra and assistants in their progress through the four boroughs. There was enthusiasm when the Borough President announced that he would work in the Board of Estimate for appropriations with which to gratify the people's love for music.

A Great Need Proved.

"It is the city's duty," said Egerton L. Winthrop, President of the Board of Education, in introducing Mr. McAneny, "to accept this conclusion of the World's series of concerts as a practical demonstration of their feasibility and of the great need that exists in the community for hearing musical compositions of the highest class. The o

RESULTS OF THE WORLD'S POPULAR CONCERTS.

Date of first, Dec. 31, 1911; last, March 17, 1912.

omen singers	9	Prof. Henry T. Fleck's Orchestra, 25 pieces.
en vocalists	3	
olinist	1	
anists	2	
tal soloists	15	
nday concerts	10	Covering every borough of New York and practically every high school.
eekday concerts	20	
ght concerts	35	
tal	65	

mber of persons who attended 125,000
timated number of those turned away for lack of seats 75,000

wing that music lovers in New York desirous of attending popular concerts number at least 200,000

mbers of the Board of Education join me, I am sure, in associating this onstration with the opening of this school. It was begun in 1904, cost gether $704,472, replaces three old ool buildings and accommodates 2,500 ils. This handsome, spacious auditoin will, I trust, become a centre for erts and similar social and musical dions, especially on Sunday afterns. We of the Board of Education id like to see every school become a iar centre."

Ve should go further than that," ed Mr. McAneny. "We should put oi music within reach of everyone in city, so far as we can. The city has a good way, but it must go furh. In these concerts The World has ented music to the people. The city t give the people concerts, too.

ust as playgrounds and gymnasiums e for healthier children and better ents, so the roof gardens in some of schools and such halls as these for ular music, summer and winter, e for the greater moral progress of community at large.

A Moral Recreation.

f all forms of recreation none is e important than music, which is at recreation of the mind and senses—al recreation. The more music there a city the better it is, the healthand sounder morally. I would like ee music as free as air. I shall pre that idea at the making of the next get and see if we cannot do a little ething with our own money."

trust the borough fathers will furevery school with beautiful and bling music such as this," said ert Harrison, member of the Board Education, in his brief address. Tanks to Mr. Pulitzer's benefaction to Prof. Fleck's orchestra we shall away from here better citizens."

more appreciative audience has seen at any concert of the series. Mendelssohn's sprightly "Melusine" overture only seemed to whet the musiappetite of the audience, and the ause that followed it did not cease Signor Alessandroni, baritone, aped to sing with fine precision and terful phrasing an aria from "La riata." Perhaps it was the enthuic Italians of the neighborhood who e such tremendous applause that sandroni had to come out again. sang the Toreador's song from rmen."

Chopin Music Is Loved.

bert von Doenhoff, pianist, whose ing has captivated The World's cert audiences from the Bronx to en Island, followed with what was nifestly the artistic feature of the noon's musical entertainment. He ed Chopin's piano concerto in F or with his usual technical facility accurate penetration of the com's meaning. Critics present were prised at the popular appreciation a composition that one must have ical intelligence to comprehend.

lle. Borschneck, contralto, next sang Flower Song from "Faust" and rewarded rapturously. She respondwith Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," applauded greatly. Sig. Prati, r, who has shared Von Doenhoff's ularity at these concerts, stirred his rers with an air from "Martha," cately interpreted. His encore numwas that old favorite "La Donna e ile," which aroused frantic apse.

e duo from Massenet's "Thais" by le. Borschneck and Sig. Alessandroni performed acceptably. Prof. ck's orchestra then gave Grieg's se's Death" and "Anitra's Dance" th tonal effect that won instant appeciation.

he trio from Verdi's "Attila," sung Mlle. Borschneck and Sigs. Alessanoni and Prati, was redemanded and s even more loudly greeted on its cond hearing than on its first. To the of Ponchielli's "Dance of the urs" the concert ended.

A Great Object Lesson.

The purpose of the series may fairly considered to have been accomshed," said Prof. Fleck to a reporter The World after the concert. "It s to give the city authorities an obt lesson in the need for just such pular performances of good music. anks to The World, it realized the imrtance of the subject, and with its ual public spirit rose to meet the pee's need, making it possible for me to rry out my ideas.

"We spend hundreds of thousands every year on free libraries, free schools, free museums, free parks and free hospitals. At least one-fourth the amount devoted to those objects should go to free music. Music is a civilizing influence and is the means of preventing the people from going to deteriorating amusements. I am very much gratified at the assurances I have received that, as a result of the concerts, substantial appropriations will be made by the city for free concerts another year.

"I confess that the appreciation of modern music by the crowds we have met with in the various boroughs has been something of a surprise even to me. The brilliant music of the Wagnerian stamp has invariably been greatly applauded and encored."

Members of the Board of Education present at yesterday's concert were Robert E. McCafferty, Dr. Louis Haupt and Miss Martha Lincoln Draper. Some of the Washington Square delegation there were John Claflin, Eugene Delano, Arthur Shattuck, John Milburn, Charles R. Lamb and Joseph Delafield.

Here is the list of this season's hearing of Brahms's larger compositions, so far as they can be recalled:

Symphony No. 1, by the Philharmonic Society, on January 4 and 5.

Symphony No. 2, by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, on December 13.

Symphony No. 4, by the Boston Orchestra on December 7.

Pianoforte concerto in D minor, by Harold Bauer, at Philharmonic concerts, on November 30 and December 1.

Violin concerto, by Mr. Burstein, at Symphony concert, on February 4.

Variations on a theme by Haydn, at Philharmonic concerts, on March 7 and 8.

Academic festival overture, by the Boston Orchestra, on December 9.

Quartet for pianoforte and strings, by Mr. Consolo and the Kneisel Quartet (in A) on November 28, in Brooklyn.

Pianoforte Quartet in G minor, on February 27 by the Margulies Trio, assisted by Mr. Kovarik.

Clarinet quintet by the Kneisel Quartet on February 13.

String quartet in A minor, by the Sinsheimer Quartet, on February 14.

Sonata for pianoforte and violin, in G, by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, on November 12.

Quintet for pianoforte and strings, by Mr. Harold Bauer and the Kneisel Quartet, on December 12.

Sonata in D minor for pianoforte and violin, by Mr. Consolo and Miss Parlow on January 24.

Vocal quartet, "An Die Heimath," by the Musical Art Society, on December 19.

Ave Maria, for female voices and orchestra, by the Cecilia Club, at a concert of the Symphony Society, on February 1.

"Fragen," a quartet for mixed voices and pianoforte, by the Musical Art Society, on March 5.

IRISH MUSIC AT CENTURY

Has Prominent Place on Symphony Society's Programme.

The Irish societies were not alone in celebrating St. Patrick's Day. Walter Damrosch put on the place of honor at yesterday afternoon's concert by the Symphony Society in the Century Theatre Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's "Irish Symphony," a work that is in essence as well as name Irish. The symphony was played with admirable spirit by the orchestra and the charming third movement with great delicacy. Mr. Damrosch showed yesterday that he feels and appreciates the Irish spirit.

The soloist was Putnam Griswold, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who sang Hans Sachs's two monologues from "Die Meistersinger," and sang them both with a feeling, a poetry, a splendid wealth of tone that gave rich promise of the day when New Yorkers will be privileged to hear him sing the same music in their proper operatic setting on the boards of the Metropolitan Opera House. Let us hope that Mr. Gatti-Casazza will give him his chance in Wagner's great comic opera next season, and early—even if not in this. In addition the orchestra played the preludes to Acts I and II and the Prize Song.

At Carnegie Hall a good sized audience gathered at the concert of the People's Symphony Society. Miss Alice Nielsen was the soloist, singing Arditi's "Il Bacio" and Puccini's "Vissi d'Arte." The orchestral numbers were Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, Gilbert's "Comedy" overture, and the march from Grieg's "Jorsalfar."

MINNEAPOLIS ORCHESTRA

A Visit from a Remarkable Organization.

The Minneapolis Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Oberhoffer, came out of what used to be called the Northwest and gave a concert in Carnegie Hall last night. It gave to the metropolitan public its fifth opportunity since this season began to hear Beethoven's overture, "Leonore No. 3"; invited the same public to hear Richard Strauss's symphonic poem, "Tod und Verklärung," also for the fifth time, and presented Brahms's first symphony to its notice for the third time. Under the circumstances, it would be natural enough for a local reviewer to renew a discussion of the oft-mooted proposition if it would not be well for the orchestras of the country to establish a concert clearing house, so that at least as much interest as would follow the presentation of a variety of compositions might be aroused in a surfeited public whenever a foreign organization visits the metropolis. For, frankly, it is not pleasant to have obtruded upon the people of New York (to say nothing of the newspaper reviewers) the thought that the programmes of our visitors are arranged for the purpose of compelling comparisons between bands and their leaders. The amenities of criticism are sufficiently strained as it is by the doings of local organizations, which are so many that their maintenance from year to year enlists not only the support of the real lovers of orchestral music, but also the philanthropy of many who are at heart but slightly interested in it and the complaisance of others who are graciously disposed to any cause presented to them with persuasive feminine eloquence. Under such conditions there can be peace of mind only in an avoidance of comparison; for though standards of criticism are created by the attitude of those who challenge it, even these may be moderated in view of the fact that conditions vary greatly in different centres of musical culture, and what would be highly admirable in one place from its point of view, would seem less so to an observer habitually surdounded by conditions of a different kind. To give an illustration from the concrete: While the bulk of an orchestra can be recruited, as it has been for decades and still is in any large city of the United States where there are theatres, the elements upon which it depends for its finesse, for the excellence entitles it to especial comment, ade scarce and only to be had by long search and at heavy expense. For the representations of these elements of the universe. And not only upon the European peoples, but upon the musicians, who having acquired residence in America, are organized for the chief purpose of keeping their foreign fellows out. Under the circumstances it cannot appear strange that the best of these highly essential artists remain where they can command extraordinary pay for their services. There is an oboe player in Boston who is receiving the extraordinary salary of $7,000 a year; a French horn player in New York who gets $3,000. Some time ago the Metropolitan Opera House was compelled to pay a horn player $75 a week, with the understanding that he would play only when Wagner operas were performed. How often that was the public knows, and it was a gracious condescension on the part of the musical union. And yet the average wage of orchestral musicians is about $35 a week during the season of, say, eight months. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that beside the large sum paid by the ordinary public for orchestral music in New York it costs the honest and erected philanthropists $125,000 a year at least to maintain our symphony concerts. Whether or not such a condition is healthy need not be discussed just now.

But a truce to this; it is pleasanter to contemplate what we have been told about the history of the Minneapolis Orchestra—a history much more remarkable than that of our Philharmonic or Symphony Society, or even the Boston Orchestra. It is now nine years old, says its publicity agent, in asking a sympathetic hearing from New work, which nobody could have wished to deny it. It began as a band of forty-four men, which rehearsed once a week. Now it comprises eighty musicians, who rehearse daily, and, supported by a guarantee fund of $65,000 a year, gives forty concerts this season in Minneapolis alone, which concerts are attended by an average audience of 2,500 persons. It does not confine its activities to its native city, but, successfully meeting the competition of the Chicago Orchestra, it will give this year more than two hundred concerts outside of Minneapolis. That is to say, that in 366 days (this being a leap year) it will give in the neighborhood of 250 concerts. Surely, an unparalleled record. We are tempted to say with Dominie Sampson: "Prodigious!"

How far Minneapolis is compelled to meet the extremely trying conditions which prevail in New York, Boston and Philadelphia we cannot say; entirely aside from the question, however, is the fact that, as last night's concert demonstrated, it has developed an orchestral organization of which it may well be proud, and, considering some of the elements of its constitution, it is very likely that much credit for this is due to Mr. Oberhoffer. The manner of this conductor is extremely distasteful to the veteran music lovers of New York, who recall that their finest conductors have been those who challenged the least attention by their postures and other antics—men like Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl and Felix Weingartner. The initiated do not need to have the dynamic and other affects in the music illustrated by pose and gesture. If such things are necessary to stimulate the attention of the players they may be used in the rehearsal room; they are disturbing at a performance because they are so frequently unnecessary and therefore distracting. Especially is this the case when they are employed in mistaken readings of the text. It may be said in favor of Mr. Oberhoffer that as a rule he seeks clarity of utterance in his music and does not strive violently to present novel conceptions of the composer's ideas. But when he reels off with too great haste and too little attention to variations of tempo and portrical expression invited by contrasted ideas, movements like the third and last of Brahms's marvellously plastic first symphony, his gesticulations only emphasize the deplorable defects. And for these there is no compensation in the fact that he compels his men to follow him with most admirable precision.

As for the band itself, with all the excellence which must be conceded to it, there is that in the quality of its tone which emphasizes the difference which has grown out of the prevailing conditions referred to at the outset. It is euphony which the few great orchestras in the East are compelled to pay for so cruelly—the quality of tone in the various choirs. These great orchestras are not many, and as for the rest, the Minneapolis needs fear no comparison. Only our very best organizations afford as much pleasure as Mr. Oberhoffer's musicians provided last night; and they not always. In spite of the surfeit of orchestral music which burdens the metropolis, there were many moments of real refreshment in the concert given by the visitors. Very refreshing, indeed, also was the lovely voice of Miss Lucille Stevenson in the "Ave Maria" from Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire," and Dr. Horatio Parker's song, "The Lark Now Leaves Its Wat'ry Nest," with its fine Elizabethan flavor, which she sang on a recall, to an effective orchestral accompaniment written by Mr. Oberhoffer.

H. E. K.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra gave a concert at Carnegie Hall last evening. This simple statement has a certain significance in the annals of music in this country. Less than a decade ago there could have been no possibility of a concert in New York by an orchestra coming from any place west of Chicago. But the progressive cities which lie beyond the great lakes have been advancing not only with strides but by leaps and bounds.

What they have done in other fields need not be recounted here, but in music they have gone forward at a pace splendid and inspiring. To compare the performance of the young orchestras of Minneapolis, Seattle, San Francisco or other Western cities with those of the older and more seasoned instrumental bodies of the Eastern seaboard would be something far removed from criticism and it would be wholly without enlightening object.

Far more to the purpose is a consideration of the pregnant fact that the West absorbs good music as easily as it assimilates immigration. There are few concessions to what is loosely called popular taste. Some of the Western orchestras give two series of concerts, one for earnest music lovers and the other for amusement seekers. It would be difficult to decide which of these series accomplishes the more good, for the programmes of the popular concerts of the Minneapolis Orchestra, for example, are on a plane sufficiently high to prepare the light minded listener for the greater things.

The programmes of the regular subscription concerts are designed for real amateurs of music and it is in this condition, which may be found in other Western cities, that the hopefulness of the entire situation is to be descried. Where there are audiences eager to listen to the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms and the tone poems of the ultra

moderns, there is ground in which the seeds of a genuine musical taste can be sown with a prospect of rich reaping.

That Minneapolis has public spirited citizens who are willing to provide a guarantee fund sufficient for the support of such an orchestra as that heard last evening is something on which that city is to be felicitated. The organization is formed on a basis of 16 first violins and eight basses. This means an orchestra as large as the Philharmonic of this city. In itself this is an achievement, for the mere size of the orchestra renders possible many compositions which would otherwise have to be left out of account or inadequately treated.

That there are some radical defects in this orchestra is not to be denied, but certainly to be pardoned. It would indeed be marvellous if they did not exist. Time and selection, training and the expenditure of more money will remove them. It is better at present to rejoice in the excellences than to lament over the faults.

If then the tone as a whole is heavy and somewhat rough, if the strings are a little raw and the brass too rude, if the dynamics lack most of all a sonorous and smooth moderato, there are on the other hand a fine vigor in all the playing, a tumultuous forte and a good piano, a bold attack and a general unanimity which command praise.

Without doubt Emil Oberhoffer, the conductor, deserves the highest encouragement for what he has accomplished. His personal style is certainly overdone, but perhaps his men require this. Much of his conducting is devoted to those physical graphics which old observers cannot help believing do less for the players than for the audience.

But on the other hand it was perfectly clear last evening that Mr. Oberhoffer is a competent musician, who is moved by a real temperament. His readings had idiosyncrasies, such as his resolute insistence of the last drop of blood in the double basses, and in some of the tutti he regulated his dynamics so as to destroy balance of tone. But his method has a sweep and a virility which are decidedly communicative and which put a real vitality into the playing of his men.

The orchestral numbers were Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3, the C minor symphony of Brahms, Mozart's string serenade, "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." It was in the finale of the symphony that the vigor of the orchestra was most advantageously displayed, though even here the want of delicate gradations was apparent to the most casual listener. In the slow movement of the symphoby, one of the noblest slow movements outside the pages of Beethoven, there was a still greater want of transparency in the tone and elegance in the nuancing.

Here the profoundly restful spirit, the deep and tender reflectiveness of the Brahms nature, was left largely to the imagination. But on the whole the playing of the composition had so much strength and so much sincerity of artistic aim as to make one glad to know that the Middle West had developed in a few short seasons so good an orchestra.

The soloist was Lucille Stevenson, a soprano of Chicago, who has frequently been heard with this orchestra. She sang the "Ave Maria" from Max Bruch's "Cross of Fire." Miss Stevenson has a voice of uncommonly beautiful natural quality and, except in the high register, she produces her tones with correct technic. Even in this register when she did not force the tones their quality was lovely.

She sang her number with beauty of phrasing and with real taste. Here and there, too, there were moments of dramatic coloring which promised more than the singer gave on the whole. She was warmly applauded and added an extra number, a charming little song by Horatio Parker, composer of "Mona."

MINNEAPOLIS ORCHESTRA.

Excellent Qualities Shown by Organization from Northwest.

New York was given last evening in Carnegie Hall an exhibition of orchestral music as it is cultivated in the Northwest It was thought worth while for the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra of some ninety men, to traverse all the intervening miles in order to give a concert in a city already overburdened with orchestral concerts. It could not have been out of solicitude lest New York was suffering from a dearth of music; it may be hoped that it was not from a desire to challenge comparison with the standards and accomplishments of Eastern orchestras. Still less could it have been in the expectation of profitable business. Whatever the reason that prompted the giving of the concert, an audience of considerable numbers came to hear it, and indicated a disposition to be complimentary to the visitors.

The orchestra, which is now in its ninth season, and is under the direction of Emil Oberhoffer, is one of the recent foundations that are a gratifying exhibition of a desire for good music in various Western cities, an ambition to reach a high standard, a willingness to make the pecuniary sacrifices that such an orchestra necessarily entails upon the wealthy amateurs of the community which it serves. As an example of what such a civic movement can bring forth, the Minneapolis Orchestra's performance was interesting to such as were not surfeited by the playing of orchestras of higher rank.

There are a commendable zeal and enthusiasm in this Northwestern body. It is not made up of musicians of the highest skill; its quality in technique, tone, finish of ensemble, and refinement of performance leaves at times something to be desired. The strings are numerous and have weight and sonority, but not breath warmth or beauty of tone. There are good players among the wood winds and the horns, but the brass, as a whole, often sounded coarse last evening. Mr. Oberhoffer is a conductor of ability and authority, a musician of sympathy and understanding. He is somewhat unnecessarily picturesque in action, but it is more to the point that he secures performances that have the merit of vigor and often of sound feeling. Some of Mr. Oberhoffer's readings might be open to question. More attention had perhaps been paid to securing telling and highly colored effects than to assuring finish of phrase and a fine quality and balance of tone. But there was much in the playing of the orchestra to give pleasure.

The programme comprised Beethoven's overture "Leonore" No. 3, Brahms's first symphony, Mazart's "Eine Eleine Nachtmusik" for string orchestra, and Strauss's tone poem, "Tod und Verklarung." The performance of the last number was, on the whole, least successful, though Mr. Oberhoffer had evidently made a careful study of the composition. Mozart's charming serenade was played with great spirit and the performance of both Brahms's symphony and Beethoven's overture was creditable and especially the symphony, at certain points, excellent. Mr. Oberhoffer conducted the programme entirely from memory; a proceeding that doubtless makes a greater impression in cities that are not familiar with a Toscanini.

Miss Lucille Stevenson, soprano, was the soloist. She sang an air, "Ave Maria," from Max Bruch's cantata, "Das Feuerkreuz." She is a charming singer, and of admirable gifts; her voice has power, brilliancy, and an agreeable quality in all except her lower tones, which are rather lacking in resonance. Her style is excellent; she sang the air with fire and dramatic effect; and then, being much applauded, added a song by Prof. Horatio Parker, "The Lark" with accompaniment transcribed for orchestra.

STOJOWSKI'S NEW SONATA.

Pianist and Arthur Argiewicz Perform Work at MacDowell Club.

Sigismond Stojowski and Arthur Argiewicz gave the last of their joint concerts at the MacDowell Club last evening, when the programme was devoted to Russian and Polish music. The feature was the first performance of a sonata in manuscript for violin and piano composed by Mr. Stojowski. This work was labeled as Opus 37, No. 2, and in the key of E major.

This composer-pianist, there is no manner of doubt, understands how to write for the piano as few of his contemporaries do, and he also writes for the violin well. He observes in this latest of his compositions a good balance between his two instruments. There is nothing revolutionary about the work, which is in four movements, but it is interesting and pleasing music. The first movement is perhaps the most serious. The second, an intermezzo, is a delicious bit in a Russian dance form, and last night pleased the audience so much that it almost had to be repeated. The movement called "Arietta" is a mournful wail in a familiar Russian style. The finale again was in a dance form.

The programme began with a performance of L. Zelenski's sonata in F major, Opus 30. Then Mr. Argiewicz and Mr. Stojowski each played a group of solos before the pianist's sonata was performed.

FREMSTAD AND CARUSO HEARD IN "ARMIDE"

Gluck's Opera Is Repeated at the Metropolitan With Exceptionally Strong Cast.

"Armide," the second opera of Gluck which M. Gatti Casazza has established in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House, was repeated last night.

One of the attractions of the interpretation of this opera, the most ancient opera that has secured a stable place on modern stages, is the singing of Mme. Olive Fremstad and Enrico Caruso. From a technical point of view, these artists deserve the highest praise for the way they have accommodated themselves to the difficult exactions of classic singing. It is also interesting to note in considering "Armide" how many dramatic ideas Richard Wagner has appropriated from it. Mme. Louise Homer and M. Gilly were also in the cast.

The dancing was especially good. Arturo Toscanini conducted.

YESTERDAY'S CONCERTS.

There was more of promise than of fulfillment in the concertsg iven yesterday. The most ambitious of them was that of the Catholic Oratorio Society a tCarnegie Hall in the evening, when a dramatic oratorio, entitled "Quo Vadis," based (as a matter of course on Sienkiewicz's popular historical novel) had its first performance in America. The composer, Felix Nowowiejski, conducted the work, which was performed in the presence of Cardinal Farley and an audience of only moderate size. The Cardinal was greeted with a hymn of welcome as he walked through the hall, while the audience stood in his honor.

The oratorio is a year or so younger that the opera on the same subject by Nongues, which was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, and, though it assumes a much more serious disposition, its music may be said to be about on the same level, which is anything but a high one—more might have been expected of a composer in the very prime of life, a pupil of Max Bruch, who has at last gotten his name into the handbooks by twice winning the Meyerbeer prize of 4,500 marks in Berlin and coming out victorious in five other important contests, including that founded by Paderewski in Bonn. The book, written in German by Antoine Jungst, is a feebly constructed affair in four scenes.

The first two picture incidents in the burning of Rome, ending in the accusation of the Christians and the popular clamor, "Christians ad leones"; the third tells of the meeting of the persecuted Christians in the catacombs, where they have sought refuge. There the Apostle Peter visits them, and is persuaded by Lygia and the congregation to fly from Rome. He reluctantly consents, and in the final scene is confronted on the Appian way by the apparition of Christ, of whom he asks the question: "Quo vadis, domine?" and receives the answer, "Vado Roman, ut iterum crucifigar." Thereupon Peter determines to return to Rome to suffer martyrdom, and is celebrated in a final chorus, which ends with a double fugue. The music is a mixture of the oratorio style, with very cheap theatricalism, and the effect of the whole production, notwithstanding the splendid voice quality and verve of the sopranos in the chorus and the spirited conducting of the composer, was disappointing to those who were concerned only with the artistic side of the affair.

The other concerts of the day call for little notice. In the afternoon at the Belasco Theatre Miss Gertrude Cohen, a youthful pianist who hails from Los Angeles and studied with Leschititzky in Vienna, gave a recital, playing a much too ambitious programme, showing a nice talent and fine promise, but also unpreparedness for such tasks as are imposed by Schumann's "Faschingsshwank Aur Wien" and Beethoven's thirty-two variations on a theme in C minor. At the Carnegie Lyceum in the evening Miss Sara Gurowitsch, a local violoncello player, who made her first significant puhlic appearance at a concert of the Symphony Society two seasons ago, gave a recital and had a large houseful of friends to admire her facile technique and her neat taste.

Attended by Cardinal Farley and other dignitaries of the Catholic Church, the first performance in this country of Mr. Felix Nowowiejski's dramatic oratorio, "Quo Vadis," was given in Carnegie Hall last night by the Catholic Oratorio Society. It was conducted by the composer, who had come from Europe especially for the purpose.

Before the oratorio began Cardinal Farley entered the hall near the stage and walker up the centre aisle, the audience and chorus standing and the latter chanting a hymn of welcome. He then took his place in a first tier box, draped with the Papal colors. Then the composer, Mr. Nowowiejski, appeared and was greeted by chorus and audience.

After that the music proceeded and there was only one more demonstration, after the third scene, when Mgr. Lavelle, president of this Oratorio Society, voiced the sentiments of the society, and expressed gratitude to Cardinal Farley, admiration and respect to Mr. Nowowiejski, and thanks to Miss Selma Kronold, directress of the chorus, and to other officers of the society.

"Quo Vadis?" follows the lines of Mr. Henry Sienkiewicz's well known novel. The text was sung in English. Musically it is an exceedingly brilliant work, savoring almost more of the opera stage than of the concert platform. It is dramatic in its climaxes, but the composer employs these so often that he defeats his own purpose. The "March of the Pretorians" was particularly loud and pompous. When the composer departed from the brilliant mood, as in the scene of the catacombs, he was not very interesting either in the melodies he invented or in his manner of using them.

The solo parts were taken by Mme. Frances Caspari, soprano; Messrs. Frederic Weld, barytone, and Gilbert Wilson, bass.

The composer conducted with much vim and dragged every possible bit of tone from chorus, soloists and orchestra. The latter was recruited from the New York Symphony Society. The public applauded each part of the oratorio, but at no other time was the interest so keen as when Cardinal Farley entered the hall.

MISS COHEN'S RECITAL.

A Young Pianist's First New York Appearance in an Ambitious Programme

Miss Gertrude Cohen came before the public in New York as a pianist for the first time yesterday afternoon at the Belasco Theatre. She presented a very ambitious programme, a typical virtuoso's programme that would have taxed the most accomplished performer properly to perform. It was, in fact, too taxing for Miss Cohen's present powers, both technical and intelectual. Her youth is evident and it was no doubt, in part at least, her youth that kept her from understanding the true significance of such music as Beethoven's thirty-two variations in C minor and Schurmann's "Faschingsschwank aus Wien." Fortunately youth is a diffieulty that is overcome, and Miss Cohen has ample time in which to multiply the talents which have been delivered to her; to find her way to a closer intimacy with the spirit of the greater composers with whom she communed yesterday, and also to perfect and make more accurate her technique, to obtain a surer command of dynamics and tonal qualities, and, finally, to rid herself of the unfortunate habit of not striking the keys with her two hands simultaneously when their tones belong together.

On Miss Cohen's programme also stood a ballade, nocturne, and scherzo by Chopin; an intermezzo and rhapsody by Brahms, an etude by Leschetizky, two pieces of Debussy, and Liszt's eighth Hungarian rhapsody. It was inscribed upon the programme that Miss Cohen had made the necessary "special arrangement" with the Society of Authors, Composers, and Publishers of Music, Incorporated, for the privilege of playing Debussy's pieces.

'THE JEWELS' SUNG FOR SECOND TIME

Wolf-Ferrari's Newest Opera Grows in Popularity at the Metropolitan.

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

"I Giojelli della Madonna" ("The Jewels of the Madonna") was sung here for the second time last night at the Metropolitan by the artists of the Chicago - Philadelphia Grand Opera Company and much enjoyed

Wolf-Ferrare's latest, most daring and perhaps most effective opera has come to stay. Whether it will be added to the regular repertory of the Metropolitan next season or be excluded (as is rumored, perhaps falsely), who can tell?

All that is needed to avoid offence (which now exists) in "The Jewels" is the omission of some "business" in the last scene of the second act.

There is no reason in the world, of a dramatic kind, why, when Gennaro flings the stolen jewels of the Virgin to Maliella, she should put them on before yielding herself to the robber. It would be much more true to life, the life of Naples, if—instead of touching them, Maliella shrank in horror and yet fascinated from the evidences of Gennaro's sacrilege. Then, if she chose, she fight let her lover kiss her.

Last night, however, Maliella had the grace not to put on the Virgin's crown.

Many in the house, and more particularly the Italians, were none the less unquestionably startled yesterday, as at the first New York hearing of the opera, by the unnecessary boldness of the episode, as it was played by Mr. Dippel's artists.

It was made evident again last night that "The Jewels" has in it the essentials of wide popularity. Though rather crude in spots, the work abounds in melody and ingenious harmony. Above all, it is full of hot, real life.

The "Prayer to the Virgin," the interludes, the serenade, the church chants and the wild dances in the opera delighted and stirred up the audience.

Carolina White sang very well and acted ably in the part of Mabella. Sammarco made a melodious and convincing Rafaele. Bassi impersonated

Gennaro with sincerity. And in less conspicuous, but not unimportant roles, Louise Berat, Edmond Warnery and others all did bravely.

The performance was directed with much spirit by Mr. Campanini.

MUSICALE BY MRS. BACKUS

At a musicale to be given by Mrs. H. Clinton Backus on Friday afternoon at her residence, No. 205 West Fifty-seventh street, the art of accompanying will be demonstrated by Mrs. Grace Anderson.

Those assisting Mrs. Anderson will be Mme. Edna Marlone, dramatic soprano; Mme. Fuji-Ko, Anglo-Japanese actress; Miss Ollmae Enlow, violinist, and George Sweet, baritone.

Quo Vadis' in Oratorio by Catholic Singers

Leading Clergy and Laymen Listen to Interesting Work, Which Is Conducted by Its Composer.

The Catholic Oratorio Society gave its annual concert in Carnegie Hall last evening, when it offered a programme of unusual interest. "Quo Vadis," in oratoric setting, was presented, the composer, Felix Novoviejski, having made the voyage from Central Europe to conduct.

Four scenes of the well-known story had been utilized in the arrangement heard last evening—the Burning of Rome, March of the Pretorians, the Christians in the Catacombs, and the Apparition of Christ to St. Peter. Three soloists—Mme. Frances Caspari, soprano; Frederick Weld, baritone, and Gilbert Wilson, bass—and a chorus of 120 voices were required to interpret the vocal parts, while the instrumental portion was ably played by the members of the New York Symphony Orchestra.

The story lends itself to tremendous effects in choral composition. Though the three soloists were intrusted with some telling and affecting scenes, the real success of the work and of the evening was undoubtedly the great choruses.

The entire first scene is composed of tremendous concerted numbers; six frenzied, despairing chorales, each elucidating the agony of the people, and each succeeding number growing in power and dramatic force.

The second scene contains some wonderful effects in dynamics. "The Curse" and the number in which the entire chorus shout "Death, Death, Death!" being particularly memorable.

The oratorio ended with a magnificent "Hymn of Praise," sung with reverent spirit and delightful quality.

The audience contained some noted clergy and laymen of the Catholic Church, and the work and its composer were enthusiastically received.

Women Musicians Win Plaudits in 3 Concerts.

Women musicians occupied the attention of the concert patrons of this city yesterday. In the afternoon Miss Gertrude Cohen, a talented young pianist, gave a recital in the Belasco Theatre; in Carnegie Lyceum in the evening, Miss Sara Gurowitsch was heard in a cello recital; while in the Waldorf-Astoria Mlle. Ginexra Migliacois, pianist; Mme. Tanara, soprano, assisted by Max Jacobs, violinist, were heard in a combined concert.

Miss Cohen attracted a large and friendly audience to the Belasco. She gave evidence of capability, technique and versatility. Her programme ranged from Mozart to Debussy, and from Beethoven to Liszt, with a memento of Chopin and an allusion to Brahms included.

Though devotees of the 'cello complain that the albums of music for that instrument are somewhat scant, Miss Gurowitsch at her recital last evening played works by at least eight composers, in each number of which she ably designated the characteristics of the writer while at the same time she gave evidence of skill, judgment and good taste. Her efforts were received with a sincere show of approval.

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YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA.

"La Boheme" in the Afternoon and "Aida" in the Evening.

An extra performance of Puccini's "La Bohème" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The cast was not one of great strength and this doubtless accounts for the fact that the popular opera was heard by a somewhat smaller audience than it usually attracts. Alma Gluck as *Mimi* repeated an impersonation which has excellent vocal qualities to recommend it. Mr. Martin's *Rodolfo* and Mr. Gilly's *Marcello* were the important masculine representations, and Miss Allen repeated her highly demonstrative *Musetta*.

In the evening there was an audience of a different size. The house was packed and the applause had in it the ring of genuine enthusiasm. The opera was Verdi's "Aida," which has become one of the most potent attractions of the repertory. But without doubt the cast was its leading element of strength. Mr. Caruso was the *Rhadames*, and this in itself was sufficient to insure a great audience, for it is a settled fact that the popular tenor in one of his favorite rôles is an irresistible magnet for opera lovers.

He was in good voice and sang his music with his accustomed vigor of style. Emmy Destinn appeared once again in her admirable impersonation of *Aida* and Maria Claessens of the Boston Opera was once again the *Amneris*. Mr. Scotti reappeared as *Amonasro*, the Ethiopian king, and gave pleasure to connoisseurs by his excellent declamation and his intelligent acting. A minor feature of interest was the praiseworthy singing of the music of the unseen priestess by Anna Case, one of the younger members of the company, who shows much promise. Mr. Toscanini conducted with his unfailing enthusiasm.

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THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Great Enthusiasm at Last of Evening Concerts This Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, on its last visit of the season to New York, gave the first of its two concerts last evening in Carnegie Hall. At these concerts Mr. Fiedler makes his last appearances here as conductor of the orchestra, as his engagement in Boston ends with the present season. The fact was recognized by the audience last evening, which gave Mr. Fiedler long and enthusiastic applause as he came upon the platform. It had occasion through the evening to renew this enthusiasm repeatedly, for the performance, both Mr. Fiedler's part in it and that of his men, was of such magnificence as this wonderful organization has rarely given in all the glorious years of its history. There was a renewed demonstration in his honor at the close of the concert, and he was made to feel the esteem in which he is held here.

There was a disappointment in store for the audience, who found in their programmes, as they entered the hall, a printed slip announcing that Mme. Homer, who was to be the soloist, and sing Liszt's song, "Die Lorelei," and Lia's recitative and air from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," was unable to sing on account of a severe cold. The loss was made up by the orchestra itself; it added to the programme, which, as originally arranged, contained two preludes of Wagner's—those to "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser"—a third, that to "Die Meistersinger." And the orchestra was not a bad substitute.

The programme began with Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture, and the symphony was the first of the Brahms. The overture was given on this occasion for the sixth time this season, and the symphony for the fourth time; and another performance of each is coming before the end of the season. But there were no complaints, for the orchestra played both with an unequaled splendor. In Brahms's symphony, indeed, it seemed as if Mr. Fiedler and his men were inspired by the marvellous eloquence of the music. Such a performance, indeed, was a new revelation of it, and was as cogent an answer as could possibly be made to the oft-repeated charge that Brahms's instrumentation is thick, muddy, and generally disagreeable. Played with such clarity, such tonal beauty, such perfect distribution of balance between all the instrumental voices, the composer's real intentions are brought to a consummate realization, and they are disclosed as the necessary and appropriate embodiment of the musical ideas of the work.

Mr. Fiedler's reading was marked by the drastic energy, the poetry, the romantic fire that characterize the movements of this work. It was full of exquisite nuances, of finished phrasing, and more than all, in these movements he showed forth their plastic beauty of form, their symmetry and proportion, their magnificent climaxes. It was a performance of unequaled splendor.

The most cultivated, most intelligent, and most musical audience that New York can muster showed itself to be an audience of "perfect Brahmsites," as it so often has before, and was deeply stirred by the performance. Mr. Fiedler was repeatedly recalled to the platform, and finally had the orchestra rise to share with him the plaudits that were so prodigally given.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Great Playing Heard at Last Evening Concert of Its Season.

The last evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night at Carnegie Hall. The large audience made it the occasion of signal demonstrations of approval of Max Fiedler the conductor, who to-morrow afternoon will direct the orchestra for the last time in this city. When he appeared on the stage last evening he was received with a salvo of applause which lasted fully three minutes. After the symphony Mr. Fiedler was recalled several times and after he had caused the orchestra to rise to acknowledge the plaudits he and his men were kept on their feet for several minutes.

The programme of last evening's entertainment was disarranged by the sudden illness of Mme. Homer of the opera, who was to have been the solo singer. Her two numbers were omitted and the orchestral pieces remained. These were Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3, Brahms's symphony in C minor, the overture to "Tannhäuser," prelude to "Lohengrin" and vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger."

This is not the occasion for a summing up of Mr. Fiedler's admirable qualities nor are essays on the Brahms symphony needed. It was played Monday evening by the Minneapolis orchestra. It will be played next week by Mr. Damrosch and early in April by the London Symphony Orchestra under Arthur Nikisch. Last Monday, as last evening, it was preceded by the "Leonore" overture and Mr. Nikisch will preface it with the same great work.

The performance of the Beethoven overture last evening was solid and excellent, but it was not the grand proclamation of the concert. This came with the symphony. From beginning to end its performance was one of the most notable ever heard in New York. Flawless beauty of tone, perfect balance of the instrumental parts, absolute precision and an orchestral cantilena of matchless smoothness were the striking technical merits of this performance. But these mechanical excellences were the means by which a noble and indeed majestic delivery of the symphony was brought about. In the last movement the interpretation rose to such a height as almost to justify the use of the most exclusive of all adjectives, sublime. At any rate it was a glorious and inspiring performance of one of the mightiest masterpieces of orchestra music, and with the memory of it in mind the Thursday evening subscribers to the Boston Symphony concerts will cherish kind thoughts of Max Fiedler.

The Boston Orchestra.

Circumstances alter cases; the truth of that axiom was probably conceded by every living soul thousands of years ago. It might be perfectly proper to deplore the fact that when the Boston Orchestra gave its last evening concert at Carnegie Hall and offered New York at least its sixth hearing of "Lenore No. 3" overture, somebody should have wished that the repertory of our orchestral conductors were not so circumscribed, especially since the overture is set down for still another hearing by the London Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Nikisch next month. So also with the first symphony by Brahms, which was performed for the fourth time this season, and is announced for two more performances—one by the Symphony Society under Walter Damrosch, and another by Mr. Mikisch and the foreign visitors. But as has been said circumstances alter cases. It is scarcely conceivable that anybody who heard the two works performed last night felt the slightest twinge of disappointment or resentment. There was too much calling for gratitude at the pruisant and all-compelling eloquence of the performance of both works—especially of the symphony which from every point of view took its place alongside of the uperb interpretation of the same composer's fourth symphony which Mr. Fiedler and his men gave early in the season. Of the numbers which followed, nothing need be said. Mme. Homer, who was to have sung Listz's "Loreley" and an air from Debussy's "L'Enfant prodigue"; but Mme. Homer had a cold and could not sing and in place of the vocal numbers Mr. Fiedler gave his audience (which could not have been larger had there been a dozen sensational solo performers) the prelude to "Meistersinger." So after the opening numbers we had the introductions to three operas which form a part of the backbone of our repertory at the Metropolitan Opera House—"Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger." It is delightful, of course, to hear these pieces played by the musicians from Boston, but it is more delightful to hear them in their proper surroundings, and in those we hear them so often that they might well make place for something else in symphonic concerts. Why will orchestra conductors persist in exhibiting such a *testimonium paupertatis*?

It was an evening of triumph for Mr. Fiedler, whose departure from America is sincerely deplored by the patrons of the Boston Orchestra in New York. He had a superb welcome on his entrance, was called and recalled to receive demonstrations of enthusiasm after every number and at the close was applauded to the echo.

H. E. K.

Sings Her Opera Farewell in the Role of Ortrud

In "Lohengrin," at the Metropolitan last night, Mme. Matzenauer, the Ortrud of the cast, sang her farewell for the season. Sh was singled out for a great deal of applause. Mme. Fremstad, who sang Elsa, again was convincing and artistic, and Mr. Jörn's Lohengrin was excellent. Mr. Weil acted Telramund capitally and Mr. Hertz conducted a very good performance.

"FAUST" AT THE OPERA.

A Very Large Audience Applauds Performance of Gounod's Masterpiece.

Not any expert can tell what the general public will do about an opera performance, and probably Mr. Gatti-Casazza was as much astonished as he was delighted by the great audience which packed the Metropolitan Opera House last night when "Faust" was sung. To be sure Gounod's masterpiece is one of the most beautiful works of the lyric stage, but in recent years it has not often attracted a large audience unless presented with an extraordinary cast. That offered last evening could not be so described. It had some competent interpreters of Gounod's personages, but none who lent especial distinction to them.

The great personal beauty of Miss Farrar as *Marguerite* and the truly elegant vocal style of Leon Rothier as *Mephistopheles* were the most striking features of the performance. Mr. Jorn, who had sung *Lohengrin* the previous evening, was not in the best of condition to deliver the sustained phrases of *Faust*, while Mr. Renaud, whose voice was in a sorry state, had to depend upon his superb skill as an actor to give interest to his impersonation of *Valentin*.

MR. BACHAUS PLAYS.

The Pianist Heard in an Interesting Farewell Recital at Carnegie Hall.

Some one played Beethoven's variations in C minor a day or two ago, so it was inevitable that some one else would play them within a week. And so yesterday they began the programme of Wilhelm Bachaus's last recital, which took place in the afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Other numbers worthy of note were Beethoven's E flat sonata, opus 81; Rachmaninov's C sharp minor prelude, Chopin's C sharp minor prelude and B flat minor scherzo, three characteristic sketches by Debussy and a Hungarian rhapsody by Liszt.

Mr. Bachaus has been a most welcome addition to the list of New York's musical acquaintances. He came without any undue blowing of trumpets and elected to introduce himself as an interpretative musician rather than a virtuoso. He was very wise in doing this, because in his first performance of Beethoven's E flat concerto he disclosed sterling qualities and at once claimed the respect of all serious music lovers.

His subsequent performances have all been characterized by the same sane and sound art. He plays with exquisite clarity and finish, with artistic repose and dignity, yet with sufficient color and incisiveness to give the charm of sensuous variety to all that he does. A genuine artist with high ideals, he has a solid technic, a fine musical intelligence and a real temperament. He will be welcomed when he comes again to this country, as he undoubtedly will. There is always a place here for the loftiest idealists in the realm of music.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Beethoven's "Eroica" and "Die Meistersinger" Excerpts Heard.

The concert of the New York Symphony Society at the New Theatre yesterday afternoon was not one in which startling features were introduced, and yet it was one which was well arranged to command the interest of real music lovers. The programme comprised Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony and the five excerpts from "Die Meistersinger" given last Sunday in the same place. These were the two monologues of *Hans Sachs*, the vorspiel to the opera, the wonderful prelude to the third act and the prize song arranged for orchestra.

For years purists have preached against the concert performance of certain "numbers" in Wagner's dramas. They have done so in vain. The great public loves Wagner's tunes and is determined to hear them on every possible occasion. Hence, when Putnam Griswold sings the two monologues of *Sachs* as beautifully as he can sing them there will always be manifestations of great joy, even greater than those evoked by an excellent performance of the "Eroica" or even an illustrated lecture on it by Walter Damrosch. The symphony will be repeated at to-morrow's concert, but there will be no Mr. Griswold and no *Hans Sachs*.

Mr. Bachaus's Recital.

The piano playing of Mr. Wilhelm Bachaus has steadily grown in the favor of this public since he first made his appearance in New York early in the season. He gave his third recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The audience was large and the programme interesting. Beethoven's thirty-two variations and the sonata called "Farewell, Absence, and Return" were most significant numbers. Mr. Bachaus played three pieces by Debussy with much sympathy—a "Hommage à Rameau" that would have amazed that theorist in harmony if he could have heard it; the "Jardins sous la Pluie," and "l'Un Cahier d'Esquisses." Perhaps a little more melting tonal quality would have become them better, but there was an abundance of fantasy in Mr. Bachaus's playing. His conception of Chopin's "Barcarole" was rather sober and restrained. His other Chopin pieces included a prelude, four studies, and the B flat minor scherzo.

MR. BISPHAM'S RECITAL.

A Varied Programme of Songs in English, German, French, and Italian Given.

Mr. David Bispham, whose appearances in New York have of late been infrequent, gave a song recital last evening that was heard by an audience of good size. His programme was comprehensive, both in its numbers and the variety of styles that it represented. There was a group of airs by the other masters, Handel, Bach, Hayden, Purcell, and Mozart; one of songs by the classical German masters; another by more modern song writers, in which was included the "page song" from Verdi's "Falstaff," and then a group in English by American composers. In the first group—it ought to have been explained that what was set down as "Befiehl du dele Wege," (Passion Music,) was an arrangement of the air of the chorale, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," blut Bach uses several times in the "Passion According to St. Matthew," the other voices in the four-part vocal harmony being represented by the piano accompaniment.

Mr. Bispham was in excellent voice, and excellent mood, and has not sung better in New York for a long time. His dramatic style of singing songs that admit or require characterization of a dramatic sort is well known, and it was much in evidence last evening. Thhus in the "Frost Scene" from Purcell's "King Arthur," in "Non Piu Andrai" from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and especially in Loewe's ballad, "Edward," Mr. Bispham employed graphic methods approximating more or less closely to those of the stage, as well as expressive declamation.

A conspicuous feature of his singing is his carefully finished enunciation of the words. Mr. Bispham sang in English, German, French, and Italian. His English songs were almost always fully intelligible as to the text, and his enunciation of German was also especially good.

Mr. Bispham's singing gave great pleasure; he was much applauded, and gave several additional songs.

Last of Friday Symphony Concerts.

The last of the series of Friday afternoon concerts by the New York Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday at the Century Theatre. The programme included two of the Wagnerian selections that were performed at the last Sunday concert—the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," an orchestral arrangement of the Prize Song, and the two monologues of Hans Sachs, sung by Mr. Putnam Griswold. The symphony at the beginning of the programme was Beethoven's "Eroica," which will be repeated at next Sunday afternoon's concert.

Mch 11 1912

CONDUCTOR FIEDLER BIDS US GOOD-BY

Sun

Max Fiedler, conductor, bade farewell to New York yesterday. It was at the last matinée of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall and the audience was so large that many wouldbe hearers of the entertainment were unable to gain admission to the hall. Mr. Fiedler came to New York as one of the visiting conductors of the Philharmonic Society toward the end of the season of 1905-06. He returned as conductor of the Boston orchestra on November 5, 1908.

On that occasion it was disclosed that Mr. Fiedler's style was a combination of the results of academic study with rude strength. The forcing of middle voices in a Brahms symphony accentuated those traits of the composer's instrumentation which have been most often set down to his discredit. Overdevelopment of contrasts, opacity in the strings and heavy blowing in the brass were all deplored.

In the four seasons of his conductorship Mr. Fiedler has outgrown most of his undesirable peculiartities, while he has retained his force and his acumen. His conducting has found continually increasing favor and that means that it has deserved it, for in the long run the musical public of this town is not to be deceived.

Mr. Fiedler retires to give way to the conductor whom he succeeded, Dr. Carl Nuck of Berlin. Once again the United States is under the regrettable necessity of robbing the Kaiser of one of his favorite musical entainers. Doubtless the German empire will survive the loss, especially as we are sending back to it a greatly grown Fiedler. New York has enjoyed much good music under Mr. Fiedler's direction and will part with him with sorrow. And it will bless him in that he has left his matchless instrument beind him unimpaired.

The programme offered yesterday was one of liberal proportions. It comprised Weber's "Freischütz" overture, Richard Strauss's tone poem called "Symphonia Domestica" and three Wagner numbers, the "Siegfried Idyl," the funeral march from "Götterdämmerung" and the prelude and "liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde." It seems hardly worth while to embark upon a philosophical consideration of this music.

The Strauss "Symphonia Domestica" was last played here just two years ago on March 21 by the same orchestra. It has not become any greater in the meantime and still seems most aptly described by the dictum of Ernest Newman, "the work of a clever man who was once a genius." As a piece of orchestral construction it shows all the skill of Strauss, but as a poetic inspiration it falls short of all his others.

Perhaps there were too many distracting circumstances. The peace of the domestic fireside was disturbed by the presence of mamma and the baby. If Mr. Strauss had been at home alone big things might have eventuated. But needles and pins, when a man's married his trouble begins. There are altogether too few echoes here of "A Hero's Life." But it was splendidly played. The audience was very kind and sat in rapt attention, even when the blessed baby was spanked and put to bed.

"MONA" AT THE OPERA.

Prof. Parker's Music Heard Attentively by a Large Matinee Audience.

"Mona," the prize opera of Brian Hooker and Horatio Parker, had its second performance at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. There was a large audience and every evidence of a desire on the part of those present to find as much good as possible in the interesting score. The poet and the composer were both in the house and were repeatedly called before the curtain to receive the approval of their fellow countrymen.

The performance reproduced all the excellences noted in the first representation. Mme. Homer sustained the high dramatic level of her impersonation of the heroine, and Mr. Reiss was once more a most ingratiating representative of the changeling. Messrs. Hinshaw and Witherspoon repeated their admirable delineations and Mr. Martin was most sincere as *Gwynn*. Mr. Griswold's noble Roman father reminded one of John McCullough, and the bear was dead letter perfect in his rôle. Mr. Hertz conducted, and both chorus and orchestra discharged their duties excellently.

Mr. Fiedler, at His Last New York Appearance, Makes a Farewell Speech.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra made its last appearance in New York in the present musical season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. It was also Mr. Fiedler's last appearance in this city, as his engagement as conductor of the orchestra is ended with the close of the season in Boston next month. The matinée audience realized this fact, and conspicuously gave expression to its feelings of regret at his departure and of gratitude for what he has done for the New York musical public in the four years that he has been at the head of the orchestra. As at the evening concert on Thursday, he was greeted with a long continued applause when he appeared to take his place at the head of the orchestra; and at the close the listners remained to applaud and to cheer for many minutes, recalling him again and again.

Finally Mr. Fiedler raised his hand for silence, and spoke in excellent English. He said that he could not "conduct his feelings" on that occasion so well as he could the orchestra, but he expressed his gratitude for the kindness that had been shown him in the four years during which he had been the director of the orchestra; said that had been four years of happiness for him, and hoped that the New York public would not forget him, as he would never forget the experiences he had had here, and closed with a heartfelt good-bye.

The tribute to him was sincere and was well deserved, for Mr. Fiedler has kept the high standards of the orchestra and has maintained not only its material prosperity in New York, which could not be grtater, but also the artistic value it has had to the most cultivated and fastidious music lovers of this city, and the place it has occupied in the very forefront of its musical activities.

The performance showed forth some of the greatest excellences of the orchestra under Mr. Fiedler's direction, especially in Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica," which occupied the place of honor on the programme. There might be a difference of opinion as to the advisability, or necessity, of repeating this composition in New York, which Mr. Fiedler had already given here just two years ago, and for which he seems to cherish some affection. At all events, if the work is to be performed at all it had better be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; for only such a band of virtuosos could give it in such madvelous technical perfection as that of yesterday's performance. No doubt many of the listeners thought that this technical perfection might better have been bestowed upon something else.

New York is now pretty well acquainted with the "Symphonia Domestica." It had its first performance here under the composer's direction, and has been heard several times since. It seemed, more than ever, yesterday a pretentious but an essentially commonplace and trivial composition. Strauss shows in it infinite dexterity, unlimited hagfuls of tricks, which cannot make up for its lack of distinction in ideas. The intention he had that it should be listened to "purely as music" and "without the distraction of following a train of thought exterior to the music," is preposterous. The work is through and through unmusical; it was composed, obviously, for the purpose of and by means of, following a train of thought exterior to the music. Its themes have little musical beauty or significance in themselves, and when they are nearest having a musical value, are of a very common place character. They are for the most part devised for the purpose of yielding themselves readily to manipulation, to carry out the composer's wholly extra musical intention of using them in combinations and complexities that represent themselves to him as descriptive and narrative. As they do not, and can not, really possess of themselves any inherent power of description or narration, the composition canot be listened to understadingly without the programme, without a complete knowledge of the train of thought that prompted them. Of what value, "purely as music," for instance, are the seven strokes that twice occur? The programme makes it clear that the first seven represent the striking of the clock at bedtime, and that the second seven are committed by the same faithful timepiece in the morning. They have at least so much significance to the anxious searcher who has been properly informed, but nothing more.

The composition not only gains nothing by repeated hearing; it loses. Passages that formerly seemed to posses beauty, as the slow section, now seem deplorably commonplace and cheaply sentimental, elaborate developments of idas in themselves poor. As for the much vaunted skill in "counterpoint," by which Strauss unites so many disparate elements in the complicated web of his polyphony, not even the marvellously pellucid, precise, and subtly defined playing of the orchestra could make it seem other than a crass intermingling of anything in any way, without regard to its sound. "Counterpoint," as thus exemplified, ceases to have any artistic value or musical significance.

The orchestra's playing of this composition, full of the most awkward and difficult passages, was wonderfully clear and flexible, and at every point secure. Mr. Fiedler had evidently wrought it out most completely, and with an art that conceded the difficulties that were overcome. There was applause; and the conductor again shared it with the men who had so skilfully seconded his intentions, by making them rise.

The programme also included Weber's overture to "Der Freischutz," played with great dramatic power and without exaggerations in the modification of tempo and dynamics; Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," an exquisite performance that brought refreshment after the labors of the "Symphonia Domestica"; the funeral music from "Götterdämmerung," in which the overpoweringly tragic effect of the music was not quite caught, and the Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde."

HOLT CRITICISES THE PHILHARMONIC

Society Plays Old Works Never Intended for Modern Orchestra, Says Publisher.

GIVES UP BOX FOR SEASON

Objects to Virtuoso Music, with 100 Men Idle, and Trial of Works of Unknown Composers.

In a letter which Henry Holt addressed to Loudon Charlton the publisher gives up his box fort next season at the Philharmonic Society's concerts, giving as a reason the fact that the orchestra insists on playing old works, "which were not written for a modern orchestra." Mr. Holt does not like to see thirty or forty of the men of the orchestra sitting idly on the platform. Mr. Holt also objects to the performance of pianoforte concertos because he thinks that the piano does not blend with the orchestra.

The letter follows: "I presume we will agree that the function of a great orchestra is to play great orchestra music. The reason that I gave up my box was that the orchestra did not fulfill its function. During virtually every one of these fourteen concerts there were numbers, usually more than one, when a large portion sat idle or went out, while the rest of it was either playing a concerto with a piano, (itself a crime; for the two kinds of sound can never go agreeably together,) or playing some other form of music not written for a great orchestra. Out of the fourteen programmes there are concertos—principally for the piano—on six. Where the classic composers put orchestra with a piano, the piano was not the instrument of to-day, and blended better than it does with the other instruments; but some modern composers, with the mistaken precedent of the early writers, and under the influence of the piano makers and virtuosos, have continued the evil practice.

"As above stated the Philharmonic Society gives much music which was never intended for what we consider an up-to-date orchestra, but was written by early composers who never heard such an orchestra. Beethoven, for instance, in whose work wind instruments as a rule are often superfluous and distracting noise. He had no wind instruments that could be played in tune. Before Boehm no wood-wind instrument could be, and before Saxe no brass instrument could. So his wind passages generally lack inspiration; it was inevitably interrupted when he remembered the noises the wind instruments of his day made.

"Yet I yield place to no man in admiration for Beethoven, and in conviction that he was the greatest musician that ever lived. If Mr. Krehbiel is right, (and I agree with him,) Beethoven's quartets are the greatest music ever written, and some of the movements for strings in his symphonies are nearly on a par with his quartets.

"But in spite of the facts concerning the early composers I find that the last programme I have received contains no music whatever composed for the modern orchestra, and that there was in the fourteen programmes more so-called orchestral music from Beethoven than from any other composer. There was not half as much from the modern orchestral composer, who is perhaps on the whole the greatest, as there was from Beethoven. I refer to Tschaikowsky—three pieces to Beethoven's nine. From Liszt, who is perhaps the strongest competitor with Tschaikowsky as an orchestral composer, there were only two. From Richard Strauss perhaps the only remaining man besides Wagner who belongs in the same class, there was but one, and I believe there was nothing from Berlioz, the father of the modern orchestra; while there were several from early composers besides Beethoven, and by such slightly more recent men as Mendelssohn, Schubert, and their kind, and even some from unknown composers, for which the Philharmonic simply used its audiences as a dog to try them on.

"Each one of the post-classic men I have indicated is admirable in his place; for instance, some of Schubert's songs are perhaps unsurpassed by any song, but Beethoven's 'Adelaide,' and I do not wish to speak slightingly of the orchestral work of any of these men. My only contention is that it was not written for a great modern orchestra, and is never played by a great modern orchestra. When it is played by the Philharmonic the instruments that distinguish a modern orchestra from a primitive one, are silent, while some of the earlier wind instruments play limited and ill-fitting parts—parts which were all that the composers dared to give them in the primitive days.

"Yet there are many good music lovers who wish to hear the orchestral works of Beethoven, Hadyn, Mozart, and even earlier men, but I submit that the proper way for them to do is to organize an orchestra of some thirty-odd pieces such as these composers had and not to cut down the great orchestra that we are entitled to when we go to a Philharmonic concert.

"Virtuoso music has its proper place at recitals. It is not reasonable to keep an orchestra of 100 men standing idle while virtuosi are doing solos, and to force people who do not care for them to listen to solos or concertos when they go for a bigger purpose.

"It may be urged that we have not yet audiences far enough evolved to care for concerts consisting entirely of orchestral music. But the demand for variety could be met by occasional light pieces written for the modern orchestra by such men as Puccini, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, and Johann Strauss. Theodore Thomas could give variety enough without primitive music or concerto music.

"From the foregoing you can see that there is no great probability that, under the present system, I shall accept the invitation to resume my Philharmonic box."

Secretary Leifels Replies.

Felix F. Leifels, Secretary of the Philharmonic Society, said:

"I am greatly surprised at Henry Holt's unwarranted and unjust attack on the Philharmonic and its programme scheme. His complaint about the programmes containing what he is pleased to label 'more so-called orchestral music from Beethoven than from any other composers,' an dthat Tchaikowsky, Strauss, and Liszt were given few hearings, while Berlioz was entirely ignored, is not based on facts. During the season just passed Berlioz appeared on the Philharmonic programmes six times, represented by the overture 'Corsair,' 'Rakoczy' march, and 'Harold' Symphony.

"Tchaikowsky fifteen times: Violin concerto, piano concerto, overture '1812,' Symphonies Nos. 4 and 6.

"Liszt fourteen times: 'Tasso,' Rhapsody No. 12, 'Die Ideale,' Piano Concerto in E, and 'Dante' symphony.

"Strauss thirteen times; 'Love Scene' from 'Feuersnot,' serenade for string instruments, and 'Death and Transfiguration.'

"Mr. Holt's contention that the works of the classic composers are never played by great modern orchestras is erroneous. The Philharmonic is not the only great modern orchestra that includes these works in its répertoire. He will find them on every orchestral programme the world over. Nor are any earlier wind instruments, to quote again, 'playing limited and ill-fitting parts' used in the performance of these classics. The instruments employed are the ones that the scores of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven call for: flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, and drums.

"Why employ the primitive when the beautiful instruments of modern masters of workmanship are available?

"I gather from Mr. Holt's letter that he objects to the Philharmonic performing anything but the compositions of composers who are, or were acquainted with the orchestra of to-day, and yet when the society programmes numbers of modern composers, novelties, of course—even the Each regues were novelties at one time—he accuses the society of using its audience as a "dog" to try them on.

"In conclusion, I beg to say that while

the Philharmonic Society deeply regrets the possibility of losing the good will of Mr. Holt, the names of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and also the great classic and modern piano concertos, will not be eliminated from its programmes for some time to come."

mch 25 1912

THE CONCERTS OF A SUNDAY

End of the Symphony Society's Series—Mme. Gadski in Charity—A Debussy Recital.

This season's concerts of the Symphony Society came to an end yesterday afternoon at the Century Theatre. Mr. Walter Damrosch, having performed the "Eroica" symphony last Friday afternoon, continued the custom which he has followed as a rule throughout the season and repeated it. But in place of the excerpts from the "Moistersinger" which had figured on the programme of last Sunday as well as last Friday, he gave Haydn's "Surprise" symphony. To jaded minds there was much refreshment in this music, despite, or, perhaps, because of its gracious melodiousness and sweet simplicity—which to the knowing conceals so much learning and technical skill.

Elegant as simplicity,
And warm as ecstasy.

Mr. Damrosch has led his hearers as far along the modern paths this season as any of his fellows, and with an obvious sincerity of purpose which it is a pleasure as well as a duty to recognize; but he was one the less sincere and reverential in giving us the old music, without frills or furbelows, and for this he deserves as full a measure of gratitude. He played the Beethoven symphony also with obvious affection, and his band responded nobly; but we could have wished a little less of restlessness, a little more of strong continence in the matter of tempo in the first movement, the free fantasia and coda of which still seems as great a miracle of music now as it must have seemed to minds capable of comprehending it when it disclosed the full blown flower of romantieism to a blinking world over a century ago.

Mr. Winthrop Ames's Little Theatre, in West 44th street, was the scene yesterday afternoon of a Debussy recital by Mrs. Henry Russell, the wife of the director of the Boston Opera Company, and the small audience present, an audience whose size was undoubtedly largely due to the fact that the tickets had been misprinted, setting the time of the recital for 2:30 o'clock instead of for 4 o'clock, spent an hour of unusual enjoyment. The little playhouse, a very little gem in itself, might have in intimacy of size and delicacy of tint originated in the brain of Claude Debussy himself, and its setting yesterday—the stage draped in gray and with two vases of carnations on either side of the piano—would surely have delighted the composer's heart.

As for Mrs. Russell herself, though her voice was a small and in tone not altogether a pleasing one, her delicacy of treatment, her exquisite sense of phrase, her admirable diction, her perfect intonation were a delight, and all who enjoy the pallid art of the French impressionist were surely made happy by her offerings. Mrs. Russell was accompanied by George Copeland, who also played a number of selections for piano alone, and played them in a manner wortby of the highest praise.

In conclusion, it should be added that the Little Theatre is in all respects ideal for small chamber music recitals. It is an oasis of good taste only a half a block from the incontinent monstrosities that line Broadway.

The benefit for the German Sailors' Home held at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon netted its organizers nearly $2,500. Those taking part included Mme. Johanna Gadski, who sang most effectively Wagner's "Dich, theure Halle," the Liebestod from "Tristan" and a number of songs, männerchors from the Arion Society and the Liederkranz and the Volpe Symphony Orchestra.

What appeared to be a most charming and refined drawing room entertainment was a recital of songs by Mons. Debussy given in the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Henry Russell, assisted by Mr. George Copeland. Mrs. Russell is the wife of the director of the Boston Opera Company.

Really Mrs. Russell gave a recital and a half. While the entertainment had been announced for four o'clock, the tickets had the theatre's regular matinee hour—half-past two—printed on them. In consequence, a few persons found themselves at that hour in the lobby of the house and heard sounds of Mons. Debussy's music—evidently a rehearsal—coming through closed doors.

One of the early arrivals, a woman well known in musical and social circles, made her way to the stage and explained the circumstances to Mrs. Russell, and she graciously consented to give a recital then and there for those already present—although they were a mere handful—and who had been misled by the mistake on the tickets. In this audience, thus favored, were Mrs. Charles H. Ditson, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Rogers, Miss Viola Graham, Miss Edith Terhune, Miss Constance Collier, Mr. William Gard, Mons. Carlo Salzeda and two newspaper men who, although they write about music, are still fond of it.

The curtain was duly lowered and officially rung up, disclosing a picturesque arrangement of the stage. It was draped in a soft gray material. Leaning against the piano stood Mrs. Russell in a long, flowing collarless gown of dull black, her expressive face set off by her black hair, in which were a few white flowers. These and a string of pearls were the only details of her costume that were not black. Beside her, to the right, was a tall vase with red pinks. Another stood on a platform behind the piano. They formed striking bits of color. The scheme of decoration made an effective setting for the slender woman in black and for a Debussy recital, with its pale, pastel like tonal colors.

By the time half the programme had been given the hour for opening the house had arrived and the curtain was lowered. But those who had heard the music had enjoyed it so much that they remained for its repetition and for the remainder of the recital.

Mrs. Russell sang two groups of songs—"Les Promenoir des Deux Amants" and "Les Chansons de Bilitis," six numbers in all. They were given in the real Debussy spirit—breathed, as it were, rather than sung, a manner that had a charm all its own.

Mr. Copeland proved himself an admirable player of Mons. Debussy's music. His two groups of piano solos were positively delightful. The recital might be called "An Afternoon of Musical Pastels by Dubussy." Its setting and participants make it unique.

OPERATIC STARS IN CONCERT.

Sextet from "Lucia" the Feature of the Programme in the Metropolitan Opera House.

The programme of last night's concert in the Metropolitan Opera House brought as soloists Mme. Berta Morena, Mme. Bernice de Pasquali, Mme. Henrietta Wakefield and Messrs. Riccardo Martin, Pasquale Amato, Angelo Bada and Giulio Rossi. This array was occasioned by the fact that one of the numbers on the bill was the sextet from "Lucia." Mr. Josef Pasternack conducted.

Mr. Amato sang the "Brindisi," from Ambrose Thomas' "Hamlet," in excellent style, and as an encore gave a selection in which he is a great favorite—the prologue from "Pagliacci." As regards encores, last night was one of the times when the "lid" was off and the audience availed itself of the opportunity to make the singers do extra work, to which, however, they did not seem to object.

Mrs. de Pasquali at Metropolitan.

Bernice de Pasquali appeared at last night's concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, singing an air from "Linda di Chamonix," and the polonaise from "Mignon." Ricardo Martin was heard in the tenor air from "Carmen;" Mr. Amato sang the Brindisi from "Hamlet;" and an air from "Le Villi," Miss Morena sang the air from "Fidello," and Mrs. Wakefield sang three songs in English. The programme concluded with a performance of the sextet from "Lucia," sung by Mrs. de Pasquali, Mrs. Wakefield, and Messrs. Martin, Amato, Bada, and Rossi. The orchestra was under the direction of Josef Pasternack.

Debussy Concert at Little Theatre.

With an accompaniment of languorous lilies and pale lights, Mrs. Henry Russell, the wife of the Director of the Boston Opera, and George Copeland, pianist, gave a concert of Debussy music at the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Russell sang the three Chansons de Bilitis of Pierre Louys, which Debussy has set to music, and "Le Promenoir des deux amants," also a group of three songs. Mr. Copeland played two groups of Debussy's piano pieces.

MRS. HENRY RUSSELL IN DEBUSSY CONCERT

Wife of Boston Opera Director Is Heard at the Little Theatre.

Mrs. Henry Russell, the wife of the director of the Boston Opera House, gave in conjunction with George Copeland, the pianist, a recital consisting entirely of the works of Debussy. The Little Theatre was plunged in semi-darkness for the occasion and the stage was hung in light mauve. Against this color there stood out two vases laden with starry crimson carnations, and an ebony black piano. Mrs. Russell was dressed in black with a chain hanging from her neck. Some flowers depended a la Japanese from her jet black hair. The whole effect was in the vein of Burne-Jones' pictures, and as such was in itself a prelude and an atmosphere to the concert which ensued.

Mrs. Russell's rendering of the songs "La Flute de Pan," "La Chevelure" and "Le Tombeau des Naiades" certainly succeeded in establishing the essential mood and spirit of Debussy's rare and exquisite music. She proved herself an artist of musical and dramatic feeling. Mr. Copeland's playing was generally admired.

Among the patronesses of the concert were: The Countess of Warwick, the Viscountess Selby, Baroness De Mayer, Signora Ginlio Gatti-Casazza, Mrs. Benjamin Guiness, Mrs. Otto Kahn, Mrs. James Wright, Mrs. Lillian Nordica-Young.

MME. GADSKI SINGS AT GERMAN BENEFIT

Volpe Symphony Orchestra and Liederkranz Society Are Also Heard at Carnegie Hall.

Mme. Johanna Gadski sang two Wagnerian selections with orchestra as features of the concert in conjunction with the Liederkranz and Arion societies and the Volpe Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the German Sailors' Home. They were the "Dich Theure Halle" aria from "Tannhaeuser" and the "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde.'

To piano accompaniments played by Richard Hagemann the prima donna sang a group of songs including Schumann's "Widmung," Brahms' "Auf dem Kirch-hof," Mendelssohn's "Auf Fluegein des Gesanges," D'Algert's "Das Maedchen und der Schmetterling" and Richard Strauss' "Zucignung."

The Liederkranz contributed "Der Wanderer am Meere," by Steinbruck; "Am Bruennele," by Noessler, and "Die Lorelei," by Silcher. The numbers sung by the Arion Society were the Bungart-Wasen "Sanctus" and Neuhner's "An die ferne Geliebte." The concert was opened with the "Rienzi" overture, played by the Volpe Symphony Orchestra under Arnold Volpe, and closed with Wagner's "Kaiser Marsch." Grieg's "Lyric Suite" was another orchestral number.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Last of Its Sunday Concerts in the Century Theatre.

The New York Symphony Orchestra closed its season yesterday with a concert in the Century Theatre, in which there was no attraction outside of the orchestra itself in the shape of a soloist. The programme contained but two numbers—Haydn's symphony called "The Surprise," and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. Neither of these works seemed as yet entirely out of date; the "Eroica" less than the "Surprise," as is only natural. And yet even Haydn's symphony appeared to have something—in fact, a good deal—to say to most of those present, to judge from the applause that was given it.

As for the "Eroica" a fair supply of wood and brass wind instruments was kept at work in it pretty constantly, not absolutely continuously—probably even Mr. Henry Holt would not require that—but enough to make their participation seem worth while, and to give a great deal of richness and variety to the orchestration not "superfluous" nor as a "distracting noise." There were no doubt some, perhaps many, listeners, to whom this music seemed still inspired, as truly as ever it has, and who were fortunately able to derive much pleasure from it. To some, however, Mr. Damrosch's reading of the first movement seemed restless and lacking in repose on account of the very marked differences in tempo—not modifications of tempo—in which he took certain of the themes, and the exaggerated retards and accelerations that he made.

mch 26 1912

BRAHMS FESTIVAL SUCCESSFULLY BEGUN

The first concert of the festival of music by Johannes Brahms, organized by the Oratorio and Symphony Societies and conducted by Frank and Walter Damrosch, took place last evening at Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of the "Academic Festival" overture, the choral work "Nenia," the first symphony and the "Triumphlied." The last named composition was heard for the first time in this city, despite the fact that it was created in 1872.

The two orchestra compositions are sufficiently familiar to the music loving public of New York. It may be said that both were played well enough to justify the omission of detailed comment. One might have wished for a little less speed in the recapitulation of the first movement of the symphony, but the slow movement was so well done that every one was made happy. Walter Damrosch sprang a surprise on the audience by causing the chorus to sing the "Lauriger Horatius," which the composer introduced into the coda of his overture.

The "Nenia," which dates from 1881, is a setting of poem by Schiller, a lament perhaps sung by imaginary young Romans at the funeral of a youthful hero. The translation of Alma Stretton, used last evening, was singularly happy in its dignity and its preservation of the spirit of classic hexameter verse. The feeling of Brahms's composition is to be found in the line "To be even a song of lament on the lips of the loved one is glory." The music is not melancholy, but, on the contrary, filled with a beautiful tenderness and sweetness. It was excellently sung by the Oratorio Society and received with much applause by the audience.

The "Triumphlied" was written to celebrate the victory of German arms in 1871. The text, taken from the nineteenth chapter of Revelations, is couched in the tremendous accents of that majestic book. No musician could expect to rise to its mighty level. But Brahms set it to a series of three choruses with a barytone solo in the third, quite admirable in conception and large mannered in execution.

It is a piece of music in which the melodic diction is noble and the polyphonic treatment alive with temperament and handled with consummate skill. Powerful as the mass effects are, however, there is in them nothing superior to the grandiose declamation by the basses of the words, "And he treadeth the wine press of the wrath of Almighty God." The finale, however, is a wonderful structure and the work comes to a most inspiring conclusion. It was well sung. The solo part was taken at short notice by Gwilym Miles instead of Hamilton Earle, who was to have sung it, but was ill.

THE BRAHMS FESTIVAL

A First Concert with a Thrilling Novelty.

The Brahms Festival projected by the Symphony and Oratorio societies, which is to give unusual distinction to this week, had its beginning in Carnegie Hall last night. Contrary to the apprehensions of many close observers of local affairs, that such a festival would scarcely appeal to the multitude near the close of a season overburdened with high class music and hag-ridden by opera, there was a fine audience in attendance, and a great deal of enthusiasm, obviously spontaneous, greeted the performance of every feature of the programme. In the symphony this enthusiasm was so great as to call twice for acknowledgment on the part of the entire band, yet the climax of the evening's work was not achieved by the orchestra, but by the chorus, which had a much more difficult task to perform.

As has been announced, there are to be four festival concerts, those that remain falling on Wednesday and Friday afternoons and Saturday evening. The programme of the first concert consisted of the "Academic Festival Overture" (Op. 80), "Nance" for chorus and orchestra (Op. 88), the symphony in C minor, No. 1 (Op. 68), and the "Triumphlied," or "Hymn of Triumph" (Op. 55), for double chorus, barytone solo and orchestra. Only the last of these works was new to New York, but a few words of history and description may be spoken of each. The "Academio Festival Overture" was composed by Brahms as an expression of gratitude to the University of Breslau, which in March, 1879, conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy on him. At its first performance, which took place in Breslau on January 4, 1881, Brahms conducted and the seats of honor were occupied by the rector and senate of the university and representatives of the philosophical faculty. The thematic contents are tunes of students' songs blended with original melodies, the former represented by the Burschenschaftslied beginning "Wir natten gebauet ein stattliches Haus," the so-called "Landesvater" which the German students sing while going through the ceremony of thrusting their rapiers through their caps and vowing fidelity to their Burschenschaft and country; the Fuchslied, or freshman's song, beginning "Was Komant dost von der Hoh?" (which the curious student may find in English in Longfellow), and, at the last, "Gaudeamus igitun," which has become universal and in the performance of which last night Mr. Walter Damrosch enlisted the pick of the choir.

"Nänie" is a less familiar composition, and, so far as we know, has been produced only once in New York. This was at a concert of the Musical Art Society on December 17, 1908. It is a threnody, and has a pathetic biographical interest. The poem, by Schiller, is an echo of a Greek artfor of such vast antiquity that it has been

surmised that the Greeks borrowed it from the ancient Egyptians. Herodotus, listening to the Egyptian "Maneros"—that is, the lament of Isis on the death of Osiris—recognized in it the melody of the Greek hymn o nthe death of Linos, the mythical son of Apollo and music master of Orpheus and Herakles. Schiller wrote his ode out of a desire to bind the German tongue to the contours of the Greek hexameter. Brahms set it to music to pour out a musical libation to the manes of a friend, Anselm Feuerbach, an artist to whose mother the score is dedicated. It had its first performance at a concert conducted by Brahms in Zurich in December, 1881.

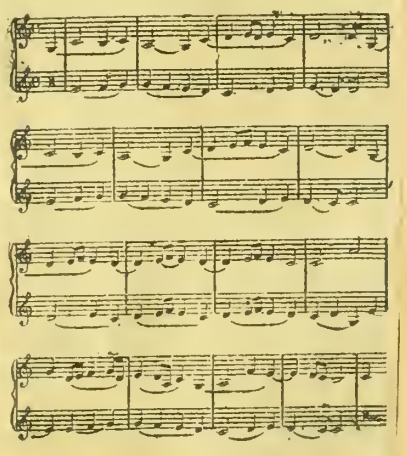
Of the familiar symphony, little more need be said than that after it seems to have been in its composer's mind some ten years or more, it was performed for the first time from manuscript in Carlsruhe on November 4, 1876, and published something less than a year later. It had its first performance in America at a concert of the Symphony Society under the direction of Dr. Leopold Damrosch in the middle of December, 1877, and was played by the Philharmonic Society under Theodore Thomas a week later, on December 22. It would be a waste of time to count up the number of times that it has been performed since. It had been heard twice this season from the Philharmonic Society, once from the Minneapolis Orchestra and once from the Boston Orchestra before last night, and a sixth performance is impending, when Mr. Nikisch comes with an English band next month.

The "Hymn of Triumph" was composed to celebrate the victory of Germany over France in 1870-'71, and the score is dedicated to the King of Prussia, who, as a result of thl war, became the German Emperor. It is a grandiose work, and one which not only presents stupendous difficulties to the performers but calls for an extraordinary occasion if its spirit is rightly to be appreciated. It is most distinctively a festival composition, demanding larger forces and extraordinary zeal and enthusiasm. It is not often performed even in Germany, and there is nothing strange in the fact that New York should have had to wait so long before hearing it. A little more extraordinary some will be tempted to think, is the circumstance taht its first performance outside of Germany took place at a Cincinnati festival on May 11, 1875, Theodore Thomas being the conductor. As this writer can testify, however, from personal experience, that performance was a very imperfect one, not at all to be compared with that of last night, the chorus being too raw and unwieldy to cope with the difficulties of the opus.

The text of the work which is divided into three parts, Brahms selects from the nineteenth chapter of Revelations, including some of its most vivid passages. In the first part Brahms makes use of a theme which is remotely (very remotely) suggesitve of the melody best known here as that of "God Save the King," but sung in Prussia, Saxony and other German countries to words beginning "Heil dir un Siegorkranz"; in the second he permits the orchestra to intone an old German church chorale, which has also gotten into the English hymn books as "Now Thank We all Our God." As for the rest it is a tremendously jubilant proclamation, frequently in the spirit of Handel, but a hundred times as complicated in its contrapuntal web as any thing that Handel ever wrote. A work of splendid power and beauty.

It was a tremendous task which the two societies directed by the Damrosch brothers undertook; but it was nobody accomplished. The Oratorio Society, in particular, has never put a finer achievement to its credit than the singing of "Nänie" and its work in the "Hymn of Triumph" was more than praiseworthy—it was thrilling and a more auspicious opening of the festival could scarcely be imagined.

The circumstance that in the "Hymn of Triumph" Brahms for obvious reasons made the free use of melodic material familiar to the German people, and for the theme of his symphony in C minor wrote a principal theme which, as the annotator of last night's programme has said for at least a dozen years past, is "not at all like the 'Joy' melody of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, yet has never failed to suggest it," invites a little critical excursion. To what extremes some critics, who do not happen for one reason or another to be appreciative of or amiably inclined toward Brahms's music, have gone had its most recent local illustration in the bald assertion of "The Evening Post" last Friday that Brahms had "self-adopted" Beethoven's Hymn to Joy [illegible] usually recognized "inspired music" [illegible] seldom [illegible] the same [illegible] informed it we have also heard that the use of the first three notes of the prize song in "Die Meistersinger," at the beginning of Brahms's sonata in A for pianoforte and violin, constitute a plagiarism of Wagner, and of four notes at the beginning of the slow movement of the symphony in F a plagiarism of an air in Herold's "Zampa." It has been all in vain to point out the absurdity of these statements; the silly lies have become current, and current they will remain until a wiser generation of critics come into the field of action. So far as the "Triumphlied" is concerned nothing can be plainer than that Brahms used a variant of "Heil dir im Siegerkranz" (the national hymn of Prussia) because he wished to do honor to William I, to whom the ode is dedicated; and introduced the old German chorale, "Nun danket Alle Gott," because it is the official hymn of thanksgiving throughout the German Empire. If this is plagiarism, then Wagner, when he wrote his "Kaisermarsch" for a like purpose, also plagiarized "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," which he worked into the fabric of the sturdy march. As for the superb tune which is the main theme of the finale of the C minor symphony, it suggests the melody which is varied in the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony only because of its simple diatonic progressions and a literal coincidence in a couple of measures in its second section. It seems worth while to satisfy curiosity on this point by bringing the two melodies into close juxtaposition, so that both eye and ear of the reader may make the enlightening observation. In the following illustration the Brahms melody is presented on the upper staff and the Beethoven melody (transposed into the same key) on the lower:



After this presentation of the case al argument would be a waste of time and space.

H. E. K.

'DIE MEISTERSINGER' IS HEARD AT THE OPERA

Mme. Johanna Gadski Sings Eva for the First Time This Year.

"Die Meistersinger" was performed last night at the Metropolitan Opera House for the second time this season. The chief variation in the cast was the Eva, which last night was sung by Madame Johanna Gadski, who in appearance, in her detailed manipulation of the dramatic possibilities of the part and the beauty of voice that she contributes to a radiant impersonation, must be regarded as one of the best of living Evas and one of the few who are able to create a perfect Teutonic illusion.

Hermann Weil was the Hans Sachs, Leo Slezak the Walther von Stolzing, Putnam Griswold the Pogner and Otto Goritz the Beckmesser. Arturo Toscanini conducted. It was his birthday, and it is pleasing to note that on his birthday he directed an opera which is particularly a favorite of his.

AY, MARCH 25, 1912.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Max Fiedler's Farewell.

No soloist graced the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Saturday afternoon—its last concert of the season, by the way—but there was as large an audience in Carnegie Hall as though some world-famous singer, pianist, or violinist were appearing. The conductor, Max Fiedler, came in for more than his usual share of attention, inasmuch as the occasion marked his last appearance in New York at the head of the Boston Orchestra. The house greeted him uproariously before the concert started, and he was kept busy bowing for several minutes before he could begin. There was a good deal of enthusia[illegible] throughout the afternoon, and at the c[illegible] the audience recalled him again and agai until he made a little speech of thanks.

Mr. Fiedler's farewell programme wa excellently chosen, save in one instanc The position of honor was occupied b Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica." Wa this because the conductor wanted once mor to impress his hearers with the technica virtuosity of the Boston players? Tha is quite unnecessary at this date. Naturall the piece was splendidly played, but three quarters of an hour of a thing that con tains just about ten minutes of real musica beauty is too much of an endurance tes The worst of all is that this music has los most of its power to amaze and startle b its harmonic audacities and orchestra color. That is the fundamental trouble wit nine-tenths of Strauss's work. As soon a it ceases to astonish by its "revolutionary qualities it withers and stales.

The "Symphonia Domestica" was followe by a "sinfonietta domestica"—Wagner "Siegfried Idyll"—as full of originality beauty, and genuine emotion as the "Sym phonia" is devoid of them. It cannot be sai that Mr. Fiedler brought out all the inef fable tenderness that it contains. Neither i the "Götterdämmerung" funeral march which came next, did he bring out the full measure of heroic grandeur. The concert closed with a fine performance of the "Tristan" prelude and "Liebestod."

Mch 29. 1912

MUSIC AND DRAMA

The Brahms Festival.

The size of the audience at the opening concert of the Brahms Festival in Carnegie Hall last night must have been gratifying to the promoters of the enterprise, but the lack of spontaneous applause indicated it was duty, not pleasure, that filled the hall It is America's first Brahms Festival, and therefore is conducted on large lines, with here and there a novelty, such as the projection of the chorus into the Academic Festival Overture, somewhat after the fashion of "Broadway" productions. Brahms is solid listening, even his most ardent devotee admits, and last night's programme was a severe test of the endurance. The choice of the Academic Festival Overture was obvious, and nothing better could have been found. It is a composition that all music lovers can listen to with the keenest pleasure, without "added features." It has something to say, and delivers its message in a clear, straightforward way, and the New York Symphony Society, under the bâton of Walter Damrosch, gave a good honest performance of it in the truly uninspired style of Brahms. Whatever conscientious physical effort could do was done.

Frank Damrosch conducted the combined forces of the Oratorio and Symphony Societies through the mazes of "Nenia." It was a noble struggle. At times the voices had the better of it, but the band often came to the fore. There were perfunctory piano passages, which seemed more like resting spells than artistic interpretational nuance, but the treble section being disproportionately large, and often strident and forced in tone quality, a true ensemble was impossible.

The First Symphony, having been given twice in the immediate past, cannot be considered a novelty. Last week it was played under the direction of a man who thoroughly understands it, by one of the finest orchestras in the world. Even under these conditions the first movement seemed interminable, giving the impression of a stencilled frieze, in which variety is sought by means of change of color, rather than design. Last night it was given in full Teutonic measure, and he who slept missed little. The second movement was delightful. Even the sleepers would have enjoyed another hearing of it, and for the first time during the evening the applause rang true. It was so well played that those who knew the Symphony were fortified for the third movement by the promise of the delights of the fourth. Nor were they disappointed. Mr. Damrosch and his men deserved the outburst at the end of the Symphony.

Then came the deluge—the specially "added feature"—the "Song of Triumph," for chorus, orchestra, and baritone soloist. The programme said it was scored for eight-part chorus, and programmes never lie, but that is all the audience knew about it. The first sopranos did all of the triumphing—so much so that the listener might easily have believed it was the celebration of a successful campaign for [illegible] women." Occasionally the tenors and basses were heard in meek mild protest, and the altos may be lik to vain efforts of the "Antis"; but that all. Frank Damrosch best time and the procession in the middle of the [illegible] and at last sent it home, breathless happy. The audience, Brahmins and riahs, stayed not on the order of going went.

Gwilym Miles, who took the place Hamilton Earls at the eleventh hour, serves a special word of praise. The loist has only a few bars to sing, bu these he has to scale the heights of he and plumb the depths of the other place one of Brahms's attempts at descrip writing. Mr. Miles must be credited wit fine top F sharp and a fairly sonorous A natural. These show that he has a [illegible] range, and he has previously revealed o qualities which the short and unnecess solo interludes concealed.

The soloists for the second concert, W nesday afternoon, are Mme. Matzenauer Mr. Bachaus, and the symphony is Third. This matinée, as well as that Friday, will begin at three o'clock, and at 2:30, as previously announced.

Metropolitan Opera House.

Albert Reiss sang the part of David "Die Meistersinger" last night for the hundredth time, and was rewarded wit wreath, and well-deserved applause. Re tition has not staled the charm of his personation any more than that of his comparable Mime. Mme. Gadski was, as ways, a sympathetic and tuneful Eva. Slezak was a virile Walter, and the [illegible] of the cast was as before. The melodi opera was enjoyed by a large audience.

"Rigoletto," with Mr. Caruso as the Du will be given as an extra performance the Metropolitan Opera House next Tues evening. Mr. Amato will sing the title r for the first time this season; Mme. De P quali will be the Gilda, Mme. Duchens M daiena, and Mr. De Segurola Sparafucile.

Marie Cahier, the American contralto the Vienna Opera House, who will arr from Europe next week, has been enga for two appearances at the Metropolit Opera House, the first of which will be Azucena in "Il Trovatore" on Wednesd April 4. Mme. Cahier was formerly M Maurice Black, of Cleveland, and had w an enviable reputation as a concert sri when she decided upon an operatic car She went to Paris, where she prepared the stage, and made her début at Mo Carlo as Orfeo. She was almost immedia ly engaged for Vienna, where she succe ed another American, Mme. Edith Walker

The coal strike having caused the c cellation of the Mauretania's sailing fr England on March 30, the London Sympho Orchestra has been booked on the Bal which leaves on March 28. Mr. Nikisch hi self, being detained by a Leipzig enga ment, will come over on the Provence, le ing Havre on March 30. He will be c dially welcomed in the New World after long absence, even though his first N York programme includes the first Brah symphony.

mch 27. 1912

THE VOLPE ORCHESTRA

Leo Ornstein Plays Edward MacDow[illegible] Second Piano Concerto.

The Volpe Symphony Orchestra cert at Carnegie Hall last evening vided entertainment of various n and style. It began with Haydn's "prise" symphony and ended with the c ture to "Tannhäuser." The sympl was followed by MacDowell's se piano concerto and this in its turn was ceeded by Smetana's "Bartered Br overture. Then came the prelude "Die Meistersinger" and three song Wagner, "Der Engel," "Träume" "Dich theure Halle," the last from "T häuser."

Haydn's "Surprise" symphony get name from the startling forte chord w follows a softly played passage in slow movement. Doubtless this di surprise any of the hearers last n as much as it did when they found a members of the orchestra playing cisely together. Mr. Volpe's indust young men do not often offer a more liant display of raggedness and slo ness in performance than they ga the symphony last evening.

Mr. MacDowell's D minor concert piano and orchestra is not heard as as it ought to be. It is indeed bea music and his most ardent admire well when they endeavor to fix attention upon it. The pianist las ning was Leo Ornstein, a youth wh been heard here before and whose

has in it sufficient evidence of talent make the judicious grieve that it is not ter. But at present it is so full of rwardness and artistic—or rather inar- ic—eccentricity as to arouse only re- t that the young man's musical under- nding is not better developed. His nio is uncommonly fine and he has a ain type of temperament, but he shows e insight. Margaret Gootze Kellner, rano, sang the songs.

OLPE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The last subscription concert of the lpe Symphony Society took place in rnegie Hall last night. The second part the programme, as unnecessary as it ems to be inevitable, was devoted to gner's music—the preludes to "Die istersinger" and "Tannhäuser," the rance air of Elizabeth in the latter era and two of the songs which have a ter right in the concert room than the eratic excerpts, because they belong re and the operatic pieces do not in a like New York, where they can be ard over and over again any season un- proper conditions. The singer was rguerite Goetze Kellner. So the second t of the concert may be dismissed— ved out with as much politeness as pos- e under the circumstances.

the first part of the programme, the idle number—between Haydn's "Sur- e" symphony (which we heard from the nphony Society as recently as last Sun-) and the overture to Smetana's opera, e Bartered Bride"—Mr. Leo Ornstein the orchestra played MacDowell's sec- pianoforte concert. It was the most stic piece of work which the talented ng pianist has yet put to his credit— ecting a nice appreciation of the ex- ite poetry of the music, clean in tech- e, crisp in rhythm and, except at in- als, charming in tone. The perform- was received with obvious pleasure by rge audience.

Mch 23 1912

Second Brahms Festival Concert.

e second concert of the Brahms festi- which is giving this week by the Sym- ny and Oratorio societies, took place in negie Hall yesterday afternoon. It had choral element, that being reserved for t Saturday evening, when the Oratorio iety will sing the composer's master- e, "A German Requiem." The pro- mme consisted of the third symphony F, op. 90) from songs sung by Mme. zenauer, to which a fifth was added in pliance with an enthusiastic recall, and pianoforte concerto in B-flat, the solo taken by Mr. Bachaus. The conductor all the numbers, and the very efficient hoforte accompanist of the songs, was Walter Damrosch, who led his musi- s through a particularly sprited, ener- c performance of the symphony.

me. Matzenauer's six songs were the pphische Ode" (Op. 94, No. 4), the istliches Wiegenlied," with viola obbli- o (Op. 91, No. 2); "Immer leiser wird n Schlumer" (Op. 105, No. 2) and "Von iger Liebe" (Op. 43 No. 1). To these she ed the "Vergebliches Ständchen" (Op. No. 4). Despite the opulence of Mme. zenauer's voice it can scarcely be said her that she is an ideal singer of songs. is full of temperament in opera, but too n phlegmatic in song, and it was only e climax of "Von Ewiger Lieb," one of finest songs ever composed) that she e, yesterday to real eloquence. In the ly heard "Geistliches Wiegenlied," the natic substretum of which is composed e old German Christmas hymn "Joseph, er Joseph mein" (used in the old ecclesi- cal ceremony entitled the "Kindel- gin" and by Brahms intrusted to a solo a), Mr. Kovaik played most delight- , and the memory of the soong will be of the most enduring of the festival. Bachaus was hardly convincing in early part of the concerto, his playing ing in tonal volume and assertiveness, there was much that was exquisite in slow movement and brilliant in the le.

H. E. K.

RAHMS FESTIVAL

There was a large audience at the ond concert of the Brahms festival sterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. e programme embraced the third sym- ony, some songs and the second piano icerto. The singer was Margarete Mat- hauer of the opera and the pianist s Wilhelm Bachaus. It would be idle embark on encomiums of Brahms i his music in this enlightened period musical taste. Yet it is a lamentable t that criticism either wilfully blind helplessly dull still strives to convince ple that the lofty compositions of this ster are not good because they are not hectic with the flush of sentimentality.

Fortunately the general public pays no attention to such babble. It long ago took Brahms to its heart and has held him there steadfastly. Music which always leaves behind it the impression of chaste emotion, of artistic dignity, of deeply pondered design utilized to publish grave and noble ideas, will not be driven from the stage by those who find nothing beautiful which is not also sensuous to the verge of eroticism.

The performance of the third symphony by the New York Symphony Society's orchestra under the direction of Walter Damrosch yesterday. was so beautiful in most respects that it ought to have been better in some others. Nevertheless it may perhaps be a matter of opinion whether it was not a perfectly conceived performance. Mr. Damrosch has his personal equation, like the rest of mankind, and his idea of the symphony was apparently that it could not be made too broad and suave.

The first, second and third movements were accordingly taken at tempi moderate and cautious. In the third the effect was assuredly not all that the conductor could have desired. At any rate, the performance was a little too dignified and some of the temperament of the music was lost. On the other hand the playing of the composition was tonally beautiful and so smooth, so elegant and so respectful that it called for warm commendation on these grounds.

Mme. Matzenauer sang the "Sapphic Ode," "Immer leiser wird mein Sohlummer," the "Cradle Song of the Virgin" (said to be a first performance here), and "Von ewiger Liebe." As an extra number in response to many recalls she sang the "Vergeblisches Ständchen." The Cradle Song had a viola obbligato. Mr. Damrosch played the piano accompaniments.

It was good to hear Mme. Matzenauer's large style in these songs. In all of them she exhibited the best qualities of the German lieder singer. She declaimed her texts clearly, sang with artistic reverence of the written page, employed voice color with superb skill and above all published most eloquently the poetic content of her numbers.

Mr. Bachaus has won a place in the esteem of local music lovers. He is a sound artist, who never stoops to sensational tricks. To be sure there is little opportunity for such doings in the B flat concerto of Brahms, but it would be by no means difficult to play it pedantically and dryly. There are some amateurs now living who can recall such performances, even with the weight of mighty authority behind them.

Mr. Bachaus, however, found the correct style for the work. His playing was tense in nervous force, brilliant in technic, rich in tone and full of that big brainy kind of temperament which inheres in the creations of Brahms.

A bull in a china shop lets loose a tremendous flood of temperament, but one can hardly discover much intelligence in it.

Pianists sometimes treat the keys much as the bull did the china. Mr. Bachaus, however, has his temperament under the guidance of a genuine musical intelligence. His performance yesterday had abundant fire, but it was the fire of the imagination, which illumines without scorching. He was enthusiastically applauded.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Another Brahms Concert.

After hearing Brahms's third symphony, Dr. Hanslick, the composer's intimate friend and most ardent champion, was moved to remark that what Brahms makes of his themes is "much more important" than the themes themselves. Now, "themes" is another word for melodies, and Hanslick's words amount to a frank confession that the Brahms symphony (like most of his works) is more remarkable as a matter of clever craftsmanship (which can be learned) than for inspiration (which is a gift from heaven). That is just what discriminating music lovers have long since concluded is the matter with Brahms; they admire him when he is inspired (as occasionally he is), and frankly confess their boredom when (as he usually is in three movements out of four in a symphony) he is tiresomely loquacious.

In speaking of the middle parts of the third symphony, Dr. Hanslick notes that neither is the slow one "zum Tode betrübt" nor the faster one "himmelhoch jauchzend." This lack of emotional fervor—the inability to sound the deepest depths of grief or give expression to exultant joy, is another reason why, though Brahms died fifteen years ago, this country is going through the throes of the first Brahms Festival, and why Germany did not have one till last year. How different with the melodious and emotional Wagner, who wrote in 1854 (nearly three decades before his death): "I hear from America that in Boston they are already giving 'Wagner nights.'"

The third symphony was the principal work on the programme of the second of the Brahms concerts, given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Walter Damrosch conducted it. In the second Brahms concerto, which is much less melodious and emotional than the third symphony, the piano part was taken by Mr. Bachaus. Another soloist of the occasion was the admirable Margarete Matzenauer, who sang a group of songs, and gave much pleasure to the audience, which was larger than that which heard the Monday concert.

mch 29. 1912

GREEK ORCHESTRA APPEARS.

Mandolin Players Awaken Enthusiasm in Audience of Countrymen.

An organization known as the Royal Athenian String Orchestra, mainly composed of mandolin players, made its first New York appearance last evening at Carnegie Hall before an audience composed almost entirely of Greeks, which manifested its enthusiasm in no uncertain manner. The programme was not made up of numbers composed for the instruments at hand. It included the overture to "Der Freischütz;" short numbers by Grieg, Massenet, and Tschaikowsky; the overture to "The Magic Flute," some Hungarian dances of Brahms, a dance from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" Suite and the overture to "The Bohemian Girl."

The orchestra was composed of thirteen men, one of whom played the bass viol and one a large mandolin. The others performed on ordinary mandolins. Nicholas Lavdas conducted the orchestra and he also was on the programme as the arranger of a number of Greek songs which were heard in the form of an overture.

The orchestra might have appeared to better advantage if it had played more native Greek works of the folk song order, just as the Balalaika orchestra plays Russian songs. There seems no need in this city for the performance of the overture to "Der Freischütz" on mandolins. Later, it was stated, the organization will be heard in a Greek programme.

The orchestra, considering its size and makeup, manages to get a good many varieties and shades of tone; its attack is good and so is its homegenity of tone. Naturally, however, monotony is unavoidable and the character of the instruments does not permit of that suavity of tone which is possible with balalaikas.

GREEKS WELCOME GREEK ORCHESTRA

Mr. Nicholas Lavdas and His Mandolin and Guitar Players Give Their First Concert.

Greek met Greek last night in Carnegie Hall and great was the applause. It was the first appearance in this country of the Royal Athenian String Orchestra, which is under the patronage of King George, and the large audience was composed in large part of Greeks. They extended a welcoming hand across the footlights, and insisted upon encores, which they got, and had a good time generally. A big floral lyre was handed to the conductor, Mr. Nicholas Lavdas, after the first part of the programme.

There are fourteen men in the orchestra and they play small and large mandolins, guitars, triangle and double bass. They pluck classic and popular, ancient and modern music with equal ease. One of the encores was "Every Little Movement," from "Madame Sherry."

The playing of the orchesera could hardly be called extraordinary. Its playing of compositions by Balfe and Brahms seemed to meet with greatest favor, but there were some Greek songs, arranged as an overture by Mr. Lavdas, that stirred pulses patriotically.

Mme. Fremstad Again Excellent as Brunnhilde

Wagnerian music drama was the attraction in the Metropolitan Opera House again last night, "Die Walkäre" being repeated. The Bränhilde was Mme. Fremstad, who sang this rôle for the first time this season. She was artistic from the tips of her Valkyr helmet to the toes of her sandalled feet, and the audience was awake to her fine work and called her before the curtain many times with enthusiastic applause.

Mme. Fremstad had not all the honors, however, for Miss Morena was on excellent Sieglinde and Mr. Griswold a heroic and dignified Wotan. Mme. Homer's Fricka, Mr. Jorn's Siegmund and Mr. Ruysdael's Hunding were all capital. Mr. Hertz conducted enthusiastically. It was a fine peresentattion of a familiar work and was enjoyed by a large audience.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Yesterday's Music.

Berta Morena, who will make her farewell appearance at the performance of "Tannhäuser" to-morrow night, was cast last evening as Sieglinde in "Die Walküre," a part of which she has long been an ideal representative and in which she has endeared herself to the Wagner lovers of two continents. Mme. Fremstad was the Brünnhilde, Carl Jörn the Siegmund, Louise Homer the Fricka, Putnam Griswold the Wotan—a strong cast; and under the splendid direction of the indefatigable Mr. Hertz, the performance was one of rare excellence.

At Carnegie Hall a large audience assembled last night to hear the Royal Athenian Mandolin Band, known as the "Mandolinata." The mandolin being the favorite instrument of the King of Greece, it is no wonder that this band is kept in good shape. Its leader is Nicholas Lavdas, and under his direction a number of pieces were played to the satisfaction of a large audience, which now and then indulged in tumultuous enthusiasm, as after a Norwegian Dance by Grieg, which had to be repeated. The band is naturally at its best in Greek folk music; it would do well to avoid classical overtures. There are fourteen players, one of whom bows a bass viol, another twangs a guitar, while the rest play mandolins of various sizes.

The Last Brahms Concert.

The Brahms Festival, given by the Symphony and Oratorio Societies, at Carnegie Hall this week, will end to-morrow evening, with a performance of the joyous and sunlit second Symphony in D major, and the work that is ranked as Brahms's choral masterpiece, "A German Requiem." The soloists taking part in the "Requiem" will be Florence Hinkle, and Gwilym Miles. The full chorus of the Oratorio Society, numbering some 250 men and women, will be conducted by Frank Damrosch, and the Symphony Orchestra, of eighty-seven players, will be directed, in the D major Symphony, by Walter Damrosch.

The Spring Festival Tour of the New York Symphony Orchestra, beginning April 15 will carry the organization through the South and Middle West. Mr. Damrosch will carry with him a vocal quartet, which will include Miss Gertrude Rennyson, Miss Corinne Welsh, Mr. Paul Althouse, and Mr. Arthur Middleton.

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Third Concert of the Brahms Festival.

And a Third Performance of "Mona" at the Opera.

The third concert of the Brahms Festival given this week by the Symphony and Oratorio societies took place in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The moody weather reflected in a way the moody Brahms, but in view of the fact that there was as much sunshine in the Serenade in D as there was in the day, and that there was enough celestial serenity in the violin concerto to make up for all the meteorological gloom out of doors, there was little cause for complaint. Four of the seven movements of the Serenade (the second and third being omitted), the violin concerto (the solo part played by Mr. Zimbalist) and the fourth symphony made up the programme. Mr. Zimbalist was in his finest form, and his performance of the slow movements was seraphic—simply. After the applause had spent itself and all the players were in readiness to begin the finale the enthusiasm broke out afresh. Player and composition have seldom if ever achieved a finer triumph here. A splendid audience was in attendance.

"Mona" had its third performance at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The audience put no strain on the walls of the building and there was a lack of enthusiastic demonstration, but the enjoyment of the opera on the part of those who heard it at one or more of the earlier performances was unquestionably greater than it had ever been; for "Mona" grows in strength and beauty with every performance, as do the singers in their efficiency. Mr. Martin in especial has taken on artistic stature with every representation. Mme. Homer scarcely could, for she has been admirable from the beginning, yet even she, like Mr. Witherspoon and

Mr. Murphy and all their fellows, projected nearly every one of their words as intelligently into the auditorium as Mr. Griswold and Mr Reiss have done from the beginning. H. E. K.

EFREM ZIMBALIST PLAYS BRAHMS MUSIC

The third concert of the Brahms festival took place yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The audience was large and apparently enjoyed the entertainment. The programme comprised five parts of the serenade in D, opus 11, the violin concerto and the fourth symphony. The violinist was Efrem Zimbalist.

The serenade in D was the first work of Brahms for orchestra. It and the other serenade in A were written in 1859, the year in which the first piano concerto was produced in Leipsic. This serenade contains seven movements, namely, allegro molto, scherzo, adagio non troppo, two minuets, scherzo and rondo. Mr. Damrosch omitted the first scherzo and the adagio.

The pariahs, as the opponents of Brahms in this community have been christened by their preacher, are rather fond of this work because it has none of the salient characteristics of the master They like it because it is not too Brahms. It is imitative in many ways, though here and there the composer of the great C minor symphony shows himself modestly.

Its first theme is something like one of those heard in "Hänsel und Gretel," but the second promises things which the musician gives us in later creations. But it is unnecessary to analyze the composition. A serenade should not be taken too seriously. True, in some operas they are and much trouble results. Think of what followed the serenade of Mephistopheles. But it is a painful subject

The violin concerto of Brahms has caused the shedding of much really good ink. When the composition was first made known distinguished commentators declared that it was inimical to the nature of the violin and players were adjured to permit it to slumber in peace and silence for evermore. For some reason never yet properly explained by the opponents of Brahms the violin virtuosi have refused to allow the thing to be quiet.

In season and out of season they have persisted in playing it. till now no violinist's repertory is regarded as complete without it. Some one must like this music. Of course there is an old fashioned custom of asserting that people are ridiculed or clubbed into listening to music they do not like. Who clubs them? Why, critics.

Curiously enough the other critics, who try to club them into not listening to this music which they do not like. always seem to fail. This explains perfectly the apparent favor in which Brahms stands with the public. Poor public! clubbed both ways, it blindly runs the way it does not wish to go.

How very silly! And this violin concerto is one of the things it pretends to adore. One cannot blame this poor public for liking the concerto when it displayed with as much beauty of tone and dignity of style as Mr. Zimbalist brought to it yesterday afternoon. How much more must the work be loved, then, when it is played with an adequate exposition of its profoundly poetic content. Mr. Zimbalist did not entirely exhaust that. But his performance was genuinely beautiful and well worth while. The accompaniment provided by Mr. Damroch and the Symphony Orchestra was admirable in precision and tonal splendor, but it was perhaps a little too enthusiastic.

The E minor symphony was first performed in this city by the Symphony Society under the direction of Walter Damrosch in the season of 1886-87. It was an appropriate festival feature not only because of its position among the great works of the composer but also on account of the fact that just twenty-five years had elapsed since yesterday's conductor made it known to New York music lovers. The composition was performed with spirit and style yesterday. Mr. Damrosch undoubtedly appreciates its musical significance better than he did a quarter of a century ago.

"MONA" AT THE OPERA.

Prof. Parker's Music Heard Attentively by a Good Sized Audience.

"Mona," the prize opera of Brian Hooker and Horatio Parker, was performed again last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. The audience was one of tolerably good size. The performance was one of great excellence. The singers have naturally gained assurance in their rôles and those who were indistinct in enunciation at their first appearance have made decided improvement. They have not succeeded in overcoming some unnecessary difficulties created for them by the composer.

The opera improves upon further acquaintance. This was to be expected. The artistic sincerity of the work and the genuine individuality of Prof. Parker's recitative are unquestioned and repeated hearings make the dryness of the style less objectionable. Mr. Hertz deserves great praise for the study and care which he has put into the representations.

'Mona' Repeated; Artists Praised with Composer

Mme. Homer, in Leading Role, Receives Floral Gift—Society in the Boxes.

When "Mona" was sung last night for the third time in the Metropolitan Opera House a bunch of red roses was given to Mme. Homer, and there were three curtain calls for the composer, Mr. Horatio Parker, after the second act.

The cast of singers was the same as in the previous performance of the opera, Mme. Homer having the title rôle, Mr. Martin appearing as Quintus, Mr. Griswold as the Governor and Mr. Reiss as Nial. All acquitted themselves with credit, and Mr. Hertz conducted spiritedly. A large audience applauded the work and the principals.

THE BRAHMS FESTIVAL.

An Orchestral Programme with Mr. Zimbalist as the Soloist.

The Brahms Festival continued its course yesterday afternoon with a large attendance and much interest and enthusiasm on the part of the audience in Carnegie Hall. The third concert, like the second, was an orchestral one. The programme comprised the fourth symphony, four movements from the Serenade in D, Op. 11, and the violin concerto, played by Efrem Zimbalist.

Of these, probably the serenade was unfamiliar to most of the audience, for it rarely appears on orchestral programmes. It is Brahms's first published attempt at orchestral composition, and is evidently intended to suggest the old form and manner of the "divertimento," "cassatio," or "serenade" that was much cultivated by Mozart and Haydn. There are six movements, (of which Mr. Damrosch played four, including the two minuets, which form really one movement;) their musical character is light, unpretending, and diverting, though some of them are spun out at considerable length, and they are not without reminiscences of Haydn and the earlier Beethoven. There is much charm in the music, which has little suggestion of the sober and often austere mood of Brahms's early works in other forms, and it was received with much pleasure by the audience.

Mr. Damrosch presented a splendidly vigorous and sonorous performance of the fourth symphony, a work that marks one of the greatest and highest summits to which Brahms's genius attained. The orchestra had been enlarged in the strings, and the conductor revelled in the greater weight and power of tone which was thereby put at his disposition.

Mr. Zimbalist undertook the most arduous task he has put before himself in New York in his performance of the violin concerto. There was much in it that was fine, that showed the innate fibre of the artist, the fine musical feeling and the ample command of technique and tone. It is not a disparagement of Mr. Zimbalist's excellences to say that he has not yet quite reached the artistic stature that will enable him completely to master all the content of this profound and beautiful work. It is matter for the highest artistic maturity to deal with. The day was of bad atmospheric conditions for the violin, and for this reason, no doubt, his tone did not sound at its best. Nor was his intonation so uniformly impeccable as it usually is. Mr. Zimbalist played with great breadth and dignity of style and deeply sincere feeling, with real enthusiasm; and his performance had a great effect upon the audience. He was recalled again and again.

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END OF BRAHMS FESTIVAL

Some Remarks on the Uses and Abuses of Local Enthusiasm.

It may be set down as a rule that all so-called "music festivals" except those long established and of regular recurrence (like those of Cincinnati, for instance, and the English) are planned more or less for advertising purposes. Every large musical society in the country knows by painful experience how hard it is to maintain an existence. In the case of choral organizations the singers contribute much, the public less, and the generous patrons (who would be called "angels" in the theatrical world, but whose motives are always purer), enough to enable the societies to live—for, frankly, if oratorio and orchestral concerts were to depend upon public support in New York they would be blotted out instanter. It is therefore a pleasure to put on record the beautiful artistic success of the Brahms festival given last week under the auspices of the Symphony and Oratorio societies—and to refrain from speculation as to what might have happened if only the musical love of the public had been appealed to. We do not believe that the festival added anything to the exchequer of the societies, for which purpose, possibly, it was projected, but it did add to the beauty and dignity of the season which is now closing, and for that those who were responsible for it are deserving of gratitude—especially Walter and Frank Damrosch.

It is a fact which is discouraging in one aspect and highly creditable in another that sentiment and civic pride have so little to do with our musical affairs. If we could have the indiscriminate and ebullient enthusiasm of a few Western cities it is possible that our orchestras and choral societies might fare a little better financially, but they could scarcely give us better music than they do as it is. New York is too old to desire to live in a fool's paradise such as some communities deliberately create for themselves.

The opportunity seems meet for a recital of a pair of instances. The Minneapolis Orchestra visited us recently. New York was not famishing for symphonic music (having listened to it on an average three or more times every week since last November), but it gave a respectful greeting to the visitors, for whom a kind welcome had been solicited by all the private and public methods at the command of the "publicity agents," hired and voluntary. All the requests were couched in the language of modesty itself. Perish the thought that Minneapolis should send its orchestra to compete with similar organizations in the East! It was only to show timidly what one city in the West was doing for musical culture now at a large and carefully specified expenditure of money. But no sooner were the New York criticisms read than we were informed of what dolts we were in respect of orchestral music. And why? The old, old trouble—a confusion of interest in music and its interpreters; or, worse than that, between the author and the conductor. Somebody—many bodies evidently in Minneapolis—is deeply impressed with the personal appearance and the antics of the man who stands between the performers and the public, as many are in New York, and sometimes very much between the music and its interpretation. And New York ventured not to love the antics of the idol of Minneapolis.

That is one case; a later comes from Cincinnati, where a former organist of the Church of St. Bartholomew, in this city, having suddenly developed into a conductor and been put at the head of the local orchestral organization of the Western city, achieves so much importance in his own mind that he complains of non-appreciation by public and critics, and asks release from his contract, so that he may go to Europe and play the role of a "star," directing concerts in cities in which his name and fame are even less known than in New York, where he had at least a considerable following as a church musician. And so wags the orchestral world.

Fortunately, though, as has been said, there may have been an advertising end to the Brahms festival which ended last Saturday night, there was nothing nonsensical or sensational about it. It was a beautiful, artistic achievement in every respect. If it did not awaken the widespread attention which it might have done in Europe it was only because both the Symphony and Oratorio societies have done their duty by the composer Brahms year after year ever since their conductors have been the lively factors which they now are in our musical life.

A statement for which the writer of this article is responsible needs to be corrected. It is that Brahms's "A German Requiem" was performed for the first time in America by the Oratorio Society on March 15, 1877. As a matter of fact, it was performed (all but the final chorus) by the German Liederkranz on January 24, 1875. The error was due to a misstatement on the programme of the first performance under Dr. Leopold Damrosch by the Oratorio Society. H. E. K.

PHILHARMONIC SEASON ENDS

Kubelik Soloist at Concert for Society's Pension Fund.

The Philharmonic Orchestra closed its season last night with a concert at the Hippodrome, at which Jan Kubelik was the soloist. The concert was given for the benefit of the pension fund of the society, and was attended by an audience large enough to guarantee a sum of considerable magnitude. On the programme there was little to call for comment, as Mr. Kubelik's playing of the Beethoven Concerto in D major, Op. 61, while technically most brilliant, scarcely reached the deeps of the composition. It goes without saying however, that his performance of Paganini's "Witches' Dance" was the effort of a marvellous virtuoso.

The purely orchestral numbers, under Mr. Stransky's direction, were Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz," Liszt's "Tasso" and Dvorak's "New World" Symphony. All, especially the "Tasso," were played with admirable spirit.

ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM

Arthur Friedheim, who enjoys the distinction of having been for nine years a pupil of the Abbe Liszt, gave his only piano recital for this season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall.

But besides being what may be called an inspired interpreter of his master, Mr. Friendheim is also a delightful interpreter of other composers. This variety of gift he showed in a marked manner by playing Beethoven's thirty-three variations on the Diabelli waltz, with such sustained contrast and such exact adherence to the basic theme as never to weary and to carry his listeners along with undimished interest throughout the whole series.

Then again, to demonstrate that it was not expression alone that was his governing ability, Mr. Friedheim played Weber's "Perpetual Motion" in whirlwind fashion and Chopin's Prelude in G—the one with the unvarying run of arpeggios with the left hand and with a strongly defined march movement with the right—at a tempo rarely attempted and still more rarely achieved here.

By way of contrast again was Mendelssohn's "Song without Words" and two preludes of Chopin, all three given with a tenderness and delicacy that reminded his listeners of De Pachmann.

Liszt, of course, filled a whole section of the programme, and in the presentation of these numbers, caprices, variations, etc., Mr. Friedheim displayed all that brilliancy which has given him such a notable position among pianists, while the audience by its number and liberal applause furnished proof of the popularity of the performer.

MISS RUBNER PLAY'S AT METROPOLITAN

Pianist Is Chief Soloist at Concert and Makes an Excellent Impression.

As the principal soloist at last night's concert in the Metropolitan Opera House there appeared Miss Dagmar Rubner, a pianist, and a daughter of Professor Horatio Rubner, head of the department of music in Columbia University. She has played abroad, but this was her first important appearance here.

Miss Rubner selected Tschaikowsky's B minor sonata. This is a man's concerto and was not an especiall happy choice for her. While played with technical accuracy, its demand upon the pianist's physical resources are such that Miss Rubner could not give the first and last movements with the freedom and swing that they require. The second movement, however, she played expressively. She made an excellent impression on the audience and was encored.

A new "Ave Maria" by Mr. Bellucci, a member of the orchestra, was delighttfully sung by Miss Alma Gluck, who was obliged to repeat it. Mons. Carlos Salzedo played with his usual skill and success two harp solos. Other soloists were Mme. Maria Duchene, Mr. Lambert Murphy and Mr. Dinh Gilly. These and Miss Gluck sang the quartet from "Rigoletto." Mr. Adolph Rothmeyer, conducted.

MR. FRIEDHEIM'S RECITAL.

An Unusual Programme Presented by the Well-Known Pianist.

Arthur Friedheim, who made his first appearance in New York as one of the most distinguished pianists of Liszt's school, twenty-one years ago last month, and who has in recent years given several though not frequent recitals here, played yesterday in Carnegie Hall. A large audience had been provided for the occasion, which indicated pleasure at much of Mr. Friedheim's playing. He began with Beethoven's thirty-three variations on a waltz by Diabelli, less a favorite of pianists than the thirty-two on his own theme. These appeared decked out on the programme with descriptive titles. Von Bülow once called the work "the microcosm of Beethoven's genius; even a representation of th

whole world of music in miniature." Opinions have differed much about this valuation, as well as about other of Beethoven's later works. Some have gone so far as to recognize in these variations all that Von Bülow found in them, but to declare them unplayable, written for an instrument that has never existed and never will exist, moving in a wholly abstract world of tone.

Mr. Friedheim evidently did not speculate in this philosophical vein upon them. He took the more daring course of playing them. Some of them he played charmingly; as the "fughetta" (No. 24); the "fairy dance" (No. 26), and the serious ones called "Mourning," "Lament" and "Elegie" in the programme's nomenclature. But it needs an artist of a higher flight of imagination, a wider sweep, a greater technical accomplishment and command of tonal values, to give an interpretation of these variations nearly approximating to their reality.

The programme was in other respects unusual. Mr. Friedheim's playing of Weber's "Moto Perpetuo," a "song without words," by Mendelssohn, Chopin's Etude in A flat (the second of the posthumous études neglected by pianists) the Prelude in G major and especially Rubinstein's poetical and tender Barcarole in G minor was the best of what he did. Some of his other performances were marred by occasional rhythmic uncertainty, and by lack of tonal beauty. His last group of pieces consisted of six Paganini caprices by Liszt, and of the music of his master Mr. Friedheim is considered to be an authoritative exponent.

Massenet's "Manon."

Two years ago Massenet's melodious opera "Manon" was given for the last time in New York, with Miss Farrar in the title rôle and Edmond Clément, the famous French tenor, as Des Grieux. At Saturday's matinée it was revived—as the third French opera given this year, "Faust" and "Ariane" each having been heard three times. As before, Miss Farrar took the part of Manon, a part which admirably suits her, dramatically, vocally, and by reason of her beauty; while Caruso sang the rôle of the unhappy, over-devoted lover. The whole French wing of the Metropolitan company, consisting of Jeanne Maubourg, Dinh Gilly, Leon Rothier, Maria Duchène, and Bernard Bégué, figured in the cast. Besides these it included Leonora Sparkes, Reiss, Segurola, and Ananian, while Maestro Toscanini conducted.

The one fault—indiscretion would perhaps be a better word—in the presentation of this lovely work was that those concerned sometimes forgot that it should be handled in the tenderer tints of an aquarelle rather than in the more violent colors of an impressionistic canvas. Massenet's *ffs* are not those of Wagner, nor of the modern Italian school. It was a pity that, owing to the length of the opera, it was deemed necessary to cut out the first scene of the third act, the one in which the Comte des Grieux sees Manon for the first time. All who remember the old days of Grau will recall Plançon's admirable impersonation of this rôle. It is a scene which contains some of the most charming music in Massenet's work.

The oftener one hears the operas of this great Frenchman, the more one is impressed by the never-ending freshness, spontaneity, and originality of his melodies, the clarity and appropriate coloring, as well as the beauty of his orchestration, and the fact that he has no irritating mannerisms which obtrude themselves persistently on every occasion, fittingly or otherwise. The character of Manon is not portrayed in the colors of Thaïs, and the ecclesiastic Abbé is entirely different, musically, from the monk Athanaël, and the fathers in the "Jongleur."

The Metropolitan was jammed on Saturday, and the audience was a very enthusiastic one. As at the recent performances of the greatest of all French operas, "Carmen," which Mr. Dippel's admirable company performed a few weeks ago, and of "Faust," in which Miss Farrar and Mr. Renaud appeared together, the size and enthusiasm of the audience proved once more that, like German and Italian opera, French works draw when fittingly cast. The Metropolitan management can give them a proper setting, too, when they care to do so.

Mr. Gilly sang somewhat better than he has of late, but his dramatic ideas are as unchanging as the eternal hills, whether he be Lescaut, Valentin, Rigoletto, or the Western miner, Happy. Mr. Rothier lent dignity and his good voice to his much-abbreviated part of Des Grieux *père*, and Mr. Reiss and Mr. de Segurola were admirable as the two gay sparks, Guillot and de Brétigny. The parts of Poussette, Jarotte, and Rosette were good in the hands of Miss Sparkes, Mme. Maubourg, and Miss Duchène.

Miss Farrar was, as always, a charming Manon, to both eye and ear. She was a picture when she appeared in the first act wrapped in a lace mantilla. Perhaps she emphasized overmuch at first the passion for luxury and dress which was little Manon's ruin, but no one will quarrel with the red heels and the gorgeous silks and laces when the general effect is so attractive. Of course, her greatest scene was that of the Abbe's temptation, and none who saw Miss Farrar prostrate, imploring, before him, could wonder at Des Grieux's surrender.

Mr. Caruso sings Des Grieux in French, and in excellent French. The funny rumor has been going about that he has refused to sing Faust and Don José because certain critics—these same critics do not speak French themselves—have found fault with his pronunciation. And yet he has appeared in Armide several times this season and last, singing that rôle in French. It certainly cannot be that, unlike other singers, he prefers parts in which he does not shine, so evidently there are other reasons than those of language which keep him from singing two of his best rôles. Opera-goers are to be congratulated that this year Mr. Caruso's glorious voice has held its own throughout the season, and that it shows no signs of fatigue even now. All the predictions that he would have to give up singing again have proved false, and on Saturday his voice was as warm, as satisfying, as beautiful as it has ever been. It must have been a satisfaction to both Mr. Caruso and Miss Farrar to appear in new rôles and get a rest from the monotony of the narrow round to which both have been bound this season.

To Mr. Toscanini, also, it must have been a pleasure to prove that he, as well as the other great Italian *chef d'orchestre*, Campanini, can conduct, with admirable finesse and comprehension, French works of more melodious and simple type than "Ariane." It would be a great treat for lovers of French opera if he made up his mind to conduct "Faust" and "Carmen" next season. A still greater treat would it be to hear him interpret the Mozart operas, particularly his master work, "Don Giovanni." For some inexplicable reason, Italians have never shown much interest in Mozart, although his music, with its fluent melodies and *bel canto* is quite as Italian as it is German. Mr. Toscanini, however, has shown so much sympathy with other German masters, notably Gluck and Wagner, that there is reason to believe he would be able to enter thoroughly into the spirit of Mozart's music. With no important novelties in sight, it is necessary to fall back on the great works of the past. "Don Giovanni," with Farrar (whose Zerlina is her best rôle), Gadski, Destinn, or Hempel, Renaud (whose best part is Don Giovanni), and De Segurola, could be made the artistic and financial success of next season.

Kubelik and the Philharmonic.

The Hippodrome holds a great many more people than Carnegie Hall, and that was doubtless the reason why it was chosen for the extra concert, with Kubelik, given last night for the Philharmonic pension fund. It would have been impossible to squeeze all those who attended this concert into Carnegie Hall, yet that auditorium would have been preferable on acoustic grounds. As it was, a good deal of the beauty of the orchestral and solo music was dissipated into the vast spaces of the show place. Nevertheless, the audience enjoyed itself royally, judging by the applause, which sometimes was tumultuous, especially after Liszt's "Tasso," which was the biggest feature of the evening, though one hesitates to say so in view of the fact that the symphony was Dvorák's "New World," of which, as of the Liszt piece, Mr. Stransky gave interpretations that alone would make him rank with the greatest orchestral interpreters of the day. He also brought out all the romance of Weber's "Freischütz" overture. The audience recalled him many times after each exit with a volume and sincerity of applause seldom heard in concert halls. The public feels grateful to him, among other things, for having offered the most interesting programmes the Philharmonic patrons have heard in many years.

Mr. Kubelik was heard in Beethoven's violin concerto, which he played with agreeable tone and facile technique, and in the fireworks of Paganini's "Witches' Dance," which he played so brilliantly that the dazzled audience simply insisted on an extra number.

End of the Brahms Festival.

The Brahms Festival, according to Damrosch—or the Damrosch Festival, according to Brahms—came to an end Saturday night. There was a large audience, quite as large as any during the series, and almost as large at the close of the concert as at the beginning. These statistics are probably more pleasing to the projectors of the scheme than to him in whose honor it was given, who, had he been present, might have asked to be saved from his friends. Among other things demonstrated by the Festival is this: Brahms is not for the musico-artisan. His works need breadth of treatment, which they did not get last week. The Second Symphony, to many musicians the most interesting of the four, was given in an analytical, lecture-recital way, that robbed it of a great deal of interest. Absolute music though it be, there are opportunities for almost programme-treatment, as, for instance, in the delightful third movement, allegretto grazioso. Mr. Damrosch grasped the allegretto and missed the grazioso, and the entire movement was monochrome; but, despite this, the hearer with musical imagination got a great deal of pleasure out of it. And again, in the last movement, Brahms had written something that routine conducting could not kill.

"The German Requiem" did not fare so well. Even an inspired conductor could not produce the best effects with an unbalanced choir. Sung by the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, with Dr. Vogt's unerring instinct for good tone and tone color, "A German Requiem" would seem a noble choral work, and, if it is to be done again in New York, let us hope the Toronto Choir will do it. In the opening chorus the inside voices were heard, and hopes of better ensemble were engendered, but these were shattered in the second, when the sopranos were forced off key, and the tenors roared out unpleasant sounds in a vain effort to hold their own. The great fugue in the third movement might as well have been written in straight four-voice form. Frank Damrosch exploited his limited resources—limited to fast and slow, loud and soft—in building up a top-heavy climax. It was not fair to Brahms, and it was unkind to the audience, to present this stupendous fugue with singers who have only an eye-to-note acquaintance with it. Fully two-thirds of the singers were beating time for themselves, never once lifting their eyes from their books to see the conductor. In consequence, there were differences of opinion as to attack.

After the devitalizing struggle with the fugue, it was surprising how well the fourth chorus went. This was sung in better style than the first, and showed that the Oratorio Society could be made to sing acceptably, but from that point to the end it struggled valiantly in a losing fight. Neither of the soloists was quite adapted to the task set them, although Miss Hinkle sang the closing phrases of her part beautifully. Mr. Miles's method of emission made him labor, and, though work may be prayer, it is not art. On the whole, Brahms deserved better treatment than he got at the festival, ostensibly in his honor.

Arthur Friedheim's Recital.

It was more than regrettable that Arthur Friedheim did not see fit to include on the programme of his recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon Liszt's sublime B-minor sonata. Mr. Friedheim is one of the few genuine Liszt pupils before the public today, and to hear him do this sonata is one of the rarest privileges, one of the most unforgettable experiences, that concertgoers can enjoy. There is no pianist living who can surpass him in this work, and few—if any—who can in any way equal his performance. What right had Mr. Friedheim to omit this heavenly sonata from his programme yesterday? *Genie oblige!*

The absence of the Liszt masterwork seemed all the more poignant in view of the fact that the best portion of an hour was consumed at the beginning of the recital by those awful thirty-three Beethoven variations on a trivial waltz theme by Diabelli. Naturally, Mr. Friedheim played them with much technical skill, but all the skill in the world cannot make them otherwise than uninteresting and deadly wearisome.

After the Beethoven came Weber's "Moto Perpetuo" and Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words" in F, which latter Mr. Friedheim gave with emotional effect. There was also a Chopin group, including several études and preludes; a Rubinstein etude and barcarolle; and six of Liszt's "Pagannini Caprices." While Mr. Friedheim's Chopin does not satisfy at all points, his Liszt aroused the most insistent applause, as it never fails to. He played the "Caprices" with exceptional virtuosity and charm, and the enthusiasm after the dainty, tinkling "Campanella"—which he gave with exquisite delicacy and variety of shading—was so great that he had to repeat it. After the concert he added several encores, among them a Chopin "Impromptu" and Liszt's thrilling Second Rhapsody. Mr. Friedheim understands full well that the Liszt Rhapsodies were never intended as mere showpieces and he does not play them as such. By treating them in the deeply poetic and emotional spirit in which they were conceived, he reveals them in their true light. Hackneyed as the Second Rhapsody may be, it aroused the most spontaneous applause of anything on the entire programme yesterday. It must be remembered that what seems hackneyed to professionals does not seem so to the public, which never tires of works of genius like the Liszt rhapsodies.

April 2 1912

"MONA" AT THE OPERA.

Professor Parker's Work Has Its Final Performance for the Season.

Otto H. Kahn, financier, connoisseur of paintings, traveller, reader, observer, director of one of the most remarkable musical institutions in the world, while delivering himself of a most skilfully made overture to the speechmaking at a dinner recently given in honor of Brian Hooker, poet, and Horatio Parker of "Mona," declared that the musician had made no concessions to the taste of the gallery or to that of the boxes. Nevertheless it was given last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House, probably in order that the most exclusive audience of the week might have an opportunity of examining this unbending opera. It was the final performance of "Mona" for the season.

It may be said that most box holders arrived at the opera house very late and departed very early. Some of them permitted their boxes to be occupied by proxies. As for the standees, who constitute the unerring barometer of operatic popularity, it is unquestionable that their territory was affected by an area of low pressure. The tests usually employed in the determination of popularity have had some application in the case of "Mona," and it is safe to say that operagoers in general will have to acquire a taste for the work.

Mr. Kahn's deftly framed sentences of praise were doubtless sincere. But it remains none the less an incontrovertible fact that the instincts of the gallery and the boxes are correct. It may be that they need cultivation in order to become tastes, but at bottom they are sound. The so-called concessions which they demand have been made by all the great masters of the lyric drama, and always will have to be made, because the method of expression in the musical drama must be lyric. The great musical climaxes must be elemental in their melodic and harmonic power.

Regret has been expressed here before that Prof. Parker did not introduce a larger amount of purely tuneful writing. His declamation is so dignified, so aristocratic and withal so genuinely forceful that his ability to create a strong and stirring score cannot be questioned. "Mona" narrowly misses being a big opera. It would have come closer to the mark if the composer had made a more direct appeal to the ears of his auditors.

The performances at the Metropolitan have done much to demonstrate the soundness and stability of the local operatic institution. Even when the "Girl of the Golden West" was produced here for the first time on any stage the house had the benefit of the experience of Puccini and David Belasco, two guests. But the production of "Mona" has been the exclusive work of the house itself. To compose a consistent and artistic method of representation for an opera written in such individual moods and such a characteristic musical diction was no small achievement.

Mme. Homer has carried off the honors. Her *Mona* is a clearly marked creation of stirring beauty and dramatic force. She has improved her enunciation, and last night it was generally good. Her associates have all shown high intelligence and sincerity and Mr. Hertz has done heroic work with the score. The production of the opera has excited a large amount of public curiosity, and it may be said in fine that it was well worth while.

April 3, 1912

CARUSO IN "RIGOLETTO."

An Extra Performance at the Metropolitan Before a Large Audience.

An extra performance of "Rigoletto" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. There was a large audience, the standing room being especially well patronized. When "Rigoletto" is sung and the standing room is crowded that is a sign that Mr. Caruso is at hand, and such indeed was the case last evening. His singing of the *Duke* has always been a delight to operagoers, and its potent spell has not diminished. Last night his delivery of the familiar airs evoked demonstrations which must have filled his artistic soul with joy. The applause was of course most enthusiastic after "La donna e mobile" and the quartet.

Mr. Amato was the *Rigoletto*. His voice was heard to advantage in the music. Mme. de Pasquali sang *Gilda* in a creditable manner. Her performance was not one of distinction, but it did not mar the general effect of the representation. Mme. Duchene was a tolerable *Maddalena* and Mr. Didur a sonorous *Sparafucile*. Mr. Sturani conducted. This evening the opera will be "Il Trovatore" and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock "Hansel und Gretel" will be given.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"Mona" and "Rigoletto."

Doubtless those Europeans who look forward to hearing Enrico Caruso a few times will be glad to hear that he has stood the strain of the long New York season without the least injury to his glorious voice. Last night, in "Rigoletto," he appeared for the fiftieth time this season, and sang as beautifully as usual. The title rôle was in the hands of Mr. Amato, who sang it well. Mme. de Pasquali was the Gilda, and Mme. Duchène took the part of Maddalena.

"Rigoletto" is one of the early, tuneful Verdi operas, which Professor Parker is said to look down on. Most of the composers of our day have no use for operas that are full of melody. They are foxy men. Melodies are such sour grapes! There are none in "Mona" that will cause other composers to look down on it hereafter. It had its fourth and last performance on Monday night. It will go down in history as a scholarly work, but one without originality of any kind. It proved, moreover, as was anticipated, that it is impossible for a man to live half a century working for concert hall, parlor, and church only, and then all at once turn to the operatic stage successfully. To be sure, Rameau did it, but the conditions were different in his day; and, besides, Rameau was Rameau.

The opinion has been expressed that, notwithstanding its shortcomings, "Mona" marks a step in advance, so far as American opera is concerned. This is a mile from the truth. There is nothing American either in its libretto or its music. From this point of view, as well as in the matter of melodic originality, "Mona" is far inferior to Victor Herbert's "Natoma." Herbert's opera, moreover, betrays the hand of one thoroughly versed in stagecraft. Mr. Herbert could not compete for the $10,000 prize because he was born in Ireland. Nevertheless, he has spent the greater part of his life in this country, and he has done more to create a real American atmosphere in music than any one excepting Stephen Foster and Edward MacDowell. He is said to be at work now on a one-act opera.

"Natoma" is to be produced next fall in California, with an open-air setting in the scene of the story, at Santa Barbara. The cost—about $50,000—will be met by the wife of an oil king, and efforts are being made to get Mary Garden to sing the leading rôle, as she did in New York and elsewhere.

Nothing could better attest the musical value of Victor Herbert's opera than the fact that the Philharmonic Society played in February the introduction to the third act. Schirmer, by the way, has just issued a "Natoma" suite, consisting of four numbers, which will doubtless soon become popular in our concert halls and arouse a general desire for further hearing of the best, the most melodious, and most American opera composed so far.

April 4 1912

NEW SINGER AT THE OPERA.

Mme. Charles Cahier of Vienna Makes Her Debut Here.

"Il Trovatore" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. In itself this was not an operatic incident of grave importance, but it had accompaniments. In the first place Leo Slezak, who was to have appeared as *Manrico*, the troubadour, was indisposed, and his place had to be taken at the last moment by Riccardo Martin, who cannot be said to have recovered entirely from the fatiguing efforts of living a double life in "Mona." Nevertheless he acquitted himself with credit.

The other matter calling for special mention was the first appearance here of Mme. Charles Cahier, formerly known to New York music lovers as Mrs. Morris Black, who was a very delightful singer of songs in concert rooms such as that of Mendelssohn Hall. In recent years she has been singing in opera and has been one of the leading members of the company at the Imperial Opera of Vienna.

Mme. Cahier's *Azucena* was the performance of a well trained routinier, who might perhaps have been heard here to better advantage if she had come some years sooner. Her voice is one of moderate proportions and last night it was much moved by a tremolo. Her style was good, but small, and indeed the whole impersonation was of a rather provincial type not up to the demands of the Metropolitan stage.

Mme. Gadski sang *Leonora* in her familiar excellent style and Mr. Gilly was a very determined *Count*. In the afternoon a great many children had a delightful time with the babes in the wood. "Hänsel und Gretel" was given with the usual cast. Mr. Morgenstern conducted with a good deal of taste.

Mme. Cahier Sings in "Il Trovatore" —Children Have Fun at Matinee of "Haensel und Gretel."

To the long list of American artists singing at the Metropolitan another name was added last night when Mme. Charles-Cahier appeared there for the first time in "Il Trovatore." A native of Tennessee, she has sung here years ago in recital when she was Mrs. Morris Black, and since then has sung in opera in Nice and Vienna. She is still a member of the Vienna Imperial Opera and is to appear at the Metropolitan but twice, leaving again for Vienna in two weeks.

As Azucent Mme. Cahier impressed the audience by dramatic acting and by intelligent use of the voice. She was nervous and plainly was not at her best, particularly in her first solo, "Stride la vampe." In the next act she was much better and at her best in the last act. But her voice seemed too small for the big spaces of the Metropolitan. It has a tremolo and is not opulent in the lower tones. Still, a visiting artist always is interesting to hear, and it is possible that as Amneris next week Mme. Cahier may be heard to better advantage. Last night's audience gave her a cordial reception, calling her before the curtain, where she received many flowers.

Mr. Slezak, who was to have sung Manrico, caught cold yesterday morning, so Mr. Martin took his place and sang very well, arousing enthusiasm by his "Di quella pira." Mme. Gadski was in excellent voice as Leonora, and Mons. Gilly sang Luna sonorously. Mr Sturani conducted.

In the afternoon a children's matinee of "Haensel und Gretel" was given, and for once "grown ups" took a back seat. When, at the close of the first act, Mme. Wickham and Mr. Goritz danced a Humperdinck "turkey trot," the children applauded until their little gloves split.

And when, in the Gingerbread Hut scene Mme. Alten threw an apple right into the middle of the orchestra pit, the little ones laughed so loud that the performance nearly came to a standstill and giggling drowned the music. All the principals were in the mood for as good a time as the audience itself was having and Mr Morgenstern conducted very well.

Both afternoon and evening Mr. Gatti-Casazza, general manager, was busy receiving congratulations, for it was the second anniversary of his wedding to Mme Alda. Their rooms at the Hotel Rector were bright with flowers.

Mme. Cahier's Début.

A new American contralto, who has come all the way from Vienna for the sake of two appearances at the Metropolitan, was heard in last night's performance of "Trovatore." She is Mme. Charles Cahier, and she is said to be held in high esteem abroad both on the operatic and the recital stage. Her work last evening as Azucena did not serve fully to explain the popularity she has achieved in Vienna and other foreign music centres, though in justice to the singer it should be said that she was very badly handicapped by nervousness and probably also by the effects of fatigue, as she landed only the day before yesterday. At any rate, her tones sounded very unsteady during a large part of the evening. Her voice is not of large size, nor of remarkable beauty and color, and except in the lower register seems more of a mezzo-soprano than a true contralto. There were times when she forced her higher tones until they became strident, but this is not an uncommon failing in newcomers unaccustomed to the size of the Metropolitan. In the last act, however, Mme. Cahier sang the mournful and touching melody that falls to her share in really beautiful *mezza-voce*, and her intonation was good throughout the evening. As an actress she showed that she has temperament and dramatic force. On further hearing she may prove a very interesting artist. The rest of the cast was familiar. Mme. Gadski was Leonora, Mr. Martin replaced Mr. Slezak, who was indisposed, as Manrico, and Mr. Gilly sang the Count, though he was not in good voice.

April 5 1912

MISS FARRAR IN "MANON"

Fine Performance, Though Stars Are Not in Best of Voice.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, with new costumes for each act, sang Manon last night for the second time this season. Yet it matters not how Miss Farrar is clad—Manon she is and Manon she remains. It matters not whether she is or is not in good voice, of which the latter was the case last night. Of the lighter, more graceful emotions, Miss Farrar has been ever a past-mistress, and in Manon her St. Sulpice scene shows that there is a deeper note that she can sound.

Mr. Caruso's Des Grieux has gained vastly in style, though he, too, was not in the best voice last night, while Mr. Gilly's Lescourt seemed likewise on the vocal toboggan.

But all in all, and especially because of Mr. Toscanini's masterly direction, "Manon" has been one of the most grateful offerings the Metropolitan has given us this season. It is likewise one of the most popular, as was evidenced by last night's vast audience.

MME. JOMELLI'S CONCERT.

The Soprano Appears as Composer in Her Own List of Songs.

Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, soprano, gave a concert at Carnegie Hall last night with the assistance of Paolo Gruppe, cellist. Mme. Jomelli has been known to this public for several seasons and was at one time a member of the opera company of Oscar Hammerstein. She will soon become again a member of Mr. Hammerstein's company in London. Since she was first heard here she has made progress in her art and as a concert singer has had abundant success.

On her programme last night were songs by Schubert, Schumann, Rubinstein, Strauss, Brahms, Duparc, Debussy, Pierné, Wolff-Ferrari, Sidney Homer and others. There was also a song by Mme. Jomelli herself called "J'ai pleuré en Reve." The singer was warmly applauded by a large audience. Mr. Gruppe, a cellist of sound technic and high artistic ideals, was heard to advantage in Boelmann's "Variations Symphoniques" and some smaller numbers.

Yesterday was marked by unusual activity on the part of concert-givers and concert-goers, for there were four musical events of variety and interest. The most important of these was that given last evening at Carnegie Hall by Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, the celebrated soprano, assisted by Paul Gruppe, cellist.

Mme. Jomelli has forsaken the opera stage for some time and has lately become one of the most popular and enterprising of the "lieder" singers in this city.

The concert included an "Ave Maria," by Schubert; "Wiegenlied," by Mozart; Schumann's "Frulingsnacht," "Der Schmied," by Brahms; "Mit Deinen Blauden Augen," by Richard Strauss, and Rubinstein's "Ich Fuhle Deinem Odem."

A group of charming French songs from the pens of Debussy, Chaminade, Pierne, Duparc and Bachelet were presented, together with a new pocket little air, "J'ai pleure en reve," written by Mme. Jomelli.

Wolff-Ferrari contributed two Italian numbers, and Hallett Gilberte and Sydney Homer were on the programme for songs in English.

Mr. Gruppe played Boellman's Variations Symphonique, and works by Saint-Saëns, Popper and others.

* * *

Marum Quartet's Programme.

The Marum Quartet was heard at Cooper Union last evening, and presented a programme of much dignity and charm. Only in the first number, Schubert's Quartet in A minor, were the four musicians who compose the Marum Quartet heard without ordinary talent. August Fraemke played piano solos by ancient and modern composers, and the quartet, assisted by J. A. Williams, clarinetist, gave a charming reading of Mozart's quintet in A major.

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Henri Wolski Recital.

Carnegie Lyceum held a good-sized and friendly audience last evening when Henri Wolski, violinist, assisted by Paul Burton Heymann, pianist, gave a recital. Wolski managed to find two numbers which bore some amount of unfamiliarity. These were Elman's arrangement of Tschaikowsky's "Nur Wer die Sehnsuchtkennt" and a rather brilliant "Serenade" by Drigo-Auer.

The rest of the programme included Haendel's Sonata in A, Concerto by Paganini, Chaconne by Bach and the "Souvenir de Moscow" by Wieniawski.

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Hauser-Saslavsky Recital.

The second concert in Isabel Hauser-Alexander Saslavsky series was given at the Waldorf-Astoria last evening. The two musicians were assisted by the Saslavsky string quartet. Miss Hauser's playing in the Mozart piano quartet was marked by knowledge and sense of proportion, accuracy and beautiful color. The Dvorak quintet and Mendelssohn's Sonata for piano and 'cello completed the programme.

"Manon" Repeated.

An overflowing house heard a splendid performance of Massenet's delightful "Manon" last night at the Metropolitan. Small wonder that the enthusiasm at the end of each act rose almost to an ovation, for a better performance of the charming work has rarely if ever been heard. Miss Farrar was in rare voice and spirit, and Caruso was too, while the pathos of the parting and reuniting of Manon and Des Grieux was depicted with so much fervor that few in the vast audience were unaffected. Miss Farrar wore her new gowns which she had ordered from Paris for "Manon" when she learned that the opera was to be revived in the place of "Boris Godounoff." They did not arrive until too late for wear at the first performance on Saturday. Toscanini conducted, and had his full share of applause.

April 6, 1912

"PARSIFAL" SUNG TO A LARGE AUDIENCE

Impressive Performance of the Wagner Drama at the Metropolitan.

"ORFEO" HEARD AT NIGHT

Mme. Homer Sings Gluck's Music and Mr. Toscanini Conducts With Fine Taste.

The Good Friday performance of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon had its uncertainties, but on the whole it was an impressive representation of the drama of Grail adoration. In the first act there were unhappy moments. The unhappiest were those in which the unseen choruses in the unveiling scene wandered far from the pitch. The lights, too, misbehaved and marred the illusion of the stage.

But after *Amfortas* had poured out his bitter lamentation and his poignant cry for pity the mood of the entire representation rose to a new level. For the gratitude of the audience was due to Mr. Amato. The Italian baritone has rejoiced exceedingly in his strength of tone in many performances of opera by his compatriots, but yesterday he put aside vain glory and entered more fully into the spirit of the Wagnerian consecrational play than he had at any previous performance. He sang the music of *Amfortas* with beautiful sincerity and with a noble breadth of style. There was real and touching emotion in his great appeal.

Mr. Jörn, who was the *Parsifal*, was especially interesting in the first scene in which he denoted the youthful innocence and impulsiveness of the guileless fool with skill. In the rest of his

rsonation there were earnestness and gnity. Mme. Fremstad's *Kundry* re-ined upon the high level which it s of late occupied, and Mr. Withorspoon ng the music of *Gurnemanz* excellently The flower girls disported themselves acefully and the *Klingsor* of Mr. Goritz s sufficiently wicked. The orchestra yed generally well and Mr. Hertz pt the volume of tone for the most rt within the bounds of moderation. e audience was one of large size. In-ed, its numbers seemed to indicate t the hold of "Parsifal" on the public s grown. The instant suppression a feeble attempt at applause after first act showed that the feeling out the unveiling scene was still tinc-ed with religious venoration.

n the evening there was a reversion the classic type of opera. Gluer's feo," which had enjoyed a short cation, was again brought forward l Mme. Homer, released from the trictions of "Mona," was permitted e more to exhibit her growth in the sticity of art. Her associates as etofore were Mmes. Rappold and ck and Miss Sparkes. Mr. Toscanini upied the conductor's post and gov-ed his forces with firmness and with ance of taste.

April 7 1912

MR. BAUER'S RECITAL.

ine Reading of Schumann's F Sharp Minor Sonata.

othing is more encouraging and in-ctive to those interested in the cause good music than a slow and steady wth of public interest in the art of a t artist. At times a newcomer in the d of absolute music creates a sensation at a second or third appearance has rge audience. It is not unknown to sical annals that a success of this d is followed by a slow and certain inution of public favor. But when interpreter of solid merit acquires audience gradually his success is ly to be large and lasting.

arold Bauer, the pianist, who gave last recital yesterday afternoon at negie Hall, began his New York ap-rances before assemblages of moderate e. The increase in the number of hearers has been continual and now is assured always of a full house. There o sensationalism in Mr. Bauer's art; re has been none in his career in this y. But the esteem in which he is held this public should make him proud.

His programme yesterday was one genuine interest. It comprised Men-ssohn's prelude and fugue in E minor, s 35, Bach's G minor suite, Schu-nn's great F sharp minor sonata, a lude fugue and variations by César anck, Ravel's "Ondine," Debussy's, hildren's Corner" and two Chopin mbers. The entire recital was on a ne long ago established by Mr. Bauer, t perhaps nothing gave more pleasure the audience than his temperamental t finely poised performance of the umann sonata.

t is by such playing that Mr. Bauer ims his place among the most admired nists of this time. Strength without aggeration, warmth without conflagra-n, color without smudges, and over all orous observance of the order of art; e the sterling qualities to be found in adings such as Mr. Bauer gave the ata.

R. BAUER'S LAST RECITAL.

Large Audience Hears His Artistic Playing in Carnegie Hall.

Ir. Harold Bauer's farewell recital, ich he gave in Carnegie Hall yesterday ernoon, was a delight to those who k upon a piano recital as an artist's erpretation and not as an opportunity the exploitation of great technical wers and the giving and receiving of ills over brilliant and dazzling per-mances. There were many such pres-t in the hall yesterday, which was l, and they listened with true appre-tion of Mr. Bauer's beautifully ar-tic playing.

t was a programme of pieces that he red, and played obviously with delight. began with Mendelssohn's Prelude and gue in E minor. Mr. Bauer played the gue not as an instructor in counter-int, exhibiting now the subject, now e answer, now their inversions, but as expression of poetical ideas. Perhaps e rarest pleasure that he gave in this cital was his playing of Bach's Eng-h suite in G minor. There are very planists who condescend to play ch's music as Bach wrote it, and espe-lly not these suites of short pieces, ich offer so little for virtuosos to ne in. Mr. Bauer found an infinite alth of beauty and variety of musical pression in the six pieces that make the suite: the spontaneity and vitality the prelude, hte wondrous depth of nderness in the sarabrande with its gical harmonies, the humor of the votte with its murmuring musette, the sh and fire of the final gigue. Only a eat artist could set forth all there is this music, which doubtless many in e audience knew and played them-ves.

Schumann's fiery Sonata in F sharp nor, rich in tumultuous ideas tumbling er each other; an arrangement by Mr. tuer of a Prelude, Fugue, and Varia-tions for organ by César Franck; Maurice Ravel's "Ondine," Debussy's sportive "Children's Corner," and Chopin's Polonaise in E flat minor, and "Barcarolle" made up the rest of the programme. The performance of Schumann's sonata was wonderfully rich and varied in its communication of the "fire of Spring" that burns through that extraordinary work.

There might be those who found in some of the purely technical qualities of Mr. Bauer's playing some traces left by a long and arduous tour. But there was little to injure the essential quality of this most delightful art, and the performance was enjoyed greatly. Mr. Bauer's visit and the recitals and performances with orchestra that he has given in New York have been among the most delectable incidents of the season now drawing to its close.

YESTERDAY AT THE OPERA.

"Otello" in the Afternoon and "La Gioconda" in the Evening.

The operas given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday were "Otello" in the afternoon and "La Gioconda" in the evening. Verdi's noble musical version of Shakespeare's tragedy was excellently performed, but the audience was not commensurate with the merits of the representation. However, it seems unlikely now that this bitterly tragic and psychologic work will ever attain the measure of popularity easily reached by operas less subtly intellectual and franker in their appeal to mere sentiment.

In yesterday's performance the principal singers, Mr. Slezak as *Otello*, Mr. Scotti as *Iago*, and Mme. Alda as *Desdemona*, were at their best, and Mr. Toscanini's inspiring direction was as usual a potent factor in bringing about the best possible results.

Miss Destinn was the impersonator of *La Gioconda* in the evening and she sang with much brilliancy of tone and with dramatic style. Mr. Amato was the *Barnaba* and Mr. Martin, who seemed to be a little hoarse, was the *Enzo*. He sang "Cielo e mar" with good effect, despite some little difficulties with his tones. The other members of the cast were the same as heretofore and the performance was generally commendable.

April 8 1912

Erin's Tunes

Miss Alice Nielsen Varies Programme with Opera Selections, but Irish Melodies Predominate.

Considering the interesting programme provided and the fact that Miss Alice Nielsen, of the Boston Opera Company, was the chief soloist, it is surprising that what for the large auditorium seemed a mere handful of persons attended the annual concert, the "feis ceoil agus seanachas," of the Gaelic Society in Carnegie Hall last night. The entertainment opened with some interesting "Irish Clan Marches," played on the organ by Mr. Bernard O'Donnell.

Miss Mary Louise Wallace and Mr. Edward O'Mahony then sang Moore's "Oh, Where's the Slave," and repeated it for the encore. This was followed by Mrs. Helen O'Donnell, who sang the ancient air, "Ceol and Mala" and "The Angel's Whisper." She, too, was encored. In fact, at this point it seemed as if encores were the order of the evening, the audience evidently being the proverbial one "that made up in enthusiasm for what it lacked in numbers" and, notwithstanding the length of the programme, insisted on repeats.

Nor was the contrary to be expected when Mr. O'Mahony sang Dr. Cronin's "The Green Old Flag;" or when a medley of Irish airs for harp was played by a trio of harpists, led by Miss Gertrude Ina Robinson. Miss Wallace, however, after a song with words, by Samuel Lover, and music by Lover's grandson, Mr. Victor Herbert, although recalled several times, had the tact simply to come out and bow.

Her example was followed by Miss Nielsen, notwithstanding the applause she received for her singing of "Mavourneen," "Killarney" and "The Wearing of the Green." The prima donna came out, curtsied and threw kisses with both hands to the audience, but declined to drag out the programme with an encore. Mr. Wilmot Goodwin's singing of Moore's "Aveging and Bright" and Roeckel's "Green Isle of Erin" ended the first part of the programme—"an cheud chuid," as the Gaels call it.

Miss Nielsen opened the second part of the evening—"an dora chuid"—with "Il Bacio." She was down on the "Aireamk" for an operatic selection, but after the Arditi waltz song she kissed her hands to the audience once more and vanished—and with her want the grand opera selection. But then it was already approaching half-past ten, rather late for a concert to be little more than half over. Mrs. O'Donnell, Mr. Goodwin, Miss Wallace and Miss Nielsen were heard again. The harpists, Misses Robinson, Margaret H. Schroen and Irma Seibert, played, and the "feis" ended with "The Star Spangled Banner," sung in Gaelic.

Cardinal Farley is one of the patron members of the society, but was unable to attend the concert. Mr. John D. Crimmins and a party occupied a box.

IRISH HOLD FESTIVAL

Alice Neilsen Sings Ballads for the Gælic Society.

The thirty-fourth annual Irish musical festival of the Gaelic Society in New York was held last night at Carnegie Lyceum with Miss Alice Neilson, one of the leading sopranos of the Boston Opera Company, as the principal soloist. Miss Neilson has made a special study of ancient Irish ballads, several of which she sang last night.

Others who appeared on the program were: Miss Mary Louise Wallace, soprano; Mrs. Helen O'Donnell, contralto; Wilmot Goodwin, baritone; Mr. Edward O'Mahony, bass, and a corp of harpists, including Miss Gertrude Ina Robinson, Miss Margaret A. Schroen and Miss Irma Seibert. They played a number of Irish airs and accompanied several of the singers. At the close of the program all the soloists sang the "Stars Spangled Banner" in the Gaelic tongue translated by the late Rev. E. O'Growney.

April 9. 1912

Nikisch and His London Orchestra.

Very seldom in the twenty years of its existence has the ceiling of Carnegie Hall looked down on such scenes of enthusiasm as were witnessed last evening, when Arthur Nikisch, at the head of the London Symphony Orchestra, gave the first of three concerts. There was tremendous and prolonged applause for him when he came forward, and a similar ovation followed each number on the programme. The great conductor was found greater than ever, the orchestra came up to expectations, the atmospheric conditions were favorable, the audience was receptive, and everybody was happy, including the players, who had to get up repeatedly to acknowledge the applause, which included them as well as their leader. They will surely never forget the warm welcome accorded them in the New World.

The only cause for regret was that the audltorium was not full. This was due partly to the fact that the prices of tickets had been nearly doubled—it costs so much to bring an orchestra of a hundred across the Atlantic! The programme, also, may have had something to do with it. Tomorrow night, when Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony will be the principal number, it is likely that every seat will be taken. Last night the symphony was by Brahms. The fact has been bewailed in the newspapers many a time that when one conductor announces a certain symphony by Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, or somebody else, several other conductors immediately pounce upon it and inflict it on the public. This time it was Brahms's turn; the first of his four symphonies, which is also the most austere and the least inspired of them, was played for the fifth time in about as many weeks by as many different conductors and orchestras—the New York Philharmonic, the New York Symphony, the Boston Symphony, the Minneapolis Orchestra, and the London Symphony. The greatest masterwork would suffer from such a foolish policy, and in this case there was absolutely no public demand for this particular work. The Brahmsites, to be sure, have told us that these five performances of the first symphony prove its popularity; but the Brahmsites, as a rule, have not much more sense of humor than is revealed in the works of their idol.

It cannot be said that, apart from the splendid introduction to the symphony, even Arthur Nikisch succeeded in making the first three movements anything but dismal, dull, and wearisome, though he did bring out a pretty detail here and there that is usually overlooked. He could not prevent the orchestration from seeming barren of sensuous charm, the themes from being void of sustained melodic interest. Doubtless Mr. Nikisch realizes full well how inferior these three movements are to the last, in which Brahms, inspired by Beethoven, rose to sublime heights.

The eminent German critic, Ferdinand Pfohl, has written an admirable fifty-page brochure on Arthur Nikisch, in which he devotes two pages to his marvellous interpretation of the last of this symphony's movements, ignoring the others. What struck him particularly was that Nikisch did not conduct this movement in the traditional way. The sworn Brahmsites, he remarks, think of their master's music as without color, and look on him as a *müden Melancholiker der Form*—a weary melancholiac of form (which things, he adds, they regard as virtues!). They have found fault with the great Hungarian conductor for putting so much life, vigor, variety, originality into this movement. But the public at large is not with them. It rejoices when it hears it played in the Nikisch way, just as it politely takes its predecessors into the bargain.

The concert opened with Beethoven's great "Leonora" overture, of which Mr. Nikisch gave a splendidly dramatic reading that recalled Anton Seidl's at its best. No piece is more hackneyed than this; but he made it sound fresh once more by means of what might be called musical punctuation and elocution. Never has the trumpet call sounded more thrilling—it was played in a more lingering way than usual, to an orchestral substratum which was "different." And at the end, the climax with the brass playing *fff*, was brought out with overwhelming effect.

At the other end of the programme was another equally hackneyed number—Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture. When its last chord had been played, there was probably not one person in the hall that would not have been glad to hear it right over again. When Ferdinand Hiller heard Anton Seidl conduct this overture, he was astonished and exclaimed that that way he liked it too—*"Ja, so gefällt sie mir auch!"* So last night's audience might have said of this piece, staled by a thousand repetitions: *"Ja, so gefällt sie mir immer noch"* (that way I still like it). The mixed emotions of religion and worldly love were marvellously contrasted, and the triumph of religion made a grand final climax. In this climax, as everybody may not know, it was Nikisch who first gave prominence to the inner brass tones, adding a new thrill to the closing bars. He got the hint from the later Paris version, and all great conductors have followed in his footsteps. It was with "Tannhäuser" that he made his début as an opera conductor, thirty-two years ago, when he was only twenty-four.

Why Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini" should have been on this programme was not obvious, for it is an early and not particularly inspired work. Perhaps it was chosen to show off the London orchestra's mettle; and this it certainly did. An excellent band it is, especially in the string department. The wood-wind lacks the mellowness of the same families in our Philharmonic and in the Boston orchestra, and the brasses are sometimes strident; several times there was crude noise where sonority alone was called for. In matters of precision the players left little to be desired, and it was a pleasure to see how they followed their leader's every nuance.

The most remarkable attribute of the London Symphony Orchestra, as revealed last night, was, however, its emotionalism. True, the conductor was responsible very largely for the frequent displays of temperament; yet he could not have made these displays if his musicians had been as unemotional in their utterances as Englishmen are supposed to be generally. One of these players once said that Nikisch made them "boil over with enthusiasm." He certainly did so last night, and also the audience. Wagner was right when he said that "without enthusiasm nothing great can be accomplished."

ARTHUR NIKISCH

After much heralding, the London Symphony Orchestra, with Arthur Nikisch at its head, appeared in New York last night in Carnegie Hall, giving the first concert of its American tour. The undertaking is a very large one, and it is not surprising that the enterprising managers should have exhausted the arts of the press agent to advertise the enterprise they are conducting. Expectation was raised high. The audience was very considerable in numbers, though it did not entirely fill the hall. There was a great demonstration of welcome for Mr. Nikisch when he appeared to take his place at the conductor's stand, and there was much real, and often prolonged, enthusiasm.

Mr. Nikisch is, of course, no stranger in New York. Those in the audience whose memories took them back twenty years were familiar with his appearance before the public as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, his quiet, almost languid approach, his reserved bows. His appearance has changed but little, except for an invasion of gray upon the black hair and beard. Nor his style as a conductor—quiet, graceful, self-contained

intensity, the occasional expansion of the gesture, the kindling glance, the smoldering fire that now and again leapt into flame are the characteristics of Mr. Nikisch's conducting now as they were when he was at the head of the Boston Orchestra.

His readings are those of a profoundly musical nature; at their best penetrated through and through with the spirit of the composer, a clear elucidation of his thought, his meanings, in a large conception whose suhtle and significant details contribute to the symmetry and beauty of the whole. Mr. Nikisch conducted with equal eloquence and power Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3, Brahms's first symphony, Tschaikowsky's symphonic fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini," and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture.

The orchestra that he conducted is a foremost organization in London, and an excellent orchestra. His organization is co-operative, like the original organization of the New York Philharmonic Society It has no regular conductor, but also like the Philharmonic for a short period, it is conducted by a succession of invited "guest" conductors. Mr. Nikisch at the present time is occupying that temporary position. The orchestra was formed in 1904 by seceders from Henry J. Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra in London, who refused to submit to his rule that his players must attend every performance and concert of his orchestra, and be represented by no substitutes. Not much stress has been laid on this bold stand for the sacred right of sending substitutes in the American accounts of the London orchestra.

It is highly thought of by the Londoners, and deservedly so. It is said to include many of the best British orchestral players. The strings are numerous and have a fine solidarity and power; their tone, however, is apt to be at times brilliant rather than mellow. The wood winds are uncommonly good; a first oboe and a first clarinet are of unusual delicacy and finish of phrasing. The brass players are excellent. The orchestra, on the whole, is exceedingly responsive to the conductor, but its ensemble, especially its attack, is not of the most finished.

There was a highly dramatic performance of the "Leonore" overture that was at the same time poetic. Some of the tempos seemed a little slow, but they justified themselves in Mr. Nikisch's treatment. Brahms's symphony has not been heard more beautifully set forth in all the fine performances that have preceded this one in New York this season, although there was one that was more technically finished.

There were to be admired in this, Mr. Nikisch's beautifully plastic modeling of the phrase, his adjustment of melodic values in the orchestration, so that Brahms's melodic line should never be lost, nor the rounded, rich, and shadowy masses of the instrumental color disturbed; his freedom and flexibility of tempo, that was seldom exaggerated. There was a wealth of significant detail all through it. Nothing was lost, and nothing was unduly obtrusive. The enunciation of the grandiose theme of the last movement was superb, and its entrance artfully prepared to gain the greatest effect. There was a magnificent climax wrought in this movement. The performance was beautiful with a deeply musical beauty.

The same things can be said of Tschaikowsky's feverish and rhapsodic "Francesca da Rimini," perhaps even to a greater degree. Mr. Nikisch's art as an interpreter was brought to bear upon this difficult and involved piece with a wonderfully illuminating power. He made it all lucid and coherent where incoherence easily befalls. It was not only dramatically forceful, but musically convincing, at least for the moment.

MR. NIKISCH'S RETURN

First Concert of the London Symphony Orchestra.

Not the orchestra, which has come all the way from London to give us a taste of its quality, but Sir Arthur Nikish, who has come to conduct a series of concerts which it is to give in the United States, has been heralded loudly throughout the country for nearly a year past. Perhaps this is as it ought to have been. A long season of symphonic music has closed, and New York has been asked to hear concerts by its own Philharmonic, Symphony, Russian Peoples' and Volpe orchestras, to say nothing of the "populars" on a score of Sunday nights by the very admirable band of the Metropolitan Opera House, by various companies of "vagrom" musicians gathered together for occasions besides the very welcome visitors from Boston who come to us regularly ,and are as welcome as they are regular), and the Minneapolis and Theodore Thomas organization which came out of the West o show New Yorkers that the East did not monopolize all the good symphonic music of the country. Of course there were some New Yorkers familiar with that fact, who know that good music of the highest order is making n Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Haven, Seattle, San Francisco and other places. Some day we may expect a visit from all of them, for uneasy rests the orchestral head which has not tried to at least to win a crown in New York.

But a visit from far across seas was another matter. Perhaps it would never have been dreamed of had there been no Nikisch, for it is many years since an agitation first went out to bring him over with the Berlin Orchestra, of which he is the regular conductor. But a shrewd manager took counsel and decided that the experiment would be too venturesome, despite the great popularity which Mr. Nikisch won during his American sojourn of four years. His London managers were less timid; whether or not they were less wise will be known after the end of the tour. The audience last night was not altogether encouraging. Despite such a beggarly array of empty boxes as was disclosed, there was what would ordinarily be called a good audience in the stalls, but there was as little occasion to compare it in numbers with the audiences which attend the Boston Orchestra concerts as there was to compare the two bands in quality.

This is not to say that the London Orchestra is not an admirable organization, but only that in general euphony it does not hold a candle to the men from Boston—and never will so long as it retains its tenuous and acidulous oboe, its strange flute and stranger clarinet, with voices and styles which seem to belong to no common school and to have a singular antipathy to mixing in a beautiful harmony—or, let us say, consonance, so as to avoid as much criticism as possible. As for the rest, the band has a good muscularity of string tone, and shows admirable obedience to the masterly hand of Mr. Nikisch.

"Admirable obedience" describes the situation as well as any words we can think of in the hurry of writing after a concert that began tardily and contained Beethoven's overture "Leonore, No. 3," Brahms's first symphony, Tschaikow's "Francesca da Riminin" and the "Tannhauser" overture. When Mr. Niflisch commanded it struck with a thunderbolt, and also when commanded it whispered like a zephyr. It was all Mr. Nikisch, in whom the music lovers who knew him recognized a conductor with a all his admirable qualities of old, but ripened, melowed, when they needed it, and raised to a higher power. He was more the Nikisch of 1889 than of him of 1893, for by the time he left Boston he had began to acquire a few exaravagances which caused a little shaking of critical heads especially in his interpretion of Beethoven's symphonies. When he came it was easy and a pleasure to say of him that, coming into the command of a marvelously trained orchestra he was at once a useful stimulus to musical thought, perhaps a little more in Boston than New York. He gave the complacent ones something to think about—permitted no stagnation of the musical waters. He was an interpreter, expounder, commentator, but not a sensationalist as he threatened to become later. He was safe for the musicians because of his perfect and easy command of the technics of conducting; he was safe for the composers and public because, though thoroughly romantic, he neglected none of the canons of good taste, violated none of the laws of beauty. It was his aim to get at the warm, throbbing heart of the music and make it felt; but he cared for no hidebound traditions. So also last night. His contrasts in the Brahms symphony were from extreme to extreme of nuance, but the broad, fluent, beautiful contours of all the themes were there, and his climaxes were thrilling. If anything could justify an eighth performance of the work this season it would be another like that he gave last night.

H. E. K.

LONDON ORCHESTRA GIVES FIRST CONCERT

The first concert of the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Nikisch, took place last evening at Carnegie Hall. The audience was not what might have been expected in view of the remarkable proclamations which have resounded through the peaceful atmosphere of the waning season. There were altogether too many empty boxes and there might even have been more occupants of orchestra stalls.

But what the assembly lacked in size it made up in cordiality. Doubtless there were not a few who remembered the very little conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra nineteen years ago and who were ready to recognize and welcome him in the grave and thoughtful looking man who came upon the platform and took up the baton last night. And there must have been many others who knew the fame of Nikisch and were glad to acclaim him for that reason.

He was a master of his art in the days when he directed the Boston orchestra, but he was perhaps more tempestuous on occasion than he would be in these calmer days of middle life. Since he left us he has been accepted as the foremost concert conductor in Germany, and that means in Europe. When the Berlin Philharmonic sought a successor to Von Bülow several were tried, but only Nikisch could excite the Prussian music lovers. The Leipsic Gewandhaus also came under his spell and then later he was a "guest" in many places and the glory of his name illuminedthe continent.

It is good to see him back. He brings with him a company of musicians which stands among the first of Europe. It is composed of men who take pride in their art and who labor with their hearts as well as with their intelligence. It is indeed interesting for those Americans who cannot visit London in her musical season to hear her representative orchestra, especially when the best is drawn from it by the inpsiration of Nikisch's conducting.

Mr. Nikisch has not changed in character but in degree since he left us. His methods are the same, his manner is the same, his pose and his gestures are the same . But there has been a great broadening and deepening of the musician. He has acquired a noble repose, a solidity of style, a depth of analysis and a finely poised method of exposition. His temperament is as intense as ever and his poetic instinct is just as strong. But there is a large wisdom which comes only of long study and experience.

Perhaps this was best revealed in the superb and imposing interpretation of Brahms's C minor symphony, the second number on the programme. The great "Leonora" No. 3 overture of Beethoven began the concert and the performance of it at once showed that the characteristic insistence of Nikisch on the most intimate details of nuancing in every phrase was not diminished. But in the treatment of certain more weighty features of the composition and in the disposition of effects in the consummation of a grand general plan there was shown a more notable mastery.

The Brahms symphony has been heard pretty often of late, but whenever it is interpreted, as it was last evening, it can be heard again with joy. There was a certain sobriety in the slow movement which was less the fault of the conductor than of the orchestra. This was here somewhat dry in tone and angular in phrasing. But the last movement left such an impression of majesty as to blot out what had gone before. It was the climax of a splendid reading which had organic unity from beginning to end and which aroused the hearers to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

The "Francesca da Rimini" symphonic fantasia of Tschaikowsky followed, and here again the conductor showed his keen appreciation of the romantic spirit of modern music. It was a beautiful reading and on the part of the orchestra an exceptionally excellent performance.

The London Symphony Orchestra is a good organization, but measured by the standards held in this country it will not be regarded as an extraordinary one. The strings have abundant power and virility but their tone is not always ideal in lusciousness nor their style in elegance. The wood wind is respectable, but so far as could be judged by last evening's concert not distinguished.

The brass is very serviceable and the trombones certainly covered themselves with glory by the piano utterance of the chorale phrases in the symphony. However, there will be further opportunities to discuss this orchestra, and for the present it is enough to say that it is a welcome addition to the list of our acquaintances.

GREAT HUNGARIAN LEADER GETS BIG WELCOME HERE

Nikisch Dominates Concert with His Magnetic Personality.

FINE PLAYING OF BEETHOVEN

Conductor and London Orchestra Give Overpowering Performance of Leonore Overture.

Arthur Nikisch and the London Symphony Orchestra took New York by storm last night. Acclaimed in Carnegie Hall with an applausive fervor such as has greeted no conductor here in recent years, the famous Hungarian, now on the threshold of a venerable age, proved conclusively that he is fully entitled to the laurels he has reaped throughout Europe since he was graduated from the leadership of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, showing at the same time convincingly that London can boast an organization of native musicians of which it well may be proud.

The audience, it is true, was not as large as had been expected, for the scale of prices, high beyond all precedent, excluded many music lovers of moderate means. But every one in that distinguished throng, throwing to the winds all thought of polite proprieties, indulged in such vehement expressions of approval that, as far as the ear could judge, the huge auditorium might have been packed to its very limit. A veritable hurricane of noise that seemingly would not end greeted conductor and orchestra after the intensely dramatic performance of Beethoven's "Leonora No. 3" overture, which opened the evening, and each of the other contributions on the programme—Brahms's C minor symphony, Tschaikowsky's Symphonic Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini," and the "Tannhaeuser" overture—inflamed the crowd to outbursts of enthusiasm hardly less tumultuous. More than once Nikisch asked his men to share honors with him by standing up, and then the applause would swell into an overwhelming crescendo with cries of "Bravo!" piercing the din of clapping hands and stamping feet.

No more propitious time than the present for exploiting in America the great Magyar musician, who, strangely enough, has been heralded as a Russian, could well have been chosen. To be sure, Nikisch, despite his superlative powers, is not immune to criticism, and it would not surprise this writer in the least if his full-blooded, intensely dramatic and throbbingly emotional interpretations, big in the strongest sense of the word, sweeping in outline, heaving with passion, would fail to meet the approval of a few finical observers, who shrink modestly from every contact with inspiration, for the case of Mahler is still fresh in mind. The fact remains however, that the conductors who have governed the concert field in this country of late are veritable pigmies compared to the Hungarian. Therefore, his commanding figure loomed in truly titanic proportions last night, and an audience as well as orchestra came under the spell of his powerful personality, reposeful on the surface, but quick with suppressed magnetism that at times flared up in scorching temperament, flames.

Masterly was his reading of the Beethoven overture, masterly in its dramatic plan and execution. Expectation, tense and thrilling, a suspense that made the heart thump, lurked in every measure leading up to the overpowering climax, and the outburst of sonority at the close reached a massive intensity simply overpowering. Striking as were the other developments of the evening nothing quite approached the impression of the most sweeping and imposing if not the most perfect performance of the "Leonora No. 3" ever heard in New York.

No symphony has been heard more often this season than Brahms's in C minor. Surely, however, no one regretted last night's repetition. It effectually drove previous interpretations into a dim and almost forgotten past. Nikisch did not treat the great German as though he were a dry musical fossil. Possibly he dealt somewhat freely at times with the composer's rhythms. But how eloquently he lifted the melody into prominence! How impassioned was the song of the strings under his molding hands; how thrilling the rhythmical life pulsing warm underneath! Only did that long rhetorical pause on page 133 of the score quite meet the composer's wishes. Was the purpose of preparing for the cataclysmal fortissimo not a little too obvious?

If there were points in Nikisch's reading of the Brahms symphony which could hear discussion, the Tschaikowsky Fantasia gave absolutely no foothold for criticism. The work, to be sure, so strongly tinged with the influence of Liszt, is not among the composer's greatest compositions, but it gave conductor and orchestra opportunity for truly virtuosic display. The emotion, instilled by Nikisch into the British band, simply dripped from the vitalized score and whirlwind passages whipped up towering tidal waves of surging dynamics.

The "Tannhaeuser" overture, too, showed orchestra and conductor at their best. A battle-horse in Nikisch's repertory, it closed the evening brilliantly long after the usual hour at which symphony concerts in New York usually end.

Little time remains to give an adequate estimate of London's excellent orchestra, which, thanks to the munificence of Warren R. Fales, has been brought from its island home far across to the Western World. That it can hold its own with the perfectly balanced and euphonious Boston band of virtuosos hardly can be said. With other organizations, however, including our own Manhattan orchestras, it need fear no comparison.

To be sure, the wood-wind choir is not all it might me. The first clarinet, M. Gomez, one of the few musicians not bearing an English name, is a player of the very first rank. But the tone of principal flute, though surprisingly large and sonorous, is somewhat hard, and the first oboe, peculiarly shrill and brittle in timbre, does not measure up to the general standard maintained.

Of the brass choir the trombones are particularly noteworthy; the horns last night were not quite as satisfactory. The glory of the London Symphony lies, however, in the strings. So big, so wholesome, so round, so ing and massive a volume of tone as Nikisch drew from that department of his orchestra never has been heard in New York. The second violins, it may be noted, are distinctly inferior to the firsts, and even the first lack the sensuous sweetness which we are accustomed in the Boston Orchestra. But what an aggregation of 'cellos and what a set of ba

ideed, if one were to pick out one noir of the British orchestra for spe-al honor the choice would inevitably ll on the nine incomparable bass ols, who provided so full, mellow and brant a foundation for last night's usical feast. The announcement adc last night that Nikisch and his chestra will give two more concerts ter to-morrow's appearance—on pril 28 in the Metropolitan Opera ouse and on April 29 in Carnegie all—will be hailed, no doubt, with light. M. S.

April 10 1912

BARGAIN COUNTER OPERA.

n Evening of Selections From Various Works Draws Large Audience.

What used to be described as a "grand la performance" took place at the etropolitan Opera House last night. other words there was an entertain-nt of separate acts vrom operas in ench, German and Italian. The pro-amme offered first the kirmess scene om "Faust," in whihc Mr. Jorn appeared the chro and Mme. Rappold as the roine. Mr. Rothier as *Mephistopheles* s the central figure and Mr. Gilly as *dentib* was a good assistant. Mme. ubourg looked well as the stripling *ebel*.

The second act of "Tannhauser" gave large audience opportunity to hear ne. Gadski, Messrs. Slezak, Weil, With-spoon and Hinshaw. Mr. Hagemen, no conducted the French scene, gave y to Mr. Hertz. The next number the programme was the second act "Tosca," with Mme. Destonn as the man singer, Mr. Martin as the un-rtunate portrait painter and Mr. Amato the sinister head of the police depart-ent.

The concluding feature of this delec-dbe evening's entertainment was a ce of the exciting fourth act of "Il ovatore" with Mme. Fappold as *Leo-ra*, Mme. Homer as *Azucena*, Mr. Mar-n as *Manrico* and Mr. Gilly as the *Count*. r. Sturani conducted the two Italian ts. There was plenty of applause for the principal singers. Bargaincounter era is still popular.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

st Concert of Its Twentieth New York Season.

he last concert of the Knersil Quar-'s twentieth season in New York was en last evening in the Hotel Astor. was probably—and doubtless there was be on the part of the entire audience t it was certainly—the last appearance the organization in that concert room, ich is not properly a concert room d whose acaustic are very ill adapted the performance of chamber music. e audience heard beautiful perform-ces of Brahms's first string quintet. 88 in F. Beethoven's quartet in C, third of the Rasvumoffsky sct. Op and his septet, Op. 20.

Brahms's quintet has not often been yed, yet it eminently deserves to be; vork of rare beauty, of real inspiration, the most characteristic Brahmsian vor and originlaity. The performance s one of equisijte feeling, of sym-thy and complete understanding. Mr. sef Kavarik played the second viola rt. Such a performance also was that Beethoven's quartet. The septel had en played once before this season by Kneisil, at the concert given for the nefit of the musicians' fund of the Bo-mians. It is, of course, "early Beeth-en," elementary in comparison with originality and depth of the quar-that preceded it on the programme, d indeed aiming rather at the higher ality of the "divertiments" or "cas-tio" of which its numerous move-nts give a suggestion. But its spon-ity and melodiousness, and the in-esting passages in which its instru-entation abound always give pleasure they did last evening. The assisting tists were Messrs. Leroy, Reiter, Sa-lini and Manoly.

MISS METCALFE'S RECITAL.

Interesting Programme of Unfamiliar Songs In Italian, German and French.

Miss Susan Metcalfe, who had not sung blicly in New York for some three ars, gave a song recital yesterday ernoon in Rumford Hall. She has sung ccessfully in Europe in the meantime. ere is to be admired in her art a cer-n grace, individuality, personal charm, d an innate musical feeling. They find pecially characteristic outlet in French ngs, but Miss Metcalfe no longer puts much stress upon her French songs as e used to do. Her programme yester-y contained more songs by Brahms an by any other master. Modern Ger-an art was also represented by Schu-rt, Schumann, and Strauss, and of all ese composers Miss Metcalfe selected ngs that are little or not at all known the general audience.

She presented an interesting selection of l Italian airs, beginning with Monte-rde's "Lasciatemi morire," which is the ly surviving fragment of his opera of Ariana." Miss Metcalfe sang often th great volume of tone, and apparent-she has sought for this. But volume ould not come at the expense of other alities, especially not of singing sharp, hich was apt to be the result when iss Metcalfe sang loudly on high tones. e found a full and true emotional expression for most of the music she sang, and her interpretations were full of significance and often of great beauty. This was especially the case with her singing of the songs by Brahms. Her diction in the three languages she used was not marked by great clearness. The audience was demonstratively friendly and applauded enthusiastically.

GREEK ORCHESTRA IN GAUDY CONCERT

Royal Athenian Players Appear in Gorgeous Costume--Three Other Notable Programmes.

There were four Easter week concerts yesterday besides a gala performance at the Metropolitan.

The feature of the concerts was the appearance at Carnegie Hall last night of the Royal Athenian String Orchestra wearing, in the latter part of the evening, the gorgeous national costume of Greece.

The concert of this delightful aggregation of mandolins and guitars began with compositions by Beethoven, Saint-Saens and Rossini, the musicians wearing the customary evening clothes, but after this portion of the programme they retired and donned white starched skirts, reaching below the knee, red velvet leggings richly covered with gold embroidery. Short velvet jackets, similarly decorated, and brilliant red caps completed the costumes.

Thus garbed the orchestra played several Greek folk songs, overtures and rhapsodies. This music is marked by pleasing rhythms, suggesting the Russian folk songs presented by the Balalaikas the early part of the Winter.

At the Hotel Astor the Kneisel Quartette gave their last concert of the season, the usual four musicians being increased to seven in the Beethoven number written for that number of instrumentalists. Brahms's "Clarinet" quintette necessitated the addition of Josef Kovarik, the well-known viola of the Philharmonic Society.

Last evening's efforts of the Kneisels bore all the attributes that mark the ability and taste of this exceptional body of musicians. They presented the charming septet of Beethoven in a masterful manner, each melodic figure being played with its clear outline unblemished while the supporting harmonies were given their true proportionate value. The quartet by the same master, and the Brahms number were equally enjoyable and provoked enthusiasm.

At the Waldorf-Astoria, the Societa per la Musica Italiana an association formed to promote Italian music, gave its third concert befort a large and fashionable auidience. Miss Marguerite Kefer, soprano, and Guiseppe Randegger, planist, were the soloists.

Besides the works by Italian writers, which included numbers by Sacchini, Cesti and Cilea, the programme also contains selections by Chopin, Beethoven Lisza and others.

Miss Susan Metcalfe gave a recital in the afternoon at Rumford Hall to an audience both large and friendly She is a talented and ambitious artiste, and was heard in classic and modern Greek songs, arias of old Italy, and delightful French chansons

GALA OPERA PERFORMANCE

Metropolitan Artists Present Parts of "Faust,' "Tannhauser," "Tosca" and "Il Trovatore.'

A gala performance was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Barring two or three members of the company, the entire force of artists too kpart in the programme.

Every language used in the texts, except English, was represented in the works given. The second scene from Act 1, of "Faust," sung in French, opened the evening. Carl Jorn gave an adequate portrayal of the leading tenor role, Leon Rothier sang Mephistopheles, Dinh Gilly was Valentine and Mme. Rappold was pleasing as Marguerite.

The second act of "Tannhauser" was next heard with Mme. Gadski. Slezak, Witherspoon, Weil, Reiss, Hinshaw, Bayer and Ruysdael

Then came the tragic second act of "Tosca," with Mme. Destinn, Ricardo Martin and Amato. Act IV, of "Il Trovatore," was delightfully sung by Mme. Rappold, Mme. Homer, Ricardo Martin and Dinh Gilly.

Kneisel Quartet at Its Best in Final Concert

Weather at Last Favors String Instruments and Brilliant Playing Enthuses Large Audience.

For the last time this season the faithful folowers of the Kneisel Quartet hled themselves to the Hotel Astor and heard the famous quartet. They had braved all orts of weather, including the familiar Kneisel kind, during the winter, but last night, at the sixth concert, the elements conspired to provide the kind of weather that alowed strings to remain in tune. They were all wonderfully in tune, and the Kneisels really did themselves proud because of their smooth and balanced playing. They began with the Brahms F major quintet, in which they had the assistance of Mr. Josef Kovarik, viola player. He fitted into this ensemble as though he had played with them all his life, and particularly the first movement was finely played. Then came the Beethoven quartet, op. 59, No. 3, also admirably done, and, finally, there was played Beethoven's septour, op. 20. In the latter the assisting artists were Messrs. Leon Leroy, Xavier Reiter, Ugo Savolini and Ludwig Manoly.

Applause was plentiful after each movement. At the close the audience was reluctant to leave, for this Kneisel audience is a distinct and intimate part of New York's musical life.

Last Kneisel Concert.

Kneisel patrons are supposed to favor Beethoven and Brahms above all things, and so the last concert of the season, which was given at the Hotel Astor last night, was devoted entirely to these two composers. It opened with the F major quintet for two violins, two violas, and 'cello, by the latter, while Beethoven was represented by the C major quartet, op. 59, and the septet.

All of this music was played with true Kneisel finish, and the devotees of the organization applauded everything without stint. It cannot be admitted, however, that the programme was of the choicest variety from the standpoint of actual musical interest and value. The Brahms quintet has the inestimable merit of brevity, and its opening movement is lovely in its abundance of melodic freshness and charm. The rest of the work does not, unfortunately, bear out the promise of its opening division, though the second movement has some ingratiating moments, as has also the concluding fugue. The Beethoven quartet falls immeasurably below the glorious one in F major of the same opus, and is, unhappily, long drawn out in the bargain.

In the septet the Kneisels had the assistance of several Philharmonic instrumentalists, and the performance had smoothness and balance. The work is very seldom heard these days, for the simple reason that there is very little in it. It has a few mildly pretty moments, it is true, but on the whole the ideas contained in it are little above those in the earliest sonatas, and for the most part merely puerile. But, of course, the name of Beethoven will insure among some persons a profound respect for almost anything he ever wrote, no matter how insignificant. Had this septet been the work of some one of Beethoven's lesser contemporaries, its very existence would long since have been forgotten. It is one of those compositions which Beethoven, in his mature age, would have been glad to destroy, had that been possible, together with "Adelaide," which, oddly enough, Henry Holt the other day placed above the Schubert songs! It's a queer world we are living in. Evidently the answer to the question, "What's in a name?" is, "Everything's in a name." Things don't count.

The proofs of the assertions just made regarding Beethoven's attitude toward the two pieces named may be found in his letters. Grove (vol I, p. 231) thus sums up the matter:

It is no wonder that he did not care for his early works, and would sometimes even have destroyed "Adelaide," the Septet, and others of his youthful pieces if he could. Towards the end of his life he heard a friend practicing his thirty-two Variations in C minor. After listening for some time he said: "Whose is that?" "Yours," was the answer. "Mine? That piece of folly mine?" was his retort; "Oh, Beethoven, what an ass you were in those days!"

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Mr. Nikisch's Second Concert

The "Pathetic" Symphony and Wagner.

Despite an ardent admiration, personal as well as artistic, of twenty years' duration, with the brilliant conductor, it would be pleasanter to have written as a caption to this article "The London Symphony Society's Second Concert," but that would have scarcely preserved the verities of history as last night's audience saw them. The splendid band of musicians who are disclosing to Americans—untravelled Americans, that is—what are the best standards of symphonic music in London are of little consequence in the popular mind compared with Mr. Nikisch. Joyfully acknowledging his high qualities it is hard to quarrel with this state of affairs; but, nevertheless, it is an illustration of a phase into which music has entered, which serious observers and lovers have deplored for decades. In the highest form of the instrumental art (except chamber music, where, thank God! there is still a bit of holy ground) as in the hybrid form of opera which lives chiefly on affectation and fad, it is the singer, not the song, that challenges attention from the multitude. We used to have *prima donne* in New York whose name on a programme insured financial success for the performance; we now have a *primo tenore* who does the same thing. For *prima donna* or *primo tenore* read the conductor, and a parallel is established in orchestral art which is even more humiliating than that pervading our opera houses. If a single, concrete instance needs to be cited it might be found in the programmes offered by every visiting conductor. Here a bit of history may not be amiss. When the fortunes of the local Philharmonic Society were at a low ebb the costly experiment of importing "guest" conductors (a policy always pursued under much easier conditions by the band which has come across seas with Mr. Nikisch) was carried out. The most significant, and also most amusing, discovery made by the directors of the Philharmonic Society at the time was that nearly all, if not all, the conductors invited from Europe requested that Tschaikowsky's so-called (miscalled, except so far as its history is concerned) "Pathetic" Symphony be placed upon their programmes. Why? No observer of the trend of musical affairs during the last three lustrums, at least, dreamed of asking the question. The modern conductors, like the prima donnas and pianoforte virtuosi of the old school, have battle-horses which they know they can ride to victory; and so the orchestral repertory has become even smaller than that of the pianist, with his transcribed Bach fugue, his Beethoven sonata (O, Waldstein, what sins have been committed in thy name!) his Chopin group and his Lisztian explosion at the end. As for the great vocalists of a generation ago—Adelina Patti, for instance—they did not need to have any greater number of compositions in their heads than the peripatetic conductors of to-day. But ought we not to expect more of conductors than we do of prima donnas? Mr. Gilbert's soldiers in "Patience" all admitted with emphasis that they liked candy; but they did not dissent when their commanding officer descanted on the fact that with candy for breakfast, candy for luncheon, candy for dinner and candy for tea even candy might become tiresome. For candy read Beethoven's "Leonore, No. 3"; Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony; the overtures to Wagner's lyric dramas, and half a dozen other works which it is unnecessary to mention and another parallel is complete.

Of course, there is a great deal of personal equation in all this, for in so large a city as New York, despite its scores and scores of orchestral concerts, there are many audiences. No group of persons, except the unhappy ones compelled by duty, go to hear all the concerts, and so they do not get jaded and brain-weary of hearing the same programme a score of times every season. But the artistic proposition remains, including its confession of poverty on the part of conductors.

That grievance disposed of, let the strings be attuned to a more cheerful strain. Last night's audience at Carnegie Hall listened with increased admiration to the London Symphony Orchestra as under the direction of Mr. Nikisch it played Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," the Tschaikowsky "Pathétique," the concert arrangement of the Prelude and Finale from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," and the same composer's "Waldwehen" from "Siegfried" and prelude to "Die Meistersinger." In view of the excellent performances which the Wagnerian music receives under proper conditions (and a masterful leader) at the Metropolitan Opera House, it can be

passed over without comment. It is only necessary to record the fact that the audience was much more numerous than on Monday evening and that the genius of Mr. Nikisch shown quite as resplendently, though perhaps not so nobly and dignifiedly, in the popular symphony as it did in the Brahms work at the first concert. Again the great conductor's old admirers were compelled to observe with delight that without loss of an iota of the old magnetism his poetic feeling had been mellowed, broadened, deepened in the course of the years of his absence from us, and that he had grown in the strong grace of true musicianship. It was only the unhappy caviller, compelled to observe much that is bad as well as much that is admirable, who felt inclined to deplore the fact that the most frenetic applause followed the emptiest and most bombastic piece of music of the evening—the march movement of the symphony, which, moreover, has frequently been played here with greater dramatic effect. H. E. K.

LONDON ORCHESTRA PLAYS SECOND TIME

The second concert of the London Symphony Orchestra under Arthur Nikisch, which took place last evening at Carnegie Hall, was attended by a large audience, much larger indeed than that which heard the first. It might be instructive to know whether the increase in the number of those present was caused by the dissemination of the information that it was the real Nikisch who had come to town or that the London Symphony Orchestra was worth hearing.

The programme offered last evening had sufficient variety to interest all kinds of hearers and to disclose pretty thoroughly the qualities of the orchestra. It began with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and continued with Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony and three Wagner numbers, the vorspiel and liebestod of "Tristan und Isolde," the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried" and the vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger."

Those who can remember Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts of twenty years ago need not be told that Mr. Nikisch revels in the splendors of Wagner. But the "Pathetic" symphony of Tschaikowsky is another matter. It was sketched by its composer in 1893, the year in which Mr. Nikisch left this country to conduct the opera at Buda Pest. Hence he conducted the work in New York for the first time last night. In London he has interpreted it more than once, and in the British capital the reading of the composition is still regarded as a sort of civil service examination for stars of the baton.

The composition retains its place here as one of the great conceptions of modern music, but time has revealed clearly the indisputable fact that to lead an orchestra through its splendid pages is not so formidable an achievement as it appeared in the beginning. Especially is this the case with the third movement, after which last night the audience made a great demonstration of approval.

But the relentless pen of history records that no conductor has ever contrived to make a failure with this movement, and it was with this symphony that Mr. Safonoff convinced this public that he was a revelation. Mr. Nikisch conducted that third movement admirably and the orchestra played it with brilliancy, but it will be strange if the most exacting connoisseurs do not to-day find their memories dwelling with the most satisfaction on the elegant, fluent and deliciously rhythmic performance of the waltz.

It was in this movement that the body of tone was the purest, clearest and sunniest. In this the nuances were more finished and the distribution of color more artistic. The playing of the trio was in itself something to be recalled with much pleasure.

In the first and last movements Mr. Nikisch broadened certain tempi, but the changes fitted perfectly into his plan. His reading of both these movements was dignified and introspective, but at no time was the pathos of the "Pathetic" more than moderately touching. This shortcoming was not by any means to be attributed wholly to the conductor's plan. Much of it was due to coolness of color in the orchestral tone, and at times to intonation not wholly impeccable.

A second hearing of the London Symphony Orchestra confirmed some of the impressions gained from the first. It is a good orchestra, but not one of uncommon merit. Mr. Nikisch has labored with it to no little purpose. It has a strong and precise attack and its precision extends to the finish of chords as well as to their beginning. The balance of tone is excellent and there are very few technical slips.

The fundamental deficiency of the orchestra is in quality of tone. It must be understood at once that this is not bad. It is indeed generally good; but it is not of the first rank. The violins are full bodied and sonorous, but their tone is lacking in that transparency which is one of the highest desiderata of orchestral performance.

This thickness of tone is found throughout the strings. The double basses, for instance, are powerful and afford a heavy foundation for the grand body of sound, but their tone is rather opaque after all.

The wood winds are not of the best quality and they are wanting in homogeneity. This seems to be chiefly the fault of the instruments, though in the bassoon department the technic is not of the highest order. The first clarinet is a virtuoso, but the tone of his instrument is not that familiar to local ears. This is not to say that it is bad or disagreeable. It has character at any rate. The oboe is thin and hard and the flute tone is also thin and tends a trifle toward the quality of a piccolo.

Passages for the wood choir are wanting in the organlike richness which ought to be heard. The horns are uncertain in intonation, but the trombones are exceptionally good. The tympanist is a performer of the first rank, but Mr. Nikisch would be a trifle more tender with him if he were longer acquainted with the acoustics of Carnegie Hall.

It should be gathered from these cursory comments that the orchestra is better to hear in ensemble than in detail. And yet in its tutti the brilliant, penetrating, life giving tone of upper strings fails to rise as it should. That the orchestra is a very responsive instrument under the hands of Mr. Nikisch may easily be understood. A good general can handle his men, and these men certainly do count not only their rests but the length of each note.

Whatever else may be said of their work, it is not slovenly. There were moments last evening when it was genuinely inspiring. It is not improbable that at least one more opportunity to listen to interpretations by Mr. Nikisch will be afforded.

Mme. Homer in 'Walkure' with Arm in Sling

Felon Does Not Prevent Her Taking Part in Last Performance of the Opera at the Metropolitan.

For the last time this season the troubles of the god Wotan and the disgrace of his pet daughter, Brunnhilde, were the theme in the Metropolitan Opera House last night, when "Die Walküre" was sung again. The most unconventional feature was that Wotan's shrewish wife, Fricka, wore her arm in a sling. Mme. Homer, the Fricka, is still suffering from that painful felon, and she had to confine her gestures to the right arm, being thus at a great disadvantage when laying down the law to her lord.

It was an admirable performance. Mme. Fremstad, the Brunnhilde, sang and acted with all the finesse at her command. Mme. Gadski's Sieglinde was excellent. Mme. Homer's Fricka and Waltraute were both fine, she taking two parts. Mr. Griswold was a dignified and impressive Wotan, and Mr. Jörn was a lyric Siegmund. Mr. Hertz conducted unusually well. The big audience was appreciative.

April 8 1912

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Harold Bauer's Farewell Recital.

In spite of the summer heat on Saturday afternoon, Carnegie Hall held a large and enthusiastic audience, assembled to hear Harold Bauer's very interesting farewell recital. The programme was constructed on refreshingly unconventional lines, even to Mr. Bauer's encores. First came Mendelssohn's Prelude and fugue in E minor, Op. 35, then Bach's G minor English suite, then the *pièce de résistance*, Schumann's Sonata, Op. 11, and this was followed by three numbers of the French school, the organ Prelude, fugue, and variation of César Franck, transcribed for piano by Mr. Bauer; Ravel's "Ondine," and Debussy's "Children's Corner," a group of short pieces similar to Schumann's "Kinderscenen" in form. Chopin came last on the programme, with his E flat minor polonaise, and the barcarolle. Two encores were added, one the dance of the blessed spirits from Gluck's "Orfeo," the second a charming Brahms waltz, or "Ländler," which recalled phrases from Smetana's "Bartered Bride."

The Bach suite was beautiful in point of rhythm and accent, but left something to be desired in the matter of brilliancy. The Gavotte, especially, seemed to suffer from this colorlessness, the first and last parts hardly contrasting sufficiently with the plaintive *musette* which separates them. Possibly the pianist felt the effect of weather conditions, but he certainly did not show them in his virile and poetic performance of the Schumann Sonata. César Franck's beautiful prelude, fugue, and variation, one of the works characterized as masterpieces by Liszt, was played admirably by the pianist—as were also the Ravel "Ondine"—a bit of humidity well characterized by limpid finger passages—and Debussy's work, four musical jokes, "Dr. Gradus ad Parnassum," "Jumbo's Lullaby," "Doll's Serenade," and the "Golliwog's Cake Walk," the other two of the set of six not being in the humorous vein. Clementi as a substratum, with Debussy as melody, is indeed funny, and the "Lullaby" is appropriately awkward and ponderous. Monsieur Debussy was a little out of his element in cakewalks, the characteristic rhythms of his being very liable to cease suddenly and meander off into suggestions of Pelléas. But perhaps that is the fault of the Golliwogs, not of the composer.

The Chopin polonaise was very fine. Mr. Bauer feels its moody gloom to his finger-tips, and with these same finger-tips imparts it to his audience. With the Schumann this was the finest playing of the afternoon. Even after two hours of music the audience was clamorous for more, and the pianist kindly added the two encores mentioned above.

April 10 1912

Charming Recital by Miss Neida Humphrey

Appreciative Audience Hears the Lyric Soprano at the Plaza Hotel.

Miss Neida Humphrey, a lyric soprano, added to the musical interest of Easter week by giving a morning recital at the Plaza Hotel yesterday. A representative and attentive audience gave unusual value to the occasion.

Miss Humphrey, who possesses a voice of remarkable sweetness and range, has been privately heard in New York several times this Winter, but yesterday was the first time in which there was a public opportunity to listen and note. She is a pupil of G. Caruson, and it is her intention to pursue her studies in the continental cities.

Her programme yesterday included a number of compositions of remarkable brilliancy and others of the utmost simplicity. She gave an admirable rendition of the "Vissi D'Arte" from "Tosca"; "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto"; an aria from "La Boheme," and songs by L'Ardelot, Stephens and Clarke.

Max Jacobs, violinist, was heard in several interesting selections, and Mrs. Dorothy Baisler played the harp in a finished and pleasing fashion.

"D" Makes Singer Nedda.

Alabama Girl, Studying for Opera, Gives Recital Here.

From Huntsville, Ala., comes Miss Neida Humphrey, a young operatic student, who made her first public appearance in a recital at the Plaza Hotel yesterday. Change the i in her first name, Neida, to d and it becomes Nedda, in "Pagliacci"—a happy augury for a young aspirant toward opera.

Miss Humphrey has a light, clear soprano voice, but naturally shows lack of routine. After hearing her sing "Vissi d'Arte," from "Tosca;" "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto," and other operatic selections it would be, inspite of the "Nedda," an unkindness to her to give her the impression that she is ready for the operatic stage. Rather she holds out promise that she will be—after the further hard study necessary to achieve that end. Several songs were more mature in their rendering. In appearance she is attractive, and in manner not self-assertive, and, fortunately, she does not act as if she already considered herself a full fledged singer—in spite of the applause, of which a large audience was very liberal.

Song Recital by Susan Metcalfe.

It is some time since Miss Susan Metcalfe has been heard in New York. The last time she appeared here she was not in her best form, so it was a pleasure to hear her voice not only restored, but beautified and increased in volume, in the recital she gave yesterday afternoon at Rumford Hall. It is to be regretted that she changes her vowel position so constantly, for this habit causes ugly tone where the sound might be beautiful. However, Miss Metcalfe sings with much musical intelligence, and after all, is better than mere beau tone. Her voice has a warm, rich qu very satisfying to the ear.

It can hardly be said that her progr was satisfactory, although it had the of bringing forward unhackneyed e There are many of the latter, negl gems, which would have been more i esting than those on yesterday's progra Miss Metcalfe began with five songs in lian, by Monteverdi, Ceeti, Hasse, Cal and Gluck, and sang them in fine s "Gott im Frühlinge" and "Der Musensoh by Schubert, and three Schumann so "Im Walde," "Schneeglöckchen," and ist's," followed; then a group of Bra songs and a French group, followed by Richard Strauss songs. By a miracle, H Wolf's name did not appear, for which lief, much thanks. Many of the songs of spring, and Miss Metcalfe sang them real spring joy and brilliancy.

AY, APRIL 11, 1912.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Second Nikisch Concert.

The second appearance of Arthur Nik and the London Orchestra drew a much larger audience than the first, justly so, considering the programm Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Tcha vsky's gloriously melodious and c tional, "Pathétique" symphony, and t Wagner numbers, the Prelude Liebestod from "Tristan," the "W derchen" from "Siegfried," and "Meistersinger" Vorspiel. The audience wild with enthusiasm, both during and ter the concert, staying to applaud bring the great conductor out again again. This is the kind of enthusi which is indeed twice blest, for him gives and him that receives. Would t were more of it, both in concert hall opera house.

Tchaikovsky's symphonies give a w latitude for personal interpretation those of any other composer. "Pathétique" has been interpreted in York by many famous conductors, and those who have heard this work the oft est, two interpretations stand out vividly. No one has every approac Anton Seidl in the slow movements, Wasilly Safonoff in the stirring up-by ing of the Cossack march, and this is criticism of the splendid interpretation he last night. Mr. Nikisch was handicap by raggedness in the orchestra. To a so poetic as he, the mere beating of measure seems a superfluity, but, unf tunately, the men in the orchestra do respond fully to his feeling, and many hearsals would be required to secure necessary smoothness.

There will be much discussion of "reading" of the Symphony, but whet one agrees or disagrees with him, no will fail to call it interesting. The adagio was more persistently slow than are accustomed to hear it; there wa languor, a lack of the elemental force the whole first movement quite unusua our ears; and in the second allegro graz grace was the dominant note. The mi portion, in spite of its roundness of tour, has an underlying grimness and vi ity which one missed last night. The drum-beat was muffled, less insistent it is with some conductors. Mr. Nik brought down the house with the clima tho march, which was tremendous, bu this movement, as in the first, the lack cohesion in the orchestral forces was apparent. They lacked rhythmic soli and the first part, instead of being *vi* was pell-mell, helter-skelter, to the lis ers. It was in the last movement that orchestra responded best to its lea wishes, and the result was a moving formance of Tchaikovsky's heart-ren lament. For an instant there was sil then an outburst of cordial applause.

The three Wagner numbers were g each in its own way. It speaks volume Mr. Nikisch that at the end of a long busy New York season he can come rouse enthusiasm with music we have heard again and again. The "Tris prelude and swan song were replete tragic love; the "Waldeweben" was a t of springtime, and the robustly poetic troduction to "Die Meistersinger" mad audience shout its gratitude. It is to hear that sound of enthusiasm ro aud shown in unstinted measure, and Mr. Nikisch, accustomed as he is to de strations, must have been touched by evidences of enjoyment so freely expre

April 12 1912

WAGNER'S COMIC OPERA.

...o Slezak Sings Good-by and Arturo Toscanini Conducts It.

These are the days of final appearances f the season, and in "Die Meistersinger," hich was given at the Metropolitan pera House last evening, the tallest tenor, Leo Slezak, sang "auf wiedersehen." ich excitement was caused recently by e publication of a story that Mr. Slezak uld not return, but he sings au revoir d not good-by. He will pervade the ge again next winter if nothing pens in the meanwhile to him or it. *lther von Stolzing*, the gallant young ter who declared—to the consternation the meistersingers—that his minnesinger master was Walther von der gelweide, had Mr. Slezak as his representative last evening.

ensitive operagoers will probably fer to witness Mr. Slezak's agonies as *Otello* or to drink in excitement with his e quella pira" in "Il Trovatore." Mr. zak is a very robust person and his al style has not the lyric elegance anded by the fluent melodies of the sic of Wagner's comic opera. Mr. Witherspoon, who was the *Pogner*, was heard for the last time, but most ortant of all perhaps was the farewell bow of Mr. Toscanini, who sails for ope on Saturday to hurry to Genoa there take ship for Buenos Ayres, re he will conduct a summer season the Colon Theatre.

r. Toscanini was warmly received n he appeared last night and was tily applauded in the course of the ning. The distaff side of last night's comprised Miss Destinn as *Eva* and s Wickham as *Magdalena*. Hermann l was the *Hans Sachs*. It was a good ormance on the whole and the audiwas large.

American Violinist Has Debut in Waldorf

illiam Roy Charms Native Audience by His Fine Technique and Rich Tones.

illiam Roy, a young American vioist, made his New York debut at a ital in the Waldorf-Astoria last eveg. Mr. Roy studied for some years this city, and, after two seasons oad, devoted principally to finishtouches under Russian and Ausn masters, he has returned to erica to seek the approval of his n countrymen.

t last evening's concert Mr. Roy t played "The Devil's Trill," by tini, and was afterward heard in Bruch concerto in G minor, Kreiss "Liebesfreud," an air by Bach and panish dance by Kehfeld.

ach work differed entirely from the ers, and in presenting this varied gramme the young musician demtrated a catholicity of taste and a d compass in achievement.

e has a commendable grasp of the essary technique, his tone is full warm, his attack is true and sure. altogether his work promised much ard his ultimate success.

lbert von Doenhoff, pianist; Albert ederhold, baritone; Miss Miriam Ale, accompanist, and Max Liebling, acpanist, were the assisting artists. audience was large and appreciae.

April 13 1912

CARUSO SINGS FAREWELL

e. Cahier Effective in Waning Season's Opera.

opera season is drawing to a close, either last night's nor yesterday after's audiences gave any sign of diminpopular interest. The houses at both ormances were huge. In the afternoon i's "Aida" was given at popular prices. Cahier singing Amneris. Mme. Cahier an excellent impression, both vocally dramatically, though the latter was to been expected from her previous apnce in "Trovatore."

Azucena, however, her voice was afd with a most unfortunate tremolo, h was later reported to be the Vienmanner of expressing intense vocal ion. Such manner is certainly not the an, nor is it the American. But yesy the tremolo had practically disaped, and her excellent natural style be e evident. Her air in the fourth act enthusiastically and justly applauded. Martin sang Radames and sang it as as, if not better than, he has sung hing this season. Mrs. Rappold and Gilly were acceptable as Aida and nasro. Mr. Sturani conducted, and ucted surprisingly well.

the evening Mr. Caruso sang his season's farewell in "Pagliacci" to tumultuous applause. Mr. Amato was the Tonio, and as resonant voiced as ever, while Mme. De Pasquali's Nedda, though sung well enough, was dramatically ineffective. "Pagliacci" was preceded by "Versiegett," in which charming little work Mr. Reiss took Mr. Jadlowker's place as Bertel.

In figure and in demeanor Mr. Reiss could scarcely have been improved upon, and if his voice lacked in sensuous beauty he yet sang with infinite taste. Mr. Weil's portrait of the Burgomaster is perhaps the best thing he has accomplished at the Metropolitan—a most delightful study of a gentleman of the old school. Mme. Gadski showed again her powers of charming comedy, and Miss Alten, Mme. Mattfeld and, above all, Mr. Goritz deserved warm praise. Mr. Hertz conducted with admirable feeling.

April 15 1912

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ADIEU.

Season's Last Concert Devoted to Wagner—Appeal for Subscriptions.

The People's Symphony Orchestra concluded its thirteenth season of concerts at popular prices yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The programme on this occasion was devoted to Wagnerian music, and in lieu of programme notes the conductor, Franz X. Arens, as usual, gave a brief exposition of each number before it was played.

Heinrich Meyn was the soloist, and he sang Wotan's "Farewell" from "Die Walküre" and the "Abendstern" air from "Tannhäuser." The orchestra played the prelude to "Parsifal," the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," Siegfried's 'Rhine Journey," the overture to "Rienzi," the prelude to "Lohengrin," and an "albumblatt" transcribed for string orchestra by C. E. Lee Massena.

With the programme yesterday was issued an appeal for subscriptions to the society which read in part:

"At the low rate of admission the annual deficit runs into thousands of dollars, which, however, has heretofore been met by supporters of this educational movement. Of late years, however, our expense account has steadily increased: thus, for instance, two years ago the Musical Protective Union doubled the price for rehearsals, which item alone amounts to an annual increase of between $1,400 and $1,500. On the other hand, our subscriptions, for one reason or another, have decreased; some of our largest contributors have died, others have left the city, still others have met with financial reverses, rendering it impossible to continue their subscriptions."

Some of the Concerts of a Sunday.

Chamber Music, an Ancient Opera and a Song Recital.

It had been supposed that the concerts of chamber music for wind instruments by the Barrère Ensemble were over; but somebody thought of bringing to town Mr. André Caplet, who has been conducting occasionally at the Boston Opera House and whose music has been pleasantly received at Mr. Barrère's earlier concerts, so there must needs be an extra concert yesterday at the Belasco Theatre in order that Mr. Caplet might play the pianoforte in two pieces for pianoforte and flute and a quintet for pianoforte, flute, oboe, clarinet and bassoon, of his own composition. There was other music which had been heard previously at Mr. Barrère's concerts—a serenade in E flat by Mozart, a couple of pieces by Lefebvre and an Aubade for flute, oboe and clarinet by de Wailly. But the interest centred in the music which came from France by way of Boston, and it proved to be charming—charming, but not particularly invigorating in any sense. However, we are not in the habit of expecting invigorating music from such combinations of instruments as Mr. Barrère is trying to bring back into mode. There is much beautiful music in the divertimenti and serenades of the eighteenth century, but it will be difficult to adjust it to the tastes of the public of to-day.

At the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening an experiment was tried, which, under different conditions, would have been extremely interesting. As it is, it may invite attention hereafter. It was a performance in concert form of Montevordi's opera "Orfeo," which had its first representation some three hundred and five years ago, but has lived in musical history as a remarkable example of musicodramatic composition ever since. A recent historical renasance in Italy recalled it to popular attention, and Signor Gatti disclosed his scholarly instincts in bringing it forward at a Metropolitan concert. But it would have served its purpose better had it not been prefaced with songs by Mme. Destinn and Signor Amato, whom admirers kept up so long a hubbub after each of their performances in a desire to get more that the evening was largely worn away before the old opera could be begun. Then a weariness set in, which eventually spoiled appreciation of the beauty, to say nothing of the significance, of the music. But of all this hereafter, there being time now only for a recognition of the good work done in the archaic work (?) discreetly relieved of some of its vocal difficulties by Rita Fornia, Maria Duchene, Anna Case, Hermann Weil, Herbert Witherspoon, Basil Ruysdael, the chorus, orchestra and Mr. Pasternack, the conductor. An audience which crowded the great room and went into conniption fits of delight over the first part of the concert endured the illustrated lesson in musical history with great patience. Under other circumstances it might have been made enthusiastic.

John McCormack gave his annual song recital last night in Carnegie Hall, which, of course, means that as many sons and daughters of Ireland who could get into the hall got in. Several hundred were left outside. Mr. McCormack's fame as an opera singer is of current note, and he had on the programme both "Che gelida Monina," from Bohème," and "Salve Dimore," from "Faust." Mr. McCormack sang them both, but as his voice has grown more husky in quality than of yore, he brought out no new message, but only a warning. Then he sang Liza Lehmann's "Ah! Moon of My Delight," which, too, did not add to the pleasure of the judicious.

But when Mr. McCormack sings an Irish ballad—that is a different matter. Irish balladry is his province, and what he lacks in voice he here makes up in feeling. He sang several ballads last night and should have sung more. He was assisted by Miss Marie Morelle, a young woman whose voice of large volume did not always stay close to the pitch. She sang a number of Irish ballads, including "Shule Agra," and "O'Donnell Aboo," and was wildly applauded as a true daughter of Erin.

MR. McCORMACK IN CONCERT.

Irish Tenor Sings Operatic Arias and Irish Ballads in Carnegie Hall.

In Carnegie Hall last night, Mr. John McCormack, known as "the Irish tenor," gave a concert. His selections ranged from arias in opera and cantata to popular Irish songs.

Mr. McCormack opened the concert with "Che Gelida Manina," from Mr. Puccini's opera "La Bohème." This he sang smoothly and agreeably, but hardly with the dramatic expression it demands. However, it delighted the large audience, which recalled him so often that he finally responded to the applause with "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes." Encores were, in fact, the order of the evening.

The tenor was assisted by Miss Marie Marelle, a balladist, who sang successfully "Shul Agra," "For the Green" and other selections.

One of the earliest operas, "Orfeo," yclept 'la fable in music," in four parts, and composed by Claudia Monteverde, who brought it out in Mantua in 1607, was given in oratorio form in the Metropolitan Opera House last night as part of the last concert of the season in that house.

Misses Rita Fornia, Maria Duchene and Anna Case, and Messrs. Weil, Witherspoon and Ruysdael weer the soloists. A large audience, but one unused to so old an operatic vintage, drank in the music but did not smack its lips. In other words, it listened to this specimen of the "real antique" in opera but was mild in its expression of approval.

However long the dissertations that the learned may write upon this "Orfeo" of Monteverde, the fact is that as an antique only and as an illustration of the beginnings of a now popular form of musical diversion is it interesting. Only in one episode, that in which Sylvia tells Orpheus of Eurydice's death and he sings "I Have Lost Thee, Thou'rt Dead My Beloved!" does the vocal accent become dramatic and give credibility to the statement that Glucks "Orfeo ed Euridice" owes something to this far earlier work. Even the libretto is a trifle "fatigued," and it lends color to Voltaire's witty dictum that what is too stupid to be spoken is sung.

Moreover, it is a mistake to give the work in oratoria form. The same thing was attempted here with "Parsifal" many years ago and the result was forbidding. Orpheus, Charon and Plato in conventional "clawhammer" costume; Eurydice, Proserpina and a classic nymph attired according to the period of the American Renaissance—the effect, to say the least, is incongruous.

The singers acquitted themselves creditably, Miss Duchene as Sylvia, and Mr. Weil as Orpheus, doing ample justice to the one dramatic episode of the work. Mr. Pasternack conducted with discretion.

Preceding the performance of "Orfed" Miss Destinn and Mr. Amata aroused much enthusiasm with several operatic solos.

April 14 1912

DE PACHMANN'S RECITAL.

Said to Be His Last Appearance in This City "for All Time."

Vladimir de Pachmann, the Russian pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. It was advertised as his "last appearance in New York city for all time." The programme comprised Mozart's sonata in A major, a Bach violin gavotte arranged for piano by Saint-Saëns, a group of Chopin numbers, of which the most important was the B flat minor scherzo; Mendelssohn's "Spinnerlied," a minuet by Moszkowski, and two other numbers, one the Liszt fantasia on "Rigoletto."

Mr. de Pachmann's last recital had characteristics which have never been absent from his entertainments. He talked, scolded the audience, made faces, gesticulated and generally distracted attention from the real business of the day. Also he exhibited once more those peculiar qualities which have made publics patient with his eccentricities. His touch has never lost its magic nor his tone its luscious quality. He does not indulge in the luxury of "readings," but plays usually according to the whim of the moment. But he can make ravishing music with a Mozart sonata and turn Chopin's "Berceuse" in the cradle song of the most beautiful doll that ever slept on a counter of the Bon Marché.

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19 12

"Haensel and Gretel" and "Cavalleria," April 13.

The opera season in New York for 1911-1912 closed Saturday evening, with the double bill consisting of Humperdinck's fairy opera and Mascagni's warm blooded one act tragedy. These performances not only ended the season but also closed a series of special Saturday night performances at popular prices, which proved by the large audiences which attended that the scheme was popular. In "Hänsel and Gretel," the familiar cast appeared. Bella Alten and Marie Mattfeld were heard again as the boy and girl of the Grimm nursery tale, Florence Wickham as the cruel mother, Otto Goritz was the father who allowed his wife to henpeck him in spite of the German idea that the man rules the frau. Anna Case and Lillia Snelling, the two winsome young American singers, were the Sandman and Dewman. Alfred Hertz conducted. The singers received hearty recalls as some of their admirers waved "Auf Wiedersehen."

A polyglot ensemble of singers combined in the performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Emmy Destinn, the Santuzza, is a Bohemian; Marian Duchene, the Lola, is a French trained singer; Emma Borniggia, the Mama Lucia, is an Italian; Carl Jörn, the Turiddu, is a German; Giuseppe Campanari, the Alfio, is an Italian, who has long since become a good American citizen. It was a thoroughly spirited performance, and the three principal singers received the usual ovations, to shouts of "au revoir," "Addio," and "good bye." Giuseppe Sturani had the honor of conducting the last opera.

The season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House began on November 13 and continued twenty-two weeks. In that time thirty-four operas were performed. Of these four were novelties, to wit, "Lobetanz," "Le Donne Curiose," "Verslegelt" and "Mona." The most difficult production of the four was that of "Le Donne Curiose," because the work presented more problems in stage management and musical accuracy than the others. That the production was so admirable was one of the chief causes for rejoicing in the course of a season not prolific in moments of high exaltation.

No one of the novelties brought to the notice of the public is likely to be accepted as a work of the highest importance. By far the best of them was "Le Donne Curiose," an opera buffa of genuine charm and exquisitely skilful musical treatment. It is unnecessary now to review its salient excellences. These were quite sufficiently discussed in the course of the season. It is enough to say now that an opera which combines so much buoyancy of spirit, so much elan in execution, so much native character and such intimate acquaintance with the best traditions of the Italian lyric stage ought to retain its place in the repertory of the theatre.

The production of Prof. Parker's "Mona" also was an achievement of which Mr. Gatti-Casazza and his associates may well be proud. There were many formidable difficulties to be overcome in the preparation of the opera for the public and they were overcome with patience and judgment.

With the artistic questions raised by the disclosure of this American opera we need not concern ourselves just now. When the opera is restored to the glare of the footlights next season it will furnish food for renewed discussion. Its distinguished composer, proving himself to be like all other musical persons, is astonished and dismayed by the fact that his creation was not hailed by critical opinion as the revelation of a new and convincing gospel in art.

This species of astonishment is quite common. All makers and performers of music are subject to it. They have for centuries shown themselves incapable of thinking it possible that their deeds can be less than perfect. This is unfortunate, for it deprives them of the great joy of perceiving that the world, including the professional critics, has accorded them very high praise indeed.

Prof. Parker should have been astonished not to find that the commentators found his work not quite perfect but that they found it to be so excellent. It was little short of a triumph for an entirely inexperienced composer for the theatre to miss by so narrow a margin creating a very effective "drama per musican."

Only an opera of uncommon inherent force could have received the praise which was bestowed upon "Mona." It was treated much more approvingly than the "Elektra" of Richard Strauss, and yet that famous musician has had far more experience in writing for the stage than Prof. Parker has. It was praised by most critics more than "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Salome" and "The Girl of the Golden West." And in spite of all this the distinguished composer publicly whimpers.

The indisputable fact remains that "Le Donne Curiose" was the principal novelty of the Metropolitan season. A charming work and one that left a distinctly pleasing taste in the mouth. There are many old comedies quite as good as that of Goldoni. Let us hope that some other composer will follow the lead of Wolf-Ferrari. A good opera buffa is always a delight.

The one serious Italian opera made known to the Metropolitan stage was introduced by the Philadelphia-Chicago company and is therefore not a subject for consideration in a retrospect of the regular season. "The Jewels of the Madonna" will doubtless be heard here again, although it is said that the work will probably not be taken up by the local organization. In that case, however, Mr. Dippel will without doubt offer us further opportunities to hear it when he brings his welcome visitors across New Jersey next winter.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza had the good fortune to introduce to this public one singer of impressive personality in Mme. Matzenauer. Her addition to the company was one of real importance. Her imposing impersonations of *Orféo*, *Waltraute* and *Kundry* will long be cherished in the memories of opera goers. It is a pleasure to know that she will continue to be a member of the company in the next season. Other new singers are promised, and it is to be hoped that some of them will meet the ideas of this public as successfully as Mme. Matzenauer has met them.

The statistics of the season present the usual array of interesting figures. The following table shows the date of the first performance of each opera and the number of representations it received in the course of the season:

Opera.	Date.	Times.
Aida	Nov. 13	7
Konigskinder	" 15	7
Girl of the Golden West	" 16	5
Tristan und Isolde	" 17	5
Lobetanz	" 18	5
Madama Butterfly	" 20	7
Faust	" 22	3
Gotterdammerung	" 23	3
Cavalleria Rusticana	" 24	6
Pagliacci	" 24	8
Lohengrin	" 25	5
La Gioconda	" 29	6
Parsifal	" 30	3
Il Trovatore	" 30	4
La Boheme	Dec. 2	8
Hansel und Gretel	" 4	7
Tosca	" 11	5
Armide	" 16	3
Orfeo	" 25	5
Lucia	" 27	3
Siegfried	" 30	3
Le Donne Curiose	Jan. 3	5
La Traviata	" 6	2
Rigoletto	" 11	5
Verslegelt	" 20	4
Ariane et Barbe Bleu	" 31	3
Das Rheingold	Feb. 1	1
Die Walkure	" 8	5
Tannhauser	" 17	4
Otello	" 21	4
Bartered Bride	" 23	2
Die Meistersinger	Mar. 6	3
Mona	" 14	4
Manon	" 30	3
Mixed Bill	April 9	1

Italian operas were in the lead. They had eighty-one performances. Operas in German, among which must be included the one Bohemian work in the list, numbered fifty-eight performances. French works give a total of thirteen and English four. The representation of composers was distributed as follows:

Composer.	No. of Operas.	Times.
Wagner	9	33
Puccini	4	25
Verdi	5	22
Humperdinck	2	14
Leoncavallo	1	9
Gluck	2	9
Ponchielli	1	6
Mascagni	1	6
Wolf-Ferrari	1	5

Prof. Parker with "Mona" and four performances stands next. Then come Donizette, Gounod and Massenet with one opera and three performances each. The tables show that there were 146 performances, or to be more explicit, evenings and matinées of opera. This total includes all the special representations given outside the regular list. There were many extra performances in the course of the season, some for benefits, but still more frankly for profit. Mr. Caruso figured largely in these latter, though there were occasions in which the aid of Mme. Tetrazzini and Mr. Renaud was summoned.

The double bills numbered eleven. The different combinations were "Cavaleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," "Verlsiegelt" and "Pagliacci," "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Pagliacci," "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Versiegelt" and "Orfeo." There were three performances of ballet without opera and six times operas were associated with ballets. The operas thus honored were "Lobetanz," "Tosca," "La Bohème," "Orfeo," "Lucia" and "The Girl of the Golden West."

The operas given in Brooklyn were "Madame Butterfly," "Il Trovatore," "Hänsel und Gretel," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Lobetanz," "Lohengrin," "La Bohème," "Tannhäuser," "Faust," "Rigoletto," "Pagliacci," "Siegfried," "Tosca," "Bartered Bride," "Otello," "Königskinder," "Aida" and "Die Walküre." The total was seventeen operas and sixteen performances. In Philadelphia the company gave ten operas in nine performances.

The season's activities in this city were increased by the visits of the Philadelphia-Chicago opera Company, which gave six performances as follows: "Carmen," February 13, once; "Cendrillon," February 20, once; "Secret of Suzanne" and "Juggler of Notre Dame," February 27, once; "The Jewels of the Madonna," March 5, twice, and "Thais," March 12, once.

Much instruction may be drawn from these statistics, but still more from the statement officially given out by Mr. Gatti Casazza not long before the close of the season, to the effect that there would be no deficit. This achievement must be set down as historical. The disposition of a season of such magnitude without loss must be credited to great cleverness in the offering of the attractive features of the répertoire and company.

Monteverdi's "Orfeo."

One of the most-talked-of musical events of the Roman International Exhibition a year ago was the production of Claudio Monteverdi's "Orfeo," composed in 1607, and the first work of importance in the history of opera, excepting those of Peri and Caccini a few years earlier. Last night at the Metropolitan's final Sunday night concert the experiment was tried of giving the work in oratorio form and in English, a translation of the text having been made by Charles Henry Meltzer. The size of the audience that attended was fully as large as though Caruso had been singing, though whether "Orfeo" itself was the attraction or the fact that the concert was the last of the season cannot be answered with certainty. The work had been carefully rehearsed by Josef Pasternack and chorusmaster Giulio Setti, and the soloists were Rita Fornia, Anna Case, Mme. Duchène, Herbert Witherspoon, Hermann Weil, and Basil Ruysdael.

Scored originally for such obsolete instruments as a double harp, chitarroni, organi di legno, wooden horns, viole da gamba, a regale or small folding organ, and several others, it was necessary to revamp the instrumentation of the opera to make it practical for modern orchestra. This was done by the Italian composer Giacomo Orefice. It is quite obvious, therefore, that the "Orfeo" heard last night was a very different sounding affair from what it had been in the seventeenth century. Besides, much of the picturesqueness of the opera is necessarily lost in treating it in oratorio fashion, insignificant as may be the element of dramatic action in the piece. However, in spite of both these disadvantages, the music is interestiug. It was Monteverdi who first saw the advisability and the dramatic consistency of melody in opera in contrast to its Florentine inventors, who prided themselves on their "noble contempt" for melody. There is not a little melody in "Orfeo," some of it quite charming and at times almost suggestive of Gluck. To modern ears much of this music with its Gregorian effects and its ecclesiastical cadences naturally grows monotonous after a while, though there are several passages that sound distinctly in advance of their time and that might almost have been composed by Gluck and Handel. There are some interesting orchestral touches that seem to foreshadow modern devices for the heightening of dramatic effect, and one even finds certain characteristic instruments used to support the voices of certain characters. Here and there the orchestra accentuates the emotional significance of various words in quite a striking fashion. The choruses, while not polyphonic, are obviously an outgrowth of the madrigals of the time.

The work of the chorus and the individual singers was excellent, on the whole, and Mr. Pasternack conducted the orchestra most effectively. The opera was preceded by a miscellaneous concert in which Mme. Destinn and Mr. Amato sang.

Pierian Sodality of Harvard.

The process of bringing coal to Newcastle continues merrily. From all parts of the world, as far west as Minneapolis, as far east as London—nay, Athens and St. Petersburg—come the ships with bands on board to regale New Yorkers with orchestral music. The latest adventurer is the Pierian Sodality of Harvard, venerable in years, youthful in makeup, which came to town yesterday and gave a concert at the Hotel Astor. The orchestra of the Sodality is made up of some fifty players, mostly undergraduates, though a few graduates of the dim past (1905 and even 1903) are also represented on the list. For a few of the less cultivated wind instruments members of the Metropolitan's orchestra had to be engaged for yesterday's concert, which was under the direction of Lloyd Gould del Castillo, who conducted MacDowell's "The Saracens" and the beautiful "Alda" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's third symphony; and P. G. Clapp, who conducted a Dramatic Poem for trombone and orchestra, composed by himself.

The writer of these words occupied, some four decades ago, the dignified and honorable position of solo violoncellist to this same Pierian Sodality, yet he frankly confesses that in those good old times Harvard's student orchestra did not play nearly as well as its present-day successor. We used to wrestle with the simplest of the Haydn symphonies—our most ambitious efforts—often with cacophonous results th would have given points to Richard Straus It cannot be said that the Pierian Sodali even now surpasses its neighbor across t Charles River bridge; but it shows pro ress, and, who knows, in thirty years mo even the Boston Symphony Orchestra m have to hide its diminished head.

The big hallroom of the Astor was nea ly filled with Harvard men and the friends of both sexes, and well-deserv tributes were paid to the two conducto and to the trombone soloist, Modeste E gene Alloo, who played a Sax instrume perfected by himself, which unites the ton advantages of the old slide trombone wi the agility and the chromatic possibiliti of the ordinary three-valve instrume He certainly did wonders with what seem destined to be the trombone of the futur The composition he played would gain l condensation.

People's Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Franz X. Arens must have been grat fied when, on taking his place on the co ductor's stand yesterday afternoon, he sa the large audience which had gathered t attend the last concert of the People Symphony Orchestra. The programme wa one to conjure with, consisting, as it di of selections from several of Wagner's o eras, early and late; and these pieces wer interpreted with his usual skill, feelin for melody, and dramatic climax by M Arens, who also talked to the audien about the pieces chosen, lucidly and en tertainingly. The season, notwithstandin so many counter-attractions, has been successful one, as it deserved to be.

Claudio Monteverde's "Orfeo" Given in Concert Form at the Metropolitan Opera House.

VERY ANCIENT NOVELTY

Changes Made in the Score to Suit It to Needs of Stage To-day.

"Orfeo" at the Metropolitan.

Euridice	Rita Fornia
Music, Sylvia, Proserpina	Maria Duchene
Nymph	Anna Case
Orfeo	Hermann Weil
Pluto	Herbert Witherspoon
Charon	Basil Ruysdael
Shepherd	Anna Case

At the final concert of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening an experiment was tried which had some elements of interest. This was the production in concert form of the arrangement of Claudio Monteverde's "Orfeo" recently made for Italian revivals by Prof. Giacomo Orefice. The work, written to text by Alessandro Striggio, was first performed at the court of Mantua on February 24, 1607, and a score was published two years later.

This score contained the voice parts, together with a thorough bass accompaniment and the instrumental ritornelli and dances. Modern commentators have been left in doubt as to whether the composer ever wrote out the instrumental parts of the voice accompaniments or left them to be improvised by the play ers somewhat in the style later practised by Bottesini and Dragonetti.

At any rate the score prepared by Prof. Orefice has taken the modern orchestra into account and utilized it as nearly as possible to imitate what must have been the effects produced by the carrying out of Monteverde's intentions. The composer's idea, as indicated in his score, was to have certain characters accompanied by certain groups of instruments. Trombones, for instance, were to support the voice of *Pluto*. This plan Prof. Orefice has imitated by bringing forward the instrumental tints required, but he has of course not sacrificed altogether the resources of rich harmony to be obtained by modern methods of orchestration.

In arranging the opera for revival certain cuts have been made and students of operatic history will miss chiefly the famous duet for *Orfeo* and *Apollo*, "Saliam cantando," in which the secular imitation of the florid chant of the church reveals itself quite clearly as the earliest form of operatic colorature. But in the new version of "Orfeo" the fifth act is omitted and this duet belongs to that act.

The distribution of voices does not precisely follow that which was heard by the Mantuans of 1607. The title rôle of the opera is given in the modern version to a barytone and was sung last night by Hermann Welll. In the original per-

formance this rôle was sustained by the young Florentine male soprano Giovanni Gualberto, a pupil of Giulio Caccini, the famous composer of "Euridice," and author of the revolutionary vocal treatise "Nuove Musiche."

Gualberto was in the service of the Duke of Tuscany and was lent to the Mantuan court for fifteen days in the carnival season at the request of Ferdinand Gonzaga.

Aside from this important alteration the parts in last night's presentation were sung practically as they were in the original. *Pluto* and *Charon* have been bass parts ever since they were adopted by the lyric stage and the remaining parts were properly allotted to high voices. The use of the barytone is comparatively modern. It began in the time of Rameau and the first really big barytone role ever written was Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. But for the modern taste the use of this voice for the music of *Orfeo* is grateful.

For the rest it need only be said at this time that the opera suffered greatly from being given as an oratorio. It has little movement in the music and needs the picture and the action to make it interesting even as a historical exhibit. The music consists wholly of primitive recitative, rising occasionally into sustained half melodic arioso, choruses in real parts, instrumental interludes (called ritornelli) and dances.

The importance of Monteverde is something which can be understood only by the student of musical history. He was the creator and innovator of real genius and it was in his hands that the newly found materials of opera, first publicly revealed in 1600, took definite shape and assumed a clear musical purpose.

But a discussion of this is not required this morning. It remains only to say that the audience received the singing of the opera with respectful attention, and that the artists engaged in the performance discharged their duties with sincerity. The opera was sung in English, the translation having been made for this performance by Charles Henry Meltzer. Previous to the "Orfeo" there was a short concert programme with Mme. Gestinn and Mr. Amato as soloists.

HARVARD ORCHESTRA.

In Ambitious Concert Given in the Hotel Astor Ballroom.

The Harvard Orchestra, which is maintained by the ancient Pierian Sodality of Harvard University, came to town yesterday and gave a concert in the ballroom of the Hotel Astor. The orchestra has ten first violins, nine seconds, seven violas, five 'cellos and three double basses. The wind department comprises three flutes, an oboe, a bassoon, two horns, three trumpets, two trombones, a tuba, and the necessary percussion players. For the requirements of yesterday's programme some men from the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra were added to the list.

The orchestra is the only institution of its kind among the Eastern colleges, and for that reason deserves encouragement. It is good to see college men, who have not a very good name in the world of art and culture, taking up serious music and trying to advance beyond the silly glee, mandolin and banjo club stage. But in order to obtain the sort of recognition from alumni really essential to the permanence of such an enterprise the young men ought not to be too ambitious.

The programme of yesterday's concert consisted of two fragments from the "Song of Roland" by MacDowell, a "dramatic poem" for trombone and orchestra, composed and conducted by P. G. Clapp of the class of 1909, a former conductor of the orchestra, and Rimsky-Korsakow's third symphony, C major, which was set down for a first performance in this country.

The music was all too difficult for the technical skill of the young orchestra, and consequently the impression given by the concert was not what it might have been had the youthful conductor, Lloyd G. del Castillo, who has not finished his "soph" year, kept his men to music which they could have performed with facility.

April 18 1912

MACDOWELL CHORUS IN SECOND CONCERT

With the Mendelssohn Glee Club

The cultivation of choral music proceeds in this city in the face of some discouragement. There are not a few active and earnest bodies of choral singers, in addition to those perennial German societies which in the retreat of their clubhouses unite musical performance with social festivity. The MacDowell Chorus is one of the organizations which make a frank appeal for public patronage. The second concert of its season, which took place last evening at Carnegie Hall, was attended by an audience of only moderate size. This ought not to be the case in view of the interesting entertainments which this choir has already offered. The concert of last evening was arranged with a view to popularity, but it should not have invited people to stay away. Possibly the weather had some influence, but it usually is an excuse rather than a real cause.

The programme arranged by Kurt Schindler, the conductor of the chorus, began with a group of five old English madrigals, followed by a round. After these the Mendelssohn Glee Club, which has flourished for nearly half a century as a private organization and only recently emerged into public activity, sang three numbers composed for it by Edward MacDowell, who was at one time its conductor.

The Mendelssohn Glee Club is an excellent example of what a male chorus ought to be. Not absolutely perfect in the matter of balance of parts, it sings with a fine quality of tone, with invigorating rhythmic life, with precision and virile boldness. The compositions of the late Mr. MacDowell were rather thin material and perhaps did not exhibit the choir at its best, but made an excellent impression and was warmly applauded.

In the second part of the programme there were numbers by Hugo Wolf, D'Indy, Charpentier, Chabrier and others, and the aid of Eleanor Cochrane, soprano, and Albert Quesnel, tenor, was required in some of them. On the whole the MacDowell chorus sang fairly well, though it must be confessed that at times the sopranos were a little shrill and the basses a trifle too ponderous.

THE MacDOWELL CHORUS.

A Concert Given in Co-operation with the Mendelssohn Glee Club.

The MacDowell Chorus, under Mikurt Schindler's direction, felt called upon to give an extra concert besides the two which were expected to constitute its regular season's work, and this extra concert was given last evening in Carnegie Hall. Assistance was given by the Mendelssohn Glee Club, which sang some choruses composed for it by Edward MacDowell when he was the conductor of the club. Mr. Schindler's chorus sang a series of English madrigals of the seventeenth century, the golden age of English music, by Benet, Bateson, Farmer, and Morley, and a "round." These gay little choruses were admirably sung. There was other and more serious music—Hugo Wolf's arrangement for chorus of his solo ballad, "Der Feuerreiter," d'Indy's "Sur la Mer," songs by Charpentier, Paladilhe, Périlhou, and the "Epithalamium" poem, Chabrier's opera of "Gwendoline," given earlier in the season. Following MacDowell's male choruses was his eight-part Bacarolle for mixed voices.

The MacDowell Chorus maintained, and more than maintained the reputation it has made for good singing—its freshness, buoyancy and energy, its excellence of attack, its volume, its clearness. Its male choirs are not quite equally balanced because of deficiency of tenors, but the tenors were by no means inaudible. Vincent d'Indy's chorus "Sur la Mer," with solo for soprano, sung by Mrs. Eleanor Cochran, was one of the most delightful numbers of the programme; music that is full of mood, full of striking effects of vocal color, rich in harmonization.

The Mendelsoohn Glee Club aroused greater enthusiasm than the chorus. Its singing under the direction of Clarence Dickinson was of splendid vigor, balance, and precision; the voices are not numerous, but they are excellent in quality, and the chorus has been brought by training to a point of great finish. The part songs by MacDowell are by no means among the best of his compositions; in fact the musical ideas in them are spread pretty thin. The "War Song," which utilizes some rather cheap effects, aroused enthusiasm, and was repeated. The Barcarolle for eight part chorus is considerably richer in substance. Mr. Carl Dies played piano accompaniments for several of the compositions with great skill. Mr. Albert Quesnal sang a solo in Charpentier's "Chant du Muletier," and in the "Epithalamium" from "Gwendoline" the solos were sung by Mrs Idalla Ide and Messrs. Quesnal and Delamothe-Christin.

MacDowell's Chorus and the Mendelssohn Glee Club.

Though the opera season is no more the world of concert is still very much alive, and last night, despite the rainy weather, an audience of ample size heard in Carnegie Hall a concert of somewhat unusual character. In this one of the city's youngest musical organizations, the MacDowell Chorus, was assisted by one its oldest, the Mendelssohn Glee Club.

It was an occasion of more than ordinary note in that the Mendelssohn Glee Club rarely appears in public, so that to the general concertgoers its existence is largely a name. From last night's appearance it is to be hoped that this condition will become one of the past, for the organization proved itself of unusual merit, singing with admirable strength and resonance of tone, with unison and fine spirit.

The parts, too, were well balanced, except that perhaps the first basses seemed a trifle weak. The club sang three numbers under the direction of its leader, Clarence Dickenson—"The Crusaders," a "Cradle Song" and a "War Song," all by Edward A. MacDowell, who when conductor of the club had written them for the organization. The three songs were given as a tribute of love, and given as such a tribute should be given, with sympathy and understanding. The audience refused to be satisfied until it had forced a repetition of the "War Song."

The MacDowell chorus, under Kurt Schindler's direction, opened the programme with five old English madrigals and a round, "Let's Have a Peal." Especially effectively sung was John Farmer's "To Take the Air a Bonnie Lass Walking," the chorus displaying spirit and usually good tone, which argued well for the time when it will be more perfectly welded into a unit, some of the singing being still a bit ragged. Then came MacDowell's "Barcarolle."

In the second part the full chorus sang most effectively Hugo Wolf's "Der Feuer-Reiter" and the Bridal Chorus from Chabrier's "Gwendoline." A good word should be said for Albert Quesnel's singing of Charpentier's "Chant du Muletier" and also for the work of the chorus in Vincent d'Indy's characteristic "Sur la Mer."

April 17 1912

THE MANNES RECITAL.

First Performance of a New Sonata by Daniel Gregory Mason.

The second afternoon recital of music for violin and piano in the series of Mr and Mrs. David Mannes took place yesterday afternoon in Rumford Hall. The programme comprised Daniel Gregory Mason's sonata in G, a recitative and adagio by Wolf-Ferrari and Reger's "Suite in the Old Style." Mr. Mason's composition, which is still in manuscript, was performed for the first time.

The work is in three movements, an allegro moderato, an andante and an allegro vivace. It is interesting and ought to be regarded as a welcome addition to the list of compositions in the ition o the list of compositions in the chamber music field made by American musicians. The first movement is especially excellent. It has much breadth of character, melodic richness and dignity and abundant writing of a most grateful character for both instruments.

The second movement resembles the first in the general style of its thematic material, but has the essential contrasts in outward manner. It is a strongly conceived movement, with real feeling and firm design. The last movement is the least successful of the three, but its lighter and more brilliant character makes it pleasing as a relief after the fervent expression of the other two. Mr. and Mrs. Mannes played the sonata admirably.

The Wolf-Ferrari bit was by no means important. It has a certain individuality of style, but it contains not a little writing for the violin in which the phrases are far from congenial to the nature of the instrument. Mr. Mannes labored honestly with these but it was not in his power to make them sound well. There was an audience of good size and Mr. Mason, who was present, received plenty of applause for his sonata. Mr. and Mrs. Mannes are doing most commendable work in their chosen field and deserve public patronage.

Y, APRIL 22, 1912.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Augusta Cottlow's Recital.

It is something like two or three years since concert-goers in this city have had the good fortune to hear Augusta Cottlow, the young and highly-gifted American pianist. She has been back from her European visit since last summer, but it was not until yesterday afternoon that she played in New York. She gave a recital at the Belasco Theatre, and was very warmly greeted by an audience of good size.

Miss Cottlow was an exceptionally talented artist when she went abroad, and she has further matured and improved generally since that time. Her playing has assurance, poise, and finish, and while it is refined and polished, it is also vitalized by emphatic temperamental qualities. It has a breadth and forcefulness that are positively virile at times, but it has poetry, too. Technically Miss Cottlow's equipment could scarcely be bettered.

One is always sure of some MacDowell music when Miss Cottlow gives a recital, for the works of the greatest American composer have no stancher supporter. Yesterday she gave the position of honor on her programme to MacDowell's "Norse" sonata, one of his greatest achievements, but one with which the general public is unfamiliar, simply because of the laziness or stubbornness of most pianists who do not take the trouble to give the MacDowell sonatas the attention they deserve. These works will have their day, however, and when they do they will be found to be, with a very few exceptions, the greatest sonatas since Beethoven, abounding in new and beautiful melodic and harmonic ideas. Miss Cottlow played the "Norse" superbly yesterday to the delight of her hearers. It is not altogether equal to the "Keltic" in coherence or the general quality of its inspiration, but it contains much of compelling beauty and eloquence. After the sonata Miss Cottlow played MacDowell's "Shadow Dance" in response to the enthusiasm it aroused.

Aside from the sonata the best things on the programme were the Chopin F minor Fantasie and B major nocturne and Busoni's magnificent piano transcription of Bach's "Chaconne." Pedantic objection to the contrary notwithstanding, the "Chaconne" seems actually a greater work in Busoni's superb revision than its original shape for violin alone. Miss Cottlow played it inspiringly.

April 23 19

FRENCH OPERA AT LYRIC

Despite Orchestra Blare, Singers Evoke Praise in "Le Trouvere."

The French Grand Opera Company of New Orleans, which has had a long and honorable history, opened a week's engagement last night at the Lyric Theatre. The size and enthusiasm of the audience argued for a happier lot than was that of the company at its last New York appearance, which occurred at the Casino in 1904. It was perhaps unfortunate that Director Jules Layrolle should have chosen for his opening opera "Le Trouvere," which is French for "Il Trovatore." New York audiences are somewhat familiar with "Trovatore," both through the graces of the Metropolitan and the barrel organ. It is safe to say that last night's revelation opened no new doors in the understanding of the work. It was chiefly noteworthy for the volume of noise that issued from the orchestra, a veritable surge of at times misplaced sounds, against which the singers struggled valiantly. Conductor Paul Kochs seemed determined that every blare there was in his trumpets should come out—and it did. In fact, so far as the orchestra went, the performance vied in strenuosity with any that might be heard in the minor Italian theatres. France surely beat Italy at its own game.

As for the singers, the principals, good or bad, had, naturally, excellent voices. This applied especially to the Maurice of Mr. Granier, the De Luna of Mr. Closset and the Azucena of Mme. Fierens. But, compelled by the waves of enthusiasm emanating from the orchestra, these singers had to sing their loudest, in defiance of all the canons of French art, and the results were not always of the most pleasing. Their efforts, however, won abundant applause, and the finale of the first act had to be repeated.

To-night's performanec will probably find the company more in its element, as the opera is "Faust," with the seldom heard heard "Walpurgis Night" scene included. Last night showed one thing most effectively—that the artists are all well versed in French diction, which fact will probably prove of value in the Gounod work. This was the cast of "Le Trouvere":

Manrico	M. Granier
Count de Luna	M. Closset
Fernand	M. Silvestre
A Messenger	M. Eternod
Ruiz	M. Dubois
A Gypsy	M. Avenieres
Azucena	M. Fierens
Leonora	Mme. Beaumont
Ines	Mme. Silvestre

NEW ORLEANS OPERA HERE.

It Opens a Season with "Le Trouvere" by Verdi, Sung in French.

It is a good many years since the French Opera Company of New Orleans has visited New York to give the metropolis a taste of opera. The personnel changes, but the opera company, its method, its style, its conceptions of singing and acting, go on forever unchanged. The company now on a visit to New York made its first appearance last evening at the Lyric Theatre. The opera was Verdi's "Il Trovatore," and as it was sung in French it appeared upon the bill, properly, as "Le Trouvère."

The performance in some respects was modest. Thus, it made no pretensions in scenic outfit; the scenery laid no claims to picturesqueness or brilliancy. The size and volume of the chorus and the orchestra were limited, with more or less appropriateness, by the size of the theatre and the accommodations at their disposal; and perhaps by other causes. But the voices of the principal singers were limited by no such considerations. They were stentorian, all of them; they would have filled the Hippodrome, the Madison Square Garden. There has been opportunity in the past to observe that New Orleans evidently likes its singing loud; and there was every confirmation of it last evening. In action, too, there was all the intensity of the most conventional operatic style, with as little as possible of natural, human suggestion or effete restraint. It is thus clear that "Le Trouvère" was presented with all the robustness, energy, and fiery vigor that the youthful Verdi's masterpiece properly exacts from its interpreters, and that make opera flourish in New Orleans.

It is perhaps needless to go into the details of the performance offered by M. Granier as Manrico, M. Closset as the Comte de Luna, of Mme. Beaumont as Leonore, or Mme. Fierens as Azucéna. Much might be said as to their artistic methods, as to the quality, purity, steadiness, and musical value of their voices, the phrasing, the finish, the finesse of

their singing. Much of this would be uncomplimentary. One thing could be emphasized, and that would be the clearness of their diction, the intelligibility of much of the text, as they got it by hook or by crook over the footlights.

There was present an audience of considerable size, which gave various manifestations of pleasure in the performance. Some of the numbers had to be repeated. The conductor was M. Paul Kochs. In what the programme put down as "Act V"—it enumerated no less than eight in the whole opera—there was a grand ballet, entitled "A Holiday in Camp." Act V., according to this reckoning, being one of those showing the gypsy camp.

The New Orleans Opera Company.

The French Grand Opera Company of New Orleans, which is the oldest institution of its kind in this country, began a week's engagement in répertoire last night at the Lyric Theatre, with a performance of "Trovatore." Although it was well received by a large audience, it must be said that the choice of this work of Verdi's for the opening was not altogether fortunate. The performance was not so finished as one might expect of such an institution. This was no doubt due in part to the excessively loud playing of the orchestra, conducted by M. Paul Kochs. The French manner of singing is ordinarily less strenuous than the Italian, but the orchestra last night left no alternative to the artists but to sing their loudest. M. Kochs did not seem to have full control over the instruments under his bâton, and the wind instruments were too much addicted to excessive noise.

This defect was particularly annoying, as there was much good singing, to which the audience could have listened with pleasure. M. Granier, as Manrico, was easily the best, and was forced to repeat the last part of the act in the palace with Leonore. His voice, especially in the high notes, had a true and ringing quality. M. Closset, as the Count de Luna, sang acceptably, but without the dramatic power of M. Granier. The Azucena of Mme. Fierenes was better than the Leonore of Mme. Beaumont, but insufficient in the dramatic scenes.

Jules Layolles's opera company has been here before, appearing last at the Casino Theatre in 1904. To-night's performance will be "Faust." The "Walpurgis Night" scene, which is always omitted at the Metropolitan, will be included in the opera.

April 24 1912

THE NEW ORLEANS OPERA.

"Faust" Given at the Second Performance in the Lyric Theatre.

The New Orleans Opera Company continued its ministrations of opera to New York last evening in the Lyric Theatre, when "Faust" was given. The performance was on a scale similar to that of "Il Trovatore" on the opening night—limited in its equipment of voices, orchestra, ballet, and scenery; vociferous as that was, and less satisfactory in meeting even a moderate criterion of excellence. For "Faust" demands a higher standard of singing, acting, and stage mounting than "Il Trovatore," and especially in the playing of the orchestra, to be recognizable. There was a good deal in the orchestral part of the performance that was, indeed, scarcely recognizable, also in the singing of the chorus.

It was difficult to determine who some of the principal singers were, for two were bracketed together for four each of the principal characters. By a process of camparison with the bill of the first night and elimination, it seemed that Mr Montano was the Valentine and Mme. Lauarenne the Marguerite. The Faust was either Mr. Conrad or Mr. Bruzzi. Mr. Beckmans was the Mephistopheles, and certainly in his case was satisfactory, for he was the one who showed the best voice and the nearest approach to artistic style in singing and acting.

There were seven acts in this version of "Faust," good measure pressed down and running over, such as is not given at the Metropolitan Opera House. In act VI., according to this count, the scene of the "Walpurgis Night" was presented, a scene omitted in the more ordinary performance of "Faust" heard in New York.

THEATRICAL

TWO OPERAS AT THE LYRIC

"Mignon" in the Afternoon, "La Favorite" at Night.

The operatic visitors from New Orleans are doing their best to win the favor of a public educated by the tenor notes of an Enrico Caruso and the orchestral direction of an Arturo Toscanini. Theirs surely should be the guerdon of courage as they battle onward, obstructed in front and on the flanks by an incompetent orchestra and an equally incompetent chorus. Yesterday afternoon they drew Ambroise Thomas from his place among the shades, and in the evening disembalmed Signor Donizetti. "Mignon" and "La Favorita" were the operas, the latter being galvanized into "La Favorite."

"Mignon" had not been sung in New York since the second year of Oscar Hammerstein's operatic Illiad and Goethe had rested in his loved Olympian calm. But the reawakening occurred yesterday afternoon at the Lyric Theatre, before an audience that might have been smaller by a few persons.

On the whole, aside from the orchestra and chorus, it was not a bad performance, and one singer, Mme. Korsoff, proved herself an excellent and experienced artist, both vocally and dramatically. Mme. Korsoff sang Philine with good style and with a voice which in its prime must have been a beautiful one and which still possesses at least its beauty's sunset.

The Mignon was Mme. Cortez, who was competent vocally when she did not force her voice, and was in face, figure and action more than usually appealing.

Wilhelm Meister was attacked by M. Conrad and overcome as far as face and figure were concerned. He was a true tenor in action and not so true a one in voice, though the aforesaid voice was naturally by no means a bad one. M. Beckmans sang Lothario with some style, and M. Ariel and M. Zery were admirable dramatically.

In the evening an audience of even smaller size listened to a performance of Donizetti's "La Favorita," of which the chief merit lay in the singers' diction and in the surprisingly good corps de ballet.

M. Granier was a wabbly voiced Fernard, and Mme. Fierens's Leonor banished no memories. M. Closset sang Le Roi passably. The orchestra and chorus again took part, the former tumultuously, the latter retiringly.

April 26 1912

"Thais" Sung by the Visiting Opera Company

Mme. Lavarenne's Summery Attire the Chief Cause for Comment on the Performance.

Still adding to their répertoire, the French Grand Opera Company, of New Orleans, sang Mons. Massenet's "Thais" last night in the Lyric Theatre for the first time in their present engagement. The opera is a familiar one here, having been one of the "battle horses" at the Manhattan Opera House and having also been sung at the Metropolitan.

As every one knows, the title rôle is an ideal part for summer, so far as attire goes, and Miss Mary Garden has always made the most of its sartorial possibilities, but last night's interpreter, Mme. Lavarenne, went even further in one respect, wearing only high heeled sandals upon her feet. Vocally she left much to be desired and her acting was rather primitive.

Mons. Conrad sang Nicias with little distinction. Mons. Closset's Athanael was fervent if not always in tune. Mmes. Cortes and Sylvestre were the two Alexandrian maidens, Krobyle and Myrtale. The playing of the orchestra was ragged, but the "Meditation" was heartily applauded by a small audience.

MR. PILZER'S CONCERT.

Violin Music of Various Styles Heard in a Liberal Programme.

Maximilian Pilzer, violinist, gave a recital last evening at Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of Handel's sonata in D major, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," Conus's concerto in E minor, Severn's suite "From Old New England," Walter Kramer's elegy in G minor and Sarasate's "Caprice Basque." This programme should serve to give an idea of Mr. Pilzer's aspirations, which are entirely artistic.

It was apparently his aim to combine music of accepted merit with novelties of an uncommon order. That the programme suffered from an embarrassment of riches was possibly its greatest fault. Edmund Severn is a composer whose music has been heard from time to time in local concert rooms, sometimes at the hands of Mr. Severn himself. It is honest and conscientious music with no striking merit. The suite played last night deserved at least an experimental hearing.

Mr. Pilzer's playing was uneven in excellence. He is a violinist who at any rate takes his art seriously and endeavors to assume a position of dignity before the public. He was heard at his best in the Handel sonata. Here he displayed a tone of clear and penetrating quality, smooth, even and ingratiating. In the adagios he showed much repose and suavity of style. In the allegros his playing was characterized by incisiveness, strongly marked rhythm and virility of bowing.

It was a pity that in the next number, the Lalo composition, he obliterated much of the good impression made in the Handel music. His intonation, which had been accurate, now became uncertain, and his technical equipment seemed to be not wholly equal to the floridity of the composition. There was some smearing of passages and also some rather rude style. Mr. Pilzer is a better violinist than he appeared to be in his performance of this work. Max Herzberg was at the piano and it can be said of him that he was hard at it.

April 27

"MANON" AT THE LYRIC.

New Orleans Company Heard to Better Advantage in Massenet's Opera.

The performance of Massenet's "Manon" at the Lyric Theatre last evening by the New Orleans French Opera Company was the best offering yet made by these visitors. It would be idle to say that it was a representation of distinguished excellence, but it had some elements of substantial merit and it gave food for consideration. "Manon" is not an opera for a large theatre and its interpretation in a small house acquired that intimacy so essential to its success.

This is an opéra comique work and in the Metropolitan Opera House it has to be projected in bold and heavy strokes entirely foreign to its delicate style. Furthermore it may well be questioned whether any but singers trained wholly in the French school can properly interpret the opera.

Last evening the New Orleans singers demonstrated conclusively that, whatever may have been their technical shortcomings, they understood the style. The spirit of the play was alive in every action and in every musical phrase. The heavy "grand opera" reading often given to such numbers as the duet between *Manon* and *Des Grieux* in the first act disappeared and in its place was that inimitable grace and touch of coquetry which only the real Gallic player possesses. So, too, the rôle of *Lescaut* gained in airiness and bonhomie. All of this was increased by the intimacy of the house. The music, too, so fragile, so elusive, its texture often like spun glass, was treated with continent tone and not delivered as if it were the declamation of a tragic drama. To be sure there was no little bad singing and some moments were paintully unmusical, but the correctness of conception atoned for much.

The principals in this performance were Mme. Korsoff as *Manon*, M. Conrad as the *Chevalier des Grieux*, M. Montano as *Lescaut* and M. Beckmans as the elder *Des Grieux*. M. Kochs conducted and showed himself to be more at home than he was in "Il Trovatore." The orchestra continued to struggle with its duties and contributed the most unsatisfactory clement to the performance.

April 28 1912

THE FRENCH OPERA SINGERS.

Their Season Concludes With Performances of "Carmen" and "Lucia."

The brief season of the New Orleans French Opera Company at the Lyric Theatre came to an end last evening when "Lucia" was offered for the delectation of an audience of fair size. Mme. Korsoff, who had already officiated as *Micaela* at the afternoon performance, sustained the florid burden of the title role, while M. Granier impersonated the unfortunate *Edgar*. M. Closset as *Ashton* was the other important member of the cast.

At the matinée the opera was "Carmen" and here again the members of the company showed that they were more at home in works of French origin than in those written by Italian composers. The work was given in its original opéra comique form with spoken dialogue instead of recitatives written for the grand opera.

The merits of the representation were confined to the doings of some of the principals. The chorus was quite as bad musically as it had been in earlier performances, and its graven stolidity in all dramatic circumstances made a depressing effect. Mme. Cortez was the *Carmen*, and it can be said of her that she sang the music better than her last predecessor in the role in this city. Her acting, while conventional, was correct in spirit and sufficiently vivacious to give some measure of interest.

Mr. Montano was the *Escamillo*. But once again the programme left one in doubt as to whether he was observing the art of M. Conrad or that of M. Bruzzi as *Don José*. Whoever the representative of the foolish brigadier may have been, he sang the music only passably and his acting was of the crudest type. The orchestra finished as it began, uncertain in all things and of little real support to the singers.

A NEW SINGER.

Greta Torpadie in Operetta at Plaza.

A new singer in operetta is Greta T[orpa]padie, who has been heard several ti[mes] during the past winter in private [per]formances, and oame nearer to the gen[eral] publio last week when she sang in [a] rococo operetta, "La Laitiere de la T[ria]non," at the Hotel Plaza. This is a [de]lightful lyric episode, in which the yo[ung] actress is called upon in her adventu[res] with a marquis who might just as rea[dily] as she have stepped out of a painting [by] Watteau to assume the dress of a d[airy] maid as well as her own gowns of [the] period. Miss Torpadie, who comes o[f a] musical family—her father is the te[nor] Theodor Bjorksten and her mother i[s a] well known teacher of singing—is an [al]together delightful apparition in her [ ] eighteenth century costumes. Her s[ing]ing, while still simple in the symbols [it] employs, is full of girlish charm and [the] allurement of youth.

Miss Torpadie's task on the mus[ical] side is more difficult, since there are so[me] moments of the score that require c[on]sideralble ingenuity. She conquers th[em] with a facility that proves her admira[ble] schooling. Her voice is agreeable [in] quality, with a certain brilliancy to so[me] of its upper tones which is well displa[yed] in such music. Some day doubtless [Miss] Torpadie will appeal to a wider p[ublic] than she has so far attempted to rea[ch]. With such talent and youthfulness [she] can afford to take her time in starting [the] climb to fame. In the meantime, [her] appearance in "La Laitiere de la Trian[on]" is a charming feature of a dainty work.

April 21 1912

The following lists give some of t[he] most important of the compositions [in] the larger forms that were perform[ed] for the first time in New York in t[he] season now closing. But they do n[ot] pretend to be wholly complete, and th[ey] do not include music of smaller dime[n]sions, as songs and single piano piece[s].

ORCHESTRAL.

Max Reger—Comedy Overture, Op. 120 ....Nov.
Nicolo Laucella—Symphonic Poem, "Consalvo" ....Nov.
Percy Goetschius—Christmas Overture ....Nov.
B. Smetana — Symphonic Poem, "Vysehrad" ....Nov.
Sir Edward Elgar—Second Symphony, E flat....Dec.
Anton Bruckner—Fifth Symphony, B flat ....Dec.
L. van der Pals—Two Symphonic Sketches, Op. 14....Dec.
Felix Weingartner—Third Symphony, E major, Op. 49....Dec.
L. von Beethoven—"Jena" Symphony ....Jan.
Siegfried Wagner — Overture to "Brüder Lustig"....Jan.
Frederick Delius—"In a Summer Garden" ....Jan.
George W. Chadwick—Symphonic Suite ....Feb.
Fritz Stahlberg—Two Symphonic Sketches ....Feb.
V. Vasilenko—Symphonic Poem, "The Garden of Death"....Feb. 1
Antonin Dvorak—Symphony, (posthumous.) E flat....Feb. 1
Georges Enesco—Roumanian Rhapsody ....Feb. 2
H. F. Gilbert—Comedy Overture..Mar. 1

CHAMBER MUSIC, SONATAS, &c.

Max Reger—Solo Violin Sonata, Op. 91, No. 1....Oct. 2
S. Coleridge Taylor—Fantasy on a Negro Melody, violin and piano..Oct. 3
H. F. Gilbert—Scherzo, violin and piano ....Oct. 3
York Bowen—Suite, violin and piano, D minor....Nov. 1
Cyril Scott—Suite, violin and piano, "Tallahassee" ....Nov. 1
Max Reger—Suite in old style, violin and piano, Op. 93....Nov. 1
N. Rimsky-Korsakoff — Quintet, piano and wind, (posthumous)...Nov. 2
Mrs. H. H. A. Beach—Quintet, piano and strings, Op. 67....Nov. 2
Wilhelm Friedemann Bach—Sonata a Tre, strings ....Jan.
E. Wolf-Ferrari — Sonata, violin and piano, Op. 10....Jan. 1
David Stanley Smith — Quartet, strings, Op. 19....Jan. 1
Miroslav Weber—Quartet, strings, B minor ....Jan. 1
Howard Brockway—Eclogue, wind instruments ....Jan. 2
A. Gretchaninoff—Trio, piano and strings, C minor....Jan. 2
Vincent d'Indy—Sonata, piano and violin, C major....Jan. 3
Sigismond Stojowsky — Sonata, piano and violin, Op. 37, No. 2..Mar. 1
César Franck—Prelude, Fugue and Variations (arr. by Harold Bauer).Apr. 1
Daniel Gregory Mason—Sonata, piano and violin Op. 5....Apr. 1

CONCERTOS, &c.

J. B. Foerster—Concerto, violin, C minor ....Oct. 2
Max Bruch—Concerto, violin, Op. 84 ....Oct. 3
A. Glazunow—Concerto, violin, Op. 82 ....Nov.
Sir Edward Elgar—Concerto, violin, Op. 61....Dec. 1
Jules Conus—Concerto, violin, E minor ....Jan.
George F. Boyle—Concerto, piano, D minor ....Feb.
G. Sgambati—Concerto, piano, G minor, Op. 15....Feb.

VOCAL.

nt-Saëns—Chorus, "La Nuit" .Feb. 13
nabrler—Bridal Chorus from
vendoline" ....Feb. 13
bussy—Musie to "St. Sebas-
" ....Feb. 13
owowlejski—Oratorio, "Quo
is" ....Mar. 19
ahms—"Triumphlied" ....Mar. 26
nteverde—"Orfeo" ....Apr. 14
nt d'Indy—"Sur la Mer" ......Apr. 17

RICHARD ALDRICH.

April 22 1912

...W'S RECITAL.

Young Pianist in an Unconventional Programme.

...s Augusta Cottlow some years ago brought before the public as an in- prodigy. She now reappears in New with claims to being a pianist of ...red powers, to be listened to, not as ...onder, but as an artist dispensing ...cal enjoyment. Miss Cottlow, like many other precocious ones, has not ...ly carried out the promises of her ...ocity. There were agreeable qualities ...r performance yesterday afternoon in ...Belasco Theatre, and there was evi- interest in it on the part of a friendly ...ence. Miss Cottlow is a serious painstaking player, and clearly ap- ...ches what she undertakes with sin- ... of purpose. But, with all this, her ...ng does not offer much to stimulate ...magination or rouse the emotions ...gly.

...s Cottlow played a free transcription elaboration by Busoni of the cha- ...e from Bach's D minor solo violin ...; Chopin's B major nocturne and his ...isie, Opus 49; MacDowell's "Norse" ...a, Opus 57, and pieces by Debussy, ...maninoff, and Liapouhoff. The list at least not hackneyed. In Chopin's ... Miss Cottlow hardly penetrated ...y below the surface, nor in the cha- ...e by Bach did she wholly appreciate ...rue style of the work nor feel its ...al significance, apart from the fac- ...s brilliancy that Mr. Busoni's de- ...ment has given it. It is, perhaps, ...f the most deplorable of all the thun- ...s piano pieces that virtuosos have ...d upon the ruins of Bach. It sounds ...er on the four strings of the violin in all the sonorities that Mr. Busoni ...onjure from the modern pianoforte.

YESTERDAY'S CONCERTS.

... Cottlow Plays the Piano, and Mme. Tetrazzini Sings.

...gusta Cottlow, pianist, gave a recital ...rday afternoon in the Belasco Thea- ... Her programme consisted of Bach's ...nne for violin deranged for piano- ... by Ferrucio Busoni, Chopin's noc- ... in B major, and fantasie, opus 49; ...Dowell's "Norse" sonata, Debussy's ...ets dans L'Eau" and a dance by the ... composer, Rachmaninov's G minor ...rolle and Liapounov's "Lesghinka."

...ss Cottlow has for some time been ...oiting her piano playing in foreign ...s and has received some highly com- ...datory comments from critical pens. ...is indeed delightful, but makes doubly ...essing the fact that these comments ...not be repeated to-day.

...iss Cottlow plays much as she did ...n she departed to conquer new terri- ... Her technic still fails in the same ... places and her interpretations are characterized by the same honest in- ... and lack of inspiration. There are

...e merits in her playing however. ...n have grown clearer of late, notably treatment of moderato passages with ...bined pedals. These have greater ...nctness and a warmer color than ... used to. But Miss Cottlow drops many notes yet.

...f her programme there is little tto say. Busoni is a very busy person indeed. teaches, preaches and performs and ...etimes he indulges in the luxury of ...position. In all of these activities he acquitted himself worthily. But ...e was no reason why he should have ...yed a piano transcription of the fa- ...iar Bach chaconne.

...he music is admirable when played ... violin. It is not at all so when made ...r for piano. The work was done in- ...iously, but it was not an artistic suc- ...s and it seemed so superfluous. There ...lenty of good clavier music by Bach. ...e does not need to press his violin music ...o service.

...t the Hippodrome last evening there ...s a concert for the purpose of enabling ...ne. Luisa Tetrazzini to sing au revoir ...some small part of her legion of ad- ...rers. Her first number was from ... Trovatore," her second from Meyer- ...er's "Star of the North" and her last ... familiar variations on the "Carnival ... Venice."

...ves Nat played Grieg's piano concerto ...d there was also Mr. Mascar, barytone, ...o sang two airs. The audience was a ...l Hippodrome-Tetrazzini audience and filled the auditorium with its numbers ...d its glad acclamations.

Umberto Sorrentino Heard.

...berto Sorrentino, tenor, gave a con- ... at the Lyceum Theatre last night was assisted by Mrs. J. Harrison Ir- ... and V. de Crescenzo, pianists, and ... Jacobs, violinist. Mr. Sorrentino ... several opera airs, including the ...ve" from "Manon," "Ridi, Pagliac- ... "E Lucevan le Stelle," and an air ... "Mignon," besides several songs ...talian, French and English.

"Madama Butterfly," April 13 (Matinee).

The artistic success of the opera season having been assured, the management of the Metropolitan Opera House felt justified in giving "Madama Butterfly" as a

April 22, 1912

TETRAZZINI IN GOOD VOICE.

Large Audience Greets Soprano at Hippodrome Concert.

Mme. Tetrazzini was heard in another concert at the Hippodrome last evening, and the audience which greeted her was very large, although it did not completely fill the vast auditorium, and there were no chairs on the stage, as is often the case when this soprano sings. Mme. Tetrazzini was in good voice. Her offerings included "Tacea la Notte Placida" from "Il Trovatore," the florid air from "l'Etoile du Nord," in which she was assisted by two flutes admirably played by Messrs. Puyans and Lauchelle, and the variations on "The Carnival of Venice."

To these when recalled she added a waltz by Venzano, "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Home, Sweet Home." She was assisted by Yves Nat, pianist, who not only played her accompaniments but showed his talent as a solo performer by playing two movements of Grieg's concerto, to which he added two Chopin preludes. M. Mascal sang two baritone airs. The orchestra, under the direction of Max Hirschfelder, played the overture to "Der Freischütz," the overture to "Coppelia," and Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre."

...DAY, APRIL 24, 1912.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"Faust."

Jules Layolle's French Grand Opera Company from New Orleans celebrated its second night in New York ... a presentation of "Faust" at the Ly... ...eatre. The performance was meagerly ...tended, and it does not seem likely that succeeding performances will fare much better if the orchestra under Paul Kochs maltreats Thomas, Donizetti, Massenet, Bizet, and Puccini as it did Gounod last night. All of the principals had passable voices—some of them were even better than that—but they were obliged to sing under difficulties that only a good conductor could have overcome, and there was no one to overcome them. One wondered what a man like Canepa, who came over with the stranded Sicilian Opera Company last spring, might have done with that orchestra.

Faust was sung by either M. Conrad or M. Bruzzi; no one could tell which, because both names were down on the programme. But it didn't much matter, anyway. M. Beckman, as Mephistopheles, sang with gusto and expression, but the Valentine of M. Montano was by far the best piece of acting and of singing in the whole performance. Mme. Lavarenne made a rather icy Marguerite. The management painstakingly included the Walpurgis scene in the fourth act in order to display a ballet, of which the less said the better. Less still should be said of the chorus, but mention should be made of the absolutely fireproof rosebush which occupied the centre of the stage in the garden scene. This bush was not supplied by Park Commissioner Stover, according to an announcement by the management. "Mignon" will be the matinée offering to-day, and "La Favorita" will be sung to-night.

Sun. April 28 1912

It may be that the historian of these times in music will in the far future look back over their records and discern in them matters of grave import which escape our notice because we are much too close to them. But the contemporary annalist is bound to confess that he can find little to arouse his intellectual enthusiasm or stir his emotions. It has not been an uninteresting season, but the salient incidents have been ephemeral. There has been a plethora of excitement about personalities and a poverty of new ideas. This is nothing new, to be sure, for year by year New York increases its devotion to "artists" and diminishes its reverence for art. Caruso is the opera and Nikisch or some other dispenser of personal magnetism is the orchestra. Thus we journey continually toward the stars.

The musical season of 1911-12 began on October 20, when the Russian pianist Vladimir de Pachmann gave a recital at Carnegie Hall. On the following day Albert Spalding, an American violinist, gave a recital and with this entertainment the presentation of novelties began. The following list of important incidents in the season exclusive of the opera, which has already received separate treatment, will serve to show the nature of the winter's product:

October 21—Max Reger's sonata for violin (unaccompanied) produced by Albert Spalding.

October 31—First performance of Max Bruch's "Concertstück" in F sharp minor by Maud Powell.

November 2—Début of Josef Stransky as conductor of the Philharmonic Society. Début of Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, at the same concert.

November 9—First performance here of Max Reger's "Overture to a Comedy" by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

November 10—First performance here of Cyril Scott's violin suite called "Tallahassee."

November 12—Début of Ludwig Hess, German tenor, at a Philharmonic concert.

November 14—Début of Adriano Ariano, Italian pianist.

November 26—Nicola Laucella's symphonic poem "Consalvo," produced by the Philharmonic Society.

November 27—Rimsky-Korsakov's quintet in B flat for wind produced by the Barrére Ensemble.

November 28—Percy Goetschius's "Christmas Overture" brought out by the Volpe Orchestra.

November 30—Harold Bauer plays Brahms' first piano concerto at a Philharmonic concert.

December 8—Debut of Leonard Borwick, English pianist.

December 19—Sir Edward Elgar's second symphony produced by the Symphony Society.

December 11—Liszt's "St. Elizabeth" revived by the MacDowell Chorus.

December 13—Sir Edward Elgar's violin concerto played for the first time here by Albert Spalding with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra.

December 14—Bruckner's fifth symphony played for the first time here by the Philharmonic Society.

December 17—"Autumn" and "Spring," orchestral sketches by Leopold van der Pals, performed by the Philharmonic Society, first time here.

December 21—Liszt's "Dante" symphony, revived by the Philharmonic Society.

December 28—Weingartner's third symphony, performed for the first time here by the Philharmonic Society.

January 4—Josef Lhevinne revives Rubinstein's E flat piano concerto.

January 5—Début of Wilhem Bachaus, pianist, with the Symphony Society.

January 8—Rameau's cantata "Le Bergere Fidele," revived at a concert of old music by Arthur Whiting.

January 8—First performance here of a "sonata à tré" by Friedeman Bach, by the Flonzaley Quartet.

January 9—Début of Elena Gerhardt, lieder singer.

January 9—First perfomance of Pietro Floridia's symphony in D minor by the Volpe Orchestra.

January 17—David Stanley Smith's quartet in E minor produced by the Kneisel Quartet.

January 21—Beethoven's "Jena" symphony given by the Philharmonic Society, first time here.

January 22—Howard Brockway's "Eclouge," played by the Barrère Ensemble for the first time.

January 31—Vincent d'Indy's sonata in C major for violin and piano, produced by Kathleen Parlow and Ernesto Consolo.

February 2—First performance here of Chadwick's symphonic Suite, by the Symphony Society.

February 4—Symphonic sketches from "Im Hochland" by Fritz Stahlberg, produced by the Philharmonic Society.

February 10—Vasilenko's "Garden of Death," produced by the Russian Symphony Orchestra.

February 11—Sgambati's piano concerto played for the first time here by Ernesto Consolo at a symphony society concert. The intermezzi from "The Jewels of the Madonna," given at the same concert.

February 12—Debussy's "St. Sebastien," sung for the first time here by the MacDowell Chorus.

February 14—Début of Gerson Sirota, Cantor of Warsaw.

February 18—Giulio Setti's "Ave Maria" for chorus given at the Metropolitan Opera House.

February 27—Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto gives first concert.

February 28—Mendelssohn Choir's second concert.

March 3—Mme. Jomelli sings Saint-Saens's "Hymn to Pallas Athene" at Symphony Society concert, first time here.

March 17—Stanford's "Irsih" symphony revived by the Symphony Society.

March 18—Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra heard here for first time.

March 19—Felix Nowowiejski's oratorio "Quo Vadis" produced by the Catholic Oratorio Society.

March 26—Brahm's festival concerts begun at Carnegie Hall.

March 30—Brahm's festival concluded. The "German Requiem" sung for the sixth time in New York.

April 8—First concert of the London Symphony Orchestra under Arthur Nikisch.

April 14—Monteverde's "Orfeo," sung at the Metropolitan Opera House in concert form.

To this list must be added the concert of the London Symphony Orchestra set down for to-morrow afternoon as the concluding incident of a long and busy but not profound musical season. If any one feature of this season is certain to impress its prominence on the casual observer, it must be the plethora of orchestra concerts.

The Philharmonic Society gave forty in Manhattan and five in Brooklyn, making forty-five in the Metropolitan district. The Symphony Society gave twenty-four in Manhattan. The Boston Symphony gave ten in this city and five in Brooklyn, or fifteen in all. This gives a handsome total of eighty-four for three orchestras.

But there were also those of the Russian Symphony Society, the Volpe Orchestra, the People's Symphony Society, the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, the Minneapolis Orchestra, the London Symphony Orchestra and the society of concerts of symphony music for the young. If to this list the annalist elects to add the Sunday evening concerts at the Opera House, in which orchestral music has been a feature, the sum total will be close to 200.

April 29 1912

NIKISCH BACK WITH LONDON ORCHESTRA

The London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Nikisch, gave at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening the first of two farewell concerts. The other will take place this afternoon at Carnegie Hall. It is a pity that the entertainment of last night could not have been given in the same place. Carnegie Hall is not an ideal resort for music lovers, but it is much better suited to serious concerts than the opera house, of which the acoustics are deadly to an orchestra placed on the stage.

In spite of the abolition of most of the sonority of the strings and the forcing into prominence of a pair of tympani which sounded in the conditions much like a pair of tin washboilers the playing of the London Symphony Orchestra apparently gave much pleasure to an audience of good size.

The orchestral numbers were Wagner's "Rienzi" overture, Beethoven's fifth symphony, the prelude to "Parsifal," the funeral march from "Götterdämmerung," the bacchanale from "Tannhäuser" and the "Meistersinger" vorspiel. It certainly was a feast.

The performance of the symphony was the most noteworthy feature of the orchestral art, for here Mr. Nikisch's keenly analytic methods and his sure way of making incisive all his points without at any time doing violence to the composer were brought into the highest evidence. It was an admirable reading and was deservedly applauded.

The orchestra had the aid of Elena Gerhardt, the lieder singer, whose first number was an air by Goetz with accompaniment of orchestra. It made but small effect, and indeed failed to show Miss Gerhardt's best powers. But after the funeral march she sang a group of Strauss songs with piano accompaniments played by Mr. Nikisch, and this was an entirely different affair.

In the first place the songs were better suited to a display of the most engaging qualities of Miss Gerhardt's excellent art, and in the second place Mr. Nikisch demonstrated that he is still the prince of accompanists. The four songs were "Ruhe, meine Seele," "Staendchen," "Morgen" and "Wiegenlied."

In the charming serenade Mr. Nikisch provided an accompaniment of such shimmering color, such transparency and such exquisite nuance that the audience became quite enthusiastic and the song had to be repeated. After the group Miss Gerhardt added "Der Schmied" as an extra number. This song she has sung here before with splendid spirit, which she again gave to it last evening.

LONDON SYMPHONY AT METROPOLITAN

Arthur Nikisch Conducts English Orchestra and Plays Piano Accompaniments.

The compelling personality of Arthur Nikisch attracted a large audience to the Metropolitan Opera House last night, where the final American concert but one of the London Symphony Orchestra was given. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in C minor and five Wagner works—the Rienzi Overture, Siegfried's Death March, the prelude to Parsifal, the Tannhaeuser Bacchanale and the overture to Die Meistersinger formed the orchestral portion of the programme.

Every composition was read by Mr. Nikisch with superlative understanding and a musical exposition such as only great conductors can provide. Breadth, brilliance and reserve power were the chief attributes displayed.

The orchestra did not appear to as good tonal advantage as in Carnegie Hall, the wood winds and brasses being frequently acid-like in tone. There was, however, commendable sonority in the strings and technical unanimity.

One feature was the assumption of the role of pianoforte accompaniment by Mr. Nikisch, which he undertook for the benefit of Miss Elena Gerhardt, the soloist. This soprano, who has given three recitals here this season, sang four Strauss songs with her usual dramatic illumination and in finished style. Her excess of temperament, however, sometimes caused her to sing out of tune. Mr. Nikisch played the accompaniments with skill and sympathy.

Zimbalist Plays for Socialists.

Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, was the soloist of the concert given at the Hippodrome yesterday afternoon to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of The Jewish Daily Forward. He played Bruch's G minor concerto and shorter numbers by Cui, Kreisler, and himself. Nahan Franko's Orchestra played the overture to Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the first "Peer Gynt" suite, and Liszt's "Second Rhapsodie."

The London Orchestra.

Seldom have concert-goers in this city shown themselves more eager to welcome back an artist than has been the case during the present visit of Arthur Nikisch. The enthusiasm at his recent Carnegie Hall appearance was unbounded, and last evening when he returned with the London Symphony Orchestra from a brief tour, and was heard at the Mstropolitan, there was scarcely a vacant seat in the huge auditorium—and this, though orchestra chairs sold for $3 apiece. Artists even of the first stellar magnitude who can fill a house in this city at such prices, can almost be counted on one's fingers.

Since his first concert, a few weeks ago, Mr. Nikisch has made his programmes more and more attractive. Last night's was excellent, though somewhat too long. It consisted mainly of Wagner numbers—the overtures to "Rienzi," "Meistersinger," "Parsifal," the "Götterdämmerung" funeral march, the "Tannhäuser" bacchanale. There was also Beethoven's fifth symphony, while Elena Gerhardt, who was the soloist of the occasion, sang a group of Strauss songs. The enthusiasm over Mr. Nikisch's interpretations was practically as emphatic as at the previous concerts. They were, on the whole, surcharged with emotional power and striking individuality of conception. There were details in the treatment of the "Rienzi" and the "Götterdämmerung" music, perhaps, with which one could not unconditionally agree, but the "Tannhäuser" and "Meistersinger" music were thrilling. Intensely dramatic, too, was Mr. Nikisch's reading of the symphony, in which he accentuated and brought out inner orchestral voices that most conductors neglect. Wagner once observes that "In Beethoven all is melody," and Mr. Nikisch's performance is the kind that substantiates this statement. The playing of the orchestra was marred at times by faulty intonation in the woodwind and brass departments. Besides, an orchestra on the stage of the Metropolitan is never heard to best acoustical advantage.

Miss Gerhardt sang with beautiful vocal and emotional effect a number from Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew," and from Strauss songs, among them three of his most melodious—the lovely "Ständchen," which she had to repeat—"Morgen," and the "Wiegenlied." Mr. Nikisch played the piano accompaniments admirably in the Strauss songs, and also in a Brahms song, which she gave as encore.

30, 1912.

LONDON ORCHESTRA PLAYS GOOD-BY

The final concert of the London Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The members of the organization will sail for home today. Arthur Nikisch, who came to conduct the performances, will remain a few days longer, partly in order to be the guest of the Bohemians at a dinner on Friday evening. The audience at yesterday's concert was not large, but it appeared to approve most heartily of the proceedings.

The first number on the programme was Weber's "Oberon" overture, and the first measures served to dissipate any doubts which might have arisen in the minds of those present at the concert of the previous evening in the Metropolitan Opera House. It was assuredly not the orchestra, but the auditorium, which was then responsible for the extremely dull and uninteresting quality of tone, the disturbed balance and the sudden incursion of the tympani into the realm of the tinsmith.

Yesterday afternoon the resonance of Carnegie Hall restored to the general effect those good qualities which were noted with so much pleasure when the orchestra made its initial appearance before a New York audience. Weber's magic in writing for strings was not obscured and the brilliant and incisive theme of the finale sounded as it should.

It was a capital performance of the beloved old overture and it was succeeded by a still more striking interpretation of the fifth symphony of the Russian wizard Tschaikowsky. Mr. Nikisch's reading had so many points of significance that they cannot be adequately discussed in the passing record of a morning after. Let it suffice to say that it was apparently his chief object by broadening all the tempi, save that of the final allegro, to emphasize the striking contrasts in thematic idea and instrumental color in which the work abounds, and at the same time to give unusual prominence to the "idee fixe" which forces itself into every movement.

The cantabile theme of the first movement perhaps suffered somwehat from the process, for it is in itself a very sentimental song, and when it is taken slowly it seems to languish almost to the verge of tears. But it was splendid reading of the symphony on the whole, and the slow movement in particular was delivered with beautiful dignity and exquisite clarity. The counterpoint throughout the composition was well exposed and the technic of the orchestra was exhibited to the greatest advantage.

The other numbers were Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" and Liszt's first Hungarian rhapsody. The Strauss composition was performed with great brilliancy and aroused much enthusiasm. Altogether this was one of the best concerts given here by the London players under Mr. Nikisch and it ought to leave most delightful memories of them in the minds of local music lovers.

WOMEN CHEER NIKISCH.

Wildly Wave Handkerchiefs at Last Concert of London Symphony.

The scenes at the last New York concert of the London Symphony Society yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall were not those ordinarily to be observed at a symphony concert. It was, in fact, distinctly the day of the virtuoso, and Arthur Nikisch was the virtuoso. Storms of applause greeted him after every number which he conducted, and at the end of the concert women rushed down the aisles to the front waving their handkerchiefs and cheering the Hungarian conductor as they used to Paderewski. Time after time he was called out to bow his thanks before the audience would leave.

The programme included Weber's "Oberon" overture, Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan," and Liszt's First Hungarian Rhapsody.

May 3 1912

COLORED MUSICIANS HEARD IN CONCERT

A characteristic and interesting concert was that given by colored people at Carnegie Hall last evening in aid of the Music School Settlement for Colored Children. The object of the school is not to turn loose upon an unprotected community an army of professional colored musicians, for there are already too many white ones. The purpose is to give beneficial occupation to the minds of these children, to keep them off the street and to cultivate in them appreciation of art. A further aim is the preservation of the music of the colored race, the only musical product native to American soil except the rude chants of the Indians.

These aims are so excellent that no arguments are needed in their favor. That they appealed strongly to many persons of both colored and white origin was manifested by the audience of last evening, which was large and thoroughly well mixed, but united in its applause. The ushers were colored men, who performed their duties efficiently and courteously.

The programme was without much organization. Its principal purpose seemed to be to give every one a chance. But the backbone of the entertainment was the Clef Club, an orchestra of 125 colored musicians. The leading instruments were banjos, of which there were about thirty. The foundation was furnished by ten pianos, an organ and three double basses. There were also violins, 'cellos, guitars and some wind instruments, not to speak of an industrious bass drum, real cymbals and some smaller weapons of percussion.

The music played by this orchestra was suitable to its constitution, and for this the colored conductors deserve thanks. There was no attempt to achieve the impossible. The first number was "The Clef Club" march, composed by the club's conductor, James R. Europe, who conducted it. It was a good, lively quickstep and put folks in a good humor. It ended with a rousing march chorus, sung by the members of the orchestra.

Something a trifle more ambitious was the waltz, "Tout a vous," composed and directed by the club's assistant conductor, W. H. Tyers. A fluent and graceful bit of dance music this, with some simple but effective counterpoint and the faintest suggestion of the blood of Africa in some of its harmonies. Ribald commentators might have called them reformed "barber shop chords."

But it was a pretty waltz just the same. And the same composer's "Panama," a dance, had real character and the thrilling rhythm of the ever welcome "ragtime," put to perfectly proper use. To find a colored musician writing with no little skill, yet adhering to the character of his native song and at the same time making music pleasing to the general hearer was, to say the least, encouraging. And Mr. Tyers has a rather pretty talent for conducting too.

Among other numbers on the programme were a "Benedictus," from a mass by Paul Bohlen, organist of St. Philip's Church, conducted by the composer and sung by his choir; "Swing Along," one of Will Marion Cook's inspiriting negro melodies, sung by the Clef Club chorus and the leading negro composer; Coleridge Taylor's "By the Waters of Babylon," sung by Mr. Bohlen's chorus.

There were also solo numbers which were less satisfying. For example Elizabeth Payne, contralto, sang acceptably Harry Burleigh's "Jean," but made the grave error of giving as an encore number "Mon Cœur s'Ouvre ta Voix," from Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila," which she could not sing and her accompanist could not play. But on the whole it was an interesting concert and its display of the characteristic musical leanings of colored people was well worth while.

Meanwhile it may be properly said at this time and in this place that the musical gifts of the negro are unfortunately overrated. Too often his ear is defective and his conception of harmony illogical. He rarely sings tone of good quality, and infrequently in tune.

Yet it is true that he has musical aspiration, and most colored people who sing have voices which might be turned to account if cultivated. It can be predicted, therefore, that the Music School Settlement for Children will probably do a vast amount of good and widen and deepen the joy of many lives.

CONCERT BY NEGROES FILLS CARNEGIE HALL

They Play and Sing Their Own Music for Benefit of Music School Settlement.

Music composed by negroes and played and sung by negroes attracted one of the largest audiences of the season to Carnegie Hall last night. All bars were down so far as color was concerned in both boxes and orchestra seats, and the lobby and steps were thronged when the box office was closed and a stentorian voice announced—"House sold out."

The concert was given under the auspices of the Music School Settlement for Colored People, Inc., but none of the pupils appeared, as the school has been in existence only a few months.

On the big platform was an orchestra of about a hundred. No orchestra like it ever gathered there before. There were banjos, guitars, a few violins, three double basses, wood winds, a smattering of brass, one drum and an assortment of pianos. Carnegie Hall's big organ also was pressed into service. The name of the aggregation was the Clef Club Orchestra. Its leader was James Reese Europe, who also appeared as composer. "Rag time" rhythm crept into one number called "Panama," and this had to be repeated.

Miss Elizabeth Payne, contralto, sang "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice," from "Samson et Dalilah," and the choir from St. Philip's Church sang a benedictus from a mass by Paul C. Bohlen with little regard to harmony. A tidy sum was taken in. There were many encores, but it was a strange concert for Carnegie Hall.

May 3 1912

A Remarkable Orchestra of Colored Men.

3 1912

That New York possesses one of the most remarkable orchestras in the world was made known to a Carnegie Hall audience at the concert given last evening in aid of the Music School Settlement for colored children. It is the Clef Club, comprising one hundred and twenty-five colored men whose reputation has long been established among the colored portion of this community. In its make-up it is unique. Violins are subordinated, but there are banjos and guitars to the number of fifty. In addition there are ten pianos, an organ, three double basses, and ten superb 'cellos, which latter even the leader of the Philharmonic might regard with envy. There are full twenty violins as well as some wind instruments, drums, cymbals, etc. This admirably trained and led band of musicians plays the compositions of negro writers, among them the works of the two leaders of the orchestra and of the leader of the Clef Club chorus—it has a chorus, too—for some of these musicians sing at times, while playing, and are reinforced by the voices of others.

Particularly interesting musically was the Rain Song, by Will Marion Cook, the spirit and admirable orchestration of which quite carried the audience away; its repetition was inevitable and was received with equal enthusiasm. Were the name of Strauss appended to the Tout à Vous waltz by W. H. Tyers, the assistant leader of the orchestra, it would be one of the most popular waltzes in the world to-day, and the "Characteristic Panama Dance" by the same composer was marked by originality, cleverness, and a stirring rhythm which suggested the real negro music of Africa and the Bahamas. There is no doubt that these young colored men have unusual skill both as composers and leaders.

Unfortunately, some of the singing was not up to the orchestral work. Miss Elizabeth Payne made the customary mistake of ambitious colored singers of leaving their own field of exquisite melodies for more ambitious modern productions. She attempted the familiar Saint-Saëns "Mon Cœur s'Ouvre ta Voix," from "Samson et Delilah," without success, with a shocking accompaniment from a badly-damaged piano. The choir of St. Philip's Church showed clearly that when colored voices attempt classical music, or, better, music in classical forms, they are quite as much in need of careful training and instruction as are white singers. The wonderful timbre and rich quality of the student singers of Fisk, Hampton, and Tuskegee were wholly lacking last night as well as their natural and rare harmonies.

But, as we have said, the orchestra was splendid in its swing, rhythm, and power and the singing of its gifted members. Strange as its organization is in the matter of instruments, it is wonderfully well

nced and effective. The Club should heard regularly every winter, with a er selection of soloists and a shorter gramme, provided that its conductors again wise in limiting themselves to acteristic negro music. If they do this, y music-lover in New York ought to their work. Last night the great au- ce which crowded Carnegie Hall—over thousand people were turned away at door ten minutes before the time set the concert to begin—enjoyed their t to the utmost, and few left before the ng of the concert at a few minutes be- eleven. The box-holders included some he most prominent supporters of white estras, and some of the best-known ic-lovers in the city, whose applause no doubt that they realize what a rb contribution, not only indirectly by ring such composers as Dvorák, but di- ly through the colored people them- es, the negro race is certain to make merican music.

Feb 14. 1912

Kneisel Quartet.

present generation was represented t night's Kneisel concert by Opus 15 Kopylow. A facile moderato, a Men- hnian presto on muted strings, melo- andante, for the most part a duologue en first violin and 'cello, a brightly n allegro, these movements made up a osition, easy to listen to, not particu- Russian in character, and affording odless victory to the Kneisels. The s which preceded the playing of this osition were the Beethoven Quartet in t major, op. 74, and the Brahms quin- n B minor for strings and clarinet, op. 5 Mr. Leon Le Roy lent his assistance e Brahms quintet, the luscious tone of nstrument contrasting exquisitely with veiled beauty of the strings. This quin- is one of the works inspired by the net playing of Richard Mühlfeld, and ritten with a fine appreciation of the lity of that instrument, and with many esting varieties of rhythm. The room crowded to the doors with an enthu- tic audience—and Carmen only four ks away! Truly musical, New York is nean city.

London Opera

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

he first cycle of "The Ring" in German ned on the 12th inst. with a fine performance "Das Rheingold." Herr Franz Schalk ducted, and besides such esteemed artists as r Van Rooy, Bechstein, Mme. Knupfer-Egli, Herr Fönss, a number of newcomers appeared the cast—Herr Hensel, Mr. Haigh Jackson, l Herr Hunold, and Mmes. Bengell, Kallensee, einer, Miss Clytie Hine, and Miss Marion eley. Three cycles of "The Ring" are to be gen, and it is reported that seats for the first are already sold out. There was a splendid use on Thursday night, and the huge audience d rapt attention to the familiar work. As Das Rheingold" is played without an interval m 8.30 until 11 there is, of course, no applause any display of enthusiasm, but the perform- had many excellent features. Of the new- ers Herr Hensel, who appeared as Loge, has g the music of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, and herefore an artist of experience, but in his ing Herr Hensel seemed somewhat heavy. Herr nold proved an excellent Donner, while Herr n Rooy again sang the music of Wotan erbly and acted with all his wonted dignity. Haigh Jackson was fairly successful as Froh, d the Mime of Herr Bechstein was more weird d grotesque than ever. Mr. Goddard appeared Fasolt, and Herr Kiess and Herr Fönss were ective in the parts of Alberich and Fafner. ne. Knupfer-Egli sang Wellgunde's music with viction, and Mme. Bengell was an efficient icka. The two English artists, Miss Clytie ne and Miss Marion Beeley, as Freia and Erda ng well, and will do still better with greater perience. Herr Franz Schalk conducted artis- ally, and the scenic effects were well up to e high standard of Covent Garden, although e steam curtain did not put in an appearance til the second scene.

Saturday, October 21, the Opera, in Three Acts (in German), by Richard Wagner, entitled

"DIE WALKURE."

Siegmund	Herr Hensel
Wotan	Herr Van Rooy
Hunding	Herr Fönss
Brünnhilde	Mme. Rüsche-Endorf
Siegiinde	Mme. Borghild Langaard
Fricka	Mme. Bengell
Gerhilde	Mme. Knüpfer-Egli
Ortlinde	Miss Clytie Hine
Waltraute	Mme. Bengell
Schwertleite	Miss Mutch
Helmwige	Mme. Kallensee
Siegrune	Miss Marion Beeley
Grimgerde	Mme. Gmeiner
Rossweisse	Miss Dilys Jones
Conductor	Herr Franz Schalk

A huge audience were present at Covent Garden Saturday night, Oct. 21, when "Die Walküre," e most popular of all the sections of "Der Ring s Nibelungen," was successfully performed. The reat demand for seats for the three cycles this utumn can be easily accounted for. The innate randeur of the subject of the Ring and its noble usic appeal to all musicians, while an immense umber of Germans (who are lovers of music) ther for pleasure or business reside in London, nd could easily fill Covent Garden even if eight cles were given; add to this the performance is in German, and there are a number of leading fine artists in the cast. Herr Hensel appeared as Siegmund on Saturday night with far greater success than in his impersonation of Logo in "Das Rheingold," for he sang the music of young Siegmund well and acted with great spirit. When forced the tone of Herr Hensel's voice is somewhat hard, but he evidently is an experienced artist, and should be a useful member in the cast. Equally successful was the charming Sieglinde of Mme. Borchild Langaard, who created a most favourable impression by her refined and graceful acting and the beautiful quality of her voice. Herr Fönss was an excellent Hunding, although his make-up was somewhat too refined for the stern, uncouth hunter. The opening scene in "Die Walküre" is of special interest, for Siegmund secures the magic sword (Nothing) from the tree, and the act closes with the beautiful love duet. Herr Hensel and Mme. Langaard finely interpreted the passionate fervour of the lovely music, and at the fall of the curtain had four enthusiastic recalls. In the second act Herr Van Rooy as Wotan sang and acted with his wonted power and dignity, while a splendid Brünnhilde was found in Mme. Rüsche-Endorf, who, having a powerful voice, sang the music brilliantly. Mme. Rüsche-Endorf has a handsome, commanding presence, and in the picturesque costume of Brünnhilde she fully realised the part. In her scene with Wotan and in the last act of "Die Walküre" the new-comer won ample recognition and applause for her dramatic acting. Mme. Bengell was eminently successful as Fricka in her graphic matrimonial dispute with Wotan, and in the smaller parts of Ortlinde and Siegrune our English artists, Miss Clytie Hine and Miss Marion Beeley, with Miss Dilys Jones as Rossweisse, greatly distinguished themselves. The scenic effects were as usual most striking, although in the first scene the dawn comes somewhat suddenly when the great door of the hut opens; a more gradual approach would be in better artistic keeping with the music. Herr Franz Schalk conducted as one who knows every bar of the score, and never overpowered the vocalists.

On Monday, October 23, the Opera, in Three Acts (in German), by Richard Wagner, entitled

SIEGFRIED.

Brünnhilde	Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens
Erda	Miss Marion Beeley
Waldvogel	Mme. Kallensee
Mime	Herr Bechstein
Der Wanderer	Herr Van Rooy
Fafner	Herr Fönss
Alberich	Herr Kiess
Siegfried	Herr Cornelius
Conductor	Herr Franz Schalk

An excellent performance of "Siegfried" was given at Covent Garden on Monday night. Herr Cornelius appeared as the fearless hero and Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens as Brünnhilde. The plan of having two artists impersonating Brünnhilde in one cycle is perhaps not entirely artistic; but the reappearance of Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens was very welcome, for her fine performance in this part when the English Ring was given has not been forgotten. In the last act Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens sang brilliantly and with neat dramatic expression, particularly in Brünnhilde's awakening and in the great duet with Siegfried. Herr Cornelius is almost an ideal Siegfried, and being in fine voice on Monday the distinguished artist sang the music with a purity of tone and joyous spirit for which his impersonation has always been esteemed. In the forging of the sword, and especially in the forest scene, Herr Cornelius was most ably supported by Herr Bechstein, who gave a masterly study of Mime, and in the humour and weird characteristics of the vindictive dwarf surpassed all his previous efforts. Mr. Harry Brooke, in the second act, has painted a beautiful and realistic forest scene. This act is always interesting, not only for its lovely music, but also for the famous fight with the dragon, which came off on Monday night with more than usual spirit, for with its glaring green eyes, great jaws, and awe-inspiring tones, the dragon, as Bottom would say, "is truly a fearful wildfowl." Herr Van Rooy, as usual, sang impressively the music of Wotan, or Der Wanderer as he is called in Siegfried; and excellent work was accomplished by Miss Marion Beeley as Erda, Herr Fönss as the dragon Fafner, and Herr Kieso in his graphic study of Alberich, the cast being completed by Mme. Kallensee as the forest bird. Herr Schalk conducted skilfully, and a large audience enthusiastically recalled the singers after each act.

On Wednesday, Oct. 25,

"GOTTERDAMMERUNG."

Siegfried	Herr Cornelius
Gunther	Herr Hunold
Hagen	Herr Fönss
Alberich	Herr Kiess
Brünnhilde	Mme. Rüsche-Endorf
Gutrune	Mme. Knüpfer-Egli
Waltraute	Mme. Bengell
Wogliude	Mme. Kallensee
Wellgunde	Miss Clytie Hine
Flosshilde	Mme. Gmeiner
1st Norn	Mme. Gmeiner
2nd Norn	Mme. Knüpfer-Egli
3rd Norn	Mme. Kallensee

With the performance of Götterdämmerung at Covent on Wednesday evening the first cycle of the Ring came to an impressive close. From six o'clock until half-past eleven, with the usual intervals, the large audience maintained the same interest and enthusiasm they have displayed throughout the entire cycle. Orchestrally the performance of "Götterdämmerung" was the finest Herr Franz Schalk has secured, even in "Die Walküre" last Saturday, and infinitely more finished than the performance of Siegfried. Mme. Rüsche-Endorf once more impersonated Brünnhilde, and by her powerful singing and fine dramatic action made the climax of the second act very impressive. After Herr Cornelius' great efforts in "Siegfried" on Monday his voice sounded a little tired, but he acted the part of the hero with unfailing vigour. Herr Hunold made a striking and picturesque Gunther, being histrionically far greater than vocally; while Herr Fönss as Hagen sang the music of the part admirably. Mme. Knüpfer-Egli, who appeared as Gutrune, acted gracefully and sang with considerable charm; while the part of Waltraute was ably undertaken by Mme. Bengell. As the three Norns Mme. Gmeiner, Mme. Knüpfer-Egli, and Mme. Kallensee sang well; and Miss Clytie Hine was an effective Wellgunde. Herr Kiess, as before, was an excellent Alberich. The chorus in the second act was sung and acted with great spirit, and the scene of this act (in front of Gunther's dwelling) was very beautiful, the stage-management and lighting being most effective.

On Tuesday evening the programme of the Russian ballet included the beautiful "La Spectre la Rose," given for the first time this season. Mme. Karsavina and M. Nijinsky again charmed the audience by their perfect dancing, and M. Nijinsky was greeted with a storm of applause.

EFEREE April 21/1912

COVENT GARDEN OPERA.

AN AUSPICIOUS OPENING NIGHT.

WITH Princess Henry, Princess Louis, and Prince Alexander of Battenberg in the Royal box, and in the presence of an audience that included many lords and ladies of high degree, the Grand Opera season at Covent Garden began last night with an exceptionally interesting performance of Bizet's "Carmen." The name-part offers such peculiar opportunities, histrionically as well as vocally, that a new exponent inevitably excites great expectation. At Covent Garden such expectations are exacting, probably more difficult to meet than elsewhere, for we demand tone-quality as much as, if not more than, acting, and the combination in any degree approaching the superlative is rare. Miss Tarquinia Tarquini, who made her début in England as Carmen, had consequently a difficult task before her, and that she succeeded so well in pleasing the audience testifies to her talents. Her voice is brilliant in the upper register, but hard and shallow in the lower notes. The defect was increased last night by seeming nervousness, which caused her to force them. The result was deficiency of allurement in her rendering of passages intended to be particularly seductive. Her reading of the character inclined to the realistic, and possessed a certain freshness by its avoidance of conventional business, and there could be no doubt of her earnestness; but she failed to show sufficient reason for Don José forsaking Micaela. This was perhaps made exceptionally difficult by this Micaela being embodied in a charming manner by Miss Dufau. This young artist is gifted with a soprano voice of musical and bright quality, a vivacious temperament, and captivating personality. In the first scene she suggested that Micaela would not have been averse to accepting the invitation of the soldiers had occasion served, but she showed such genuine feeling in the subsequent duet with Don José that the idea of Micaela being a flirt vanished. In the Camp Scene Miss Dafau sounded a deeper note, and Micaela's intercession has rarely been more touchingly rendered.

Another new-comer who made a favourable impression was Mr. Giuseppe Cellini. His voice is not of the robust order, but it is a genuine tenor, musical, and sympathetic, and is obviously dominated by an artistic temperament. His reading of Don José was distinguished by its sincerity. His delivery of the "Flower Song" rang true, and his listeners so appreciated it that they spoilt the dramatic situation by applauding until Don José unclasped Carmen and bowed his acknowledgments. It was, however, hard on Carmen to have to renew her embrace twice.

The bull-fighter had not previously been impersonated at Covent Garden by Mr. Sammarco, and it formed another interesting feature of the performance. His reading suggested that Escamillo was the perfect embodiment of gratified ambition, and this idea permeated the rendering of the famous song, which was beautifully vocalised. The duettists, Frasquita and Mercedes, were personated by Miss Betty Booker and Miss Van Staveren, the latter also a new-comer with a ringing voice, who was inclined to over-act; excess of zeal, however, is ever forgivable. The other characters were capably played. The choruses were excellently rendered, the tone of the voices being admirable, and the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Campanini, played beautifully.

LANCELOT.

NEW CARMEN AT COVENT GARDEN.

April 22 1912

Mme. Tarquini's Success in Song and Action.

The opening night of the "grand" season at Covent Garden on Saturday had many features of interest, musically and socially. There was a large audience, many familiar faces being seen in boxes and stalls, and on the stage a high level of musical excellence was reached.

Of late years it has been the custom to give us nothing new at the first performance, but this time, although the opera was a familiar one—"Carmen"—we had three new interesting singers, as well as an old favourite in a new rôle. Covent Garden has evidently determined to give music-lovers fresh points of interest as often as possible this year.

The performance centred around the new Carmen, Mme. Tarquinia Tarquini, of Milan, who evidently has the pluck that true artists are made of, for she was actually playing the rôle for the first time in her life, and before one of the most fastidious operatic audiences in the world.

It has often been said that some singers are born to play Carmen, and others achieve it. Mme. Tarquini comes nearest to the first definition. she has a Carmen-like temperament (one is speaking artistically, of course), and with her slim figure, dark colouring, and great vivacity, quite looks the part, which is always an enormous advantage. Later she ought to become a great Carmen, for she really did remarkably well on Saturday. She is a fine actress, with a versatile command of emotion, and some of her stage "business" was excellent, particularly the Bank Holiday-like way in which she joined in the dancing at the be-

ginning of the fan scene.

Mme. Tarquini's voice is not in itself remarkable, but she uses it cleverly, and sings very dramatically, many of her phrases being quite telling in effect. Her love-scenes with Don José in the second act, and the card-scene in the third, were both convincing, and in the death-scene she was finely tragic.

The second new comer was Signor Cellini (who, it is an open secret, is Signor Lenghi, of ballad-concert fame), who took the part of Don José. He made a manly lover, although his acting might have been improved by a little more fervour, and his singing was often very charming; the famous Flower Song, indeed, was one of the best pieces of singing heard during the whole evening.

The third début of the evening was that of Mlle. Dufau, as Michaela. Here again we had a singer who looked the part admirably: her girlish figure was a welcome sight in place of the matronly-looking Michaelas one so often has to endure for the sake of their singing. Mlle. Dufau has a voice of pretty quality, although a little unequal, and sings with charm and intelligence.

Signor Sammarco was the Toreador, this being his first appearance in the rôle here. He is always a great favourite at Covent Garden, and achieved a great success with the part, singing the familiar song with splendid dramatic vigour. In the smuggling scene, too, he was quite admirable.

Apart from these individual excellences, the general finish of the performance was quite noteworthy. The chorus was exceptionally good, and there was an unusual amount of vivacity in its doings. The smaller rôles were all well filled, and the quintet was delightfully sung. Signor Campanini conducted with his usual skill and judgment.

To-night we are to hear the new tenor, Signor Martinelli, of whom report speaks so highly, as Cavaradossi, in "Tosca," Mme. Edvina taking the title-rôle. On Tuesday the first cycle of the "Ring" is to begin.

OPENING NIGHT AT COVENT GARDEN.

April 22 1912

A NEW CARMEN.

In presence of a fairly large audience, which included Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Louis, and Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the curtain rose, to begin the season, at Covent Garden, on the opening scene of the glorious opera, "Carmen." The opera itself is an unfailing joy to the truly musical for obvious reasons, but on Saturday night there were more reasons than the mere beauty of the opera to attract, for the chief parts were being undertaken by singers three of whom were new to Covent Garden, while a fourth was singing a rôle in which he, for some reason not easily explained, had never before essayed here. True, it may be not the highest view to take of so great a work that one may desire to see newcomers in parts associated with some of the most distinguished singers of our time. But as these are not any longer available we must either forgo the opera altogether or possess our souls in patience, and hear all and sundry singers until the new generation arises that can by sheer power wipe our memory tablets clean of the past. Each generation brings forth its favourites, and has every right to its own opinion as to their merits. Older folk, no doubt, will hold the memory of Calvé and of Minnie Hauck dear, but it is hard on their descendants who knew these not if thereby they are to be deprived of the privilege of making for themselves favourites.

Whether or not the Royal Opera Syndicate have found a new Calvé in Miss Tarquinia Tarquini, who played the part of Carmen on Saturday for the first time in any theatre, time alone can reveal. In the whole realm of opera there are not many parts more difficult to realise to the full. It is, therefore, hardly to be expected that a newcomer could hope to exhaust its possibilities at once. Certainly Miss Tarquini did not exhaust them, but this is not to say that she is to be discouraged. Far from it. More than once during the evening she showed that she had based her idea of Carmen on that of accepted models, but she exaggerated their less sound qualities.

No doubt some of the apparently stilted movement on the stage was as much due to nervousness as clearly was her inability to do her voice complete justice. A new opera house is, of course, always a trial to a singer, however excellent the acoustic properties of that house may be. When Miss Tarquini has become as thoroughly accustomed to the Covennt Garden stage as Mr. Sammarco, who played the Toreador for the first time here, there is no reason to doubt that her performance will be of a praiseworthy description. Her appearance, for one thing, is entirely in her favour, and there is a kind of "bite" in the lower register of her voice that well suits certain passages of the music. Mr. Sammarco's Toreador was admirably sung; that seems almost unnecessary to say. But even he, experienced as he is, did not seem quite at home, and there was an undoubted lack of freedom in his movements that is most unusual in him. Miss Dufau, a new Micaela, who happened to be passing through London, and so was able, if report speaks truly, to take the place vacated by another who was ill, made a decidedly good impression as well by the freshness of her singing as by the ease of her movements; and no doubt Covent Garden have secured a valuable recruit in Mr. Giuseppe Cellini, a tenor of pleasing appearance and good if not very powerful voice, who has already made something of a name for himself in London concert-rooms.

It was, of course, no fault of his that his fine scene with Carmen was completely spoiled when, in the midst of his expressions of love, he was compelled by the audience to rise from his knees, make a bow, and return to his knees! Of all of these newcomers there will be much to be said in course of the next three months, no doubt, so that for the time being one may hold one's hand. But, even so, one would pray Miss Tarquini to bear in mind ever so little the exigencies of Bizet's rhythm and also of his tempi which are clear. Miss Tarquini is far too apt to drag the tempo, and her constant portamento often makes it doubtful of the exact note she seeks to sing. Moreover, the chorus must be quickened, and, as it were, humanised; Covent Garden's own standard of performance of this opera is too high to be allowed to be lowered. The orchestra played well under the direction of Mr. Campanini, who tried hard, but often in vain, to overcome Carmen's rhythmical idiosyncrasies; and the minor parts were fairly, but not surprisingly, well filled. The quintet, for example, has often been far better sung; and we ourselves have been more convinced many a time by the binding of the recalcitrant heroine to the chair than on Saturday. The fact is that the opening performance was deficient in "go"; it often dragged, and it never went with the requisite (and customary) swing. That this is fatal to "Carmen" all will agree who regard the opera as one of the genuine masterpieces of the operatic literature.

MUSIC.

April 22 1912

ROYAL OPERA.

"CARMEN."

Don José	.. ..	Signor GIUSEPPE CELLINI
Escamillo	.. ..	Signor G. MARIO SAMMARCO
Il Dancairo	.. ..	Signor CECCARELLI
Il Remendado	.. ..	Signor DANTE ZUCCHI
Zuniga	.. ..	M. GUSTAVE HUBERDEAU
Morales	.. ..	M. MORIN
Carmen	.. ..	Mlle. TARQUINIA TARQUINI
Micaela	.. ..	Mlle. DUFAU
Frasquita	.. ..	Miss BETTY BOOKER
Mercedes	.. ..	Miss A. VAN STAVEREN

Conductor—Signor CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI.

Brilliant openings have not been the rule at Covent Garden in recent years. The opera opens its doors and announces that the season has begun and the fact in itself is sufficient to bring a large audience together by about the middle of the first act, animated by a comfortable expectation of pleasure and excitement. Yet some special attraction is generally offered. Last year the opera was *Lakmé*; and though that in itself was no great matter, the opportunity of hearing Mme. Tetrazzini sing the "Bell" song was at least a point of distinction. In 1910 and 1908 the same artist's performance in *La Traviata* was relied upon (though she was unable to appear in 1910) and in 1909 the Censor provided a little mild sensation by removing his ban from *Samson et Dalila* and allowing its first performance in England to mark the beginning of the season. The opening of the season of 1912, which took place on Saturday night, was of a different kind. In *Carmen* we were given an opera which every one knows and loves and is glad to hear again and again for its own sake, but at the same time it introduced a new Carmen and a new Don José in Mlle. Tarquinia Tarquini and Signor Giuseppe Cellini. Probably newcomers are as little at a disadvantage at Covent Garden as in any opera house in Europe. The London public is exceedingly ready to accept them, especially if news of great achievements elsewhere precedes them (as it generally does): and the house welcomed its newcomers kindly on Saturday and listened to them sympathetically.

There was, however, an uncertainty and want of cohesion about the whole performance, for which no individual could be entirely responsible, though almost every one was concerned in it. Mlle. Tarquini's first entrance was prepossessing: her lithe and graceful movements, her charming appearance, her power of acting with a look or a slight gesture gave a happy first impression, and if that were all, if acting *Carmen* were solely a matter of glances, "saucy and audacious" (as Don José used to be made to say in the English translation) Mlle. Tarquini's equipment would have been ample. Later, too, her acting, as far as it consists in gesture and movement, had its moments. She entered with any amount of vivacity into the revelry at the inn, and danced with the true *abandon* of the character and not with the perfunctory steps of the *prima donna*: there was passion and ecstasy when she spurned José for Escamillo and terror in the scene before her death. But in opera the voice is the primary means for the expression of character and emotion, or it would not be opera. The action gives the external circumstances, the voice, especially in *Carmen*, gives all the conflicting impulses behind the circumstances, and just in so far as the voice can express them we get a real interpretation of the character. Although Mlle. Tarquini has a voice which is always rich and can be beautiful, it rarely if ever seemed to be the most important quantity in her interpretation. She was, not unnaturally, ill at ease at the beginning. She seemed determined to take more liberties with the rhythm of "Amor misterioso angello" (the opera was sung in Italian) than Signor Campanini could allow her, she was often inclined to drag the time without justifying it by any additional intensity of expression, she was sometimes a little late in her entrances, occasionally a little out of tune. These things became less noticeable as the evening progressed; but even when she had had plenty of time to get accustomed to the stage, her singing made no deep impression. The card scene gives perhaps the greatest opportunity in the sharp contrast between Carmen's restless anxiety and the flippant play of the other girls, yet in her singing there seemed to be nothing more than the conventional effects of the tragic contralto. One missed personality most where it was most wanted. Here it may be mentioned that the *ensemble* of the smaller parts with the principals (the quintet in Act II. was another instance) would have borne much more rehearsal with advantage. Signor Cellini's singing as Don José reached its highest point in the song "Il fior che avevi a me tu dato," and he had to disentangle himself from the embrace of Carmen in order to respond to the hearty applause which his performance brought him. It was a curious example of the bad taste which insists that when an artist has created an impression of sincerity the illusion shall be broken as quickly as possible. Signor Cellini was much less successful in the dramatic scenes than in the lyrical moments, and as an actor he attempted very little until the last act, in which he became wonderfully transformed into the typical villain of melodrama. The general uncertainty affected Signor Sammarco merely in the fact that some passages in Escamillo's music lie practically below the range of his voice, so that one had the discomfort of listening to a fine artist making the best of a part which did not suit him. Mlle. Dufau as Micaela varied considerably from moments of real vocal beauty, especially in the duet in Act I., to others where her voice sounded thin and undistinguished; and incidentally it may be suggested that she bestowed rather more coy glances upon the soldiers than the virtuous Micaela should employ—in fact, in her first scene she seemed to poach upon the preserves of Carmen.

It was an ill-fitting cast; a cast of artists brought together for various purposes to be seen later in the season, and who seemed more or less fortuitously combined to sing *Carmen* on the first night. For the rest, the chorus, the grouping, the scenery, and the stage-craft generally were just what they have been for many years past, except that the stage was brightened by some new and effective dresses—as was also the auditorium.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

April 22 1912

There was a large audience at Covent Garden on Saturday evening for the opening performance of the Opera season. "Carmen" was the work selected, and although, unfortunately, it was given in Italian, there were some interesting features in the presentation. Mlle. Tarquinia Tarquini, who appeared in the title-part, is a newcomer, and so is Signor Giuseppe Cellini, as an operatic singer, that is, for he has already done concert work in London, while Signor Sammarco's Escamillo is a new rôle, and Mlle. Dufau, the Micaela, we do not remember hearing before. A certain degree of nervousness was noticeable in the first act, and it was not until the second that one realised Mlle. Tarquini's powers fully. Her impersonation has no very strong emotional force, but it is decidedly clever and individual. Her acting was more appealing than her singing, for in this respect the vocal method is wanting in that control which keeps the colour steady or gives the impression of reserve of tone. Hence a measure of musical weakness and a suggestion that the naturally good vocal quality can seldom be properly valued. The purely Italian method of Signor Sammarco was not heard at its best in the clear-cut lines and definite rhythmical swing of Bizet's music. The singing of the Toreador's song, in consequence, was disappointing. Why, by the way, was the delightful little coda to this number omitted? One liked Signor Cellini's Don José, in spite of immature acting; he has a good presence and a fresh impulsiveness which makes his work seem natural; moreover, he sings well, and he made a decided effect in the "Flower Song."

The pretty voice and singing of Mlle. Dufau must not be forgotten. Signor Campanini conducted in his accustomed masterful style, and the choruses went with quite a superior swing and tonal force, as though some new singers had been enrolled. Altogether, a sufficiently satisfactory start to what promises to be an interesting season.

Mme. Edvina will sing in "Tosca" to-night, supported by Signor Sammarco and a new tenor in Signor Giovanni Martinelli.

MUSIC.

April 23

ROYAL OPERA.

LA TOSCA.

Floria Tosca .. Mme. EDVINA
Mario Cavaradossi .. Signor GIOVANNI MARTINELLI
Il Barone Scarpia .. Signor G. MARIO SAMMARCO
Conductor—Signor CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI.

All of Puccini's operas which have been given at Covent Garden have, with the exception of *The Girl of the Golden West*, become popular with the public. *Manon Lescaut* has not quite held the place of its three successors, but it drew good houses when it was given, for, like them, it contained fresh and original melody and showed the composer's special gift for creating an appropriate atmosphere for each situation. It was only in his last work that his mannerisms, shadowed to some extent in *Madama Butterfly*, became exaggerated, and it is the only work of his prime which the majority of people have not given themselves the trouble to hear a second time. In *La Tosca*, which was given for the second night of the season under Signor Campanini, we have melody and atmosphere (the introduction to the third act contains picturesque effects which Puccini has hardly surpassed), and in addition the *libretto* is as compact and melodramatic a piece of workmanship as Sardou ever put together.

The burden of it all falls largely on the shoulders of Tosca herself, who was played for the first time at Covent Garden by Mme. Edvina. Her voice has become a little fuller than it was last season and served her well in the first act, though in the scene in Scarpia's palace it was hardly big enough to come through the orchestra at the climaxes. In her acting she showed imagination up to a certain point; at first she was a little too naïve and suggested the *ingénue* rather than the famous singer but in the dramatic moments she did a good deal by retaining her dignity and so insisting on the pathos of her position. The actual killing of Scarpia was a little clumsy, and there was too much detail in her by-play, but she showed on the whole more capacity for a dramatic part than one would have supposed from her acting in previous parts.

Signor Martinelli, who is new to London, made a favourable impression in the part of Cavaradossi he sang out, after some preliminary nervousness with easy spontaneity, he phrased extremely well and though he produced a large volume of tone he did not force his voice. At the same time the quality of some of his notes was too hard to be altogether agreeable and occasionally there was some falsenes of intonation; his acting, too, was stiff and conventional, though here again the stiffness seemed to be due partly to nervousness.

The smaller parts were in capable hands (though Signor Zucchi would have been better if his movements had been less exaggerated), and Signor Sammarco as Scarpia repeated a performance which, in spite of its familiarity, is not a whit less polished and masterly than before. It only remains to add that the playing of the orchestra was admirable and that the *ensemble* at the end of the first act was well managed.

NEW TENOR AT COVENT GARDEN.

Signor Martinelli's Success in "Tosca."

April 23

One can never understand why an opera such as "Tosca" does not fill every seat at Covent Garden. It is by far the finest work Puccini has written, an opera which for dramatic force and splendid design has hardly been equalled by any other composer to-day. There is no doubt that it is steadily winning more appreciation year by year, and the future may see it attracting audiences when "Bohème" and "Butterfly" are forgotten.

Last night there was quite a good house for the opera, and much expectation as to the new tenor. Signor Martinelli, who made his debut here as Cavaradossi. He is certainly a wonderfully fine singer, and many people in the house who remembered Caruso's first appearance here were reminded of the latter singer by the newcomer. His voice is of very beautiful, smooth quality, and very even in all its registers; the lower notes are as fine as the beautiful upper ones, the latter being of very ringing quality. Also Signor Martinelli is a very intelligent artist, and uses his voice with great charm. His singing of the familiar solo in the first act at once stamped him as an artist who will go far, and, later on in the evening, when his nervousness wore off, his performance was still more convincing.

His fine dramatic singing in the second act scene with Scarpia was remarkable, and his acting throughout the evening was individual and intelligently thought out. There is no doubt that Signor Martinelli ought to make a big name for himself, especially when one remembers that he is only 25 years of age. The audience last night was unmistakably enthusiastic over him, calling loudly for him at the end of each act.

There were many other excellent features in last night's performance. Mme. Edvina, taking the role of Tosca for the first time here, made quite a success in a part which is a long and difficult one. In the scene with her lover in the first act she was admirable, and also was equally good in the difficult scene with Scarpia in Act II. Her delivery of "Vissi d'arte" was quite one of the best pieces of singing one has heard from her.

As Scarpia Signor Sammarco was again wonderfully dramatic and impressive. Undoubtedly it is one of his strongest impersonations, and last night he was as fine as ever.

The minor roles were well filled once more, Signor Malatesta as the sacristan giving a very clever and characteristic performance, whilst M. Morin as Angelotti was also very good.

Signor Campanini conducted, and the whole performance was a well-finished one.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

(In French.)
By CH. GOUNOD.

April 23

Juliet .. .. .. Mlle. FELICE LYNE
Stephano .. .. Mlle. KATHLEEN LOCKHART
Gertrude .. .. Mlle. LYDIA LOCKE
Romeo .. .. M. ORVILLE HARROLD
Tybalt .. .. M. GEORGES REGIS
Mercutio .. .. M. FIGARELLA
Capulet .. .. .. M. FRANCIS COMBE
Friar Laurence .. Mr. HENRY WELDON
The Duke of Verona .. Mr. ENZO BOZANO
Paris .. .. .. Mr. SEVERINA
Gregorio .. .. M. PIERRE VERHEYDEN
Benvolio .. .. M. LEROUX

Stage Director .. .. M. JACQUES COINI
Conductor .. .. M. FRITZ ERNALDY

Though this season was not begun, like the autumn one, with a new sensation in spectacular opera, yet the opera chosen was one which gave plenty of scope to the special capacities of the London Opera House, and the opportunities were used to the full. Very probably *Romeo and Juliet* was chosen because Mlle. Felice Lyne, who made so great a popular success in various parts in the autumn, is obviously fitted to be an ideal Juliet, but if this was the first consideration her performance was not relied upon as an all-sufficient attraction. From the beginning it was clear that the whole conception of the opera had been carefully planned in each department. M. Fritz Ernaldy, who conducted for the first time and was the only new-comer in the company, handled the orchestra firmly, and the beginning of the overture, especially the incisive attack of the strings in the *fugato*, showed that the musical interpretation was to be taken seriously. Here, as in *Faust*, Gounod seems to have set out with a serious intention of using his orchestra dramatically, an intention which, however, he was unable to fulfil consistently in either opera. When the curtain rose for the prologue one realized how admirably the stage effect had been thought out in the tableau in which the whole company was grouped and which was gradually revealed by means of careful lighting behind a gauze veil. The balance and quality of the choral singing of the prologue was worth remark.

Each act gave us a beautiful stage picture; the deep cypress trees and cool marbles of the balcony scene contrasted with the brilliancy of the first act in Capulet's house, and with the warm colouring and rich architecture of the street scene, and all were carried out with consistent faithfulness. Indeed, the absence of incongruous details (unless possibly there were some in Juliet's wardrobe) was one of the pleasures of the performance. The whole opera moved with unfailing vigour; although there are many thin moments in the music, there was scarcely a dull one on the stage.

Mlle. Felice Lyne captivated her audience at once by her graceful, *ingenue* movements, her charm of manner, and her refined and well-finished singing, which was nowhere better shown than in the famous valse of the first act. There were, indeed, moments when she aimed at a stronger kind of expression in the balcony and bedroom scenes, and did so at the expense of the purity of tone and intonation which is the salient feature of her style. But they were not many. If M. Orville Harrold could only resist the temptation to draw the attention to his high notes his singing would be as artistic as his voice is fine, for except at the stated moments when the artificial climaxes were being dwelt upon he sang with excellent perception and genuine sympathy. It is scarcely necessary to remark in detail upon the individual performances of a cast which is now so well known for efficiency and for the power of working well together. From the theatrical point of view this quality was nowhere better shown than in the fight in the street, which was carried on with tremendous vivacity. There is, of course, not much elaborate musical *ensemble*, but all the small parts were artistically and adequately filled.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

Gounod's 'Romeo & Juliet' Opens Mr. Hammerstein's Season.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's second season of opera at the London Opera House opened under the happiest of circumstances last night. With an opera containing all the spectacular, sentimental, and melodic constituents of poularity, with the stage capably held by the two "star" favourites of the last season—Miss Felice Lyne and Mr. Orville Harrold, with a crowded and fashionable audience prone to generous applause, nothing was wanting to build up a success.

April 23

The chief interest was naturally aroused by Miss Lyne's reapparearance. The purity and ease of her voice production and the grace and confidence of her presence were as captivating as ever, although there was more neatness than vitality in her singing, and the expression of her love for Romeo was inclined towards reserve.

However, her singing of the famous waltz-song, "Je veux vivre dans le rêve," was one of the features of the evening; and dramatic fitness is not all in all in this version of Shakespeare's tragedy.

Mr. Orville Harrold was a contrast to his heroine in the complete abandonment of his passion, his mercurial bearing and fervent singing. As before, the salient feature of his vocalism was the freedom with which he threw out his high notes; in fact, his unusual capacity in this direction was so far indulged that his chief number, "Ah, lève-toi, soleil," was transposed a semitone higher.

Gounod's opera centres round the operatic behaviour of the two principal artists more than in the fate of the two principal characters. The success of a performance is therefore not greatly dependent upon the capacity of those who represent the minor parts. It speaks well, therefore, for the artistic completeness of Mr. Hammerstein's aims that these parts were notably well filled. M. Georges Regis as Tybalt, M. Figarella as Mercutio, M. Francis Combe as Capulet, Mr. Henry Weldon as Friar Lawrence, and Mlle. Lydia Locke as the Nurse represented collectively a vocal and histrionic standard that made something individual than a stop-gap to the successive appearances of the favourites.

The chorus carried themselves and their sumptuous dresses effectively. Their singing, however, was less highly disciplined than their deportment.

One of the chief successes of the evening was that of the conductor, Mr. Fritz Ernaldy; he controlled his orchestra admirably, and brought out all the delicacy and inventiveness of the scoring, which provides, in the most highly critical sense, the chief interest of the work. The stage director was M. Jacques Coini, who had been conspicuously successful in this capacity during Mr. Hammerstein's first season.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

"MIGNON."

April 24

Years and years have passed, if memory serves, since Ambroise Thomas's still charming opera "Mignon" was last heard in London before yesterday, when Mr. Hammerstein revived it at the London Opera House. No doubt it will be found "conventional," "all that an opera should not be," and the rest of it—as if all opera were not a convention!—by the young musical bloods of to-day. Yet many of us can accept the convention and enjoy an opera that contains many a good thing besides "Je suis Titania," the popular Polacca; "Connais tu le pays?" and the gavotte. True, the work has its longueurs; but these, we fancy, are, or were last night, due as much to the somewhat deliberate pace at which the dialogue was spoken as to any inherent defects in the opera itself. This, however, by the way, for on the whole the performance was quite a good one, and provided yet another opportunity for the student of opera to realise how much more dependent upon the general level of its ensemble an opera is than upon the "moi et cinq ou six poupées" of the star system. Not that there were no stars in the performance under notice. As a fact, there were some half-dozen of them, but the brilliance of none so outshone that of any other as wholly to obliterate it.

The title-rôle was admirably played by a newcomer, Miss Yvonne Kerlord, who owns a very sympathetic singing voice, and whose diction, whether in speech or song, is most exemplary. Her success in the great song mentioned above would have been probably even greater than it was had the conductor not been so overwhelmingly inflexible in his beat. Still, the singer's first appearance was an

undoubted success. So, too, was that of Mr. Jean Buysson, whose pleasant voice and easy manner of singing or of movement was just (or nearly so) what one asks of Wilhelm Meister. Mr. Georges Regis made "an arrant rogue" of Laertes's rôle, and Miss Kerlane was quite a delightful "Cavalier" as Frederic, who shone particularly in the gavotte and in the amusing scene of the quasi-duel. Mr. Francis Combe likewise was quite excellent as Lothario, and, save that her coloratura was not invariably accurate, Miss Victoria Fer made a very attractive Philine. The scenery, the ballet and chorus, and orchestra left nothing to be desired, and Mr. Merola conducted a performance that provided a most pleasant entertainment. There was a very good audience.

"MIGNON," AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

There need be no wonder that "Mignon" still holds the boards. Both characters and story seem to fall naturally into opera form, as though Goethe himself had designed them for it. The ultra-conventionality of florid vocalisation can never sound more natural and appropriate on the stage than coming from the lips of Philine, while the title-rôle is one that affords every opportunity to the dramatic singer. If Lothario is little else but a puppet, Wilhelm Meister, Laerte, and Frederic all form excellent foils to one another, and the variety of scenery and incident easily maintains the interest up to the very end. Of Mignon herself it is difficult to speak in measured terms. In her forlornness, her simplicity, and tempestuous passion, she is one of those immortal creations, like Senta and Tatjana, who at once captivate the imagination the moment they appear.

Then, too, the text-book has been so skilfully put together, especially as regards its bold alteration of the story in order to keep the unity of style. It seems difficult to believe that Thomas once wrote a "dénouement allemand" with Mignon's death for the benefit of German audiences familiar with the original. But Schiller himself adversely criticised the mistaken introduction of the tragic note, and Goethe admitted he was right, throwing the blame, indeed, on "the imperfect novel form."

Thus "Mignon," with its amazingly clever music, is as potent as ever, and last night's performance was a worthy one. Miss Yvonne Kerlord, in the name-part, disclosed remarkable interpretative powers. She was singularly happy in reflecting the varying moods in "Connais-tu le pays" and the "Styrienne," while the dramatic passion expressed in the park scene invested the music, which there is somewhat perfunctory, with an import not its own. The moving passage where she answers Wilhelm Meister's questions, and her monologue in the castle, must also be adduced as notable instances of her fine acting.

Miss Victoria Fer had hardly enough insouciance for Philine, although she sang her air "à la Polacca" in excellent style. Mr. Jean Buysson was Wilhelm Meister. The quality of his voice was rather lacking in suavity, but he was otherwise successful in the part, as were also Miss André Kerlane as Frederic, Mr. Francis Combe as Lothario, and Mr. Georges Regis as Laerte.

The ensemble "Quel est ce beau coureur?" was beautifully sung; so, too, the emotional "recognition trio"; nor should the superb effects of chorus and orchestra in the fire scene be forgotten. Mr. Gaetano Merola was an excellent conductor.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

April 24

"MIGNON."

(In French.)

By AMBROISE THOMAS.

Mignon	Mlle. YVONNE KERLORD
Philine	Mlle. VICTORIA FER
Frederic	Mlle. ANDRE KERLANE
Wilhelm Meister	M. JEAN BUYSSON
Lothario	Mr. FRANCIS COMBE
Laerte	M. GEORGES REGIS
Jarno	M. ENZO BOZANO

Conductor—M. GAETANO MEROLA

After beginning with a French view of an English tragedy in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Mignon*, a French view of German comedy, and the most famous of the long list of works which Thomas wrote for the Opera Comique, was given at the London Opera House last night. It was an exceedingly bright and alert performance, and one which showed that Mr. Hammerstein's company is capable of dealing with the lighter forms of opera as successfully as with the types collectively and vaguely described as "grand." This performance was less remarkable for outstanding individual merit than for the fact that all entered thoroughly into the character of the work, practically every one acted admirably and combined to keep the interest continuously alive through the episodes of spoken dialogue and to pass easily from song to speech and back again.

Mlle. Fer's singing was pure and clean and she made considerable effect in the famous Polonaise, while the rather metallic quality of her voice was not unsuited to the part of Philine. Mlle. Kerlord's Mignon is rather lacking in charm, and her voice in emotional climaxes sounded worn and was not always quite in tune, but the quiet lyrics of the first act were expressively sung and her evident sincerity to a large extent compensated for disadvantages. M. Jean Buysson's singing was consistently artistic, and Mr. Francis Combe's fine voice gave dignity and just sentiment to the songs of the harper, while the characterization of MM. Georges Regis and Enzo Bozano added greatly to the vivacity of the whole performance. The orchestra under M. Merola was exceedingly crisp, and the popular gavotte and other details of delicate orchestration in the second act had the happiest effect.

MUSIC.

April 24.

ROYAL OPERA.

"DAS RHEINGOLD."

Wotan	Herr ANTON VAN ROOY
Donner	Herr FRANZ KRONEN
Froh	Mr. MAURICE D'OISLY
Loge	Herr HEINRICH HENSEL
Alberich	Herr AUGUST KIESS
Mime	Herr HANS BECHSTEIN
Fasolt	Mr. JAMES H. GODDARD
Fafner	Herr JOHANNES FÖNSS
Fricka	Mme. KIRKBY LUNN
Freia	Frau MARIA KNÜPFER-EGLI
Erda	Miss GWLADYS ROBERTS
Woglinde	Mlle. VON GLEHN
Wellgunde	Mlle. KACEROWSKA
Flosshilde	Mlle. BOBERG

Conductor—DR. ROTTENBERG.

The German season of opera at Covent Garden, instead of being relegated entirely to the autumn as it was last year, has been boiled down into ten performances—eight for two cycles of the *Ring* and the remaining two for *Tristan*. Whether this means that the tetralogy, now that it has found its way back again into the regular summer season, is going to stay there we do not know. As long as we get it once a year it does not much matter, and after a succession of annual performances the musical public in London has more or less taken it for granted that it is to get it. The only danger is that, having once got what it wants, it will proceed to turn it into an institution. As soon as a musical work suffers this fate, whether it is the *Messiah* or the *Ring* or the C minor Symphony, there is always a danger of its dying a slow death as it lies with the coils of tradition moving closer and closer around it. Even in places like Vienna and Munich the *Ring* periodically loses vitality and does not pick up again until the appointment of a new conductor or the wakeful enthusiasm of the Intendant leads to the whole thing being "neu einstudiert."

At Covent Garden the performances have not yet had time to become quite stereotyped. In the years when Dr. Richter was in command there was order and discipline, but no machine-like uniformity. Herr Schalk last autumn woke every one up by his individual way of handling the orchestra, and this year the conductor is Dr. Rottenberg, of Frankfort.

The performance which he secured last night of *Das Rheingold* was on the orchestral side satisfactory rather than inspired. After the prelude, which was a little unsteady, the big symphonic interludes were taken with breadth and rhythmic energy, and the balance was generally good. In some of the less important sections when little was going on in the orchestra there was often an absence of grip, and a good many details in the first two scenes were rather untidy, but as the performance progressed there was an improvement in these two directions, and no doubt things will be still better on subsequent evenings.

The cast was mainly made up of names familiar to those who have seen previous cycles at Covent Garden. Miss Gwladys Roberts and Mme. Knüpfer-Egli we do not remember to have heard before as Erda and Freia, though they have both sung other parts in the *Ring*; but Messrs. Van Rooy, Hensel, Kiess, Bechstein, and Mme. Kirkby Lunn have all stepped off the programme of last year. They all did themselves justice last night except Mr. Hensel, who for some reason was often uncertain in intonation, and was not very happy in his gestures.

The *mise-en-scène* was about on the same level as usual; the general features were good enough, but many of the details left room for improvement. The ugly curtain which takes the place of the water and clouds which Wagner asked for at the end of the first scene stuck at one corner, the Rhine maidens' gymnastics were extremely elementary, and Alberich merely strolled up half-a-dozen steps to steal the gold; on the other hand, there were some improvements in lighting, and the laidly worm into which Alberich turns, though very mild, has put on a few inches since we last saw him.

ROYAL OPERA.

April 24

"DAS RHEINGOLD."

Once again the "Ring." There was a time, not so many years ago, when it would have been highly inappropriate to refer thus to the commencement of a cycle of the "Nibelungen" music-dramas in London. But nowadays, as though in revenge for the apathy with which the general public were wont formerly to regard the later Wagner, no long interval is allowed to elapse at Covent Garden between the fall of Walhalla in one season and Alberich's theft of the magic gold from the keeping of the Rhine maidens in another. Only the other day there was published a book, with some such title as "The Badness of Wagner's Bad Luck." Failing the opportunity of glancing at its contents, one can only hazard a guess as to their nature. But whatever, or wherever, Wagner's ill-luck, it has most surely passed away, so far, at any rate, as Covent Garden is concerned. And so again last night, after a lapse of only a few short months, the curtain rose upon the fairyland—for such really it is—of the "Ring," and once more we saw the Rhine nymphs circling among the waters where they guard their priceless treasure. Wagner, accordingly, obtains a hearing quite early in the season. But, from the point of view of the regular habitué, as distinct from the mere Wagner worshipper who is drawn to the opera house by the lure of no other composer, the arrangement of a few years ago, when the season—was it not that of 1906?—was ushered in with the "Ring," possessed a decided advantage over that now adopted. For who, even with the broadest musical outlook and sympathies, could pretend that a performance of "Carmen" on one evening and of "Tosca" on the next provides a fitting mental preparation for the first of the Nibelungen series? Certainly it is a far cry from the strong human interest and the full-blooded passion of Puccini's opera, heard on Monday, to the mythical atmosphere in which Wagner's gods and goddesses, giants and dwarfs, live and move and have their being. But, at Covent Garden all tastes must needs be ministered to, and one can hardly exact of those who rule its destinies that they should consider carefully what, on purely aesthetic grounds, is the most appropriate moment for the commencement of a "Ring" cycle. And, for that matter, the particular Wagner-lover to whom we have alluded in passing will be grateful enough for the inclusion of the master's colossal work in the season's scheme, and will not trouble his head about the operas that precede or follow the different sections.

Of the singers who took part in last night's performance of the "Rheingold," not a few have appeared here before. Indeed, so much that was done has been criticised in the past that there was really little that calls for any detailed discussion. The conductor, however, was a comparative stranger, and to some present probably a complete one, seeing that only on one previous occasion—so far as we know—had he taken command at Covent Garden. That was two years ago, when Dr. Rottenberg stepped into the breach caused during a "Ring" cycle by the sudden breakdown of Hans Richter. Dr. Rottenberg comes to us with a goodly reputation from Frankfort, and by the time the present cycle is concluded he will no doubt have justified it. There were some weak, and no particularly inspiring, moments in the orchestral reading of "Rheingold." A certain slackness in the rhythm in the opening scene robbed the Rhine daughters' lovely music of its full effect, and the detail was not always very clear. But matters improved appreciably as the performance went its way, notably in the Nibelheim scene, when the orchestral playing was far more crisp and vivid than it had been earlier in the evening.

FEATURES OF THE CAST.

The outstanding feature of the performance was the singing of Mr. Anton van Rooy, who has returned to us in far finer voice than he seemed able to command last autumn. Always a figure of commanding dignity and strength, his Wotan of last evening recalled the artist's most compelling performances in the same part, and there were moments, in the first colloquy with the angry giants, and again later, when the familiar voice rang out with much of its old splendour and strength. The Loge of the cast we saw and heard only a few months ago. Mr. Heinrich Hensel is an accomplished artist who knows the value of a clear diction, and his movements and gestures as the Fire God are easy and animated without conveying a sense of restlessness, as some Loges have done. Madame Kirkby Lunn, in good voice, sang with her accustomed sense of style as Fricka, and Freia's music was sung unaffectedly and pleasantly by Madame Knüpfer-Egli. In the Fasolt and Fafner of Mr. James Goddard and Mr. Johannes Fönss, the Alberich of Mr. Kiess, and the inevitable—and invaluable—Mime of Mr. Bechstein, the evening gave us familiar features, and all these artists amply sustained their reputations. For the rest, Mr. Franz Kronen (Donner), Mr. Maurice D'Oisly (Froh), and Miss Gwladys Roberts (Erda) did creditable work, and the voices of the Rhine maidens—Miss Rhoda von Glehn, Miss Kacerowska, and Miss Boberg—sounded fresh and musical.

But would it not be possible to make the evolutions of these daughters of the Rhine in the opening scene a little more realistic? Last evening there was never a suggestion of swimming, save in the mechanical movements of their arms, and for the greater part of the time they looked as though they were standing—on concealed stilts—in the bed of the river. For that matter, the illusion of any stream at all

could only have been conjured up with the help of an exceptionally vivid imagination. But, at all events, the lighting of the scene, which opened in semi-darkness, was an improvement upon the method adopted last season, and that was something to be thankful for. On the other hand, Alberich's seizure of the fateful gold, to reach which he seemed to be warily ascending a flight of steps, was wholly ineffective. Clearly this is not among the things that Covent Garden manages best, and the culminating appearance of the rainbow which spreads an arch across the stage as the gods are about to enter Walhalla hardly makes amends for previous scenic deficiencies in point of impressiveness.

THE "RING," AT COVENT GARDEN.

April 24 1912

After having been given so recently as last autumn, it was the more satisfactory to find a large audience at Covent Garden last night for the first performance of two "Ring" cycles arranged for the present season. Otherwise it has been considered best for a work of such proportions only to be presented at long intervals, which, indeed, still remains the opinion of many who are closely familiar with the score. But there are always those to whom it is new, while in any case its inclusion in an opera repertory is bound to lend it a distinction not otherwise attainable. The experienced opera-goer can hardly attend performances now without some regretful feeling that Dr. Richter can no longer preside at the conductor's desk. He must remain thankful for his experiences of the past and not be too exacting if as yet no equal mastery is to be found. That Dr. Rottenberg is a thoroughly competent conductor will not be denied, and there was much that was good in the performance of "Das Rheingold" on the present occasion. The rhythms were alive and the conducting generally alert and showing control. One missed the wonderful clearness in the orchestral playing, the breadth and power of climax to which Richter had accustomed us.

On the stage the commanding presence of Herr van Rooy was of course the leading feature. Beginning, as has been noticed on former occasions, somewhat uncertainly, his singing soon steadied, and the notes, except occasionally at the top of the compass, rang out as powerfully as ever. Mme. Kirkby Lunn appeared as Frick and gave us of her best; she was in excellent voice, and makes a great deal of the none too easy part. Herr Hensel's Loge seemed stronger in every way than last autumn, he sang certainly in excellent style. The Alberich of Herr Kiess and Mime of Herr Bechstein were other impersonations the same as last year, and admirable ones too. The three Rhinemaidens were Miss Rhoda von Glehn, Mlle. Kacerowska, and Mlle. Boberg, and, doubtless owing to the difficulty of the conditions, sang rather indecisively at times. They were better in ensemble, and the voices blended well together. Freia, as undertaken by Frau Knüpfer-Egli became a more important character than is often the case. Mention should be made of the giants, Messrs. Goddard and Fönss, the cast being completed with Miss Glwadys Roberts as Erda and Messrs. Kronen and D'Oisly as Donner and Froh respectively.

"Carmen" will be repeated to-night, with Mlle. Tarquini in the title-part, Signor Cellini as Don José, and Signor Sammarco as Escamillo.

THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

April 25 1912

Mr. Hammerstein revived "La Favorita" at the London Opera House last night. As a matter of fact, it is not easy to see why certain of these old Italian operas have kept to their popularity and others dropped out, and it is at least possible that if the policy of experimenting with revivals is continued one or other may hit the public fancy once again. Musically there is not very much to choose between them, one would think, or dramatically either, as far as that goes, but there probably is some definite reason, if it could be discovered, why "Traviata" succeeds where "Ernani," say, fails, or, similarly, "Lucia," as against the work given on this occasion. At any rate, it is more amusing for the critic to hear an unfamiliar than a hackneyed work, which certainly "Favorita" cannot be said to be, as it has not been given in Central London for about twenty years. The fourth act only was heard at Covent Garden some seven or eight seasons ago.

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Musically, it has its share of "plums," "Spirto Gentil," "O mio Fernando," and the rest, while now and again, notably in the finale to the third act, there is some concerted uniting of considerable vigour, if Donizetti's invention was not exactly happy in its suitability to the action. But to make such operas as these really go well there must be a sense of conviction on the part of the performers, and this is where last night's production failed. There was too little evidence of the artists taking themselves seriously, as figures, that is, in the dramatic action. They only, seemingly, troubled themselves about the vocal display. The worst offender in this respect was M. José Danse, whose singing of the music of Alfonzo was curiously lacking in expression, and only served to show the power of his voice. He also failed in intonation now and then. Mr. Henry Weldon put more into the smaller part of Baldassare. The Fernando was Mr. Orville Harrold, who had some opportunities he quickly seized for effects of powerful high notes. Mme. Augusta Doria's Leonora was colourless, but she sang with some vigour and assurance, and Mlle. Lydia Locke's singing of the music of Inez should be mentioned. Mr. Fritz Ernaldy conducted in lively style, although his method tends towards noise. Still, it is good to have plenty of swing and emphasis, and a sense of movement.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

"LA FAVORITA."

April 25

Time was, no doubt, when Donizetti's "La Favorita," his most dramatic opera—so-called—was indeed a favourite of opera-goers, when Tietjens, Minnie Hauck, and the like were wont to be in the cast. But those times would assuredly seem to be gone, and we take leave to doubt if the greatest singers who ever sang upon earth could galvanise into life so utterly lifeless an opera. The whole genus of opera is, of course, founded upon convention, but there are limits even to convention, and "La Favorita" would, indeed, seem to set one of them. The story, it is true, is as good as that of many another opera, but that is neither here nor there. In this particular case the story is worn threadbare, and not even the sympathetic voice of Madame Augusta Doria, who sang Leonora's rôle; the energy of Mr. Jose Danse, who was Alfonso; the often fine singing of Mr. Orville Harrold as Fernando; or the admirable and dignified interpretation of the part of Baldassare, the Monk, by Mr. Henry Weldon, could perform the operation referred to. In point of fact, it is rare to see so much sheer ability scattered over a ground so unprofitable—ability in singing, acting, dancing, in stagery. One person connected with the performance, however, seemed to believe in its actuality, and he was Mr. Ernaldy, the conductor, who from first to last conducted with as much care, assiduity, and skill, as if he were performing an auto da fé. It should be recorded that Miss Locke played the part of Inez, and Mr. Regis that of Gasparo, and that—it must be confessed—the audience was much more demonstrative than in the case of "Mignon" twenty-four hours earlier.

April 26/1912

OPERA IN LONDON.

THE "RING" AGAIN.

The first cycle of the "Ring" was continued at Covent Garden last night with a performance of "Die Walküre," which was a distinct improvement on that of "Das Rheingold." The conductor, Dr. Rottenberg, achieved some notable climaxes, and the playing of the orchestra was almost uniformly of a first-rate order. The new Brünnhilde, Fräulein Gertrud Kappel, showed some hesitation at first, and was probably nervous; but in the final scene sang and acted with great warmth and an invigorating freshness. She has a powerful voice of very appealing quality, and she uses it with undoubted skill. Her conception of the part is not wanting in breadth and dignity; in fact, when at her best, one felt there was a strong personality at the back. Of Herr Van Rooy's Wotan it is hardly necessary to say more than that he was in splendid form; if there is a sense of effort noticeable now in the singing of some of the more strenuous passages, the dominating force of his interpretation remains unimpaired. Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens appeared as Sieglinde, singing with her accustomed ease and charm of voice, but she has hardly acquired the true "Ring" heroine manner; one feels that her method is too polished, so to speak, too cultured for those stormy, passionate scenes and primitive emotions. Mme. Kirkby Lunn's Fricka is happily a familiar figure, and Herr Cornelius has appeared here before as Siegmund. He sang very well last night, and as Hunding Herr Fönss achieved some forcibleness of expression. The Valkyries' scene was a little unsteady at times, though there are some good voices among the eight ladies. A new effect for the fire at the close was introduced, hardly so good as that used on previous occasions. The stage management still leaves something to be desired on the score of finish of detail.

To-night "La Bohème" will be given for the first time of the season.

ROYAL OPERA.

"DIE WALKURE."

April 26

With the passing of the gods into Walhalla at the majestic close of "Das Rheingold" there comes a change in the action and the atmosphere of the "Nibelungen" dramas. When the last look has been taken at the rainbow-spanned stage and at the heights above, dominated by Wotan's castle, the spectator, after a rest, is borne from the domain of fabled deities and dwarfs and other mythical beings into another in which human interest and human passion grow up swiftly side by side. In fine, with the rising of the curtain upon Hunding's wind-swept hut and the appearances of Siegmund, flying breathless from his enemies, we are plunged at once into a drama of human emotions. Quite apart from any musical considerations, it is this change that gives to "Die Walküre" an interest that places it in a wholly different category from the trilogy's prologue. It is this change, too, that supplies one reason for the greater difficulties that stand in the way of a completely satisfying performance of the one work than of its predecessor. Wagner, as we all know and now acknowledge, did his best to banish from the lyric stage the conventions that had grown up around it. But, when all is said and done, certain conventions must needs cling to any art of "make-believe." For this very reason, it is manifestly easier for artists called upon to embody Olympians and giants and the like to persuade an audience to accept their bearing as such than it is for them to carry conviction when they assume the guise of ordinary mortals, swayed by human impulses and human passions. And, on this account, a performance of the "Walküre" is not to be judged from quite the same standard in regard to some essentials as is a performance of the work that paves the way to it.

A FINE SIEGLINDE.

Fortunately, one may say without hesitation of last evening's doings at Covent Garden that they reached at many points a level as high as any that has been attained for some time past in a presentation of "Die Walküre." To this end one artist, in particular, worked with unerring skill and success. This was Madame Saltzmann-Stevens, who now, for the first time in London, essayed the rôle of Sieglinde. Many, of course, have been our opportunities of seeing and hearing her Brünnhilde, and by virtue of pleasant memories of her performances in that part one had every reason to feel confident that she would not be found wanting in the other. But it is hardly too much to say that Madame Saltzmann-Stevens did more than realise such anticipations. A Sieglinde so gracious to look upon, so fully alive to the acting possibilities of the part, and responsive to all her opportunities vocally we have not seen for many a day. It was of constant interest in the first act last night to watch the singer's face and movements, and note how, by touches sometimes subtle, and always appropriate, and by expressive facial play, she conveyed the thoughts and doubts and half-formed fears that oppress the mind of the Volsung as her suspicions of Siegmund's identity gradually shaped themselves. Very deftly, too, were the feelings expressed which, as by a mysterious spell, draw her towards the stranger who has crossed Hunding's hearth. But even had these things been achieved less happily, the artist's singing alone would have lent to her performance a rare distinction, just as,

most surely, it gave to it a rare beauty. Not often, within memory, have the rapturous phrases in the Spring duet sounded as fresh and inspired as they did on the lips of this singer. To Mr. Peter Cornelius, too, must be awarded his due meed of praise for his share in the wonderfully moving closing scene of this act. His delivery of the music, it is true, was wanting now and then in the effortless quality which marked that of his companion, but once again he showed himself by no means the least persuasive of the singers to whom the Wagner cycles of the past few years have introduced the Covent Garden public.

SOME OTHER FEATURES.

Of the Wotan of the cast it will surely be enough to say that his name was Van Rooy. Already this week, with reference to this artist's appearance in "Das Rheingold," it has been recorded that his voice seemed, in point of volume and vigour, to have acquired a fresh lease of life, and so again it seemed to us last evening in not a few passages—that, notably, wherein the angry god, in the second act, hurls menaces at his wilful daughter. For the Brünnhilde of the occasion a singer new to Covent Garden was pressed into service. Miss Gertrud Kappel has brought with her excellent credentials from Hanover, and if one has seen Brünnhildes more impressive physically, it is only the bare truth to say that, in other respects, the newcomer showed herself well-equipped for the rôle. Allowances must always be made for one unaccustomed to the surroundings of our opera house, and there were moments—due, doubtless, to her unfamiliarity with her environments—when Miss Kappel's intonation was not wholly above reproach But at many points her voice, pleasant in quality if never very powerful, served her well enough, and in the final scene with Wotan her acting bore the stamp of conviction. For the rest, the evening gave us a sonorous and sinister Hunding in Mr. Fonss, while the fine singing of Madame Kirkby Lunn as Fricka was invaluable in the long duologue with Wotan at the beginning of the second act. Over all, as on Tuesday, presided Dr. Rottenberg, whose control of the orchestra, firm throughout, revealed not a few points of interest. More especially must one commend the conductor for the high consideration he displayed towards the singers. Wagner has often been accused of a lack of such consideration, but last night it seemed as though the conductor were determined to prove the baselessness of that charge.

On the whole, the stage arrangements left little ground for fault-finding. In the opening act, it is true, the reflected light refused to gleam upon the hilt of the tree-embedded sword at the psychological moment; but that, perhaps, was a minor detail. The cloud and lightning effects in the last act were well contrived, while the flames through which Wotan finally vanished looked—from a distance, at all events—vivid enough.

"TALES OF HOFFMANN."

The most remarkable feature about "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," and one which is unique in the whole of opera literature, is the extraordinary delineation of demoniacal power. The only attempts that are in any way comparable to it are Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame" and the "Wolf's Gorge" scene out of "Der Freischütz," but neither Weber nor the Russian composer can be considered serious competitors in this respect. Beginning with the bizarre in the character of Coppélius, the note develops into one of serious foreboding when, in the Venice act, Dappertutto appears, and culminates in sheer terror on the advent of Miracle at Crespel's house. This last scene, which is indeed the climax of the opera, is filled with a Satanic wildness of inconceivable power. Like some fantastic nightmare, the oppressive atmosphere seems to weigh heavier and heavier on the paralysed imagination, till, in mocking answer to Hoffmann's anxious call, "Un médecin!" Miracle leaps forward to the dead girl's side, and, with his triumphant sneer, "Présent! Morte!" the tension is released.

The credit for this tremendous effort must be divided equally between Barbier and Offenbach. The bold originality of design displayed in the two trios—first, April 26 1912

Hoffmann concealed and Miracle pursuing the old father, clicking his ominous medicine-phials; then, the phantom portrait and Miracle, with violin, coercing the frightened girl—is clinched by the final spectacle of Miracle laughing demoniacally over the dead body with the grief-stricken father and lover on either side. At the same time, the music passes from a mood of wild, fantastic terror to a piled-up climax of stupendous power. . . .

It is gratifying to be able to record that this scene was splendidly given at the London Opera House last night. Mr. Vilmos Beck, as Miracle, rose to the full height of his opportunities, and was admirably supported by Miss Victoria Fer (Antonia), Mr. Frank Pollock (Hoffmann), and Mr. Arthur Philips (Crespel). In the second trio Miss Fer's notes rang out over the fortissimo orchestra with intense expression. She also took the part of Olympia owing to the indisposition of Miss Lyne. Her intonation was faulty at times, but otherwise she sang the bravura aria well, while the impersonation was excellent. Mr. Pollock still fails to realise the ideal features of Hoffmann's character, and was better on the vocal side. Miss Eva Olchanski, as Giulietta; Miss Yvonne Kerlord, as Niklausse; and Mr. Fernand Leroux, in the triple rôles of Franz, etc., also did good work. Mr. Gaetano Merola conducted.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

April 27 1912

"LA FAVORITA."

Music by G. DONIZETTI.

Leonora di Guzman ..	Mme. AUGUSTA DORIA
Fernando	Mr. ORVILLE HARROLD
Alfonzo XI.	M. JOSÉ DANSE
Baldassare	Mr. HENRY WELDON
Conductor ..	FRITZ ERNALDY.

There is only one reason for the revival of an opera by Donizetti at this time of day, at any rate in London, and that is the desire of those in authority to show off the brilliance of the singers which they can command. *Don Pasquale* and *La Figlia del Reggimento*, it is true, are still fairly constantly to be met with abroad, and in a small provincial theatre in Italy or Germany performances of either are often more worth attending than those of more ambitious works. But these comedies depend for their success on a number of minute touches and a close understanding between the *buffo* actors on the stage and the audience. Neither of these qualifications can be found in London except when a travelling company takes a small theatre and plays there (and we have had some examples of this in the last few years). In the two large opera houses it is the serious works which are put on. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was recently revived at Covent Garden and it is down on Mr. Hammerstein's list. Last night *La Favorita* (which with *Lucrezia Borgia* used to draw crowded houses in the middle of last century) was given at the London Opera House in the lavish style to which we have grown accustomed in that place of entertainment.

Whether the present generation of opera-goers will take to it like the last remains to be seen. Given the aims and ideals of its composer the opera is a good enough specimen of its sort. Most of the tunes are cut to so familiar a pattern that the majority of them might be interchanged without increasing the incongruity between words and music; on the other hand their suavity and melodiousness are qualities which are not to be despised and are not so easily imitated as they would perhaps seem to be; one of them in fact—the famous "Spirto gentil" in the last act (taken from an earlier work, *Le Duc d'Albe*)—is about as good as it could be in its own *genre*. And in addition to this the climaxes and the gradual working up to them at the end of the second and third acts show more dramatic feeling and more signs of pains being taken to meet the situation than are always to be met with in Donizetti. Some of the music, indeed, well illustrates the position where he stood historically, looking as it were back to Meyerbeer and forward to Verdi. The two lovers, Fernando and Leonora (parts once associated with Mario and Grisi) were played last night by Mr. Orville Harrold and Mme. Augusta Doria. The former sang, as usual, with intense fervour and energy, more especially on his high notes: Mme. Doria produced a mezzo-soprano voice of agreeable quality easily and simply, and both acted and sang with as much care in the *ensembles* as in her solos. Her phrasing was good, and it was only in the duets with Alfonso that she sang somewhat out of tune. That was due no doubt to M. José Danse's intonation being pretty consistently false, though in the latter part of the evening his pitch did not sink as far as it did in the first two acts. Mr. Henry Weldon made an imposing monk, more particularly in the scene where he denounces the King, and the general *mise-en-scène*, including the ballet, was effective, though the artist responsible for the designs of the scenery should not have made the Moors guilty of carrying their architecture as far up country as Castille.

ROYAL OPERA.

April 27 1912

"LA BOHEME."

It would be no particularly easy matter to fill better the intervals between the various "acts," as it were, of "Der Ring" than by a performance of "La Bohème." So, apparently, thought the powers who rule over Covent Garden, for last night they revived, for the first time this season, Puccini's delightful opera, and one was rewarded by a performance of particular excellence. For a long time the opinion obtained that "La Bohème" was an opera cast, so to speak, for those by whom it was for long played at Covent Garden; and that their successors would be faced by an impossible task. This opinion, happily, has proved to be as false as such gratuitous opinions usually are. For last night's performance was one of the most interesting we have seen in recent years, not only because of its actual, physical good qualities, but also because of the "spirituality" that lay behind them. If the ladies will forgive the seeming rudeness, we would award pride of place to the quartet of artists, Messrs. John McCormack, Sammarco, Marcoux, and Malatesta, and rarely indeed has a young artist shown in the short period of twelve months so astounding an artistic advance as that of the first-named. Mr. McCormack's tenor voice was always sympathetic and pleasant, but never was it so full of the quality required for "grand" opera as now, and in addition to this voice development Mr. McCormack has improved out of all knowledge, as Rodolfo, at any rate, in stage deportment. Then, again, Miss Lipkowska's Mimi is a thing of pure delight, so excellent and appropriate is her own "business," especially in the first act, with the powder-puff, &c., while her singing is charming in its sympathetic way. One need say nothing—for there is nothing new to say—of Messrs. Sammarco, Malatesta, and Marcoux as the brother artists—inimitable one and all they are—and Mr. Zucchi's Parpignol and Mr. Ceccarelli's Benoit and Alcindoro—for he, of course, doubled the rôles—were quite good. When Miss Betty Booker has conquered the perfectly natural nervousness that took possession of her on her first appearance in so prominent a part as Musetta last night, she should do well. For the voice is fresh and the training has been excellent. Mr. Campanini conducted this unusually admirable and enjoyable performance, and generally showed a sympathy for the singers that is not always his custom.

"LA BOHEME."

April 27

Brilliant Singing at Covent Garden.

YOUTH IN OPERA.

There is nothing more delightful than a performance of "La Boheme" by young artists. It is an opera which seems, more than others, to require the vitality of youth for its real expression. In spite of one's memories of casts which included Melba, Caruso, and Scotti, such a perfomance as that at Covent Garden last night, by clever young singers such as Mlle. Lipkowska as Mimi, Mr. John McCormack as Rodolfo, Miss Betty Booker as Musetta, Signor Sammarco as Marcello, and M. Marcoux as Colline, was quite ideal in many ways. The music went along with a fine swing; the singers all made picturesque figures on the stage, and some very excellent singing was heard during the evening.

Mlle. Lipkowska is really a very charming Mimi. She is dainty and graceful, and acts and sings with much intelligence and refinement. Her voice, although not very large, tells well, and she makes every phrase effective. In the big duets with Rodolfo, in the first and third acts, she made a deep impression by her intensity of emotion and dramatic feeling, and as a piece of dainty vocalisation her singing of "Mi chiamo Mimi" was most delightful.

Mr. McCormack, as Rodolfo, sang superbly; his voice is gaining in volume but yet not losing anything of its exquisite quality, and his methods are always very artistic. If his acting were only as good as his singing he would be a great operatic artist.

As Musetta, Miss Betty Booker was very successful in her brilliant singing of the familiar waltz song and her piquant acting.

Signor Sammarco as Marcello was quite ideal; one never knows whether to admire him most as singer or actor, for he is so admirable in both, and therefore an operatic artist of the first rank. Signor Marcoux's Colline was also a very clever portrait, and the other minor rôles were all well done.

Signor Campanini conducted in capital style, occasionally allowing the orchestra to be a little exuberant, which one can forgive in such things as the café scene (in the second act), which was done with great animation.

ROYAL OPERA.

April 27 1912

"LA BOHÈME."

Mimi	Mlle. LIPKOWSKA
Musetta	Miss BETTY BOOKER
Rodolfo	Mr. JOHN MCCORMACK
Marcello	Signor SAMMARCO
Colline	Signor MARCOUX
Schaunard	Signor MALATESTA
Benoit	Signor CECCARELLI
Alcindoro	Signor CECCARELLI
Conductor	Signor CAMPANINI

To those who enjoy *La Bohème* chiefly for the rapidity with which the lights and shades of humour and pathos flit across the stage the performance of last night was almost an ideal one. From the first moment the stage was thoroughly alive; Marcello and Colline making a fire of Rodolfo's manuscript, Schaunard scattering his coins upon the floor, all four playing battledore and shuttlecock with their

landlord as the shuttlecock had the flavour of genuine humour which comes with spontaneous acting and crisp treatment of the musical dialogue. It was not a performance of conspicuous personal achievement, nor one in which the soprano and tenor had all the applause to themselves, but it was all the better blended on that account, and the vivacious second act was particularly full of character.

The cast was sufficiently familiar to require but little detailed comment. Mlle. Lipkowska is, as regards voice and appearance, a captivating Mimi in spite of the fact that she was too nervous to do herself justice in the famous exit at the end of the first act, and in a few other places her voice did not carry well. Mr. John McCormack's voice was at its best, so that he got at the heart of "Cho Gelida Manina" and all the airs which mean so much when they are well sung and so little when one analyses them. The other Bohemians were as characteristic as ever, and the only singer who seemed ill-suited to her part was Miss Betty Booker, who scarcely treated the music or the character of Musetta lightly enough. Signor Ceccarelli's acting of his two small parts was very effective.

E EVENI

April 27/1912

THE ROYAL OPERA.

The Queen, Prince Albert, and suite were present at the performance of "La Bohème" at Covent Garden last night, the occasion being the first presentation of the opera this season. It was given in quite good style, though without, on the whole, any special distinction. Mlle. Lydia Lipkowska, the Russian soprano, who appeared as Mimi, has a charming voice and personality. That her conception of the part is not very strong, lacking something in emotional force, must be admitted, but otherwise she is decidedly successful with her finished acting, while, save for a momentary lapse in intonation in the first act, her singing gave pleasure by reason of the quality and clearness. Mr. John McCormack sang Rodolfo's music very well, maintaining the marked improvement of last year; his voice has certainly developed considerably. He does not, however, make the character stand out, and Signor

Signor Cellini as Don José in "Carmen," a rôle in which he made a pronounced success on the opening night at the Covent Garden Opera.

Signor Cellini, who formerly sang on the concert platform under the name of Signor Lenghi, was educated for the Italian Bar, but, acting on the advice of Lombardi, the great Italian singing master, and Mancinelli, the well-known conductor, he abandoned law for an operatic career.

Sammarco likewise hardly makes Marcello an interesting figure, though the vocal part of the performance is admirable. Messrs. Marcoux and Malatesta completed the quartet of Bohemians, and there was plenty of vivacity in their treatment of the opening scene. The Musetta was Miss Betty Booker, who, doubtless owing to nervousness, did not do herself justice; a lack of control prevented her from keeping the colour steady. A great deal depends upon forcible characterisation of "La Bohème" is to be completely convincing; the fact that musically the setting is successful in its general rather than individual application renders this the more necessary. The deficiencies in this respect noticeable in lat night's performance were just sufficient to prevent the true spirit of the work coming through.

MUSIC.

April 29/12

ROYAL OPERA.

"SIEGFRIED."

Brünnhilde	Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens
Erda	Mme. Kirkby Lunn
Waldvogel	Miss Amy Evans
Mime	Herr Bechstein
Der Wanderer	Herr Van Rooy
Fafner	Herr Fönss
Alberich.	Herr Kiess
Siegfried	Herr Hensel

Conductor—Dr. Rottenberg

The largeness of Wagner's conception is nowhere more powerfully shown than in the continual growth of the character of Brünnhilde; and if we except the second act of *Götterdämmerung*, where the confused situation seems to have baffled even his musicianship, each crisis in Brünnhilde's story brings out increased powers of musical characterization which reach their climax in the final monologue. If we are to follow the true sequence of development, to see the influences of pity, fear, love, and self-forgetfulness gradually moulding the character up to the moment of complete realization expressed in the words "Mich musste der Reinste verrathen, dass wissend würde ein Weib," we must have one Brünnhilde throughout. The practice of dividing the sections between two artists is as unpardonable as it would be felt to be if the second and third acts of *Die Walküre* were so divided. So long as it obtains we do not really get the trilogy at all, but a series of detached operas.

Viewed as a self-contained thing, Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens's treatment of the waking scene was on Saturday night as beautiful as it could be. It gave an inspiring ending to a performance which up to that point had been lacking in the quality of inspiration. It was not her fault that it missed its point of connexion with what had gone before, any more than it was her fault that Brünnhilde went to sleep in a white cloak and woke up in a red one. Herr Hensel's Siegfried was the chief check upon the inspiration of the earlier acts. If it was true that Siegfried did not know fear, and his fight with Fafner left some doubt about it; it was certainly not true that he was equally superior to self-consciousness. Even with a conductor so considerate to his singers as Dr. Rottenberg is Herr Hensel had difficulty in keeping his voice in the foreground, he never passed a certain limit of expression, and the exhilarating climax of the forging songs was more due to the splendidly rhythmic playing of the orchestra than to him. There was, too, a lack of spontaneity in his actions; every movement seemed calculated, and when he removed Brünnhilde's armour his emotion was falsified by the fact that he ran away without looking at her. Since all the human feeling of the first two acts is concentrated upon Siegfried such conventional treatment made the main interest dependent upon other elements, the majestic splendour of the Wanderer's music, the strangely aloof character of Erda (perfectly conveyed by Mme. Kirkby Lunn's singing), the grotesque antics of Mime, and the sinister persistence with which Alberich waits for vengeance. All these were admirably represented to the ear and eye.

The eye, however, cannot be completely satisfied so long as certain details on the stage are treated in so haphazard a fashion as at present. There was no excuse for the great gap between the wings in the second act through which a stream of light came, spoiling the effect of the night scene for those who occupied boxes to the right of the stage. Even in the stalls it was possible to catch a glimpse of a hand directing Fafner's movements; and the new device of making Mime fall, or walk, straight into Fafner's hole when Siegfried struck him was not much better than the old arrangement. One always regrets that so entertaining a career as Mime's should end so tamely. The lighting still gives trouble, and one would have thought it obvious that when Siegfried throws himself at the foot of the beech tree is the least appropriate moment to focus a glaring limelight upon him. Unlike Fricka, however, the management seems to have some difficulty in apprehending "wonted things."

April 29/1912

E EVENI

"SIEGFRIED."

There were several outstanding features in the generally excellent performance of "Siegfried" at Covent Garden on Saturday. Chief of these perhaps was the scene between the Wanderer and Alberich at the beginning of the second act. It is one of many moments in the "Ring" where it may be said that familiarity with the music is essential for appreciation. There is not here the obvious beauty of the Forging songs, the bird-music, or the love duet which make their impression at a first hearing. Herr Kiess has a fine voice, and his singing of Alberich's music was a splendid bit of musical declamation, while, of course, Herr Van Rooy as the Wanderer was a masterful figure. Later it is possible that Herr Kiess and Herr Bechstein as Mime somewhat overdid their squabble, and the latter artist was not so successful histrionically in the rest of this act as he was in the first, but he sings the music with great point and vocal ease. The Siegfried of Herr Hensel was a uniform success from a vocal point of view if his acting left something to be desired on occasions. The fight with the dragon was rather tame, so also the killing of Mime, while the awakening of Brünnhilde presents difficulties which he was not able to overcome with complete conviction. There was some beautiful singing heard in the love duet in spite of a tendency to take things rather slowly, perhaps more the fault of the conductor, Dr. Rottenberg, though Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens seemed not disinclined to dwell somewhat leisurely upon the music. Her conception of the part remains upon a level of but small power and distinction of style. It is not wanting, however, in finish. Mme. Kirkby Lunn appeared as Erda, her fine voice adding greatly to the musical effect of that wonderful scene, if she hardly conveys its mysteriousness. One does not often hear the strains of the Waldvogel well sung, and Miss Amy Evans on this occasion failed in clearness of colour and rhythm. Dr. Rottenberg was at his best in the first act, which went with commendable vivacity. Later, too, there was heard some fine orchestral playing, without, however, exceptional clarity at such places as the bird-music or the Erda scene. While Herr Fönss was singing Fafner's music the band might have been kept down a little more with advantage. One wonders whether the indication in the score, a boy's voice, has ever been followed for the bird-music. If not, the experiment ought to be tried. Wagner, doubtless, had in mind the clear unemotional quality, and we fancy that the result would be surprisingly beautiful.

"GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG."

April 30 1912

By the time the second act was reached last night at Covent Garden one began to feel that the performance of "Götterdämmerung" was going to bring the first cycle of the "Ring" to a distinguished close. That Fräulein Gertrud Kappel showed signs of fatigue at the end was, therefore, the more disappointing. Earlier she had sung the duet with Siegfried in the Prelude with a remarkable degree of emotional fervour and beauty of voice, while her extremely expressive singing and acting made the tortured and bewildered Brünnhilde of Act II. a most sympathetic figure. In the final scene her entrance had the right dignity, and helped to make the wonderful impression expected, but afterwards there was a lack of grip, and her failure to lead off the horse herself seemed to be the cause of the critical moment of the dummy figure leaping on to the pyre being less con-

vincing than usual. In any case, the figure itself might be made a little more lifelike with advantage. The horse, by the way, appeared to be an unusually refractory animal, and Siegfried was evidently glad when Hagen led him away in the first act. This last scene altogether needs revising. Some remarks, however, on the stage management of the "Ring" as a whole will be found elsewhere.

As Siegfried, Herr Hensel was quite attractive within the limitations of a certain lack of strength and of warmth in the singing. The touching death scene in consequence came a little tamely, but the dialogue with the Rhine maidens was capitally done, while in the duet with Brünnhilde, Herr Hensel struck the note of freshness and vitality. It is seldom that the part of Gunther is made important enough, and Herr Franz Kronen was hardly able to convey more than excellent intentions. His voice, perhaps, is scarcely big enough, or else it is lacking in carrying power. Much the same really is to be said of Herr Fönss's Hagen, except that as the opportunities are greater the shortcomings seemed more decided. Herr Kiess sang well the grim music of his little scene with Hagen, but here one would have liked to hear clearer playing on the part of the orchestra. Waltraute gives Mme. Kirkby Lunn a superb opportunity for the display of her splendid voice. In all her Wagnerian rôles the same thing is to be observed—the wonderful way it blends with the orchestral colouring. Frau Knüpfer-Egli's experienced method caused her impersonation of the unhappy Gutrune to stand out quite clearly, and to enlist one's sympathies. It remains to mention Mmes. Rhoda von Glehn, Kacerowska, and Boberg, who, as is often the case in these rôles, were more successful when singing the concerted music of the Rhine maidens than the solos of the Norns. Dr. Rottenberg conducted with great control and rhythmic swing. As before, a certain measure of clarity was missed now and again, but the high lights were well realised.

April 30 1912

ROYAL OPERA.

"GOTTERDAMMERUNG."

Siegfried	Herr Heinrich Hensel
Gunther	Herr Franz Kronen
Hagen	Herr Johannes Fönss
Alberich	Herr August Kiess
Brünnhilde	Fräulein Gertrud Kappel
Gutrune	Frau Maria Knüpfer-Egli
Waltraute	Mme. Kirkby Lunn
Woglinde and 3rd Norn	Mlle. Rhoda von Glehn
Wellgunde and 2nd Norn	Mlle. Kacerowska
Flosshilde and 1st Norn	Mlle. Boberg

Conductor—Dr. Rottenberg.

The first cycle of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* was completed last night with a performance of *Götterdämmerung* which was on a high level throughout, and certain scenes of which were of outstanding beauty. Dr. Rottenberg may be congratulated on consistently fine treatment of the orchestration throughout the trilogy, and if in the last and greatest portion of it there were moments where one would have welcomed a broader and more massive treatment, still his reading was well knit and remarkably free from exaggeration or over-emphasis. In a few places the brass was not quite as steady as on the earlier nights, notably in the sunrise music and in the horn passages of the prelude to the third act, but there were very few details which were not absolutely clear.

The singers, too, were all well cast for their parts. Herr Hensel seemed much better suited to the mature than he was to the young Siegfried. He had less temptation either to force his voice to an energy which is beyond it or to indulge in fussy movement. His whole treatment of the part was quiet and dignified, and in his first and last scenes—the one with Brünnhilde and the narration of his exploits—his voice told admirably. The latter especially was finely sung, and the scene of Siegfried's death was remarkable for its artistic restraint and the absence of conventional melodramatic effect. Simplicity, too, was the salient feature of Fräulein Kappel's performance as Brünnhilde. It was clear at once that she had power in reserve: from the first there was a richness of quality and expression in her singing which she had not shown us in *Die Walküre*. Musically, the finest scene in the performance was the beautiful one between Brünnhilde and Waltraute. Mme. Kirkby Lunn succeeds in putting earnest feeling and urgency into the appeal of Waltraute without the least resort to strained effect, and the contrast between this and the passionate refusal of Brünnhilde was powerfully suggested. In the difficult second act Fräulein Kappel's voice rose easily above the orchestra, her recognition of Siegfried was a remarkably strong piece of acting, and throughout the scene she maintained the dignity of the part. In the last act, again, simplicity was noteworthy both in her action (she stood perfectly still during the greater part of the monologue) and in her singing, which gave the impression that she was thinking her own thoughts and not haranguing the multitude. The smaller parts were all well in place. Frau Knüpfer-Egli was at her best in the last moment in which Gutrune acknowledges Brünnhilde's right to claim Siegfried. Herr Fönss was a powerful Hagen, and Herr Kronen prevented the part of Gunther from seeming, as it often does, a hopelessly weak one. The charm of the Rhinemaidens' trio deserves special notice, and the general effect of the stage was not only happily free from obvious defects but had features of distinct beauty. The sunrise in Act II. was perhaps the most conspicuous among them.

MAY 1, 1912.

ROYAL OPERA.

"LA TOSCA."

One of these fine days it would be of interest to dive more deeply than is possible in a brief notice of an operatic performance into the special virtues of the genus "operatic performance." We are not at all sure that while one half of the audience of opera, here, there, or elsewhere, is not satisfied—or more—by the high notes of a tenor or the costumes (plus, of course, the high notes) of the prima donna, the other half is not devoting its whole-hearted attention to the details of the stage management. For reasons stated, this is not the place to indulge in speculation on the matter, but one day it will perhaps be worth inquiring into. Some such thoughts as these came into one's mind last night, when at Covent Garden "La Tosca" was repeated with a cast identical with that which sang the opera a week ago. For this reason there is no necessity to go greatly into details again. Enough to indicate that we see no reason to retract one word of what was written in *The Daily Telegraph* then as to the merits of the individual performances of Madame Edvina or Mr. Martinelli. Of Mr. Sammarco's Scarpia it were somewhat late in the day to write! Certainly Madame Edvina's voice has developed since last year, and it is all to her credit that, realising apparently that she was not intended by Nature (which otherwise has graced her so well) to be an intensely dramatic, or, rather, tragic, singer, she is content to present a Tosca of a somewhat milder but not less human, type than most of her predecessors. This is indeed much, for we are spared the gesticulating exaggeration of one of them, while we realise easily the poignancy of the part. Moreover, Mr. Martinelli is unquestionably a Cavaradossi out of the common. He, too, is quite free (at present) from the "tragic" gesticulation of more than one who had come before him. Indeed, he was very much a man in his vituperation of the scoundrelly Scarpia, and he carried at least as much conviction as many other Cavaradossis by the very restraint of his actions. His voice, too, is beautiful, though we are not sure yet if its beautiful quality will endure if the voice is overworked. Still, at present it is undoubtedly of lovely quality, and is produced with apparent ease, and the success of him and of Madame Edvina was never in doubt for one second.

For the rest we can see no improvement in the stage management in introducing the group of young ladies in what appeared to be fancy dress clothes in the church scene. Mr. Gilbert—of blessed memory—and his boys were a decided improvement on the present sacristan and his girls. Mr. Campanini conducted.

May 2 1912

MUSIC.

ROYAL OPERA.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."

Tristan	Herr Peter Cornelius
Kurwenal	Herr Anton van Rooy
Marke	Herr Johannes Fönss
Brangäne	Mme. Kirkby Lunn
Isolde	Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens
Conductor ..	Dr. Rottenberg

As in the autumn, *Tristan und Isolde* is the only excursion into German opera outside the *Ring* which is being offered to Londoners this season. For *Die Meistersinger* we have to fall back on our hopes and reminiscences. It is a pity it could not have been added to the list. It can hardly be that it is considered not to draw, for it usually fills the house better than *Tristan*, and as to conductors, a dozen could be found any day to give a fine performance of it. Presumably the amount of rehearsing which is necessary stands in the way. In this respect *Tristan* is a much simpler affair. The whole of the main action is concentrated on a couple of protagonists instead of on a group, and the orchestration is far more symphonic than it is in the *Ring* and far less broken up into sections, and is therefore proportionately easy to carry along. We remember, indeed, to have heard a first-rate performance of *Tristan* in a German opera house which was given on the first night after the summer recess without a single rehearsal.

The performance under Dr. Rottenberg last night was in most respects a very successful one. He has now got the orchestra well in hand, and the way he kept it down so as not to drown the voices without letting it be in any way deadened was admirable. The great climaxes in the first and second acts were not as exciting as they are under some conductors, but they nevertheless had their place in a performance which was sensitive, rhythmical, and well-balanced rather than nervous and highly strung, and the prelude to the third act and the big level stretches of rich orchestration that occur throughout the opera were full and sonorous, and the details, though not insisted on, were never overlooked.

As Isolde Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens sang with striking purity of tone, and acted with more breadth and imagination than she did last autumn. One beautiful point which we fancy to be new in her acting was the way she grew abstracted and turned away from Brangäne in a sort of brown study when recalling her first meeting with Tristan on the battlefield. Herr Cornelius, too, shouted less than he did when he was last heard as Tristan, and, in spite of producing rather a spasmodic tone, made most of the long lyrical phrases of the second act sound beautiful. Mme. Kirkby Lunn we have often heard in better voice (she sang as though she were recovering from a cold), but her whole conception of the part of Brangäne was as fine as ever; Herr van Rooy was once more a familiar figure as Kurwenal, and Herr Fönss made a dignified King Marke, though all the dignity in the world cannot reconcile one to a part which ought never to have been written.

May 7/12

HE ROYAL OPERA.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."

Once more the great tragedy has unlled itself before our eyes. Once more e have been witnesses of those tremendous emotional forces that, cataclysmic in their action, sweep all petty human laws and conventions away, like straws, on the full current of desire, and rush blindly to their appointed end. Indeed, there is something superhuman about the love of Tristan and Isolde, akin to the great convulsions of nature herself. One thinks of Vesuvius destroying the fruitful vineyards on her slopes and the towns nestling at her base, of the earthquake that laid San Francisco in ruins, of the iceberg that sent the Titanic to her doom.

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That the lovers should also perish, the average spectator will always consider to be right. He instinctively refers what he witnesses on the stage to the conditions of his own environment, and living as he does in a state of society that is based on monogamous institutions, feels it would be against the probabilities of experience for the pair thus to ignore the regulations and prejudices of society without injury to themselves. Nevertheless, witnessing these moving scenes, the thinking man is bound to ask himself the question whether such tremendous natural forces must for ever beat with bleeding wings against the iron bars of doctrinaire prescription, or whether the day will come when there will be, in Spencer's words, reprobation of marital relations in which the union by affection has dissolved. That is the great ethical significance of "Tristan and Isolde." It is a solvent of the conventions of society.

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The performance at Covent Garden last night was an inspiring one. Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens, as Isolde, was excellent throughout. The music is naturally so charged with emotion that one was grateful to her for not forcing the pace. Herr Peter Cornelius, as Tristan, rather strained his tones at first, but in the Kareol scene he sang superbly. Mme. Kirkby-Lunn reached her usual high standard as Brangäne, and it is sufficient to state that Herr Anton van Rooy took the part of Kurwenal. The tender manliness of his interpretation in the last act idealised the whole scene with a subtle beauty. Herr Johannes Fönss, as Marke, and Herr August Kiess, in the rôle of Melot, also proved their capacity, and Dr. Rottenberg, as conductor, while rather keying up the accompaniment at too high a pitch, nevertheless obtained some impressive climaxes from time to time.

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There was a good audience, including Prince Arthur of Connaught and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who occupied the Royal box.

"IL TROVATORE"

May 2 1912

AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE

"Il Trovatore" has been heard, of course, in central London of recent years, though not under the most generally advantageous conditions—it has not been given by the Covent Garden authorities, for instance, for a long time. Mr. Hammerstein's revival last night raises therefore the speculation as to whether the work has been unduly neglected or not. It forms a regular part of the repertories of the touring companies in England, being, in fact, quite as popular as, say, "Faust" or "Carmen," the reason for which must surely be the wealth of melody it contains, a reason which ought to apply to metropolitan audiences as well.

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Doubtless the plot is somewhat incoherent and unconvincing in its situations, but the music is in Verdi's best early manner. The tunes, which abound throughout, have a swing and character unequalled even in the favourite "Rigoletto" or "Traviata." There is indeed every possiblity for vocal display, and, moreover, of the kind which is more definitely expressive than trills, runs, and the like can become. These broad, long phrases not only call for really strong singing, but lend themselves perfectly to the play of emotional vocal colour.

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Last night's audience at the London Opera House took very kindly to the production. Indeed the tenor had such success with his aria at the close of the third act that the curtain went up again and it was repeated. In Signor Gennaro de Tura one may not have a singer whose natural gifts are very exceptional, the voice is somewhat hard in quality, but his method is very mature, and he sings with the utmost *aplomb*. This to a great extent makes up for a deficiency in intrinsic charm and also in real emotional fervour. The Leonora was Signorina Eva Olchanski, who sang with much skill if not quite with sufficient evenness, and acted, notably in the "Miserere" scene, with conviction. Signorina Augusta Doria's Azucena lacked intensity both vocally and histrionically, and the Count of Signor José Danse was also somewhat mild, while his singing again gave an impression of want of variety. The chorus sang on the whole in most vigorous style, Signor Merola conducting with a good deal of spirit.

MUSIC.

May 6

ROYAL OPERA.

"DIE WALKURE."

Die Walküre was given again on Saturday night at Covent Garden with a cast which was identical with that of the first cycle, except for the part of Siegmund, which was played this time by Herr Hensel. He made a youthful and attractive figure, and without departing in any way from traditional lines succeeded by the freshness which he put into the part in keeping his performance from seeming too conventional. A welcome feature of his singing was that he did not shout and that in the beautiful lyrical scenes in the first act he phrased the music as it is written instead of declaiming it.

Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens, too, brought out the youthful side of Sieglinde, letting us see the pathos and simplicity of the character, and as she was in very fresh voice she gave just the right balance to Herr Hensel's Siegmund. Mme. Gertrud Kappel was once more the Brünnhilde, and, except for the scene of her appearance to Siegmund, in which she sang for the moment out of tune, she confirmed the good impression which she had previously made. Her voice sounded fresh and strong, and her acting showed considerable instinct for what was dramatically appropriate. Mme. Kirkby Lunn repeated her admirable performance as Fricka, Herr Fönss was a sufficiently sinister Hunding, and Herr Van Rooy extraordinarily eloquent as Wotan, acting with fine imagination as usual and singing without the feeling of strain that was somewhat noticeable in the autumn. No one, in fact, was under any necessity to strain the voice, as Dr. Rotteuberg was at pains to keep down the volume of the orchestra when accompanying the singers throughout the evening. The "Feuerzauber," at the end, was a little tame, but the opening of the third act went well, and, generally speaking, the performance from the orchestral point of view was a satisfactory one.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

"FAUST."

Opera in Five Acts, Six Tableaux (in French).
Music by CH. GOUNOD.

Marguerite	Mlle. FELICE LYNE
Faust	Mr. ORVILLE HARROLD
Mephistopheles ..	M. LAFOND
Valentin	M. VILMOS BECK
Siebel	Mlle. ANDRÉ KERLANE
Marthe	Mlle. SANI
Wagner	Mr. P. VERHEYDEN

Conductor—M. FRITZ ERNALDY

May 8

It takes a good deal to galvanize the more arid half of *Faust* into a semblance of life; but if anything can do it it is the youth and enthusiasm of Miss Lyne and Mr. Harrold. Even the Garden Scene, which, in spite of two exquisite tunes, is inferior in musical interest to all the other surviving versions of the same situation, is revived by their performance. It seems a pity, however, that where Margaret looks 14, Faust should make up to look 40, and wear a costume which suggests a professional wrestler or weight-lifter.

Last night there was a new Mephistopheles, M. Lafond. He is more massive than demoniacal, and has the great advantage of being the largest person on the stage; his voice is of fine quality and we have rarely heard the "Veau d'or" better sung. Some of his "business," too, is original, and so is his cloak of shot material. M. Beck was a capital Valentine, and the other characters were efficient. We should like to hear M. Ernaldy conduct an opera of greater importance. He seems to get more out of the excellent material of his orchestra than the other conductors employed by Mr. Hammerstein, and his sense of rhythm is so strongly developed that the waltz went with a quite unwonted swing, and the Soldiers' Chorus was really tremendous, though we felt the absence of the box-shaped white horse who adorns the scene at the other opera house. Probably the opera has never been mounted in London better than M. Coini mounts it. The lighting, however, in the second act was erratic, and we were not spared Mephistopheles's red squib, the pyrotechnic beer barrel, or the illuminated flower bed.

GOUNOD'S "FAUST."

May 8 1912

Gounod's "Faust" is one of those operas from which one fails to come away with any unified, artistic impression. Trick and art, pose and sincerity, mingle with one another in such irresponsible confusion that the brain gets exhausted in the effort to correlate the effects, and the final sensation is one of sheer bewilderment. The work is indeed typical of a whole class that has, not without reason, led to the designation of opera-form as being hybrid, imperfect, and of subordinate æsthetic value.

On the credit side, there is first and foremost the story, which no distortion could deprive of its profundity and power; then the prodigal wealth of emotional and stirring melodies that are destined long to exercise an irresistible charm; then the extraordinary skill with which Gounod has built up the fair scene, leading from climax to climax, and further the garden scene, with its exquisite changes of mood.

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On the other hand, it is hard to know what to make of the characters, whether Mephistopheles, a sort of grotesque mediæval woodcut, the typical devil as conceived by the gross, illiterate mind; or Faust, the conventional hero tenor, a mere puppet in the former's hands, dutifully sinning, absconding, or repenting as the needs for the stage "effects" demand; or Valentin, who conveniently prolongs his last moments to curse his sister, not once, but many times, and is careful to assure us he dies like a soldier, as though he had an uneasy suspicion we should think he died like a cad. Marguerite is, indeed, an exception. Her winsome ways, childish delights, and harmless, appealing vanities have all survived the ordeal of opera-transcription, except for the unreal "transfiguration," which not even the fine musical trio can make convincing.

At the London Opera House last night, all the merits of the work were exploited to the full. M. Lafond appeared there for the first time as Mephistopheles, and acquitted himself of his part with tremendous verve and sincerity. His song in the fair scene was indeed so fine it had to be repeated, nor could the element of sinister power in the character have been better realised. Miss Félice Lyne, as Marguerite, and Mr. Orville Harrold, as Faust, were both in good form, and M. Vilmos Beck, who took the part of Valentin, made an excellent impression. Mlle. André Kerlane was happy in the rôle of Siebel. The choruses were inspiriting to a degree, and M. Ernaldy, at the conductor's desk, did some good work with the orchestra. The performance met with wholehearted, well-deserved applause.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

May 8.

There is a good deal of life still in "Faust," whatever some critics may think and say on the subject. And there was an abundance of life in the performance given of the familiar work at the London Opera House last evening. Mr. Ernaldy, who conducted with immense energy, was determined for his part that there should be nothing perfunctory or spiritless about the performance—as far as he could prevent it—but one or two of the singers were disinclined, seemingly, to adopt some of his tempi. This led now and again to slight disagreement between what was done on the stage and in the orchestra. But, generally speaking, as has been said, there was plenty of vitality in the rendering of an opera which, not infrequently, is performed in a fashion suggesting the old adage about familiarity and its consequences.

Both the Faust of Mr. Orville Harrold and the Marguerite of Miss Felice Lyne were seen and approved by Mr. Hammerstein's patrons during the autumn. Last night both these artists were resolved, apparently, not to put too severe a strain upon their voices. But the tenor's mellifluous tone suited well Gounod's honeyed phrases, and there was no resisting the girlish charm and unaffected grace of the Marguerite who really suggested all that is guileless and confiding in the heroine and acted the part with unfailing sincerity and sympathy. Miss Lyne sang the "Jewel" Song with delightful ease and purity, but in the Church scene one would have welcomed a thought more vocal power. For Mephistopheles we had a newcomer—Mr. Lafond. He was a determined—at times, almost a truculent—devil, with very little, if any, subtlety about him, and some of his "business" in the garden scene struck one as perhaps unduly farcical. But the artist has a fine, telling voice, which he used with admirable effect. He was particularly successful in the Serenade; and undoubtedly he created a good impression. Mr. Vilmos Beck, appearing at the eleventh hour in the place of Mr. Danse, made Valentin's death more convincing than it sometimes is, and, after uncertain intonation in the earlier scenes, turned his powerful voice to capital account. Miss André Kerlane was the Siebel; Miss Sani the Martha; and the chorus sang with all the vigour and spirit to which one has become accustomed at the London Opera House.

ROYAL OPERA.

May 8

"LA TRAVIATA."

Those who held aloof from the revival of Verdi's early opera "La Traviata" at Covent Garden last night because none of the old "stars" were in the cast have only themselves to blame for missing a performance of an all-round excellence that was worth all the performances of a "star" and "five or six dolls," as Catalani used to say. True enough, the opera was dragged almost out of shape now and then by Mr. Panizza, who conducted, and Mr. Virgilio Romano, a newcomer to Covent Garden, who undertook the part of the elder Germont, which has for years past been associated with a singer who was actually an eye-witness of the performance under notice, created no very profound impression. Yet it is not often that a Covent Garden audience in recent years has seen a Violetta so vivacious (for a consumptive patient), or so charming as Miss Lydia Lipkowska. Fancy a Violetta who is a living, moving human being—and you have Miss Lipkowska, whose movements are "actual," and whose voice is fluent and easy if rather small. Her success, indeed, was so assured that there can be no doubt of a greater, and she should prove a delightful representative of Gilda's rôle in "Rigoletto" on Saturday night. It must be acknowledged that "Ah, fors e lui"—her most famous aria—was taken in a portentously slow tempo, but we are inclined to attribute that to the conductor, who, as stated, dragged the whole opera; nevertheless, the song was well done and met, as usual, with its measure of applause. Further, Mr. McCormack sang quite beautifully as the younger Germont, and it is not entirely his fault that this anything but a hero should be so lymphatic in his movements. As a fact, Mr. McCormack was a more masculine Alfredo than he has been before, here at any rate; and that is good, for it bears out what we said a week ago about the great improvement in this artist that he has recently shown.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

May 9 1912

The performance of "La Traviata" at Covent Garden last night, where it was given for the first time of the present season, went smoothly. It takes a good deal to electrify the faded work into sufficient life to interest the more than casual listener, but if nothing really distinguished happened on the present occasion, that is not to say that the performance is to be held of small account. It is a question of ringing the changes of the cast, and we do not think Mlle. Lipkowska had appeared here in the part of Violetta before. It suits her very well, with her youthfulness and attractive appearance, while her pretty voice has, of course, an excellent chance of being admired. Especially charming in quality are the three or four notes lying round the top F, while her general method, though not strikingly forceful or suggesting brilliance, is neat and refined. Within limits, too, her acting is clever and sympathetic. With Mr. John McCormack's Alfredo we are, of course, familiar; last night he was for the most part in excellent form (better in Act II., perhaps, than Act III.), but Signor Virgilio Romano, the elder Germont, was a newcomer. It is a difficult part to do much with, and this artist neither avoided the sentimentality nor yet expressed it with the conviction or vocal skill such a method demands for success.

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The performance of "Aïda," announced for next Monday, ought to be extremely interesting with the reappearance of Mlle. Destinn therein; she will, moreover, be supported by Mme. Kirkby Lunn, Signor Martinelli, Signor Marcoux, and M. Gilly.

MUSIC.

ROYAL OPERA.

"LA TRAVIATA."

A fairly full house made it clear that the desire to hear *La Traviata* has not passed yet, and that this easy-flowing melody, however worn, will always find a large appeal. Whether the desire was really met in last night's performance is another thing. The singers sang songs, the minstrels played, the dancers danced; it was all as it has always been, but something was not there that must once have been. One could not help asking why our grandfathers and grandmothers enjoyed this, and we cannot. It is the custom to say we have outlived the music, but it is much more the spirit behind the music—the sheer delight in beauty of tone, in physical achievement—that is dead. May 8. 1912

A singer cannot nowadays give years to the study of roulades and trills till they come as if they could only be so and not otherwise. They sound now like an ornament added instead of nature itself brightened.

Yet there were some elements that the most critical might enjoy. However obvious the contribution of the orchestra may be, its fitness for the purpose in hand and perfect adaptability to the needs of the moment is a pleasure to listen to.

Madame Lydia Lipkowska's Violetta was thorough and painstaking work, and decidedly the most interesting for ear and eye of anything on the stage; but her resources were not various enough. She has an effective *mezzo voce* following a *bravura* passage, and the notes that can really be said to be within her compass are often thoroughly vocal and well in tune; moreover, her singing improved a good deal in the second act. Mr. John McCormack as Alfredo has a better voice, but an unfortunate pronunciation of his vowels—not that it is of vital importance where the spectator is hardly being told news, or is content to ignore what is told him. Whether it was the incongruity of such a word as "Addio" in affecting circumstances sung into a high hat with the help of a walking stick, or that the singer was not quite in his best voice, the baritone somehow never got his notes quite, though very nearly, up to the level he intended. Virgilio Romano

May 9 1912

ROYAL OPERA.

"GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG."

The second and last cycle of *The Ring* was brought to an end last night with a first-rate performance of *Götterdämmerung*, for which the cast was the same as before, except that Herr Cornelius continued to be the Siegfried in the place of Herr Hensel. He played last night with the same conviction that he showed in the earlier work, and although he gave the impression in places of holding his voice in reserve, as he did on Monday night, he at any rate sang and did not declaim the music. Besides, holding back the tone is better than shouting it away as many Siegfrieds do, and the result in Herr Cornelius's case was that the lyrical side of the part was always prominent, instead of being subordinated to the dramatic; the music was phrased beautifully and given with clear, fresh tone, which was much more effective dramatically than the most eloquent gestures would have been with no voice to back them.

Mme. Gertrud Kappel was once more the Brünnhilde, and throughout the Opera made a deep impression by the purity of her voice and the simplicity of her acting. She, too, realized how the music carries the drama in it and how no amount of detailed acting therefore is of value in comparison with lyrical impulse and full control of the voice. The way in which she stood in the scene with Waltraute (beautifully sung once more by Mme. Kirkby Lunn) and again when she was confronted with Siegfried in the hall of the Gibichungs was admirable in its quiet simplicity. In the great scene of the oath on Hagen's spear the dignity of her movements combined with the freshness of her voice, which easily came through the orchestration, gave her an authority as she held the stage which made this one of the most memorable of any of the episodes in the second cycle.

The orchestral playing, in spite of some rough details in the wind, was on a far higher level than it was during *Siegfried*, and the audience appeared to recognize this, for they gave Dr. Rottenberg a very warm welcome before the third act. A word of praise must also be given to Miles. Boberg, Kacerowska, and Rhoda von Glehn for their beautiful singing as the Norns and the Rhinemaidens, who had learnt so much since the early days when they were scrambling over the rocks and teasing Alberich, as well as to the chorus of vassals who showed animated but discreet interest in their master's family quarrel. The scenery and lighting too were more effective than in *Siegfried*, and the properties more amenable to the laws of nature and the discipline of the stage manager.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

May 10 1912

The chief interest in the performance of "La Tosca" last night at Covent Garden lay, of course, in the appearance of Signor Marcoux as Scarpia. The usual sinister note in the interpretation was avoided, and though from custom one missed this characteristic, the originality of the new conception in the end proved to be perfectly successful. Marcoux is a fine actor, and from a quiet beginning he gradually worked up to a climax of very great power and individuality. It was all done by reserve and subtle touches, and, needless to say, added greatly to the diabolical impressiveness of the second act. Never did a villain seem more to deserve his fate. As to the singing, it is possible that in the first act there was some want of confidence, with a result that the tone seemed to be forced, and failed to carry in the concerted finale. Later, however, it was finely controlled. As for the rest of the performance, it will suffice to say that Mme. Edvina repeated her extremely clever impersonation of the title-part, though she has not as yet succeeded in striking the personal note, as she does in "Louise," while one was glad of the opportunity of hearing Signor Martinelli once again, who is certainly sure of a big future. Inexperience shows itself in his tendency to over-emphasis, but there is the ring of genius behind.

The first performance this season of "Madama Butterfly" is announced for Thursday next.

May 10

MUSIC.

ROYAL OPERA.

"LA TOSCA."

It is a relief, after Puccini's *débâcle* in *La Fanciulla del West*, to come back to the work of his prime which, more than all the others, discloses new merits on a repeated hearing. If an opera is to be based at all on a melodramatic subject, probably none could be selected more suitable than that of Sardou's play, with its fierce and concentrated passion, its compact action, and the facilities which it offers for the broadest musical expression of the strongest emotions of human nature. In illustrating such a story the composer's redundances are curtailed and his mannerisms almost entirely suppressed. He has flesh and blood to deal with, not sham outlaws in red shirts and sham barmaids in red petticoats.

The cast last night was the same as that of the performance ten days ago with the substitution of M. Marcoux for Sig. Sammarco as Scarpia. He lacks his predecessor's subtlety, and his method as well as his voice, are heavier. Mme. Edvina has the misfortune to succeed Ternina and Destinn. Where they gave us natural abandonment she seems to give us calculated artifice. Even in "Vissi d'Arte," though it was beautifully sung, the thrill produced by the other two artists was absent. Indeed, last night was the first time that we have heard the scene between Tosca and Scarpia unmoved. Sig. Martinelli is a fine Cavaradossi, and will be still finer when age has added strength to his voice; there is a freshness in his singing and acting which is most attractive. He had to repeat his eloquent song in the third act. The orchestra, under Sig. Campanini, did what it had to do without blemish.

ROYAL OPERA.

The short season of German opera was concluded last night with *Tristan*, the cast of which was for the most part the same as that of a fortnight ago, with, however, another conductor. This was Herr Paul Drach, who conducted two parts of the *Ring* at Covent Garden a couple of years ago, but whose reading of *Tristan* was heard for the first time last night. May 11 1912

In the first act there were moments—the important passage which precedes the entrance of Tristan was one—where he did not make his requirements quite clear to the players, and the result was some uncertainty of rhythm. The climax of the act, too, was physically exciting rather than intensely emotional and the great *accelerando* leading to it seemed lacking in fervour. In the second act, however, he held matters more completely in his own hands, his beat was very decisive, and the latter part of the performance was musically a fine one. Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens's singing is not always broad enough in style to satisfy one in the part of Isolde, but in the quieter passages, especially the beginning of the duet (which was beautifully accompanied), her refinement and purity of tone were delightful. Herr Cornelius and Herr Van Rooy were again the Tristan and Kurwenal respectively, and Mme. Kirkby Lunn the Brangäne, but Mr. James Goddard's sympathetic singing as King Mark was new and deserves special notice.

The new opera *I Giojelli della Madonna* ("The Jewels of the Madonna"), by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, will be performed in Italian about the week after next. The scenery has been painted by Mr. Harry Brooke, and Signor Comelli has designed the costumes. The principal parts have been allotted to Mme. Edvina (Maliella), Signor Sammarco (Rafaele, the chief of the Camorrists), and Signor Martinelli (Gennaro).

"RIGOLETTO."

May 13 1912

The performance of "Rigoletto" at Covent Garden on Saturday, given for the first time this season, went smoothly enough, though presenting no very special features of interest. From the critic's point of view, it was indeed rather tame; his task would be rendered easier these busy times if such stale and hackneyed works were suspended for a season or two, or else given under circumstances of exceptional brilliancy. However, it is evident that the opera public cannot do without its "Rigoletto" or "Traviata," and the management arranges accordingly.

Mlle. Lipkowska added Gilda to her rôles, and sustained the part with histrionic neatness and sufficiently spirited singing. The latter lacked the quality of clear agility to which we are so accustomed, and her E flat in alt at the close of "Caro Nome" was, it must be confessed, something of an effort. In Mr. John McCormack we had a duke of a very effective nature, the singing was excellently forceful, and the acting shows that this artist continues to benefit by his experiences. Signor Sammarco's Rigoletto is conventional, perhaps, in its general lines, but not uninteresting; he has sung better than on this particular occasion. In the second act the vocalisation was rather a straining after colour at the expense of intonation, but in the third he seemed to have recovered himself. The Sparafucile of Signor Marcoux should be mentioned, as also the quite successful appearance of Mlle. Elvira Leveroni as Maddalena. M. Crabbé was an excellent Monterone. Signor Panizza conducted, keeping things going well.

May 13 1912

ROYAL OPERA.

May 13 "RIGOLETTO." 1912

A good many members of the present generation of opera-goers in London have undoubtedly come to regard Verdi's opera "Rigoletto" as a vehicle for the display of vocal agility, and perhaps beauty on the part of the prima-donna, and as nothing else. They have not been accustomed to take it seriously, and indeed there have been many performances in recent years that defied seriousness! But all this seems to be going by the board now, happily, and a new style of performance is coming into vogue, to the manifest gain of the opera. At the London Opera House in its earliest days nothing became it so well as its fine performances of "Rigoletto," with Miss Lyne as Gilda and the great Renaud in the

he-part. Stress was laid on the dramatic side the work, not merely on the vocal, and in conse-nce the opera became a new thing to many. On urday night a similar line was taken at Covent rden, when "Rigoletto" was played for the first e this season. Here, too, the drama, or tragedy, s emphasised far more than it used to be, and in sequence those were happy who like to see an ra acted as well as to hear it sung. No doubt atever that Miss Lydia Lipkowska could have ade a greater bid for what used to be the inevitable petition of "Caro Nome" had she wished; but ing an artist she kept her splendid exhibition well the picture, and a real dramatic point was thereby ade.

Miss Lipkowska certainly added to the num-r of the admirers of her art by her excellent per-rmance as Gilda. Her movements are easy and aceful, and her singing is very fluent; but her suc-ss here as in other rôles is due to the admirable com-nation of both rather than to the very greatly perior excellence of either alone. Altogether a ry attractive Gilda she was. Mr. Sammarco's goletto is a thoroughly familiar impersonation, and ow it is at least as sound and interesting as ever it s been. So with Mr. McCormack's Duke. Mr. cCormack, it is true, is perhaps not very aristo-ratic; in point of fact, he made the Duke to seem ne or twice very nearly plebeian. But his impersona-ion is a thousand times more interesting now than efore, while vocally it is beautiful, and mighty was he applause that greeted "La Donna e mobile," hich the singer wisely declined to repeat. Mr. Marcoux as Sparafucile, Mr. Crabbé as Monterone, Miss Elvira Leveroni as Maddalena, and others were alike admirable, and all helped to make the perform-ance homogeneous. For this reason the dramatic ide gained, while there was no appreciable loss on the vocal side, which is as it should be. Mr. Panizza conducted, and takes a legitimate share in the general praise, for to him was due not a little of the success of the performance.

A few words only are needed with reference to Friday's performance of "Tristan und Isolde," with which the German season closed. So far as the cast was concerned there was no change from the pre-vious representation of Wagner's great love-drama, except that Mr. James Goddard appeared as King Marke, whose music he sang sympathetically as well as sonorously. The conductor was Mr. Paul Drach, who made, if memory serves, a favourable impression when he took charge of one or two Wagner performances a couple of years since. That impression he confirmed on Friday by obtaining a r ading of the score which was always sound and at moments impressive, even though one or two of the climaxes just missed fire. Mr. Cornelius, Madame Sahrmann-Stevens, Mr. Van Rooy, and Madame Kirkby Lunn again distinguished themselves in their accustomed parts.

ROYAL OPERA.

Rigoletto on Saturday night had been refurbished with new paint on the scenery and some new dresses, and in particular Signor Sammarco was resplendent in a variety of new garments. In the second act he looked like a 16th century divine, and in the first and third his motley was vivid in colour and original in design. But with Signor Sammarco clothes, so important to every one else in the cast, are only an accessory. Whenever he is on the stage he raises *Rigoletto* from a mere matter of voices and costumes into a living drama, which at the crises becomes thrilling. With M. Marcoux as Sparafucile the scenes in which the two haggle over their bargain, and especially the last, where Sparafucile brings the body and demands the price, were full of grim significance. M. Marcoux's singing and acting showed how much is gained by giving a minor part to a fine artist.

Mlle. Elvira Leveroni, who was making her first ppearance at Covent Garden, added to the effect f the last act by her spirited treatment of the part f Maddalena. Perhaps she was a little too anxious make her voice tell in the quartet, but the anxiety as a very natural one, and it is a voice of fresh uality which one hopes to hear again in a part which ves more scope to the singer. Mlle. Lipkowska was winning and sympathetic Gilda, but in her earlier enes she did not altogether catch the spirit of the usic. In "Caro Nome" and what precedes it she as inclined to force the music to an expressiveness which does not naturally belong to it, and so to lose the air of simplicity which is its chief charm. Moreover, as in *La Bohème*, the exit on a high note seemed to make her unduly nervous. In the last two acts she was more at ease; the music, less decorative and more emotional, suited her better, and she sang it admirably. Mr. John McCormack as the Duke gave us the full benefit of his fine voice and his beautiful dresses, and what more can one ask of any Duke?

Mon 14 1912

ROYAL OPERA.

MISS DESTINN'S TRIUMPH.

Last night, in the presence of a great audience, which included his Majesty the King and Queen Alexandra, 'Aïda" was given for the first time this season. And as "Aïda" herself happened to be Miss Emmy Destinn, is it to be wondered at that a multitude of opera-lovers should have come to Covent Garden for the occasion? There was the more reason for their presence seeing that this was the public's first opportunity this season of welcoming an artist who, by virtue of gifts and graces of the highest order, has won for herself in recent years the warmest regard of our opera-goers. It will be good news to those of her admirers who—unhappily for them—were absent last evening to learn that Miss Destinn has returned to us in complete possession of her great powers. Indeed, it is not the least exaggeration to say that we have never heard her in more superb voice than on the occasion of her reappearance—a fact of which, indeed, one had abundant proof quite early in the evening in her magnificent singing of "Ritorno Vincitor." Beautiful beyond all question was the voice, delightful to note the singer's perfect control of it, and her rare command of varied and expressive tone-colour. Essentially dramatic in great part is Verdi's music in this, the most impressive of all his operas, and once again Miss Destinn showed us with what unerring skill and sympathy she is able to realise all that is dramatic and impassioned in her share of the music. To hear "O cieli azzuri" sung as it was sung last night, with matchless feeling and finish, is to be lifted to the highest pinnacle of artistic enjoyment. For that matter, the artist's performance throughout this vividly dramatic scene was supremely fine—in particular, her mezza-voce singing was of exquisite quality—and, by the exercise of her great gifts, she unquestionably raised her hearers to the seventh heaven of delight.

Apart from Miss Destinn's notable triumph, last night's revival of "Aïda" was interesting in that it afforded Covent Garden's latest "find," Mr. Giovanni Martinelli, his first opportunity of being seen and heard in a rôle that obviously offered him splendid chances. Unless we are mistaken, the artist—whose "make-up" for the part of Radames was surely somewhat forbidding — was a little nervous at first. But to any singer—even the most experienced—"Celeste Aïda" must needs be a trying ordeal, occurring as it does so early in the opera. And Mr. Martinelli, although he sang it finely enough, yet seemed to feel this. But as he warmed to his task he undoubtedly made far better use of his opportunities, vocal and dramatic, and in the duet with Aïda in the third act, inspired, it may well be, by Miss Destinn's wonderful performance, he sang with all the conviction and fervour for which the situation calls, and his voice rang out with splendid volume. There were other noteworthy features in last night's revival. Mr. Gilly, for instance, making his first appearance this season, amply confirmed the fine impression he created last summer by the power, dramatic force, and exemplary diction with which he sang the part of Amonasro. Although not in quite her finest cue—at all events before "Chi ti salva" was reached—Madame Kirkby Lunn again showed how admirably equipped she is for the rôle of Amneris; Mr. James Goddard gave an excellent account of himself as the King, and Mr. Marcoux sang the music of Ramfis with befitting dignity.

Mr. Panizza conducted with great spirit, and one must not blame him, perhaps, for the "heroic ardours" of the stage band, which, as invariably happens, almost overwhelmed the singers in the scene of Radames's triumph. However, much was made of Verdi's stirring climaxes, and musically, as well as spectacularly, this scene proved as impressive as it has ever done on the same stage.

"AÏDA," AT COVENT GARDEN.

May 14 1912

Verdi's Egyptian opera is deservedly a favourite with the London public, and it has undoubtedly been made so in large measure by the admirable way in which it is generally performed at Covent Garden by the Grand Opera Syndicate. The strong cast arranged for the revival last night ensured this once again being the case. The outstanding feature was the reappearance of Mlle. Destinn in the title-part; she was in splendid voice, and sang with every bit of her wonted brilliancy. No one knows better how to make the utmost of Verdi's broad phrases; the principal secret, perhaps, of her success in this respect is her power of phrasing as regards the wonderful evenness of the colour. But her method both in singing and acting is, happily, too well known to dwell on; one need only emphasise the fact of her successful return to Covent Garden once more. As Radames, Signor Martinelli began nervously; he could not show us that he felt the character, and the impersonation lacked weight until the Nile scene. Here he seemed to become completely at home, and he sang with great fervour and conviction, while his beautiful voice rang out on those top B flats with the easy vocal style which makes the hearer realise he is listening to a born singer. Very great enthusiasm from the large audience greeted the fall of the curtain on this act, to the success of which M. Gilly's Amonasro had also contributed. He sang finely here, also having improved upon a less decisive beginning, when his singing failed in clearness at times, as though from over-anxiety. Signor Marcoux lent distinction to the part of Ramfis, and Mr. James Goddard's big voice told well in the music of the king. When one says that the Amneris was Mme. Kirkby Lunn, it surely conveys enough. Whether, however, she sang with quite her usual mastery last night may, perhaps, be doubted; there was an occasional variation from the accustomed control, curiously enough, in a faulty attack, taking notes slightly sharp, but nothing really serious enough to mar the impression of her valuable share in an altogether fine ensemble of soloists. For the rest, it must be said that the chorus was not always of the expected strength of tone, while the precision of the procession scene might have been a little more exact with advantage.

The performance was honoured by the presence of the King, Queen Alexandra, and the Dowager Empress of Russia.

"ELIJAH" AS AN OPERA

INTERESTING PRODUCTION.

May 15 1912

At the Kennington Theatre last night there was given by the Moody-Manners Opera Company the first London performance of Mr. Harrison Frewin's arrangement of "Elijah" as an opera, which has recently attracted much attention in provincial centres. It was a somewhat daring experiment to make, but in the result there is almost a complete success to be chronicled. Not entirely, because, as every one must realise, the later part of the oratorio can hardly be expressed in a form where it is a prime necessity that there should be action, something definite taking place for the eye to see. Up to the point of the "Thanks be to God" chorus it is plain sailing, but after that the nature of the work is so reflective in style that the stage is a hindrance rather than advantage: the characters appear to be expressing themselves for no particular reason. It is true that a scene has been interpolated in which Jezebel works upon the feelings of Elijah's followers, so as to lead up to the "Woe to him" chorus, but one feels it is dragged in by the heels, especially as, so far as the chorus as protagonist is concerned, the preceding act has led to the impression that Elijah's influence and the miracles of Mount Carmel have reawakened the waning religious belief. There can be no stage reason for the air "Hear ye, Israel," in its place, nor the following chorus, "Be not afraid."

But the first part is surprisingly effective, the music gaining quite new point and character, especially the choruses, and especially when sung with such dramatic spirit and fervour as by the singers in this company, augmented on this occasion by the South-West London Choral Society. The Mount Carmel scene, it may easily be imagined, lent itself well to scenic treatment, the descent of fire upon the altar, and the anxiety during Elijah's prayer for rain with the repeated answers of the youth, "No, there is nothing," while the singing of the "Thanks be to God," with accompanying storm effects and darkened stage, was remarkably impressive, and this in spite of the curiously inadequate music at this point. Mention, too, must be made of the scene between Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath, which "came off" excellently well. As suggested, the performance was really very good. The dignified appearance and remarkably good singing of Mr. Graham Marr gave the note of real conviction to the impersonation of the Prophet. Mr. Wilson Pembroke had less scope, of course, as Obadiah, but sang "If with all your hearts" quite well. Miss Florence Morden made a good deal of the raising of the Widow's Son scene, singing with much dramatic intensity, and Miss Helen Culver's Jezebel was decidedly forceful. Too much praise can hardly be given to the singing of the choruses and ensemble music; the tone and the expression were all that could be desired. Herr Eckhold conducted, and the audience received the production with manifest approval. Another performance will be given tomorrow afternoon. It is worth seeing.

N. C. G.

MOODY-MANNERS COMPANY.

"ELIJAH" IN OPERA.

May 15

It is now some months since Mendelssohn's most famous oratorio, "Elijah," was converted into operatic form, and last night, at the Kennington Theatre, Londoners had the first convenient opportunity of passing judgment upon it. Even the most abandoned Mendelssohnian must have been amazed at the effect the mere staging of the work has had upon the music. The most artificial and conventional phrase became at once a live thing, and a cadence that had long ceased to suggest anything but the most boring platitude in the world was transformed into something really worth hearing. So much for the magic of the stage and the illusion of lights and shadows. It cannot, of course, be said that in its new form the old work is more than a plausible imitation of an opera, but, if one may say so without offence, it makes an excellent entertainment. It could hardly have been expected that Mr. Harrison Frewin, in making his "dramatised" version, would succeed in presenting a story which would pass all the tests of first-rate dramatic art. As a libretto it lacks movement, idea, romance, tragedy, everything almost that is worth having. This, however, was inevitable, and must have been obvious to Mr. Charles Manners from the very beginning. But the music, and the sentiment expressed so eloquently by the music, save the situation. Mendelssohn, so after derided by the modern generations, makes the same appeal across the footlights which he makes from the concert platform, and with, probably, even greater success. He would, indeed, have been blasé who, last night, had not been deeply moved and impressed by the plaint of the Baal-worshippers or by the dialogue between Elijah and the widow of Zaraphath. Here, of course, it is—as suggested above—entirely the music which is responsible for the emotional effect, an effect but momentary, it is true, for the intrusion of such a formal chorus as "Blessed are the men who fear him," or a double-quartet like "For He shall give His angels charge over thee" is hardly calculated to keep the attention riveted upon the drama.

Nevertheless, the experiment is extremely interesting, and last night's performance, in which Mr. Graham Marr, in the title part, and Miss Weste, Miss Lily Moody, Miss Wilmore, Miss Florence Morden, in their respective characters, were specially prominent, will surely be remembered for a long time by those who were fortunate enough to be present. Much enthusiasm prevailed. The conductor was Mr. Richard Eckhold.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

May 17 12

In its own way the performance of "Madama Butterfly" at Covent Garden last night was of excellent quality. The music at any rate was very well sung, Mlle. Destinn in the title-part proving again in what good voice she is this summer. Yet the impersonation is not one of her best, as the insistent intensity of her method strikes too heavy a note in the earlier part of the opera, and does not give the required suggestion of daintiness nor lead strongly to the climax. But it is, all the same, extremely finished, and the Japanese bearing is cleverly consistent. Signor Sammarco's Sharpless is another familiar figure, and one, too, which claims attention from the vocal more than the dramatic side, though it must not be forgotten that the librettist has made it a difficult part to render convincing, especially in the scene with the letter. A new tenor, Signor Gaudenzi, appeared as Pinkerton, and was successful in realising the light-hearted spirit in which the eventual tragedy is entered upon, if he did not impart very much fervour into the love-duet. He has an agreeable voice of moderate power, or perhaps has yet to feel the house. At the end of the first act there was scarcely enough dynamic force to balance Mlle. Destinn and the orchestra. As to the rest of the cast there should be mentioned the capital Suzuki of Mlle. Elvira Leveroni, and the excellent Goro of Signor Zucchi. Mr. James Goddard will doubtless make more of the Bonzo on another occasion.

NEW TENOR AT COVENT GARDEN.

The popularity of "Madame Butterfly," which was given for the first time this season last night at Covent Garden, seems likely to last for a very long time.

Mlle. Destinn, in the title rôle, surpassed herself last night, in fact, one seldom remembers her to have sung with so much purely vocal beauty. Dramatically, her singing was, as in past performances, full of impressive pathos.

May 17

A new tenor, Signor Gaudenzi, who appeared for the first time here, as Pinkerton, made an additional point of interest. He is an excellent singer, with a voice of good quality, but small volume. His methods are artistic and his acting natural and unforced. He sang excellently in the big love duet of Act I., which one seldom remembers to have been better done.

May 18 1912

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

MASSENET'S "DON QUICHOTTE."

It is difficult to see what else could be done with "Don Quixote" as an opera than to present a series of scenes which shall show the hero and Sancho Panza in characteristic light. Massenet's version, produced for the first time in England at the London Opera House last night, has for libretto such a scheme. Its main outline is the love of the knight for Dulcinea (turned, by the way, into a courtesan), the disillusionment when he discovers the truth, and his death. Dulcinea is made to have been the victim of brigands, who have robbed her of a pearl necklace; as a test of the knight's protested love for her she sends him off to recover them. The first incident on his travels is the encounter with the windmills; he then meets the brigands, who promptly seize him, but are so overcome by his bearing and manner when captured that they acknowledge his power and hand over the pearls. This is a very weak and unconvincing situation. The return of the jewels leads to Dulcinea's confession, and the last act shows us the knight's death with the lady's name on his lips.

Although there is much sentimentality both in text and music, the net result is not wanting in the power to hold one interested. The character of the Don is itself so strong from associations that whether treated in the most artistic way or not it is compelling, and there is no doubting the pathos of the close. Here Massenet's curious theatrical grip is very strikingly shown, for there is so little in the music on paper, or to listen to, a gentle flow often in two-part harmony only, yet the atmosphere is set up, and with the action, the tall, gaunt figure under the tree supported by his faithful squire, the effect has an unexpected reality. The music is not strong enough on the other hand to lend conviction to the scene with the brigands, but the simple methods of the composer score once again when the knight tilts at the windmill. There is a theme associated with the love for Dulcinea of the real Massenet type, mildy melodious and in a sense pleasing; it cannot suggest the emotion of a passionate nature, though again the theatrical flavour gives it a surface fitness.

Sharply defined musical characterisation one must not look for, and both with the knight's music and that of the squire, the expression lies more in the method of performance rather than in intrinsic qualities. Dulcinea's music is generally shallow, as possibly best fits her character, save for the fact that she is not helped therchy to become an interesting figure. The various ensembles in the first and fourth acts are spirited and quite adequately characteristic. The whole musical impression is rather indefinite; one comes away with a feeling of having listened to a great deal of pleasant and agreeable music cast in the simplest possible mould, none of which appears to possess much force or point in itself, but rather needing the scene and the performance to tell.

Mr. Hammerstein's production is extremely good; he has given us some beautiful scenes, and the stage management calls for praise. The windmill scene created very great enthusiasm; the knight actually rode off the stage on his horse, to appear a moment later under the revolving sails; and a capital effect was made with the dummy figure which was hurled into space. M. Lafond's impersonation of the title-part is remarkable for its expression of dignity, indifference to outside opinion, and of the suggestion of idealism." Moreover, he sings the music with genuine vocal beauty and a sense of style. As Sancho Panza M. José Danse gives a better proof of his powers than he hitherto has done; he would improve the performance greatly could he but acquire more variety of vocal colour. Mlle. Yvonne Kerlord's Dulcinea is a vivacious figure, without displaying any special distinction to a part doubtless difficult enough to portray effectively. The rest of the cast carry through their parts in good style, and M. Fritz Ernaldy's conducting is vigorous and controlled.

DON QUIXOTE.

May 18.1912

A FINE OPERA.

ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME.

By ROBIN H. LEGGE.

Expectant London operagoers realised one of their expectations last night when, at the London Opera House, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein produced for the first time in England Massenet's most recent opera, "Don Quixote." And a very interesting production it proved to be, with moments of the most genuine enthusiasm. Most proline of composers, Massenet, who has varied the "style" of his libretti more than most, has here found the best book of the whole of his series. I pointed out the other day that the book of this heroic comedy was based by Henri Cain on a play by Le Lorrain, and it is well that one understands that the chief interest of the tale lies on its psychological rather than its dramatic side. It is to some extent the same in the case of the very popular "Louise," though the fact is often lost sight of by those who do not care to dive too deeply into these matters. We need be in no doubt as to the Don. His character is depicted both by himself, and by the Lovely Dulcinea. When, for example, he returns from his expedition to recover her lost necklace, and her admirers scoff at the old hero, Dulcinea sings, "Oui, peut-être est-il fou—mais c'est un fou sublime!" That precisely describes him. He himself says to his faithful Sancho, "Oui! Je fus le chef des bons semeurs! J'ai lutté pour le bien, j'ai fait la bonne guerre!"

He was, in fact, the type of all that is good; sublime in the strength of his faith that the truth is great and will—must—prevail; he realised the humbug and superstition of the bandits, otherwise the sycophants of life, and convinced them by the fearless impudence of his own act in ordering them to hand over to him, standing bound and unprotected, the necklace he had set forth to seek. The childlike simplicity of the old man disarmed all with whom he came in contact. Remember, also, how old Sancho overawed the crowd of scoffers, who, when the Don returns to Dulcinea, only again to be repudiated, and is described by her admirers as a moth-eaten relic, a moulting old stork, a death's head and bones? "You vulgar boors, underbred, ribald, scarce fit to grovel on your knees to the saint whom you revile!" quoth he. In point of fact, whatever the preconceived idea of Don Quixote may be, in Massenet's libretto he is a sweet old busybody, inspired by loftiest motives and ideals, and not at all a madman made mad by reading of chivalry. He is chivalry.

His story, put briefly, is this. Don Quixote loves Dulcinea, a courtesan, in whom he has perfect faith as woman. She tells him, in order more or less to test, or get rid of, him, to find a necklace that has been stolen by bandits. He sets forth to find it, recovers it, and restores it to its owner. She will then have none of the Don, but prefers the life of gaiety she is leading. He thereupon goes into the desert with Sancho, and dies of grief that all his dreams are dissipated. There is nothing particularly dramatic in all this, but there is undoubtedly much, as I said before, that is psychologically interesting.

MUSIC WITH CHARACTER.

So it is, too, with the music. It is never very dramatic; sometimes it is quite undramatic, as in the hideous outburst marked in the score with three "F's" when the Don drops dead, a place where surely the earlier reticence would have enhanced the situation infinitely more than the banging of drums and the employment of all the rest of the orchestral paraphernalia. But if non-dramatic, the music has character. Look at the charming little Serenade at the beginning of the opera; at the Don's address to the mob at his first entrance: "Come, Gladness, and make our pathways sweet with perfume. Oh, Kindness, cleanse

the heart of man!" Here the music is essentially Massenet-ish, as it is again in the sugary but very touching prayer sung by Don Quixote at the moment when he has every reason to believe that the bandits are intent on his undoing. So, again, in his narration, and even more in the great scene when, on his return to Dulcinea, she takes the necklace he has obtained for her but rejects his love.

Nothing becomes Don Quixote better than his manner of leaving this world, his last idol shattered. He is magnificent at this supreme moment "Yes; I was the prince of kindly men; I strove to right the wrong I fought for truth and honour," he sings to strains that are appropriate; and it is, of course, no fault of his that Massenet has, as hinted above, rather spoilt the supreme moment by a lack of reticence that is present at almost every other point in the entire opera. Contrast, for example, the peace of the music of the thoroughly characteristic violoncello solo which immediately precedes the death of the Don with the roughness of the noise, it is nothing less, that accompanies his fall from his place under the giant oak. The noise may be operatic; it is not dramatic, and it is not even appropriate. Don Quixote was essentially a "gentleman" who would have detested to die in a blaze of triple-F sounds.

To Mr. Hammerstein goes great credit, indeed, for the admirable manner in which he has staged this interesting opera. The opportunities are many for the scenic artist, and right well they have been accepted and taken advantage of. The scene of the public square in the first act is fine; so is that of the second act, when the sun, dissipating the haze, discloses the windmills which Don Quixote mistakes for giants, and goes forth to fight—to his own discomfiture, which discomforture is very cleverly managed. The fall of the curtain at the end of this act gave the signal for a scene of wild enthusiasm. The calls became too many to count—Mr. Coini, the stage manager; Mr. Ernaldy, the conductor; all concerned were brought forward again and again. Unhorsed in his desperate encounter with the windmill, the Don himself took his first call on Sancho's donkey—a real, live donkey this—led by the faithful squire. It was a merry scene, and the house enjoyed it all immensely.

The scene of the Sierra, where the bandits live, is, as the libretto suggests, gorgeous; but I, for one, did not particularly like the lighting of its cliffs and rugged gorges. The courtyard of Dulcinea's house makes a pleasant picture, but the gorge in the forest, in which stands the tree whereunder Don Quixote seeks his death, is a masterpiece. There the dear old knight, who had taken himself so very seriously during life while all else regarded him as a bore, died under the shade of an oak that was a living picture of splendour.

A FINE INTERPRETATION.

At so late an hour—the opera is short, but the intervals are long—it is not possible to go very deeply into the details of the merits of an admirable performance. Mr. Hammerstein was at once farseeing and fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Lafont, the original representative of the rôle of Don Quixote. For myself, I can imagine nothing more delightful than Mr. Lafont's Don. He was the quiet, occasionally swaggering, but always sympathetic and amiable "old fool," entirely devoid of malice and uncharitableness, and preguant with noble ideals. Moreover, he was superbly made up, according to the familiar pictures of Doré. He was as superb in his hope at the close of the first act as he was in his despair at the close of the opera.

And, save that he was a little apt to err on the side of the buffo, Mr. José Danse was an excellent, if somewhat obvious, Sancho. But if the buffo predominated through the greater part of the opera, it must be said that in the last scene, at the death of the Don, Mr. Danse played his part finely, and his "Libel on the Ladies," in the second act, went very well. A little quiet dignity would not have come amiss, it is true, but Mr. Danse had to play up to a masterpiece of interpretation, and he did well. Messieurs Leroux and Georges Regis as Rodriguez and Juan respectively were capital, and Mr. Ernaldy was a most inspiriting conductor.

What of Dulcinea? As played by Madame Yvonne Kerlord, the rôle was played as well as one could have wished it to be. Dulcinea was a selfish woman, with the fragments of a heart, as she clearly showed when she reproved Juan in the words quoted in the first paragraph. She evidently knew the value of the Don as a man, but she was too much of the egoist-woman to sacrifice her selfishness for the good Don. Madame Kerlord sang well, and added not a little to the lustre of a fine first performance. Whether or not the opera has come to stay it is early to say; but it is quite certain that it deserves to remain in the repertory, for it is genuinely interesting, it has much of charm, and it surpasses any other of Massenet's operas that we have seen in London, not excepting "Manon."

may 18 1912

MUSIC.

MASSENET'S "DON QUICHOTTE."

It is curious that, though for over 200 years operatic composers have been trying their hands at versions of "Don Quixote," their efforts have not resulted in any work which has taken a permanent place. One feels instinctively that there must be an ideal opera lurking somewhere in the pages of Cervantes if only a composer had the wit to choose the right incidents and the power to clothe them with the imaginative atmosphere of music. Strauss has given a suggestion of what such a work might be in his "Fantastische Variationen über ein Thema ritterlichen Characters"; but the ideal opera would be freer in its fantasy, for with the stage to picture the action the musician would be in no temptation to waste himself upon the literal representation of windmills and sheep; he would concentrate upon the romance, its poetry, its nobility, its absurdity, and its pathos, and illuminate rather than depict the situation.

Massenet, the latest contributor to the subject, whose *Don Quichotte* was given for the first time in England at the London Opera House last night, has certainly succeeded in keeping his music free from realism; to a great extent, too, his librettist, Henri Cain, has abandoned the original story, and except for the incident of the windmills it is the character rather than the adventures of Don Quixote which he has taken from Cervantes. The story is vulgarized by the fact that Dulcinea is the conventional courtesan of French opera. The alteration gives an easy mechanism to the opera; it gives purpose to Don Quixote's actions, since it is on the search for a stolen necklace of Dulcinea that he encounters the windmills in the second act and gets taken prisoner by bandits in the third; it provides the inevitable *fête* scene of the fourth act, a type of scene which has been passed through many generations of opera. It has, no doubt, the practical advantage that it makes the general form of this opera not too unlike that of many others to be readily appreciated, and provides an easy escape from the episodic character of the original. We need not quarrel with this mechanism, since it does make a concise setting for the character of the Don with Sancho beside him. In his reception by the townsfolk of the first scene, his duel with Juan (a lover of Dulcinea), his frenzied charge upon the windmills, his prayer which touches the hearts of the impressionable bandits, his offer of marriage to Dulcinea, and his broken-hearted despair when she explains what she is, he remains the idealistic knight-errant, ridiculously simple and pathetically human. Sancho, gross and clumsy, is still the true-hearted servant who maintains, "Que le grand chevalier rêve, chante ou soupire, moi seul, entendez-vous, ai le droit de sourire!" Happily, too, the little last act is free of convention, and Don Quixote's death in the forest alone with Sancho is most delicately imagined. Here the librettist has given rein to his fancy and his sentiment, where Cervantes allowed himself a touch of cynicism:—

> The whole family was in grief and confusion; and yet after all the niece continued to eat, the housekeeper drank and washed down sorrow; and Sancho Pança made much of himself; for there is a strange charm in the thoughts of a good legacy, or the hopes of an estate, which wondrously removes, or at least alleviates, the sorrows that men would otherwise feel for the death of friends.

The Sancho of the opera has no such alleviation:—

Don Quixote.—"Good Sancho, of late to thee I promised boundless lands, castles fair, then an island, a pleasaunce."

Sancho.—"A simple little island was my heart's desire!"

Don Quixote.—"Take that island, the sole possession that is still mine to give. . . . 'Tis the island of dreams,"

and hearing the voice of Dulcinea as in a vision Don Quixote falls to the ground. The quotation is from the admirable translation of Mr. Claude Aveling, which not only keeps close to the French, but fits the musical declamation so that the opera could be sung in English with the alteration of scarcely a single quaver.

In spite of all defects then the librettist has given plenty of opportunity to the composer. What surprises one is that Massenet should have made so little of it. He seems purposely to keep the music in the position of a suggestive background to the drama. Sometimes one feels that the librettist and composer have treated one another too respectfully. The librettist has been careful to leave room for musical display; the composer has refused to avail himself of it. Possibly the weakness of the serenade in Act I. is meant to suggest that the knight was no more an artist than a warrior; but since its melody is one of the principal motives of the opera, recurring whenever he sees visions of his Dulcinea, we could wish that it had been less obvious. It would not, of course, be within Massenet's scope to contrast the ideal with the actual Dulcinea by two versions of the same theme, as Strauss has done inimitably; but it would have required no great flight of imagination to find some melody of greater distinction than this. One can see the modesty of Massenet's intention perhaps more certainly in the fact that the orchestration is kept unusually quiet. He has shown plenty of capacity for the use of strong colour elsewhere, but here the colour is constantly simple and often sounds unnecessarily thin. We wish that he could have avoided the affectation of an organ accompaniment to Don Quixote's prayer.

In the fourth act, the *fête* at Dulcinea's house, he seems to put aside many opportunities. In her song with the guitar he ventures somewhat tentatively upon a characteristic rhythm. The chorus of this scene, some of which was cut last night, lacks energy and abandon, and the whole act is musically inconclusive, though it seems designed to be the strongest of the five. One may find, however, passages of more appropriateness, the strong rhythm which takes possession of the orchestra when in Act II. Don Quixote discovers the windmills, the dainty dance measure early in the fourth act, and the delicate Mozart-like accompaniment to the passage in which Don Quixote unfolds to Sancho his high-flown schemes of reward. But it is only in the last act that the music finds and keeps its place completely. Here it says nothing particular, but there is nothing particular for it to say. It dreams and dies; it heightens the disappointment of Don Quixote's failure and the despair of Sancho at his loss. It places us in touch with both, and one is thankful for its reticence.

THE PERFORMANCE.

Dulcinea	Mme. YVONNE KERLORD
Don Quixote	M. LAFONT
Sancho	M. JOSÉ DANSE
Juan	M. GEORGES REGIS

Conductor—M. ERNALDY.

The subordinate position of the music makes it impossible to discuss the performance at the London Opera House primarily from the musical point of view. In speaking of the production as one of the best, perhaps the best, that Mr. Hammerstein has given us, we think first of the wonderful stage pictures which M. Coini devised for it, of the admirable characterization of the principal part by M. Lafont, of the droll yet sympathetic acting of M. José Danse, and even of the intelligence with which Rosinante entered into the spirit of his part. The entrance of the Don and Sancho mounted upon Rosinante and Dapple among the crowds who throng the street in the first act, and the spirit with which Don Quixote and Rosinante charge the windmills, as well as the realism of the fall, are themselves things to remember for the skill with which they were presented. More than that, the attitude of musing aloofness with which M. Lafont contemplated his high mission for the sake of Dulcinea at the end of Act I., his dignity when the grotesque bandits danced their war-dance round him, and his heart-broken dejection at last were perfect, and the only moment where he seemed to fail was in the clumsy bow with which he greeted Dulcinea on his return. So courtly a knight could not have been lacking in so simple a usage.

Mme. Kerlord could do little but sing brightly and simply until this scene. One felt that the contrast between her flippancy and her concern might have been stronger, probably it would have been if Massenet had emphasized it more in his music. There was scarcely time to realize fully the singing powers of M. Lafont and M. Danse until the last scene, in which both rose to great heights. Here, too, one could appreciate more than elsewhere the skill which M. Ernaldy exercised in the treatment of the orchestral music. The playing, particularly of the strings, was exquisitely delicate, and the conductor showed consummate tact in giving due importance to the subtle suggestions of the orchestra without ever forcing them upon the attention of the audience.

The whole opera was exceedingly well received, but this act made a peculiarly strong impression, so much so that in spite of its quietness, and the fact that recalls had been numerous after the earlier scenes, the audience remained to cheer and to call the artists before the curtain repeatedly. Though they had been entertained by all the vivid pictures of the first four acts, the fifth evidently appealed to them in a deeper way by its sincerity.

ROYAL OPERA.

"SAMSON ET DALILA."

Time certainly has brought its revenge in the case of "Samson et Dalila." Because of the Biblical character of the text, Saint-Saëns's opera had to wait some three decades or so before it was permitted to see the footlights in this country. Until the ban placed upon the work was removed—four seasons ago, if we remember rightly—the London public knew the opera only from periodical performances upon the concert platform. They were maimed rites, indeed! But as soon as "Samson" found its way into the Covent Garden repertory it sprang into high favour, and since that time it has more than held its own in the affections of our opera-goers. And so last night, once again, a welcome was claimed for the French composer's work, which was then staged for the first time this season. A good deal that the performance gave us was very familiar; indeed, nearly all the artists who appeared on this occasion have been seen many times in the same parts. But, unless we are in error, an exception must be made in the case of Mr. Darmel, the Samson of the cast, although this tenor has certainly been heard here in other rôles. He is by no means the most robustious Samson vocally that Covent Garden has listened to. Nevertheless, the voice has plenty of volume—as was evident particularly in the prison scene—and its quality, beyond doubt, is uncommonly pleasing. Mr. Darmel, moreover, sang without any apparent effort, and if the notes occasionally were a little unsteady, the production was invariably smooth and easy.

may 18/1912

Of the Dalila of Madame Kirkby Lunn there can hardly be anything fresh to write at this time of the day. Ever since this artist showed us her views of the rôle it has come to be accepted—and

rightly so—as among the things she does best. And what that best is we all know. It would not be paying Madame Lunn the highest compliment to say that there have been no occasions when her voice has sounded more luscious than it did last night. But she is of those singers who can fall short of their highest achievements and yet make a strong appeal to their hearers, and so it was with Dalila's representative last evening. Apart from the two protagonists, nobody counts for much in Saint-Saëus's opera. But a word must go to Mr. James Goddard for his excellent singing as the High Priest, even if his accent was not always so good as his diction, while Mr. Armand Crabbé and Mr. Huberdeau, in smaller parts, did all that was required of them. The orchestral playing was not always quite so finished as it usually is under Mr. Campanini, but the performance, generally speaking, went with smoothness and spirit, and the choruses in the first act were capitally sung.

"Madama Butterfly" is still one of the trump cards that the Royal Opera Syndicate can play at any time of any season. And so it is likely to remain so long as Miss Emmy Destinn is here to expound for us the joys and sorrows of the life of the little Japanese who is the heroine of the tragedy. Really, Miss Destinn seems to go on her artistic career from great things to greater. In point of fact, her glorious voice is now better than ever it was before, and of her acting of the rôle referred to it is quite futile to say anything nowadays, for her representation is as familiar as any operatic representation can well be in a country like this. Anyhow, Miss Destinn made one more complete success on Thursday evening in Puccini's popular opera, and there is no more to be said. Mr. Sammarco, too, as Sharpless, is a thoroughly familiar figure, and a welcome one. But we had not previously had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Gaudenzi as Pinkerton. Mr. Gaudenzi, a newcomer, owns a pleasant voice, and has a good sense of the "style" of the part, and there is no doubt that in the near future we shall hear more of him. At present he must be left there, as it were, for really Pinkerton's part is hardly one from which to judge a new singer. Miss Leveroni was a capital Suzuki, and Mr. Campanini conducted an excellent performance before a large audience.

HAMMERSTEIN WILL QUIT GRAND OPERA IN LONDON

Only Condition That Can Induce Him to Change His Mind Is for the Wealthy English Music Lovers to Rally to His Support in Subscriptions for Next Season.

May 28 1912

LOOKED UPON AS 'BUTTER-IN'

Impresario Says He Has Been Offered $90,000 a Year Rental to Turn Temple of Art Into a Music Hall—Guaranteed Backing of $1,000,000 to Return to New York.

Oscar Hammerstein will probably withdraw from the operatic field in London at the close of his present season, according to cablegrams received in this city last night. He says he has not received adequate support as the impresario of the London Opera House and that his mind is made up unless subscriptions are forthcoming for next season.

This announcement is credited to the Pall Mall Gazette:

Asked if he was going to produce the Ring Cycle in English during the Autumn season Mr. Hammerstein replied: "I would do it only in English, but may leave it to my successor, as it is very problematical I will continue here after the present season, which ends in six weeks.

"My experience is that grand opera here is only possible at theatre prices, first partly in English, gradually all in English. This may be accomplished without usbvention by some one more ingenious than I, but I can't afford to allow this great building, which cost $1,125,000, with an additional $200,000 for scenery and costumes, to run without an income, thus sacrificing it upon the altar of art.

Few Wealthy Operagoers.

"Besides, I am not an Englishman and I feel I am only looked upon as a butter-in. I was not solicited by the English nation to come here, therefore anything I do is regarded as a business undertaking to make money just as if I was in some business as soap dealer or seller of collar buttons.

"There are not sufficient operagoers with means to make the London opera house self-supporting. For the great middle class the prices are too high and, therefore, to establish English grand opera in England requires the aid of philanthropists, who should form an association for the promotion of English grand opera."

"As to the future of the London opera house, Mr. Hammerstein said he has had many offers to lease it, some as high as $90,000 a year, for music halls and spectacular performancees. If he wanted to go back to New York, Mr. Hammerstein added, he has been oered a million dollars' support.

Must Have Adequate Support.

"Of course I signed an agreement with the Metropolitan Opera Company not to give opera for ten years in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia or Boston, but the agreement can be canceled by the payment of $200,000."

In reply to a question he said the Autumn season here is very doubtful.

"In fact, it seems as if my career in London will end at the conclusion of my Summer season."

The New York Evening Telegram said in a late edition yesterday that Mr. Hammerstein did not tell the Pall Mall Gazette he would quit, but intimated strongly that unless subscriptions are forthcoming for next season he could not afford to hold on. Therefore he wuld nt produce grand opera in London.

"The only way to give grand opera to the English is for the wealthy English to rally to my support, or organize a company themselves to present English grand opera. Yes, it is true that I have been offered backing in New York and $90,000 a year for the lease of the opera house here, but haven't accepted either proposition. However, I will not give another season unless I receive adequate support."

May 18 ROYAL OPERA. 1912

There was a crowded house on Friday night for the first performance this season of Saint-Saëns's *Samson et Dalila*, which seems to have risen to the dignity of a standing dish in the annual bill of fare. It certainly makes an agreeable entertainment if one takes care not to arrive before the entrance of Abimelech, for the opening scene of the first act is quite undramatic, the Hebrews who groan under the yoke of the Philistines suggesting nothing more than a choral society going through their weekly practice of oratorio. The chorus, if must be admitted, sang lustily and helped to make the feast in the Temple in the last act go with a good rhythmical swing. This is always one of the most effective scenes in the whole work, and as Mme. Kirkby Lunn retained her freshness of voice for it and Mr. Goddard, as the high priest, produced a fine, resonant tone, the invocation to Dagon made a striking impression, which was enhanced by the picturesque posturing and dancing of the *corps de ballet* under Mlle. Rosina Galli, the *première danseuse*. In the second act Mme. Kirkby Lunn once more delighted her admirers by the purity of her intonation and her combination of the lyrical and the dramatic styles, and she was excellently supported by M. Darmel, who as Samson sang out with an easy, confident style and a voice which was fully equal to the heroic scenes without having to be put to any undue strain.

May 23 1912 LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

There was considerable enthusiasm over the excellent performance of "Il Barbiere" last night at the London Opera House, chiefly aroused by Miss Felice Lyne's brilliant singing as Rosina. The role is one to which she is admirably suited, both in appearance and voice. As regards the latter, one has seldom heard her sing better, and her renderings of familiar favourites such as "Una voce poco fa" were greeted with storms of applause. In the famous lesson scene Miss Lyne also delighted the audience by her singing of the Shadow song from "Dinorah."

The rest of the cast was the same as on previous occasions. M. Regis was excellent as the Count, Signor Figarella gave a clever study of Figaro, and the comedy parts of Dr. Bartolo and Don Basilio were excellently done by Signor De Grazia and Signor Bozano. The whole performance was very spirited, under Signor Merola's direction.

May 23 LONDON OPERA HOUSE. 1912

Rossini's "Barber" is a merry romp, and as such it must be played and sung if its somewhat rough, elementary humours and blithesome melodies are to find complete acceptance nowadays. And as a "merry romp," accordingly, the all but a century old opera was performed on Mr. Hammerstein's stage last night. There was plenty of enjoyment, therefore, to be derived from the revival, and the audience, if scarcely overwhelming in numbers, was abundantly generous in applause. Without any exception, if we may trust our recollection, the cast was identical with that which helped to make the "Barber" a welcome feature during Mr. Hammerstein's first season. For that reason, the performance need not be discussed in detail. It gave us again a delightful and dainty Rosina in Miss—why did the programme style her Signorina?—Felice Lyne. This particular Rosina clearly possesses a sense of roguish fun, and is able to convey the suggestion of espleglerie which the part emphatically demands. And with what pure, bell-like tone the artist sang the evergreen "Una voce poco fa," compassing the florid embellishments with admirable ease and agility. She did not repeat the number, but in the case of the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," which she introduced with brilliant effect in the lesson scene, the audience would not be denied an encore, and the cadenza was sung over again. One of the very best and brightest performances of the evening was the Figaro of Mr. Figarella. He is a thoroughly capable artist, and seldom has the duet with Rosina in the second act gone with greater spirit. Mr. Georges Régis, if he was not always able to conceal the difficulties of Rossini's fioritura, yet sang pleasantly enough as the Count, and the solemnity of Mr. De Grazia and Mr. Bozano (the Bartolo and Basilio respectively) made the traditional humours of the opera really comic at times. Mr. Merola conducted.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE

"THE BARBER OF SEVILLE" REVIVED.

May 23 — 1912

It is easy to provoke a laugh in the second act of "The Barber of Seville," but difficult if anything approaching buffoonery is to be avoided. While not quite flawless in this respect, the performance at the London Opera House last night, where the ever-fresh opera was given for the first time this season, went with great spirit and vivaciousness. All the principals sustained their respective parts with a zest which, if not distinguished in respect of style, lent a sufficiently convincing note. As Rosina Miss Felice Lyne quite gives us of her best, and she sang "Una voce" most neatly, showing here less of the "white" vocal colour than she did later, notably in the amusing duet with Figaro and in the singing of the recitatives. She acted throughout the scene with an animation that was well sustained. The cast, if one remembers rightly, was the same as that of the winter production; M. Georges Régis was at any rate a familiar figure as the count, but did not seem to be enacting the rôle of the drunken soldier quite so well as before; on the other hand, he sang rather better, although it was noticeable that the serenade in Act I. was still given too unrhythmically. Signor Figarella made Figaro a brisk lively character, and used his sonorous voice with excellent effect. Signor De Grazia's Bartolo and Signor Bozano's Basilio were studies not wanting in point, if somewhat behind in the confidence shown by the others.

May 23 1912 MUSIC.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

Last night was given the *Barber of Seville*, with Miss Felice Lyne as Rosina and Signor Figarella in the *rôle* of the Barber. Musically the work of Rossini grafts the orchestral invention of Méhul upon the limpid commonplace of Cimarosa's *bel canto*. And if that were all its interest would be mainly antiquarian. It has that interest certainly, too; while the limpidity has sunk to the position of a "survival" the invention is a servant and not a master. But what one goes to hear is the melody, which is as fresh as ever. The stock-in-trade of opera is used with such zest, as if the composer were partly laughing at this old-fashioned way of saying things even while he employs it, partly revelling in the actual euphony of it, and partly rising triumphant over its limitations by the creation of rememberable phrases. And few certainly could resist these melodies, flung off with such spirit and gaiety as they were last night. Signor Figarella's Barber, full of fun and bonhomie, was more notable for the way it brought the other voices together and made the most of them than for any direct contribution of its own; in his scenes with the Count, for instance, he supplied the acting and Signor Régis the voice. Don Basilio (Signor Bozano), imposing from the four corners of his hat to his resonant G's and F's, and Dr. Bartolo, whose fine voice well met all the demands upon it, supplied a firm foundation for the other singers.

It was Rosina, however, whom most people went to hear; and they were assuredly not disappointed. There is a delicious *abandon*, a fascinating vanity, in the light ripples of Signorina Lyne's *bravura* which makes them seem like a game she is amusing herself with just to pass the time; as if the whim had seized her to sing them so to-night, but another night she would have something more or different to say. Nor was she a whit less charming in recitative, or in silence even, for the stage was never dull when she was on it.

The only thing one could have wished different was the accompaniment. The beat was just a little wooden in the overture, and the time became too martial to accord with the easy give and take on the

stage. The consequence was there were moments when the chorus, especially in the quintet, fell somewhat to pieces. But it was too slight a thing to mar in any way the pleasure of the evening.

THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein produced Massenet's "Don Quichotte" for the first time in England at the London Opera House on Friday night, May 17. "Don Quichotte," a heroic comedy in five acts, is Massenet's latest opera, and was originally performed at the Monte Carlo Opera House, Feb. 24, 1910, under the direction of M. Raoul Ginsbourg, and at the Paris Theatre-Lyrique Municipal on Dec. 29, 1910, under the direction of MM. Isola Frères. The main incidents of Massenet's opera are taken from Cervante's famous story, and the libretto of M. Henri Cain is from the play of Jacques Le Lorraine, the only change being that Dulcinee is a woman of the world, as the argument mildly puts it, instead of a simple country girl. The performance (in French) on Friday night was excellent, and the thanks of the musical public are due to Mr. Hammerstein for the production of an interesting and artistic new work. The story is simple, and the French librettist endeavours to give the chivalric and gentle nature of the old Don, and Massenet in his music admirably carries out the noble character of the man, and the pathetic hopelessness of his aims. In the first act, a public square in Spain, the people are celebrating a festival when Don Quichotte and Sancho arrive, the Don on his famous steed, Rosinante, and Sancho on a donkey. In serenading the lovely Dulcinee, the Don offends a lover of the lady, but the duel is interrupted by Dulcinee, who then receives a proposal from Don Quichotte. Partly to test his valour, and partly to get rid of him, Dulcinee says he must get back a necklace stolen by one Tenebrun, a brigand. The next act shows the knight and his servant, Sancho, on their mission. Seeing some windmills revolving, the crazy Don thinks they are giants, and, setting his lance in rest, charges one, and, being badly hurt in the encounter, is carried off on the donkey by Sancho. In the Sierra scene of the third act Don Quichotte is captured by brigands, and they prepare to hang him; but, so strange is their captive, and so peaceful and noble his bearing, that the brigands are impressed, and instead of killing, ask for his blessing, while the chief gives him liberty and also the necklace. Act IV. is the courtyard of Dulcinee's house. Don Quichotte enters, and presents the necklace. Dulcinee is touched by his devotion, but to his offer of marriage replies, "Me maries, moi! Que j'abandonne ma maison," and then tells him her life and how it is given to folly, love, and mirth; and, after refusing the Don, rebukes her lovers, Rodrique and Juan, saying, "Oui, peut-etre est-il fou. . . . Mais c'est un fou sublime," and the heartbroken knight and his faithful servant depart. In the last act—road through a forest—Don Quichotte, in a dying condition, is leaning against the trunk of an oak, attended by the devoted Sancho. The knight gives to Sancho his only possession, the Island of Dreams, "Elle est plaisante . . . . et c'est des Rêves!" and, dying, exclaims, "L'Etoil Dulcinee! Vers qui je vais, qui me fait signe, qui m'attend." The life and hustle of the first act are well carried out in the music, while the serenade and the duet between the Don and Dulcinee are pleasingly melodious. Sancho's song against women in general, "De ces coquines, ces pendardes," and particularly the Donna Dulcinee, because of their foolish errant, is effective and Mozartian in character, but the plaintive air for the orchestra before the third act is pure Massenet, and greatly pleased the audience, and there is a striking aria for Dulcinee in the fourth act. Most of the Don's music is dignified, and, if somewhat sad, that is in keeping with the part, and the entr'acte to the last act by the orchestra has a violoncello solo that well expresses the pathetic nature of the closing scene in the opera.

M. Lafond sang with dignity as the hero, and his make-up was capital; indeed, M. Lafont's Don might have stepped out of Doré's famous picture. The management were also fortunate in securing a horse that came as near Rosinante as the S.P.C. would allow. The donkey of Sancho was also a most intelligent animal. Mlle. Yvonne Kerlord sang fluently. The music of Dulcinee and M. José Danse gave a clever and amusing study of Sancho. M. Georges Regis and M. Fernand Leroux were both excellent as Juan and Rodriguez, while M. Verheyden did all that was possible in the small part of the bandit chief. The scenery was charming, and the windmills in the second act, real going concerns, quite fetched the audience, and when the wounded knight, after his fierce encounter with the mill, is seen being carried off on the donkey, led by Sancho, the house rang with cheers, and M. Coini, stage-manager, M. Ernaldy, and the two artists, were called on again and again. The chorus in their grouping were very effective in the first, third, and fourth acts, and M. Ernaldy conducted with great spirit. Whether "Don Quichotte" will ever be a popular opera is uncertain after the sad fate in London of the beautiful work, "Le Jongleur," but all opera-goers should see the artistic production of Massenet's latest opera at the London Opera House.

The performance of "Don Quichotte" was, of course, the chief event of the week at the Kingsway opera house, but mention should be made of Verdi's "Rigoletto," given for the first time this season on Thursday night, May 16. M. Vilmos Beck appeared as the Jester, and gave a powerful reading of the part. M. Beck's voice is fine in quality, and this aided the effect of Rigoletto's appeal to the courtiers and his superstitious dread of the malediction. Mlle. Felice Lyne has now for two seasons been famous for her charming Gilda, and she sang the music delightfully on Thursday night. Mr. Orville Harold once again made the naughty duke an interesting person by his fine singing, and all the other parts were well filled. Signor Merola conducted.

Rossini's "Barber of Seville" was performed at the London Opera House on Wednesday night, and considering the opera was sung in Italian it seemed somewhat strange to have the English title on the programme. The cast was practically the same as that given in the last season. Miss Felice Lyne again made a most charming Rosina, singing Rossini's florid music with the ease and finish it requires, while she fully entered into the fun of the merry musical comedy, in which life seems all love, intrigue, pretty dresses, music and sunshine. Miss Lyne did not grant an encore in "Una voce," which was beautifully sung, but the audience insisted on a repetition of the "Shadow" song from "Dinorah," which Miss Lyne sang with brilliant vocalisation in the Lesson scene, and she had to sing the cadenza again. M. Georges Régis found the tenor music of the Count somewhat trying, as other artists have many times before, but he acted well and was very amusing in the second act, where D'Almaviva appears as the tipsy officer. M. Figarella made a capital Figaro, and sang and acted the part with great spirit. The solemn and grotesque Basilio of Signor Bozano greatly amused the audience, and Signor De Grazia fully entered into the humours of the amorous old Bartolo. The street scene of the first act was very effective, and people passing through the street make it realistic; but are the Count and Figaro invisible, that the stall-keepers, boys, priests, etc., pay no attention to their singing? Signor Merola conducted, and the audience were very enthusiastic.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

May 1912 27

INTERESTING RUMOUR.

"Rigoletto" was repeated at the London Opera House on Saturday evening. Mr. Vilmos Beck returned to the title-part on this occasion, and brought to it just that touch of pathos which makes poor Rigoletto's tragic story so deeply moving. The part of the Duke was taken for the first time by Mr. Ippolito Lazaro, a young Spanish tenor who made his début at Barcelona a couple of years ago in "L'Africaine." He is the happy owner of a pure tenor voice of considerable range and power, which at present, however, he is inclined to force unduly, especially in the highest register. He made an ardent, if not very imposing Duke, and was well received—so well, indeed, that the famous "La donna e mobile" in the last act had to be repeated. Although one may tolerate the repetition of a song in an opera of this class, one could not regard it as a happy inspiration on Mr. Lazaro's part to bring forward his stool so close to the footlights for the "encore," and sing with his back so ungallantly turned upon Maddalena. Mr. Merola, who conducted, was inclined to allow his accompaniments undue prominence at times, and more than once the ensemble was far from perfect.

A large and distinguished and enthusiastic audience witnessed the repetition of "Don Quichotte" on Friday evening. Once more the extremely difficult part of the knight was superbly played by Mr. Lafont. Sancho is still possibly a little over-acted by Mr. José Dansé, but the chorus work was excellent, and Mr. Ernaldy's conducting a delight.

One hopes it is not untrue that the autumn season may see the production of the "Ring" (in English, it is said) at the London Opera House. That would indeed be good news for opera-goers.

ROYAL OPERA.

May 27 1912

After the excellent performance of "La Bohème" at Covent Garden on Saturday night, when the cast was as before, save only that Miss Eleanor Painter appeared as Musetta and sang well if with no great power, and acted even better, Miss Rosina Galli gave a short exposition of her talents as dancer. Miss Galli, whose primary purpose in coming here is to dance in the forthcoming production of "The Jewels of the Madonna," is well graced alike as woman and as dancer. Her technique seems quite modern, her skill is undeniable, and her success was considerable. In a valse by Fumagalli, the dainty Pizzicato from Delibes's "Sylvia," the Tambourin from "L'Arlésienne," and in another dance from "La Jolie Fille de Perth," Miss Galli was seen with manifest pleasure by the audience, most of whom remained to witness her performance. Mr. Percy Pitt conducted the dances, Mr. Campanini the opera.

In Friday's performance of "Aida" a new—or, to speak more accurately, a comparatively new—Amneris appeared in the person of Miss Jane Bourgeois, a singer who was with us last season. Her Amneris was then seen at Covent Garden, and not found wanting. Miss Bourgeois's conception of the part is more sympathetic than that of some artists. That is to say, she is inclined to emphasise the Princess's infatuation for Radames rather than the fury of a jealous woman whose affections are spurned. By laying stress on this side of the character Miss Bourgeois was able to strike a pathetic note in the final appeal to Aida's lover, and nothing that she sang was more effective than Amneris's song of despair, "Chimè! morir sento." Her voice derives its chief strength from the upper register, her low notes being somewhat deficient in power. The remainder of the cast was as before, and once again Miss Destinn, Mr. Martinelli, and, one must add, Mr. Gilly, by the beauty and fervour of their singing in parts that suit them admirably, held a large audience in supreme content. Mr. Panizza conducted.

COVENT GARDEN.

May 27 1912

On Saturday night *La Bohême* was given, with Mlle. Lydia Lipkowska as Mimi, Mr. John McCormack as Rodolfo, and Signor Sammarco as Marcello. After the opera Mlle. Rosina Galli, a *première danseuse* of the Milanese school, who has already won a great reputation at La Scala, made her first appearance in a series of three dances, arranged for her and the Covent Garden *corps de ballet* by M. Ambrosiny. This *divertissement* (in which, as it was, the dances on the programme were reduced from four to three) was so brief that it was hardly possible to get a comprehensive view of the new dancer's abilities, and it seemed a pity that the entertainment was so rigorously curtailed, for it was by no means a late hour when the curtain fell, and the audience for their part were plainly ready to welcome a continuation. Enough was seen, however, to make it clear that in Mlle. Galli we have a *ballerina* whose work is based on the solid and powerful technique we have learned to expect from the Italian school, her *pointes*, when at their best, as they were, for instance, in her opening Valse by Fumagalli, attaining a high degree of perfection. It was, however, in her last two dances, the Pizzicato from Delibes's *Sylvia* (in which Mlle. Kyasht was seen last year in London) and a Tambourin by Bizet, that she revealed her true supremacy, which lies in the *pirouette*, a *pas* she executes with the greatest distinction. One can hardly recall having yet seen in London a combination of such fiery energy, both in the simple and grand *pirouette*, with so even and accurate a retention of the proper bodily pose. The assistance rendered by the *corps de ballet* was satisfactory throughout, and their introduction to the Tambourin was a pretty piece of choregraphy. Mlle. Galli will appear again on Thursday as Grazia in *I Giojelli della Madonna*, a *rôle* she created in America.

FUTURE OF LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

May 28 1912

Has Mr. Hammerstein's Experiment Failed?

"The whole thing is that I have experimented, with no precedent to guide me. I had no experience to go on, but I have bought it, and I have come to the conclusion that this house can only succeed if prices are sufficiently moderate to attract the great middle class."

In these terms Mr. Hammerstein expressed his views on grand opera, and his own particular venture at the London Opera House to a representative of "The Daily Chronicle" last night.

They were provoked by a report that Mr. Hammerstein was to produce "The Ring" in English during the autumn season at the London Opera House. But there may not be an autumn season. It is quite on the cards that the stage of the London Opera House will never see grand opera after the present season comes to an end, except perhaps as a "turn" in a variety programme. As to that, Mr. Hammerstein would only say that his plans were "quite unsettled," and the future "problematical."

"It is a question whether I should stay here and prosecute this great national institution for the honour of it, or go back to New York and prosecute it for the profit of it."

Should he decide to shake the dust of London from his feet and let the handsome house in Kingsway there will be no difficulty in finding a tenant. The difficulty rather will be to choose one from the number of offers which have been made. Spectacle, variety performances, concerts are some of the uses which have been suggested to which the house should be put.

Mr. Hammerstein is still convinced that grand opera can be done in London, given adequate support. "England is ripe for grand opera," is his summing up of the situation, and he mentions how on the last night of the season at cheap prices the takings amounted to £1,000.

It will be a regret to him to disband his chorus and his orchestra—should it come to that. "I have never had a finer chorus than my 'All British chorus' at the Opera House," he remarks. "English material is excellent, and only wants training."

ENGLISH OPERA A GAMBLE.

May 28 1912

MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S DOUBTS OF ANOTHER SEASON.

"If I am here another season, and that is still very doubtful, I will do all that is possible to produce grand opera in English."

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein accepted Mr. Josef Holbrooke's statement in the interview in yesterday's *Daily Mail*, adding: "I believe that the future of grand opera in London is with opera at theatre prices and opera in English.

"But who is to give them? The difficulties are tremendous. You must first find the English opera singers. Though English is a most beautiful language to sing, many of your finest singers have been ruined for grand opera by the concert-platform.

"Again, the production of a new English opera would cost between £5,000 and £10,000. I cannot gamble such an enormous amount on the opinion of the critics. If they are divided, or pronounce the new opera a failure, my investment has gone. If they are unanimous in its praise you can give a work of that kind only six times in the course of a season, because you have not a sufficiently large number of opera-goers to 'patronise' grand opera. Even the forthcoming production of Mr. Holbrooke's 'The Children of Don' would have been impossible had it not been that the librettist (Lord Howard de Walden) was in a position to give me very material assistance in presenting it to the public.

"DONATING" GRAND OPERA.

"As to the next season, I cannot tell what I shall do. I am very doubtful if I shall continue at the London Opera House, though I have sunk £200,000 in it. Only last week an American syndicate told me that £200,000 was waiting for me in New York, where I still own the Manhattan

Opera House. And here in London I am 'donating' grand opera. Still, it is true that nobody asked me to come here.

"I venture to make a suggestion for those who wish for the establishment of a national British opera, though I may be called a 'butter-in.' Let the wealthy music-lovers form themselves into a committee to receive and judge the works of English composers and librettists. Then let them come to me, or any other director of grand opera, and say, 'Here is a work of genius. We will back our opinions by guaranteeing £1,000 or £2,000 towards the cost of its production.' But do not ask me to play what is practically a game of faro with enormous stakes, unsupported by the Government or the wealthy music-lover."

ROYAL OPERA.

1912 May 28

"RIGOLETTO."

Music by G. VERDI.

Gilda	Mlle. LYDIA LIPKOWSKA
Maddalena	Mlle. ELVIRA LEVERONI
Il Duca	Mr. JOHN MCCORMACK
Sparafucile	Signor VANNI MARCOUX
Rigoletto	M. DINH GILLY

Conductor—Signor ETTORE PANIZZA.

Probably there is no opera which is such an extraordinary blend of vulgarity and genius as *Rigoletto*. Contrast the blatant commonplace of the first scene with the buffoon's declamation in the second and the touching duet which follows it; consider the barrel-organ nonsense sung by the male chorus at the beginning of the second act, which is immediately succeeded by the splendid scene between Rigoletto and the courtiers. In the last act again, amidst so much that is ordinary, we come across the quartet, which for beauty and dramatic characterization alike surpasses almost all existing specimens of operatic concerted music. It seems to have been the character of Rigoletto which inspired the composer to an effort far in advance of the stage of musical development at which he then stood. Whenever he leaves the stage the music lapses at once and never recovers till he comes back. It is a pity that Covent Garden does not let us hear the whole of his music by restoring his beautiful duet with Gilda at the end of the opera. This would have the additional advantage of doing away with the print cushion which serves to represent Gilda's corpse, and the sack containing it. Miss Lyne might succeed in curling herself up inside it, but it is quite inadequate to the more substantial ladies who die at Covent Garden. The duet apparently has been removed by the same distorted idea of dramatic propriety as removes the *finale* of *Don Giovanni*. It is forgotten that, by a universal convention, heroes and heroines, even when they have been suffocated, always have enough breath left to say good-bye to their relatives. M. Gilly took the part of the buffoon last night for the first time this season. Since Maurel was at his best we have probably seen no more satisfactory representative of the character in London. He was unfortunately suffering from a cold, which was particularly perceptible in "Veglia, o donna," but in the more declamatory portions he was splendid. Mlle. Lipkowska and Mr. McCormack do not make us forget some of their predecessors. The former is a charmingly girlish Gilda and sings attractively, though there was some uncertainty in "Caro nome." The latter is not a particularly dashing Duke, and does not throw off his two impudent songs as a Southern-horn singer does, but he, too, has the advantage of youth. M. Marcoux's Sparafucile is much more genuinely villainous than his Scarpia, and Mlle. Leveroni's Maddalena satisfactorily completed the quintet.

"JEWELS OF THE MADONNA."

Only a few days ago it was stated that the Royal Opera Syndicate, Covent Garden, like many humbler citizens, were not allowed to go free from the effects of the strike. In the matter of the wardrobe, for example, much of it that was in the making for the production of "The Jewels of the Madonna," had to be completed in Paris, owing to the strike of the tailors over here. But matters went farther when, at the dress-rehearsal of the same opera in Covent Garden yesterday, the splendid procession of the Madonna in the opening act was comparatively ruined by—the strike!

In other words, there is, or should be, a very large crowd upon the stage. This crowd includes, normally, a collection of soldiers from metropolitan garrisons, who act as "supers." Now, owing to the strike, all these super-soldiers, to a number between 100 and 200, were yesterday confined to barracks. It is a curious and interesting state of affairs, and, no doubt, will be "all right" on Thursday. For the first performance of Wolf Ferrari's opera almost every reserved seat in the Opera House is sold.

THE JEWELS.

A RAMBLE.

By ROBIN H. LEGGE.

Covent Garden is looming rather large in the public eye to-day, and not only because of the strike. As a matter of fact, one effect of the conditions of voluntary idleness outside was to emphasise the energetic action of others in a very exotic quarter of Covent Garden. I need hardly point out, I think, that in this reference is made to the Royal Opera. Round three of its sides yesterday afternoon there reigned comparative quiet. Inside all was bustle, with no confusion, when I entered to take a first glance at the preparations that are being made for the production, on Thursday next, of Wolf-Ferrari's much-talked of opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna." A complete account of the "plot" of this very interesting opera was given in *The Daily Telegraph* several weeks ago, and it is none of my purpose to offer another detailed description. I turned in to Covent Garden for the express purpose of seeing for myself as much as I could see that was not visible in the pianoforte score, or in the libretto, which, by the bye, has been admirably and lucidly translated by Mr. Claude Aveling for the benefit of those who cannot understand the Italian version of Messrs. Zangarini and Golisciani. And, incidentally, I saw a good deal.

First, Mr. Harry Brooke, the so-called "scene-painter," who is much more, in that he is a true artist, showed me his sketches for the scenes of the three acts. The first depicts an open square by the sea—corner of the Bay of Naples. The boats, too, I saw, which bring cheery, happy passengers to the celebration of the festival in honour of the Madonna. This, if I am not in error, is believed to be the biggest "set" ever made at Covent Garden, even odd inches that are often despised and disregarded being called into requisition. And on the mast was fixed the statue of the Madonna, so familiar to those who have ever witnessed one of the festivals. An effect that is almost bewildering is that of the houses at all angles, and the streets at more, so to speak. But, nevertheless, and in spite of the skill and charm of the stage picture of the second act, I give my vote for Act 3. Mind you, I saw only the sketch, drawn to scale, of course, and set out in form precisely as it will be seen on Thursday. This is not only a distinguished drawing, it is also a superb piece of composition, with its winding street coming from the town to the secret meeting-place of the Camorra. It should appear beautiful as the early morning sun breaks through the gloom of night, and sheds its radiance on the underground hiding-place of the Camorristi.

TOKENS OF FESTIVAL.

But in addition to all this, these sketches, drawings, frescoes of the Madonna—under one of which Gennaro, the heart-broken lover, does himself to death—in addition I saw baskets of fruit that might have come from a greater "market" than Naples—from Covent Garden Market itself! I refrain from attempting to give names to the piles of fruit in the wonderful baskets, nor must I be asked to define the nature of the liquids contained in hundreds of wonderful glass bottles that are apparently inseparable from any public festival. A two-year-old child would have loved various "woolly lambs" that I suppose squeaked if compressed—I dared not try the experiment, there were too many stage managers about. And there were bambinos galore, and toy balloons, such as one may see any day not nearer Naples than the Albert Gate, where for years an ancient vendor has stood during the summer months. Further, there were the most fearful and wonderful instruments—whether of torture or of music Mr. Comelli did not tell me. He did say they were known as Cacavelle. They looked like toy drums with a bamboo stick thrust through them, which, when worked in a particular manner, drew from the drum—here not an instrument of percussion—a weird and wonderful note. I have heard something like it done with a billiard cue drawn through a couple of fingers, but the drum-like concern was superior in vibratory tone.

On the stage are to be heard—perhaps also seen, I do not know—instruments bearing such wondrous titles as Zerre-Zerre, Scietta-vajasse and Putipu, and "Thunder" and "Wind." In the orchestra a Glockenspiel, a Celesta, and a Xylophone are to be heard with a full collection of instruments known as the modern orchestra.

TOY TRUMPETS AND CIGARETTES.

Far be it from me to attempt to explain some of the mysteries of other "properties." What, for example, is a "comb to comb"? The more swagger Camorristi are to be provided with six walking-sticks, three mandolines, one Italian concertina, and two guitars; the children of the ballet have toy trumpets, rattles, and—happy boys!—cigarettes! There are huge wax candles for the members of various confraternities; tumblers are ordered to be "very common" in the Inn; an umbrella on a chair is (apparently) an integral part of the scene in the Square, with a pouncer-box (what is that?), four little lambs (I think these are what are referred to above), a green umbrella for a monk, a flute for a blind man, and—most wonderful of all—"one bottle of wine ordered from Naples" (local colour, with a vengeance!). The mechanical piano is now promoted to grand opera standard, for I see one among the properties.

But seriously—if one may be serious at holiday-time—it really seems that Mr. Fernand Almanz has made every effort to surpass himself in his mastery of the mise-en-scène. Whether or not he witnessed the production of "The Jewels of the Madonna" in Berlin last December I know not. But his success is said to have been emphatic with the opera in Chicago and New York, and I was told surreptitiously by one who had witnessed the production in the U.S.A. that Covent Garden's stagery is greatly superior.

By the bye, I spoke of strikes at the beginning of this ramble. Covent Garden have not gone unscathed from the tailors' strike, for many of the garments, designed in London, had to be "completed" in Paris, in order that the opera might be brought forward as promised.

A word about the cast. Mr. Sammarco and Madame Bérat, as Rafaele and Carmela, are to play rôles already played by them in America; but Madame Edvina as Maliella, the heroine, as it were, and Mr. Martinelli, as the unhappy Gennaro, are new. The dances in the last act will be danced by Miss Rosina Galli, a Milanese of good repute for her skill in the art, and Mr. Campanini will conduct, as in America.

NEW OPERA TRIUMPH.

1912 May 31.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS AND DANCING REVELS.

"JEWELS OF THE MADONNA."

M. WOLF-FERRARI LEAPS INTO FAME.

Such a brilliant opera as "The Jewels of the Madonna," which was produced at Covent Garden last night, wins its composer, Ermano Wolf-Ferrari, a place in the very small company of successful operatic composers of to-day.

The best operatic writer is not always the greatest composer (in a purely musical sense), and, without saying that Signor Wolf-Ferrari is a great musical genius, one recognises that he has the real gifts for writing operatic music, the power to paint scenes and characters in tones, which is even more important—speaking operatically—than actual originality of musical idiom.

It is in no sense a disparagement of the many beautiful and original things in the opera to say that the charm and success of "The Jewels of the Madonna" are largely due to the composer's genius for effect. His music is always essentially dramatic, and it has characterisation and "atmosphere." From beginning to end one is captivated by its vivid and brilliant colouring, its clever contrasts, and the vitality of it all.

"The Jewels of the Madonna" is an essentially Southern opera, full of warmth and sunshine, and clever local colour. But it is never crude, like so much of the modern Italian opera, and there are often to be noticed more subtle methods which are characteristic of Teutonic composers.

Like Puccini, Charpentier, and other moderns, Wolf-Ferrari works with a crowded canvas. The elements of the story are simple enough, but there is a wealth of picturesque incident as a frame to the tragic picture of the rivalry of Gennaro, the homely blacksmith, and Rafaele, the swaggering Camorrist, for Maliela, the fickle, passionate, Carmen-like heroine. Of course, she prefers Rafaele, and taunts Gennaro by repeating to him an idle boast of Rafaele, who had declared that he would steal the very jewels of the Madonna for her.

Gennaro, in his anguish, steals the jewels, and gives them to Maliela, who, fascinated, yields to him. Presently, she goes, still wearing the jewels, horrified, to the Camorrist den, to tell Rafaele. The latter and his companions, aghast at the sacrilege, cast Maliela out (she drowns herself), and drag in Gennaro to their cellar. They leave him there, and with a last prayer to the Virgin for forgiveness, he stabs himself.

THE HEROINE APPEARS.

This, then, is the story, in a setting of street scenes, religious processions, serenades and dancing revels. How cleverly the composer has worked it all out in his music, one does not perhaps realise at first, so skilfully is everything done.

Act 1. opens with the busy holiday scenes in the square by the sea, in Naples, where the festal procession of the Virgin is about to pass. The music begins at once with brilliant effects, chorus work of polyphonic design, with dialogue from all the characters cleverly worked in. This is soon contrasted with the religious processional music.

The second act contains some of the finest music of the opera. It takes place in Gennaro's garden for Maliela is living under the protection of his mother. In phrases of great eloquence and beauty, Gennaro pleads his cause, and Maliela joins in, with words of rejection, the duet being a fine dramatic piece of writing. Gennaro hears of Rafaele's boast about the jewels, and there is a wonderful little orchestral interlude, expressing his mental conflict, as he decides to steal them.

In sharp contrast to this emotional scene comes the boisterous music with which Rafaele and his followers serenade Maliela.

The latter comes to the gate to meet Rafaele, who makes love in phrases which skilfully contrast with those uttered previously by Gennaro. After a fine duet, Rafaele departs and Gennaro returns with the jewels, which Maliela, dazed, accepts.

Musically, one feels the end of this act to be a little weak, for Maliela sings some ecstatic phrases of a semi-religious nature (and not very interesting at that), as she yields to Gennaro.

CAMORRIST REVELS.

Act 3 opens with a scene of the greatest brilliance, the dancing revels in the Camorrists' haunt. The music is irresistible in its gaiety and rhythmic swing, and the climax is reached with a Neapolitan tarantella, begun by a solo dancer, all eventually joining in.

The tragedy reappears with the entrance of the dishevelled Maliela, who tells the crowd the story of Gennaro's stealing of the jewels and his betrayal of her.

Gennaro is found and dragged in, but the Camorrists, awed by the sacrilege, are even afraid to kill him. Left to himself, he kneels to a picture of the Virgin, and sings a prayer for forgiveness, which is a masterpiece, of pathetic, poignant feeling. It is based upon a haunting little theme of four notes. With this last solo of Gennaro a wonderfully effective close to the opera is made.

It is not easy to sum up the exact value of Wolf-Ferrari's music: while one feels that his musical idiom is not always his own, yet there is always personality in it, the method being quite individual. Occasionally a few influences of other composers—Wagner, Strauss, and Puccini—may be detected; but, on the other hand, there are many new harmonic and melodic ideas in the music.

The most remarkable feature is the sureness and certainty of effect, which one can hardly find in most operas written by composers at the same age—for Signor Wolf-Ferrari is still a young man in the "early thirties."

The orchestration, too, is very clever, the various "extra" instruments, on the stage and in the orchestra, being handled with great skill. The use of the mandolins and guitars is especially effective in giving local colour.

CONDUCTOR'S SUCCESS.

The production and performance of the opera last night reflect the greatest credit on the Covent Garden management. Scenery, costumes, and properties had been prepared with a lavish hand, and the stage pictures were always striking and brilliant, while the difficult ensembles were admirably handled. The crowds were wonderful.

To Signor Campanini, too, belongs a large share of the praise, for his task in conducting was no light one, with stage instruments, difficult choruses, and other complications in the music. Everything went admirably, however, the orchestra playing excellently, and the chorus singing brightly and acting vivaciously.

As the heroine Maliela, Mme. Edvina gave a clever performance, singing and acting in finished style. One felt, however, that the rôle required more temperament than she was able to give it for its due expression.

Signor Martinelli, as Gennaro, sang very finely, especially in his scene with Maliela in the second act; and his prayer to the Virgin (at the end) was a most exquisite and pathetic piece of work. Signor Sammarco—whose "make-up" was delightful—gave an exceedingly clever character study of Rafaele, admirable alike in its clever touches in acting, and fine virile style of singing.

Mme. Bérat, as Gennaro's mother, Carmela, also gave a clever performance, the very numerous small rôles also being excellently filled, Mlle. Galli dancing charmingly in the last act. H. C.

ROYAL OPERA.

THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA.

SUPERB PRODUCTION.

It is many a long day since the Royal Opera Syndicate have shown their patrons an opera to such advantage as they showed Wolf-Ferrari's much-talked-of Neapolitan work, "The Jewels of the Madonna" (otherwise "I Gioielli della Madonna") at Covent Garden last night. But this does not mean that the Syndicate is to blame. The fact is that few modern operas of the moment lend themselves so well as this to a great scenic display. No doubt whatever this composer, so little known here, has made a home in London for his work, for whatever may be the differences of opinion as to the music there are none in the matter of the stagery. Moreover, Wolf-Ferrari has a happy knack of obtaining interesting subjects for his operas, and these he lays out himself to great advantage. If one adds that "The Jewels" was very cleverly cast, it is not surprising that on its production last night it gave every indication of having come to stay. The house was sold out to its last seat, and only those have seen a similar success who were present at the production here of "Madama Butterfly" or "La Bohème," or perhaps "La Tosca" when Ternina played the title-rôle. In the numerous audience were Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and suite.

Some time ago, in dealing with the story upon which Wolf-Ferrari has based his libretto, it was pointed out in *The Daily Telegraph* that, though the so-called legend is said to be of Spanish origin, it exists in Mexico and in California. But it is not necessarily a legend at all, but a piece of real history. Only a week or two ago we gave an account of a tragedy in real life, the tragedy of a monk who had fallen from grace, and had purloined the jewels of the Madonna in his confraternity's chapel all for the love of a lady, and of his end. In essentials this is the story of the new opera. The main difference is that here Gennaro and Rafaele, the one a superior kind of blacksmith, the other the chief of the Camorra, are captivated by the same girl, Maliella by name, a foundling. The Camorrist protests that his love is so great that he would even steal the jewels of the Madonna for her sake. The blacksmith actually does steal them. Thereupon Fate pursues him to the death. He, overcome by remorse, stabs himself at the foot of a fresco of the Madonna. She, likewise distraught, rushes to end her life in the sea, Rafaele's love for her having turned to loathing when he hears that she has actually worn the jewels.

In the first act all is splendid bustle in the little square by the sea because of the Festival of the Madonna. Here we are introduced to practically all of the dramatis personæ. To Maliella, the innocent young girl, who, like Louise, is thirsting for the wider life than she can find in her adoptive mother's somewhat glum surroundings; to Gennaro, a somewhat gloomy and very "good" young man who adores her, and is for ever warning her against the evils of the outer world; to Rafaele, the picturesque, swaggering Camorrist; to Carmela, Gennaro's mother; to Biaso, a fussy scribe; and to all the rest of them, save the charming little dancer who puts in an appearance first only in the last act.

A MAGNIFICENT SCENE.

The garden of Carmela's house is the scene of the second act, and a very pretty scene it is. Here the real tragedy begins, for it is here that Gennaro, after a stormy interview with Maliella, goes off to steal the jewels, and it is here that he brings them to her, to her undoing. The third and last act takes place in the haunts of the Camorra—a scene which for beauty of design and power of execution has not been surpassed, and rarely equalled in opera in London in recent years. Mr. Harry Brook is moving with the times, has quite surpassed himself. This last scene, with its bustling Camorrists in costumes of every variety of colour, its giddy dance (so cleverly "led" by Miss Rosina Galli, of whom we spoke in terms of praise a few days ago), its hideous tragedy of passion and remorse, and its final peace—at what a price!—is a thing of surprising beauty and of unforgettable brilliance of effect. The climax on the stage, as in the orchestra, is superb.

Strictly, probably, "The Jewels" is to be regarded as music drama rather than as opera pure and simple. But the matter is a small one. It is more interesting to note how this composer, so little known here, has treated a subject so entirely different from that of his earlier opera, "The Secret of Suzanne," which was successful last year. As in his earlier work so here Wolf-Ferrari shows that he knows the operatic literature from Strauss upwards or downwards, according to taste. He is at his best, and that is very good, indeed, in the great ensembles, as of the procession in the first act, and in the Camorra scene in the last act. There may be no note of striking originality in the score, but we take leave to doubt if the majority of his hearers would not infinitely prefer the fascinating charm and grace of the Intermezzo which precedes the last act—another example of the eternal valse!—to all or most of the so-called originality of the composers who seek for originality without finding it. Wolf-Ferrari has, in point of fact, assimilated that which his predecessors have accomplished (as did most of his illustrious predecessors themselves) and what he has evolved from this is well worth the hearing for its perpetual tunefulness, the composer's command of great forces, as in the ensembles mentioned, and for the inestimable fact that nowhere throughout the entire opera does one single point fail of effect. In a word, "The Jewels of the Madonna" is an extremely well-fashioned opera. That it will hold its place in the repertory for many a long day we have no doubt whatever. It appeals by its comparative simplicity, its humaneness, and by its directness, and though it makes considerable demands on those who take part in its performance yet there has never been a time when there was less of a dearth of competent artists.

No good purpose would be served by picking out the plums from a score so rich in them. That the Intermezzo referred to and that between Acts 1 and 2 will be added at once to the "popular" repertory of the concert-room there is no room for doubt. The Prayer of Gennaro, the scena "Non si Vuole," Maliella's song "Endringhete," Rafaele's love-song about cold steel for kisses, and the Serenade, to mention one or two of the best things, are all attractive in no ordinary degree. More it is unnecessary to say now.

MEMORABLE PERFORMANCE.

As to the opening performance, there is nothing but praise to be sung of it. Rarely have we seen its equal. Madame Edvina, upon whom it fell to create here the rôle of Maliella, showed an advance even greater than that we mentioned a week or two ago when she played Tosca for the first time. True Madame Edvina, quite distinguished in the rôle, errs a little on the side of the angels, perhaps, in presenting the character in attire too neat and dainty, but there is no questioning her vivaciousness of demeanour once she has realised that the world is not confined within the walls of Carmela's garden or the growth of her dramatic power as the story unfolds itself. Moreover, the singing was always good, and often beautiful, in the lyric phrases especially. Madame Bérat as Carmela and Mr. Sammarco as Rafaele, in a marvellous costume of white flannel striped with pale blue, and wearing a straw hat with a ribbon of fearsome-patterned green, repeated representations that they have already given famously in America. Both were quite admirable in their widely differing ways.

Mr. Martinelli had studied the part of Gennaro expressly for this production. And a very difficult and dramatically not very grateful part it is. It is not often that the operatic tenor is not the hero. Here he plays a rôle on which all turns, but it is not heroic. Mr. Martinelli, however, was appropriately sad; he showed considerably more dramatic power than hitherto in the ghastly scene of his death—the wonderful climax to the opera, where he is alone in the Camorrists' den, and dies, while a tinkling of mandolines sounds from the orchestra. Mr. Zucchi, as the Scribe, and a great many others, including the unusually vivacious chorus, deserve great praise, as do the dancers, Miss Galli and Mr. Ambrosiny, who are quite delightful in the third act, where the dance is an integral part of the opera, and not a mere empty ballet dragged in à propos de bottes.

Mr. Campanini conducted, and fully shared in the tremendous enthusiasm of a huge and thoroughly appreciative house. All concerned were called and recalled numberless times at the fall of each curtain. It really was a memorable night in the history of the syndicate, so much so that one can but hope that attention will now be turned to other operas from the same pen that have been much given in other countries. Wolf-Ferrari is surely a composer to-day who counts, for his muse is essentially operatic.

"THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA."

FIRST PERFORMANCE AT COVENT GARDEN.

(In Italian.)

By E. Wolf-Ferrari.

Maliella	Mme. Edvina
Carmela	Mme. Bérat
Gennaro	Signor Martinelli
Rafaele	Signor Sammarco
Biaso	Signor Zucchi
Cicillo	Mr. Maurice D'Oisly
Stella	Miss Amy Evans
Serena	Mlle. Jane Bourgeois
Concetta	Miss Betty Booker
Grazia	Mlle. Rosina Galli
Totonno	M. André Gilly
Nurse	Mlle. Elvira Leveroni

Conductor.—Signor Campanini.

The propensity of the Latin races for viewing life as they find it rather than as they wish it to be is often labelled as pessimism by Teutons who wish to mould their view of life expressed in their art according to an ideal scheme. Ever since Wagner created a new standard for opera, the standard which has made it only tolerable as a view of life in one or more aspects, the Latin races have been occupied in adapting his musical methods, devised for an idealistic view, to suit their several realistic ones. In doing so the Italians have been faced with a complication arising out of their older tradition which regarded opera primarily as a pleasure-giving entertainment, and in the younger school of their operatic composers, in Puccini, Leoncavallo, and Mascagni, one often finds the style oscillating between the two purposes—that of giving pleasure by means of melodic beauty and that of representing as vividly as possible the sequence of events and the feelings which belong to them. For the two are antagonistic. The more the latter is insisted upon the more do the moments of conspicuous beauty become chance occurrences, episodes which are there not for their own sakes, but as reflections upon the logic of facts. In Puccini's latest opera they have disappeared almost entirely; in his earlier ones, as in Mascagni, their presence is sometimes felt to be a contradiction of fact.

Wolf-Ferrari's latest opera, *The Jewels of the Madonna* (*I Giojelli della Madonna*), given at Covent Garden for the first time last night, aroused peculiar expectation, not only as the first important work by him to be given in this country, but as the work of a man who, standing, as it were, between the Teutonic and the Latin races, has an opportunity of deciding his own attitude and of solving the problem in his own way. The little one-act comedy *Il Segreto di Susanna*, which we saw last year, was originally written to a German libretto, and its musical workmanship, especially shown in its contrapuntal treatment of melodies, is far more German than Italian. But both it and the earlier comedy *Le Donne Curiose* are too deliciously irresponsible to give clear evidence on the point at issue. In *The Jewels of the Madonna* the composer has thrown himself frankly into what Purcell called "the Italian vaine." He has made his own plot; the violent story of a girl who rejects her lover, Gennaro, for the fascinations of a young Camorrist, Rafaele, who has vowed that he would steal the jewels of the Madonna for her sake. Gennaro is spurred on to dare what

Rafaele had only boasted that he would do, and actually brings the jewels to Maliella. She hurries in terror with the jewels to Rafaele in the meeting-place of the Camorrists, is disowned by him, and in despair rushes to drown herself in the sea. Gennaro, denounced by Maliella as the thief, stabs himself in remorse before a painting of the Madonna.

That is the crude outline and it is not softened by anything in the treatment of the detail. It has no touch of the idealism which relieves D'Albert's *Tiefland*, for example, in the last scene. It stakes everything on the capacity to make it all seem true, from the festival antics of the Neapolitan crowd to the contrasted characters of the chief personages. So during large parts of the first act music is literally crowded out in order to make real the shouts of the people, the whistles and drums and bands playing in different keys. The last, indeed, are skilfully managed, especially where the tune of a stage band playing in E flat major is punctuated by chords on the orchestra in E (natural) minor. When at last we do get to the music which belongs to the essentials of the drama and not to its trimmings it is disappointing. Of the three characters only one, that of Rafaele the Camorrist, is drawn with any sharpness of outline, and his was comparatively easy to picture. In the first act where he makes bold love to Maliella, and she stabs him in the hand, he sings a swinging careless melody, and his serenade below her window in the second act has admirable point. We get nearer to the characters in this last-named scene than anywhere else, and perhaps with a singer who gave one more of the hot-blooded untamed creature than Mme. Edvina does the lilt of Maliella's "Canzone di Cannetella" which introduces her would be more stirring. Gennaro, however, remains always in the shadow. The duet with his mother, beautifully sung though it was both by Signor Martinelli and Mme. Bérat, his prayers to the Virgin, his appeals to Maliella, are alike rather poor and obvious melody. One finds a curious mixture of boldness in the plan of the opera and timidity in its execution. The idea of the second act, Maliella receiving the jewels and singing of the lover who did not bring them, while the one who has risked his soul for her is waiting for reward, gives a situation as far removed from the conventional love scene between soprano and tenor as any searcher after reality in the action could wish. Yet the music constantly drops, when it is not ostensibly realistic, into the commonplaces of Italian melody written for entertainment. The emotional climaxes with the violins playing in octaves, the cloying tunes of the intermezzi between the acts, contradict the intensity of the situation and by laying the opera under suspicion of unreality rob it of the chief virtue which the modern Italian school has achieved.

The performance last night was a brilliantly prepared one, and in the ensembles of the first and third acts, the festival of the Virgin and the revel in the Camorrist's den no pains had been spared to get each detail in place and to respond to the skill with which these things have been contrived by the composer. Indeed, the first act presented quite the best crowd which has been seen at Covent Garden for a long time. It was full of vivacity, colour, and variety, and all the small parts were excellently touched in. It has been suggested that Mme. Edvina was not very well suited in the principal part; her acting was too conscientious rather than spontaneous, the effort to keep the necessary energy in her voice too often resulted in a forced tone which spoilt its quality. Signor Sammarco, too, is not the ideal Rafaele either in appearance or in voice, for he made comparatively little of the song in the first act. But his great experience and dramatic power always stand him in good stead, and in the second act his singing was as good as was his acting in the violent scene of the third act. Signor Martinelli was extraordinarily well suited to the part of Gennaro; his voice was peculiarly telling at all times, and the quietness of his movements was just what was wanted. On the whole it was an admirable production, and it was well cheered by the large audience.

Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of

"THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA."

BRILLIANT PRODUCTION AT COVENT GARDEN.

May 31 1912

Wolf-Ferrari's new opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," was successfully produced at Covent Garden last night. The general impression was rather curious; there was certainly some disappointment about the music, while as to the book, this, too, did not quite convey what one had been led to expect by reading it beforehand. But over and above this there is the question of newness, of individuality, of something really fresh. Without seeking for influences, every one must surely see the indebtedness of the authors to "Carmen" for their heroine, to "La Bohème" and "Louise" for the effect of their street crowds, to "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" for the illuminated figure of the Virgin; while the composer, if he has, at any rate, avoided imitating Puccini, has not displayed any marked originality.

Still, these things are not such as can interfere with popular success, and it is quite likely that this work will easily achieve that, especially as it has been produced in a brilliantly lavish style. Those who find it difficult to take interest in characters who are actuated only by their immediate passions will doubtless feel that the situation has not been saved for them by the strength and force of the treatment. It would, indeed, take a more masterly hand than that of Wolf-Ferrari (in the present stage of his development, that is, for he seems to be at bottom a really gifted composer) to make the action of this play acceptable as a serious contribution to operatic art.

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Briefly, what happens is this. Maliella has been brought up by Carmela, the mother of the young blacksmith, Gennaro. She is a wild, untamed creature, who resents the way she is looked after, and longs for liberty. In such a mood she easily falls under the sway of the bold Rafaele, the leader of the Camorrists, and to Gennaro's declaration of his love for her she intimates that the man for her is such a one as who would dare to rob the figure of the Virgin of its jewels for her sake. Rafaele had, of course, previously said he loved her to that extent. It is so contrived that, after a meeting beween Maliella and Rafaele, the former is so worked upon by her awakened feelings of passion that when Gennaro returns, having duly stolen the jewels and laid them at her feet, she submits to his embraces, but with her mind fixed upon the man she really loves. This is the edifying close to the second act. In the finale she hastens to Rafaele, confessing what has happened, and is immediately spurned. She goes off to drown herself. Gennaro commits suicide in front of an image of the Madonna (the scene is the meeting-place of the Camorrists), which is lit up by the sun as dawn breaks. This, apparently, is meant to suggest to him forgiveness for his sacrilege.

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It is a story of cleverly contrived situation and incident rather than one of important character development, but with the serious drawback that the critical event of the whole thing, the robbery of the jewels, is not seen. There is great difficulty in taking Gennaro's action seriously in consequence, and it is, moreover, practically impossible to make Maliella's submission at the end of the second act convincing. In a book to be read, yes, but not on the stage, where the action can only suggest that she acts as she does, changes her mind, in fact, because Gennaro has dared to do what Rafaele only talked about. But, in any case, the characters are very tiresome and uninteresting people, and the sordid realism is so unrelieved by romance that, that the divine art of music should have been called in to take part in their misdoings becomes as regrettable as it seems to be unnecessary.

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Wolf-Ferrari's musical ability is not to be dismissed lightly, all the same. He is at his best in the ensembles, which are handled in the liveliest and most effective style. It is said that the score contains Neapolitan folk-tunes, which seems extremely likely from the character and turn of many of the melodies. Maliella's "Canzone di Cannetella" in Act I. or her rhythmical air in Act II. are instances, besides the foundation of some of the concerted numbers and, perhaps, Rafaele's serenade, also in the second act. Otherwise, there is a good deal of suave and quite pleasing melody and harmony, which, for the most part, moves into the expected places, and so might to be enjoyed by reason of the greater ease with which it can be heard and taken in. There is an undoubted sense for theatrical effect, but, dramatically, the music occasionally suffers from its lack of warm feeling: it is too much on the surface, too mild and polished for the expression of the passions of these primitive characters. On the other hand, the clarity of the writing is refreshing, and so is the impression of its neatness and generally discriminating use of the noisily emphatic method rather in vogue to-day. One might, perhaps, say that Wolf-Ferrari improves on Mascagni, refines the melodic outline and general treatment, but misses that composer's force (vulgar, it may be) as shown in "Cavalleria Rusticana."

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The performance had some distinctly good features. Mme. Edvina as Maliella hardly conveyed enough of either the required commonness of manner or the passion of the impulses, but she made the part quite alive, and she sang the music very vividly and with not a little force. Signor Martinelli had an extremely difficult part to play in that of Gennaro, and he seemed to make as much of it as is possible. His acting in the second act was powerful, and if the death scene failed it was not his fault. The music is laid out for a big voice, and here he had a complete success. An exceedingly clever study of the Camorrist leader was given by Signor Sammarco—he hit off the rough direct sensuality exactly as required. The part is the most straightforward and convincing of the three. There are many smaller rôles which it is impossible to enumerate, but mention should be made of Mme. Berat's Carmela, Signor Zucchi's Biaso, and the clever dancing in the third act of Mlle. Rosina Galli and M. Ambrosiny.

The Neapolitan scenery is the handiwork of Mr. Harry Brooke, and save for one or two details, such as the absurd clothes-line in the second act and some misfitting in the first, could hardly be bettered. Under Signor Campanini's direction the whole performance went with a great swing, the singing of the chorus was admirable, while the stage-management of the crowds was remarkably good.

A very large audience received the work with many signs of approval; the entr'acte between Acts II. and III., an instrumental version of Rafaele's serenade, had to be repeated. It should be added that the excellent English translation of the libretto has been prepared by Mr. Claude Aveling.

N. C. G.

June 1 1912

THE ROYAL OPERA.

MLLE. DESTINN REAPPEARS IN "LA TOSCA."

It would greatly improve the force of the second act of "La Tosca" if the aria "Vissi d'arte" were sung immediately after Cavaradossi's exit; in its present place it grievously hinders the action: nothing could be weaker at so critical a moment for Scarpia to have to fill in time by drinking a cup of coffee. Tosca has surely gone through enough at the point indicated to make the introduction come in naturally; at any rate it is an experiment we should much like to see tried. Owing to the wonderful power of Signor Marcoux's impersonation of Scarpia, this defect seemed more in evidence than ever at Covent Garden last night, although it is only fair to say he retires temporarily from the action as unobtrusively as possible. A critique of the performance of the opera is needed on account of the reappearance in the title-part of Mlle. Destinn, but in any case the opportunity is welcome of referring again to Signor Marcoux. The second act with this artist in the cast becomes a terrible thing; hardened indeed must be the soul of the habitual opera-goer if he is not thrilled when Scarpia is stabbed. The feeling Signor Marcoux arouses is intense pity for his victim, a feeling only to be assuaged by what surely is the most justifiable act of homicide ever put on the stage. That the singing is scarcely equal to the acting may

be true, but somehow its strength overcomes occasional lapses in the colour—as a matter of fact, the vocalisation last night was quite in the singer's best vein. Mlle. Destinn's Tosca is vocally ideal, and she is singing superbly this season. She was only overweighted by Signor Marcoux because of a certain coldness in her acting, a want of spontaneity, and yet she probably submerges herself in this part to a greater extent than some of her other rôles. Signor Gaudenzi's Cavaradossi showed a gallant and praiseworthy attempt in such company. He has not the vocal resources, but within his own limitation did exceedingly well. This powerful second act was made, it will be seen, really impressive; the performance certainly strongly affected the large audience.

June 1 1912

ROYAL OPERA.

"LA TOSCA."

La Tosca was given again last night with, however the very material difference that the name part was taken by Mlle. Destinn, whose interpretation is so complete that it forms a standard by which all others may be measured. It is not only that her acting is as convincing as her singing is appealing, but that by some subtle art she preserves the relation between the music and the drama in such a way as to make the former the dominant factor. When she is on the stage *La Tosca* is an opera and not a melodrama with music, and even in the second act, where so often the music seems to retire into the background, she makes it keep its significance not only by the beauty of her singing but even by fitting her actions to the emotional suggestion of the orchestra.

M. Marcoux was again the Scarpia, and though there were places, for example, the soliloquy in the first act while the procession passes, where his voice sounded worn, the power of his whole conception of the part was beyond question. Signor Gaudenzi's singing as Cavaradossi was earnest and conscientious, and though his voice is not of very great power, he produced considerable effect. One of the most enjoyable pieces of music was the orchestral playing of the opening of the third act, under Signor Campanini.

Mr. Hammerstein spoke more in sorrow than in anger of the public's indifference towards some of his productions. "I owe London nothing," he said, "and London," he very modestly added, "owes me nothing." But he seemed a little surprised at the apathy shown by our opera-goers towards "Don Quichotte." "Ah! but that is because of your comparatively small experience of the London public," he was told by the representative of *The Daily Telegraph*. "They very rarely take any interest in new works." "Well, for that matter," retorted the manager, "they don't appear to have any interest in the old works either." The remark contained only a half-truth. In certain of the old operas the public clearly are not interested—as operas. Nor is there any reason why they should be. But they will—and do—pay their money to hear them as vehicles for display by "star" singers. And that, after all, is the only raison d'être of most of such works.

June 3 1912

ROYAL OPERA.

A particularly jovial performance of Rossini's evergreen opera, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," given at Covent Garden on Saturday evening, served well to introduce Madame Tetrazzini once more to a public that in the past has shown her much favour. Nor was there any marked difference between the welcome accorded her now and the welcomes of the years that are gone. This is well, if for no other reason than that to Madame Tetrazzini we are indebted for many a pleasant evening's enjoyment with her as the sprightly Rosina. At first the voice seemed a little tired, and for once the familiar song, "Una Voce poco fa," did not make all its possible effect; but we are not quite sure that this was not partly due to the fact that the conductor on the occasion was over zealous in drawing a maximum of tone out of the orchestra, where it was hardly required. However, the performance was as sprightly, as irresponsible, and as mirth-provoking as before, and it was no fault of Madame Tetrazzini that cause and effect became a trifle mixed up when the conventional "bang" announcing the proximity of her guardian drives her shrieking from the balcony!

In the lesson scene Madame Tetrazzini gave her hearers one more brilliant example of her skill in dealing with the musical trickeries and traceries of the Polacca from "Mignon," and followed this, in response to the tumultuous applause, by singing, if we are not in error, the once famous "Song of Spring," by Dr. Georg Henschel. For the rest, that delightful artist, Madame Bérat, was a charming Bertha; Mr. Sammarco surpassed himself as Figaro, though he sings some of his famous music a good deal more slowly than his illustrious predecessors sang it; Mr. Malatesta was quite good as Bartolo, but Mr. Marcoux was simply superb as Basilio; and Mr. John McCormack made a very pleasant impression as Almaviva, a rôle he sang for the first time. He sang right well, and besides earned credit of no common order for refraining from making the drunken scene too realistic. Mr. Panizza conducted.

Psychologically, nothing could be farther apart than Basilio and Scarpia in "La Tosca." And superb as was Mr. Marcoux in the former rôle, he was at least as absorbingly interesting in the latter on Friday night His Scarpia, indeed, is a masterly study perfectly presented, and if we suggest that he is in danger of coming a little out of the picture during the procession in the first act, it is but a tiny defect in an otherwise fine impersonation. His death struggle is hideous in its naked truth. Miss Destinn had not been seen before during this season as the "heroine." Hers, too, is a beautiful representation, particularly on its vocal side. Dramatically it might be more emotional, perhaps, but we frankly confess to a strong preference for the Tosca who has some command over herself to the Tosca of unrestrained violence. Mr Gaudenzi was a very earnest Cavaradossi, who sang with much intensity of feeling, but his voice is a trifle rough and its quality is not improved when the voice is strained at all. Mr. Malatesta was once more the Sacristan. Where, by the bye, were the bells in the procession music? Mr. Campanini conducted most enthusiastically.

This week's performances will include a further addition to the repertoire, namely, that of Charpentier's "Louise," which will be given for the first time this season on Friday, with Mme. Edvina in the title-rôle, Mr. Franz as Julien, Mme. Bérat as the Mother, and Mr. Marcoux as the Father. The second performance of "The Jewels of the Madonna" has been arranged to-morrow, when Mme. Edvina, Mr. Martinelli, and Mr. Sammarco will repeat their success of Thursday last, and to-night "Samson et Dalila" will be given, with Mr. Franz and Mme. Kirkby Lunn in the title-rôles. Mme. Tetrazzini will sing in "Rigoletto" for the first time this season on Wednesday, with Mr. McCormack as the Duke and Mr. Gilly as the Jester. "Aida" is to be repeated on Thursday, with Mme. Destinn, Mr. Martinelli, Miss Bourgeois, and Mr. Gilly in the principal parts; and on Saturday "Madama Butterfly" will be given, Madame Destinn singing the title-rôle, Mr. Gaudenzi Pinkerton, and Mr. Gilly Sharpless.

MME. TETRAZZINI.

REAPPEARANCE AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA.

June 3 — 1912

If one must have trick singing, let it be in comedy rather than tragedy. Certainly Mme. Tetrazzini's spontaneous method (and complete self-assurance) carries more conviction vocally in the part of Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" than elsewhere. She made her reappearance at Covent Garden in Rossini's delightful work on Saturday evening, and was once again very successful in the way she introduced her little roulades and graces into the recitatives of the second act. The phrasing of "Una voce" was not a model of clarity, perhaps, but she gave it in lively style. The difficulties encountered in impersonating a young and sprightly girl are overcome by her as well as is possible by the general spirit of her acting, though the whole effect must necessarily leave something to be desired on the score of a really unaffected ingenuousness. With the Figaro of Signor Sammarco, a very convincing and vocally fine impersonation, the quite inimitable Basilio of Signor Marcoux, the capital Bartolo of Signor Malatesta, this act went very well. Mr. McCormack's Count was new, and for a first performance had much merit. He will doubtless soon acquire the power to enter into the fun of the thing with a little more zest. One wonders whether, if he took a leaf from Signor Sammarco's book and sang more at the stalls than the gallery, his voice would entirely lose the veiled quality sometimes noticeable. The suggestion is that the position of the throat is favourably affected by keeping the chin down.

TETRAZZINI'S RETURN.

Superb Singing in 'The Barber' at Covent Garden.

June 3 1912

Mme. Tetrazzini's rentrée at Covent Garden on Saturday evening added another attraction to this unusually interesting operatic season.

The prima donna was in the best of voice, although she has recently made a long and arduous tour in America. She sang as Rosina in "Il Barbiere," a role in which she has always appeared to advantage, making much of the humorous element as well as the florid music. Her singing of "Una voce poco fa" in the second act was brilliantly done, and well received by the audience, which also encored her rendering of the Polacca from "Mignon" in the lesson scene. Mme. Tetrazzini responded by singing Cowen's "The Swallows," which, of course, was a graceful compliment to an English audience, but rather "out of the picture" as regards the opera.

Apart from Mme. Tetrazzini's fine singing, the performance had many features of excellence. The Figaro of Signor Sammarco and the Don Basilio of Signor Marcoux were both quite delightful creations. Mr. John McCormack, as Almaviva, made a good show as the swaggering Count; and Signor Malatesta gave a clever and characteristic study of the pompous old Dr. Bartolo.

The whole performance, under Signor Panizza, was very spirited, and excellently finished in every way.

June 4 1912

THE ROYAL OPERA.

Some very good singing was heard in the second act of "Samson et Dalila" at Covent Garden last night, for whatever else there is to be said about Saint-Saëns's music, it is, at any rate, extremely effective from a vocal point of view. M. Paul Franz made his first appearance this season as Samson, a part which he sustains in a thoroughly dignified style. His singing is attractive both for the display of a sound method and of a voice rich and sonorous in quality. He has also a commanding presence such as eminently fits the rôle. Mme. Kirkby Lunn appeared once again as Dalila, a familiar and extremely successful impersonation in that there is hardly another where her beautiful voice is heard to greater advantage. She sang the "Mon cœur" with all her accustomed ease and fluency of style and smooth colouring. The High Priest of Mr. James Goddard well deserves mention.

MUSIC.

June 4 1912

ROYAL OPERA.

"SAMSON ET DALILA."

Readers of the novels of "Willy" will remember his painfully accurate description of the effect produced upon him by a performance of M. Saint-Saëns's *Déianire*. It must be admitted that something of the same effect is produced by portions of *Samson et Dalila*. It is one of the few modern operas which do not receive any particular injury from being transplanted to the concert platform. Those who, owing to the censorship, had only heard it in the concert hall, must have been surprised to find how much it seemed to have aged when they first heard it in an opera house. Antiquarian methods are not so obvious in an oratorio even though it be a "converted" opera. The work, no doubt, survives on account of the several moments when the composer forgets that he is a professor and an eclectic and allows some honest emotion to come into play. Thus, at the very beginning, few things are drearier than the introduction, but it is followed by Samson's spirited allocution to his people.

As soon as Abimelech appears the music relapses into commonplace and stays there till Delilah appears, and perhaps longer, but Mme. Kirkby Lunn makes whatever she sings seem fine. Last night she was in splendid voice and even succeeded in preventing "Mon cœur s'ouvre á ta voix" from seeming hackneyed. M. Franz is excellently suited both physically and vocally to the part of the hero, and his rendering of the part is well known. Mr. James Goddard's singing as the High Priest was satisfactory, but his stiffness in the dull scene with Delilah was a little too hieratic. The orchestral portion is not sufficiently interesting to justify the prominence into which Signor Campanini persisted in forcing it. The dresses and dances were as attractive as ever, but one cannot help feeling after a performance of the opera that there is still an opportunity for some one to write a really satisfying work round Samson, whether as Shophet of the Hebrews or as Sun-myth.

June 4 1912

ROYAL OPERA.

In Mr. Paul Franz the Covent Garden authorities discovered, not many years since, a tenor whose gifts clearly entitled him to a sympathetic hearing in our midst. Speedily, if we may trust our recollection, this French artist won the favour of London opera-goers, and, although the present season has brought with it no dearth of tenors, this particular one was assured of a goodly welcome on his reappearance last evening. He made it in an opera in which he has often been seen and heard to complete advantage at Covent Garden. In "Samson et Dalila" Mr. Franz is, indeed, found at his best, the music suiting his voice and style admirably; while his physique—a not unimportant point in this case—also qualifies him fully for the part of Dalila's victim. Last night it was clear that Mr. Franz had returned to us in his most persuasive form. His voice, produced throughout with ease and freedom, sounded as fresh and strong as it has upon any occasion that one recalls, and both his singing and his acting had the right note of conviction and power. And when, as in the duet with the temptress in the second act, the music required it, his voice assumed a warmth, and his singing a fervour, that helped to make the scene—as it should be—one of the most effective in the opera. Need it be added that Madame Kirkby Lunn was again the Dalila, and that the audience's cup of content was accordingly full? Mr. Campanini conducted.

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN

Mme. Tetrazzini made her first appearance as Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto" at Covent Garden this season, and sang the part with her usual success. The scope for dramatic action in the third act was fully utilised, and the conflicting emotions of the Duke's unfortunate victim were skilfully presented. Subtle voice modulations in the low register helped to emphasise the poignancy of the situation, and the applause at the end of the scene was sincere and sustained.

NEW "RIGOLETTO."

Chief Role at Covent Garden Taken at Short Notice.

The performance of "Rigoletto" last night was interesting for more than one reason. Mme. Tetrazzini was singing as Gilda for the first time this season, and we had a new Rigoletto, Signor Romano, who undertook the role at a very few hours' notice owing to the sudden indisposition of M. Gilly. June 6. 1912

It was an exceedingly good performance that Signor Romano gave: he sang well throughout the evening, delivering the familiar "Parissiamo" with fine dramatic effect, and making a deep impression in the big scene of the third act. With a little more intensity in his acting his rendering of the part would be on a very high level.

Mme. Tetrazzini, in this, her second appearance of the season, sang brilliantly. In the duets with Rigoletto and the duke especially she sang with great effect. The last-named role was taken by Mr. John M'Cormack, who sang exquisitely throughout the evening.

There is no artist at Covent Garden at present who has a finer style and finish of vocalisation than he, and such things as "La donna e mobile" he sings with rare perfection. M. Huberdeau's excellent work as Sparafucile also deserves special mention, and the remaining minor characters were well filled. Signor Panizza conducted admirably.

The rentrée, last Monday evening, of that fine artist M. Franz must also be recorded. In the rôle of Samson he sang and acted with fine diguity and impressiveness.

ROYAL OPERA.

June 6. 1912

There is an old adage which says something about there being room always "on top." Probably there is truth in the saying. We had an example of a kind last night, when Madame Tetrazzini reappeared as Gilda in "Rigoletto" at Covent Garden, after a considerable period, during which at least two of other Gildas have appeared in the field. Truly there is always room "on top." Indeed, the greater the competition among the gods and goddesses, the more mere mundane beings should be delighted. For just as Miss Felice Lyne's Gilda differs from that of Madame Lipkowska, so differs Madame Tetrazzini's from either or both of these. Madame Tetrazzini was in splendid voice, and so, she being an operatic singer of infinitely wider experience than the others, her Gilda seemed operatically almost final—quite final as regards the singing—and it would have been easy for her to have taken the audience at their word and to have repeated "Caro nome," which, like all else, she sang with utmost brilliance, but she refrained. There was a titter quite audible when the pseudo-Gilda was snatched from her bed and carried down the staircase—the contents of the "sack" being clearly not Gilda in propriâ persona; but on the stage—and out of the sack—Madame Tetrazzini was the Gilda we have long known, and her hearers applauded her with a refreshing lustiness and gave her a very warm welcome. The remainder of the cast was as before, save only that, at the eleventh hour, Mr. Gilly was replaced, as the Jester, by Mr. Romano, who sang admirably and acted appropriately. Mr. Panizza conducted.

ROYAL OPERA.

June 11 1912

"LOUISE."

While we are waiting for the production of *Julien* and the new "triptyque" which seems to have been recently finished, *Louise* still remains M. Charpentier's solitary contribution to lyrical opera. The annual performances at Covent Garden, supplemented by those at Mr. Hammerstein's house, have made it quite clear that the work does not stale on repetition. In spite of crudeness in the orchestration and a certain poverty in the melodic invention, the music is so strong and individual and the play so full of personal conviction that it grips the listener by the sheer force of its character.

The only thing that the opera loses by repetition is the freshness of those who constantly take part in it. Mme. Edvina, for instance, begins to underline the details of her acting and force the note of nervous agitation. Julien's friends have become rowdier and less attractive, and the *couturiers*, who never did much more than play with their needles, now seem to be more engaged in tearing up clothes than in putting them together, while the accent of some of them belongs to a town a good many kilometres north-west of Paris.

Except for these points, most of which a little firm stage-managing would soon rectify, the performance last night was a good one. Mme. Edvina was in very fresh voice, M. Franz, Signor Marcoux, and Mme. Bérat were familiar and welcome figures in the three other principal parts, and the orchestra under Signor Campanini, though a little noisy, played with fine tone and rhythmical energy.

ROYAL OPERA.

June 8 1912

"LOUISE" REVIVED.

To the genuine musician nothing in the mode operatic literature can afford greater pleasure th the evident success with which Charpentie wonderful human-document, "Louise," has met this so-called unmusical metropolis. It is a hum document, and, if you like, it is also a political tr expressed in terms of music. But even if it were n either of these (and this is not the moment in whi to show again that it is both), it still is more th sufficient of an opera, pure and simple, to satisfy purely "operatic." This being so, is it really to wondered at that the opera has "caught on," as hideous phrase has it? Discuss the matter in t foyer with any two acquaintances, and you will fi A declaring that "Depuis le jour," which Mada Edvina sings so beautifully, is the only "tune" the "whole thing," while B, taking his opera music-drama, and looking more deeply into it, w wax wroth over a slight upon the most perfe operatic music-drama that has been seen in Lond since—when?—"Tristan"? As music-drama, certainly is worth all that even Puccini has given so far. But for the moment this subject must dropped. It is enough now to know that the wor to which we have no hesitation whatever in addir the adjective "glorious," is likely to be a perm nency here for many a long day, and, indeed, o should be grateful therefor.

Last night's revival at Covent Garden, b e a enormous audience, which included Princess Christia and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, was superb and indubitable success, and the performanc was one of the most distinguished that we have see On the whole, the cast was familiar. Who that lov "Louise" does not know all that there is to kno of the pathetic Louise of Madame Edvina, who th year is rising high and higher in her art care or the benignity of the superb artist, Mr. Marcoux Gilibert's lawful successor as Le Père; or the rough uncouth, but intensely human "Mère" of Madam Bérat? Mr. Paul Franz's glorious Julien, too, not unfamiliar, though he has not been seen perhap so often as his colleagues in this opera. Miss Vincent as the apprentice; Miss Clegg, as Madeleine; an nearly a score more are, as before, all deserving o highest praise—notably the chorus, who sang quit beautifully in the second act. But it seems futile or worse—banal—to single out individuals for specia praise, for, after all, the success is due to the indi viduals in relation to the whole, and not merely a individuals. It was a superb performance vocally and dramatically, and was admirably conducted b Mr. Campanini. There's an end of the matter.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

CHARPENTIER'S "LOUISE" REVIVED.

June 8 1912

Last night, at Covent Garden, Charpentier's "Louise" was given for the first time this season. It is an opera which shows no sign of losing its hold upon the public, but then it is remarkably well presented at the theatre. Mme. Edvina has completely identified herself with the part of the heroine, she gives us now a highly finished interpretation, while her singing has consistently improved the last two seasons. She sang "Depuis le jour" with real charm, and in the apostrophising of Paris the incisive and resonant quality of her voice told well. She was supported here in big style by M. Paul Franz, almost too big in a sense for the part of the artist whom the author has drawn rather as an emotional trifler than a heroic type of man. But M. Franz's singing is notable in itself; there is no mistake about that. As part of the admirable way the opera is given mention is due of the handling of the crowd in Act III., and the splendid vivacity of that clever work-room scene. The ensemble here was quite admirable. Mme. Bérat's Mother is a very sympathetic figure, while the Father, as portrayed by Signor Marcoux, is touched with the distinction attaching to all this artist's impersonations.

"LOUISE" AT COVENT GARDEN.

June 8 1912

Notable Performance of the Popular French Opera.

The wonderful popularity of "Louise" shows no signs of abating. Last night there was an enormous audience for the first performance, this season, of Charpentier's delightful work at Covent Garden.

"Louise" is almost the only modern French opera which can hold its own with the new Italian school in the matter of attracting audiences, and the secret of its success, like that of the new Italian works, lies in the inherent dramatic quality of the music.

The performance last night was excellent in many ways, and owing to the clever artists who take the numerous minor roles in the opera the big scenes, such as the workroom (Act 2), the street at night (Act 2), and the revels (Act 3) were all capitally done, with many realistic touches of stage "business."

OPERA AT THEATRE PRICES.

June 8 1912.

Mr. Hammerstein Announces a New Experiment.

A revolution in the history of opera in London will be effected next week.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has decided to finish the remainder of his summer season at the London Opera House at theatre prices, ranging from half a guinea for the stalls to a shilling for the gallery. "This will be the first time that grand opera has been presented during the London season at the regulation theatre prices," said Mr. Hammerstein last night, "and I am curious to see how the movement will be appreciated. My experience in London shows me that there is a large public in London for grand opera at theatre rates.

"I think I have chosen an opportune moment for the change, which comes into operation on Monday next; for during this week we have a repertoire which by the very variety of its character should appeal to all classes of musical tastes. In addition, on four of the nights of next week, the English language will be used."

The prices in force for the remainder of the season will be:—Boxes, £5 5s., £3 3s., and £2 2s.; orchestra stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; grand circle, 10s. 6d. and 6s.; amphitheatre circle, 4s. (reserved) and 2s. 6d. (unreserved); gallery (unreserved), 1s.

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"This will be the first time that grand opera has been presented during the London season at the regulation theatre prices," said Mr. Hammerstein, in the course of a statement last night, "and I am curious to see how the movement will be appreciated. I think I have chosen an opportune moment for the change, which comes into operation on Monday next, for during this week we have a répertoire which, by the very variety of its character, should appeal to all classes of musical tastes. In addition, on four of the nights of next week the English language will be used."

"LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE."

Comic Opera in Three Acts (in English).

Music by ROBERT PLANQUETTE.

June 11 1912

Serpolette	Miss VINIE DALY
Germaine	Miss TINA RASBAND
The Marquis	Mr. CYRIL THOMPSON
Gaspard	Mr. E. ST. ALBAN
Grenicheux	Mr. ORVILLE HARROLD
The Bailie	Mr. DARK
Gobo	Mr. FOWLER-FLETCHER
Musical Conductor ..	GAETANO MEROLA

Mr. Hammerstein has accompanied his reduction of prices by a descent from "grand" opera to a comic opera of the old-fashioned type. One would have thought that the work selected, which has not been seen in Central London for a very long time, was not exactly suitable for performance in a large house on a large scale, and one felt some interest in seeing how far the antique humours of the piece bore transplantation into such an arena. Whatever merits the French text may have had, they have disappeared in the miserable version of Farnie and Reece, which was used last night. This did not matter so much in the songs, where it was usually impossible to make out what was being sung unless one knew already, but it was almost painful in the dialogue. The inhabitants of Cornyvill, N.Y., spoke a dialect which was transpontine in more than one sense of the word, and which, combined with their original method of pronouncing the name of their native township, make it hard to believe that we could see Mont St. Michel in the background. So large and excellent an orchestra is thrown away on the trumpery music, and the admirable chorus is worthy of something much better. Both orchestra and chorus, however, worked as heartily as if they were giving us an immortal masterpiece, and the mounting was quite up to the standard to which the London Opera House has accustomed us.

Neither the singing nor the acting of Serpolette and Germaine was very meritorious. Four of the former's songs were omitted, and the latter made very little effect with the well-known lay of the bell. Mr. Orville Harrold sang very well as usual in his barcarolle and waltz, and Mr. Cyril Thompson as the Marquis was manly and vigorous. Gaspard, fortunately, is not expected to possess much of a voice, but he has the one real opportunity in the opera, and took it to the full. The *impresario* himself contributed a vocal waltz, sung by Mr. Harrold, and two dances to the third act. All three are agreeable enough pieces and in keeping with the rest of the opera.

In addition, we are grateful to him for having allowed us to hear in a West-end theatre for the first time for many years the joke about kicking the bucket and turning a little pale and an allusion to housemaid's knee.

THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE

June 11 1912

"LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE."

The music of Planquette's "Les Cloches de Corneville" is quite good enough to make it worth while to revive the work, and Mr. Hammerstein's production at the London Opera House last night was welcome in that respect. It was refreshing to hear again melodies which had so completely passed out of mind, and good to find that early impressions as to their merit were not due to inexperience or a more easily satisfied standard. There is better wear in the music, in fact, than the libretto, which, truth to tell, seems now old-fashioned in idea and method, only preserving the saving feature of the really human character of Gaspard the old miser. Unfortunately, last night's performance was lacking in several very important respects; light opera is quite as difficult in its own way as more serious works; it needs a style of acting and of singing which, with one or two exceptions, the company do not understand. If Mr. E. St. Alban had failed as the miser we should have been in a bad way, but his impersonation was not only the best, but really convincing, and the close of the second act made quite an impression. Miss Vinie Daly's Serpolette, if not irresistible, was duly vivacious, and she sang prettily, obtaining an encore for the "Look at this, look at that."

Miss Tina Rasband showed no sympathy for the part of Germaine, her method being curiously stiff and awkward in gesture, while her small vocal resources were used with but a poor knowledge of effect. Mr. Orville Harrold as Grenicheux seemed to think his music ought to be sung in the grand opera manner, and in consequence the graceful melodies of the little song in the first act, and later of the waltz "That night I'll not forget," were rendered heavy and unrhythmical; the latter, all the same, had to be repeated, doubtless because of the high D flat. Another very unsatisfactory impersonation was Mr. Cyril Thompson's Marquis; he, too, was stiff and inexperienced in his acting, and, though he obtained an encore for his songs both in the first and second acts, it must be said the repetition was more due to the charm of the music than of the singing. Mr. Dark's Bailie was comic in a rough-and-tumble way. But oh! the jokes! However, the large house took kindly to the sort of humour provided, and there was many a laugh. The interpolation of three dances composed by Mr. Hammerstein in the third act was successful in adding brightness to the scene, and the music, especially of the waltz song, "I have found a pearl," had a good swing which was appreciated sufficiently to cause a repetition. The production is quite well mounted, and the fact that the English language is used is a distinct feature, though the pronunciation was not always as pure as might have been desired.

June 12. 1912

MUSIC.

ROYAL OPERA.

"GLI UGONOTTI."

Margarita di Valois ..	Mme. TETRAZZINI
Il Conte di San Bris ..	Signor VANNI MARCOUX
Valentina	Mlle. EMMY DESTINN
Urbano	Mme. DONALDA
Il Conte di Nevers ..	Signor G. MARIO SAMMARCO
Raoul di Nangis ..	M. PAUL FRANZ
Marcello	Signor V. ARIMONDI

It would be interesting, at any rate, for those to whom Meyerbeer is something more than a name, if for one season the authorities at Covent Garden would treat *Les Huguenots* with the same seriousness that they give to the *Ring* and play it without cuts. Meyerbeer himself would probably not have cared much one way or the other, for he made innumerable alterations to the score himself during rehearsals in the Paris Opera House, rewriting amongst other things the whole of the *finale* to the fourth act (the finest section in the opera) and cutting away a good deal of the opening scenes and, at the end, the entire character of Catherine de Medicis. The last act, which is not always given even in Paris, where they do not mind late hours, is well worth revival for the sake of the strangely menacing ball-room scene and the splendid trio at the end. If it had been given last night we could have enjoyed still more of Mme. Destinn and M. Franz, who were the life and soul of the performance, or, at any rate, of the latter part of it.

M. Franz, it is true, sang slightly out of tune on his entry in the second act, and in the concerted numbers was rather apt to strain his voice, otherwise he played and sang the part of Raoul with conviction and success. As to Mme. Destinn, the Valentine, she commanded the stage whenever she was on it, and sang with superb assurance, wonderful flexibility, and splendidly rich and varied tone. The rest of the cast, as usual on these occasions, consisted of stars of greater and lesser magnitude. Mme. Tetrazzini, who was the Queen of Navarre, sang with clearness and neatness of technique; M. Marcoux was an extraordinarily dignified and aristocratic Comte de San Bris; Signor Sammarco made every phrase tell as the Comte de Nevers; Mme. Donalda was a fresh and sufficiently sprightly page; and Signor Arimondi looked every inch a faithful attendant and made a great impression by his singing of the duet with Valentine in the third act.

A word of praise is due to Mlle. Hortense Verbist for her graceful dancing, and the crowds were well drilled, though the chorus often sang out of tune. It was distressing to see the crude greens of the dais of the throne in the second act, and a good deal of the scenery needs furbishing up, including the waters of the Cher that run beneath the bridges of the Castle of Chenonceaux.

COVENT GARDEN.

MEYERBEER'S "GLI UGONOTTI," REVIVED.

June 12 — 1912

If one wishes to experience the artificiality of opera to the fullest extent no better opportunity would be found than in hearing "Gli Ugonotti," revived at Covent Garden last night. The reason, of course, lies in the fact that the music is almost exclusively uninspired; once get behind the superficial effectiveness and there is little, hardly a melody worth the name, and hardly a device which possesses even the merit of being interesting to the student. This shallowness of expression results in the formalism of the arias, recitatives and finales standing out in its glaring dryness. The marvel is that the singers are able to make as much of the music as they do. But they must be distinguished artists, or their efforts could hardly be listened to with patience. The management evidently realise that it is not much good producing the work unless, so to speak, they put all their eggs into the one basket. This, however, does not prevent one from asking whether it is worth while.

No better performance possibly has been given in recent seasons than that of last night; the fine cast had some familiar figures, Mdlle. Destinn, for instance, in the part of Valentina, to whom fall some of the best phrases in the whole opera, and Mme. Tetrazzini, who has a good opportunity for vocal display as the Queen, which she is, of course, quick to seize, though as a matter of fact she was not quite at her best on this occasion. Mlle. Destinn sang superbly, and had a great reception after her duet with Marcello (a part taken in good style by Signor Arimondi) in the third act, while later there was some powerful singing in the duet with Raoul in Act IV. This part was taken by M. Franz, a singer who surely holds first place among French tenors of the day; he has succeeded in acquiring a really big style, balancing indeed his fine voice and presence. Signor Marcoux as San Bris was distinguished, less so perhaps Signor Sammarco as Nevers; on the other hand, the latter's singing was always well controlled, while Signor Marcoux at times let the quality get a little out of hand. Mme. Donalda's Urbano must be mentioned, while all the other smaller parts were well filled. Signor Campanini conducted, the general ensemble being almost uniformly admirable.

RUSSIAN BALLET AGAIN.

Many Attractions Last Night at Covent Garden.

Last night was one of special interest at Covent Garden. In the first place the Russian ballet made its re-appearance here, to the great delight of the huge audience, and further attractions in the evening's programme were the delightful little opera "Il Segretto di Susanna," by Wolf-Ferrari, and the re-appearance of Mr. Thomas Beecham as conductor. He directed the performance of the new ballet "Thamar."

Wolf-Ferrari's opera was the first item on the programme, and one listened to it again with renewed interest because of the great success of its composer's latest opera ("The Jewels of the Madonna").

"Il Segretto di Susanna" is a work of a totally different character, but, as in the other opera the composer's genius is shown in his remarkable gift for finding music exactly suited to the subject. The dainty little story of the wife who smokes in secret and thereby leads her husband to suspect she has a lover finds its exact counterpart in the delightfully youthful and fresh music, bubbling over with gaiety and humour, and full of the most captivating melody.

The performance of the opera was first-rate, Signor Campanini conducting a very finished and sparkling rendering of the brilliant orchestral score. As the husband and wife, Signor Sammarco and Mlle. Lipkowska both sang splendidly, and did the quarrel in most realistic style. Signor Sammarco acted the jealous husband in the approved early nineteenth-century way, and Mlle. Lipkowska was very roguish and alluring.

June 13. 1912

The Russian ballet, which made its first appearance in Schumann's "Carneval," was given a very enthusiastic welcome. The performers were all as fascinating as ever.

The new ballet, "Thamar," is very picturesque, and a decidedly good addition to the repertoire. Balakirev's music is full of characteristic Russian rhythm and melodies. It was all finely conducted by Mr. Thomas Beecham. The staging and dresses of "Thamar" are gorgeous, in that baroque style which the scenic artists and designers of the Russian ballet have made their own. Mme. Karsavina, as the Queen in the enchanted castle, and M. Bohn, as the stranger she stabs after the night of revels, both gave some exquisite dancing.

RETURN OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

June 13

The gaiety of Paris is eclipsed. The Russian Dancers have deserted her. After providing once again (this was their seventh visit) the chief sensation of the season, they winged their flight across the sea that no longer sunders, and alighted on the scene of their English triumphs—the boards of Covent Garden.

When the curtain went up last night and disclosed the familiar view of two rococo sofas (red and cream this year instead of red and blue), the sole note of colour against the green of the curtains (green this year instead of purple), a thrill of joy went through the house. The world was once more a world of fantasy, where Pierrot might sob and wave distracted sleeves and Harlequin spin lightning pirouettes before the laughing eyes of Columbine, but where neither tears nor laughter were allowed to scratch more than the surface of our emotion—just enough to tickle our sensibilities, but not to be a charge upon our senses.

Mmes. Karsavina and Nijinska, MM. Nijinsky and Bolm, and the rest who seemed to bear familiar names did incomparable things in this delicious fantasy, and did them with the air of having just devised them on the spur of the moment for their own peculiar pleasure.

After the curtain had fallen on the final discomfiture and rout of the Philistines and a general distribution of flowers, a few minutes' breathing space was given to allow of a momentary return to earth, and then we were transplanted once more to unreality—this time to the unreality of Lermontev's poem about Queen Tamar, which inspired Balakirev to write the symphonic poem which is now given mimetically on the stage. The action is very simple. The Queen looks out of the castle window and signals to a wandering stranger outside to come in. Once he is in, he falls a captive to her beauty and dances with her and her suite with ever-increasing ecstasy, till at the climax he receives a dagger in his heart at her hands and is hurled into the river. Tamar's passion satisfied, she returns languidly to her couch; another stranger is seen beneath the castle walls; she signals to him to approach, and so—*da capo*. Balakirev is barely known in London except by the "Islamey" fantasie for piano and a handful of songs. His whole output was limited, but his position as the centre of the national movement in the sixties known as the "heap" gives a certain importance to all his orchestral music even though it is often stamped with a style that is anything but purely Russian. *Thamar* contains a good deal of Wagner, Berlioz, and Liszt, and except for the pressing insistence of the Oriental rhythms is not very effective in its present form. It was, however, superbly danced by Mme. Karsavina and M. Bolm, the crowd made a splendid riot of colour before a barbaric but not very clearly designed scene by M. Bakst, and the band under Mr. Beecham played with more precision than it had done in *Carneval* under M. Tcherepnin. But the applause, like the Queen, was languid.

The return of the dancers, then, is a *fait accompli*. We breathe again, but now that M. Serge de Diaghilev has actually landed his troupe safe and sound—we were about to say on *terra firma*, but the unyielding air is their real element—now that the first rapturous moments of recognition are over, we may allow ourselves to express the hope that the authorities at Covent Garden really will produce all the ballets on their list and not leave some dangling to whet our disappointed appetites. Without insisting on *Narcisse* (though M. Bakst's designs alone would tempt us to) or a repetition of the dances from *La Belle au Bois Dormant*, we should like to feel assured about the others. One of the most brilliant of the additions to last year's London repertory—Stravinsky's *Oiseau de Feu*—is down for Friday night, and it is to be hoped that his grotesque, tumultuous *Petroushka* will follow. *Le Dieu bleu*, by Reynaldo Hahn, which was not ready last year, Paris has just seen and it is promised for Covent Garden, but Rimsky-Korsakov's *Sadko* is not on the list at all this time, and we are apparently not to be allowed to

see Dukas's *Péri*, Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé*, or Debussy's *Après-midi d'un faune*. Do the authorities hold perhaps with the Sentimentalist that they order these matters better in France? It does not happen to every man to go to Paris, and so some are naturally jealous.

Although the ballet was the chief feature of last night's entertainment, it did not occupy the whole of the programme. It was preceded by

"IL SEGRETO DI SUSANNA"
(In Italian).
By ERMANNO WOLF-FERRARI.

Il Conte Gil	Signor G. MARIO SAMMARCO
La Contessa Susanna	Mlle. LYDIA LIPKOWSKA
Sante (servo)	M. AMBROSINY

This slender domestic comedy with its square-cut tunes and deft orchestration made a pleasant beginning to the evening. Mlle. Lipkowska was delightfully arch as the countess, Signor Sammarco gave as usual a performance that was polished to the finger tips, and M. Ambrosini as the old servant would have satisfied M. Maeterlinck himself with the studied eloquence of his silence. It all owes a good deal to *Die Alreise* and German music generally (and ought really to be sung in German), but it was very refreshing after the Italian pomposities of the *Jewels of the Madonna*. It shows, in fact, the superiority of Wolf over Ferrari.

ROYAL OPERA.

June 13. 1912

RUSSIAN BALLETS RETURN.

London's appetite for the highest form of dancing shows no sign of being appeased, and for that one has much to be thankful. Not only is the art itself quite beautiful, but also the exhibition of it is magnificent, at the hands of Pavlova, Genée, and now, once more, Karsavina and Nijinsky. May it please the powers that the wondrous art of these may prevail in London for many a long day; we can ill spare it. Last night Mr. Diaghilew's company of Russian dancers made their reappearance at Covent Garden for the first time this season, led, as it were, by Madame Karsavina and Mr. Nijinsky, and, of course, they were warmly welcomed by an immense audience that crowded Covent Garden to the doors.

But before their turn came we heard once more, and with much of the old delight, Wolf-Ferrari's delicate and fanciful tiny opera "Il Segreto di Susanna." As all will recall who witnessed the admirable performances of the opera last year, when the cast was the same as that which played it last night, Susanna's secret is the very mild affair of her own penchant for a quiet cigarette, which she must smoke in private, owing to her newly-wedded husband's objection to tobacco. He smells smoke in her room, and, manlike, suspects his wife of having entertained a lover (of course!) in his own absence at his club. There are tears, and much damage is done to the furniture, ere the lord and master realises that he is making a fool of himself; and that she, his wife, is the smoker. Then there follows the inevitable reconciliation, and all ends happily—in smoke. The little comedy-opera is again as neatly and pointedly played as before by Madame Lipkowska and Mr. Sammarco, with Mr. Ambrosiny as the capital old servant, and Mr. Campanini conducted.

Now as to the Russian ballet. Two works were down for performance. Of these the first was "Le Carnaval," still as popular as ever, as beautiful, and as exquisitely played, with Madame Karsavina graceful as before and more so, as a delicious Columbino; Mr. Nijinsky, even more agile, as Harlequin; Mr. Bolm, Mr. Cecchetti, Madame Nijinska, and the rest of the brilliant company we saw last year. The work seems to grow in beauty as one knows it better; it cannot be seen too often; and there is no gainsaying the fact that that remarkably accomplished dancer, Madame Karsavina, is even more accomplished, not, perhaps, technically, but artistically, than a year ago, and her charm is great. The other ballet, which followed after a portentously long interval, is quite new here; it is Balakireff's "Thamar"—a choreographic drama, in one act, by Mr. L. Bakst, it is specifically entitled. Of this the official "poetic basis" is this somewhat cryptic affair:

> The scene lies in a beautiful castle amid the snows of the Dariol, where Queen Thamar holds a perpetual fête. Lying in front of a large window, Thamar surveys the mountain, the roads, and the river Terek, the turbulent waters of which surround her dwelling. Suddenly she rises. A stranger, who has lost his way, approaches. He hesitates and surveys the castle wall. She sends servants, and orders that he shall be found and brought to her. The stranger is very tired and cold. A sort of hood hides his head. The Queen tears off the hood and discovers a beautiful young man, astonished at all this pomp. The servants adorn him and surround him and the Queen, and encourage them to dance. Daybreak. The servants open the shutters. All are still very animated and excited. The Queen continues to dance, but suddenly rushes at the young man, stabs him, and pushes him through a narrow door, into the river. Again Queen Thamar surveys the mountain, the roads, and the river Terek. Her eyes follow the corpse which the water holds. . . Suddenly she rises. . . . A stranger who has lost his way approaches. . . . He hesitates and surveys the castle wall. . . . Curtain.

A brilliant affair of every imaginable variety of purple and other colours, of Oriental and especially Russian costume, of fantastic rhythms, and grace, of some charm, and of more tragedy is this. Indeed, Madame Karsavina, who appears as Thamar, seems the picture of Tragedy, as she rises from one of the most luxurious couches we ever saw, to greet the Stranger, most delightfully played and danced by the clever Mr. Bolm. A bewildering series of dances ensues, each dance more picturesque than its predecessor, a veritable piling of Ossa on Pelion. "Thamar" is certainly a welcome addition to the repertory of the company, and it was admirably conducted by Mr. Thomas Beecham, who was warmly received on this his first appearance (as conductor) at Covent Garden in any season other than his own. Most assuredly the Russian ballet is as popular as ever, and that it will continue so to he seems clear, for so long as the performances are on the high level of this—the first of the season.

PEER'S OPERA.

June 14, 1912

"The Children of Don" at Hammerstein's.

LD. HOWARD DE WALDEN AS AUTHOR.

Of special and peculiar interest is the Cymric music-drama in English, "The Children of Don," which Mr. Oscar Hammerstein will produce at the London Opera House to-morrow evening.

Mr. Hammerstein (who, by the way, asked "The Daily Chronicle" yesterday to contradict the story published in a Sunday newspaper as to there being "agreements already drawn up" for the transference of the London Opera House to fresh hands) is very hopeful of success for "The Children of Don," and he regards the piece, with its powerful appeal to the dramatic sympathies, as one most fittingly in line and touch with his new and successful scheme of theatre prices

The author of the "hook" and lyrics is Lord Howard de Walden, writing under the name of "T. E. Ellis." He fetches the story from "The Land of Nod"—from the dream sphere of the vast god, Nodens, who lay fast held in the bonds of his own helpless sleep, yet whose mind was ever dreaming forth the destinies of the children of our land. The gods of evil "might have their height of power, but to stay the dreams of Nodens they could not avail." And here is the theme upon which Lord Howard, in verse, builds the story of the opera.

Gwydion, son of Don, filled with an adamantine will to be lord of himself, "ready to dare all things to clear the world for man to move in, brooded over the ills that he saw till he marked out and marked down the way to victory. He saw that the gods had all the power because they had all the knowledge. The source of that knowledge was in the Cauldron of Caridwen. Caridwen was the Goddess of Passion, and even in her cauldron had brewed a liquor, the fumes of which had the power of intensifying, beyond the bounds of control, whatever was the dominant instinct of the one who inhaled them. To one who was ambitious it made him relentless in following ambition; to one in love, all else but love was vain; to one revengeful, it made him ruthless, and so on."

IN THE CAVE OF ANNWN.

The prologue to the opera begins in the Cave of Annwn, where the Cauldron of Caridwen is being tended by the priests, and here the adventurous Gwydion opens the dramatic ball by rescuing a maiden bound upon a rock for sacrifice, and slaying the priest who holds the sacrificial knife. The second scene of the prologue is a wild ravine on a desolate coast of Arvon, and the scenes of the story itself are a deep forest of Arvon, the Cave of Annwn again, a weird waste whereon wolves are aprowl, and again the solitary seashore of the prologue's second scene.

All who are acquainted with the art of Mr. Sime—if their knowlege of it, indeed, be but limited to his work in Lord Dusany's "Gods of the Mountain," produced at the Haymarket a year ago—may easily conceive how much the imaginative and tragically poetic side of "The Children of Don" is likely to gain by his association with the production. His designs for the scenery, exhibited yesterday to our representative, are in themselves little treasures of symbolic painting, fierce and rugged and full of the elemental, and almost savagely illustrative of man's bitter struggle with the gods of evil.

With regard to the music of Mr. Josef Holbrooke, who has been described as the English Wagner, one may quote, without in any way anticipating or crippling criticism, a pamphlet which will be issued with the London Opera House programmes on Saturday night:—"The whole is full of character, and as one might expect from Mr. Holbrooke, new effects and colours are continually encountered. The overture is practically the opera in miniature, and the various subjects which are used occur again and again, on different instruments and in various guises as the opera proceeds."

Mr. Hammerstein has increased the orchestra to nearly a hundred instruments for this production, which will be under the musical direction of Mr. Arthur Nikisch.

TRAVIATA AT COVENT GARDEN.

June 14 1912

Little need be said about Mme. Tetrazzini's singing of Violetta in "Traviata," a role which she took once again at Covent Garden last night. One might say, perhaps, that on this occasion she was in particularly good voice, and made her customary excellent effect in the florid "Ah, fors e lui," which called forth much enthusiasm. In the whole of this act she sang with her wonted brilliance, and in the last act her death-bed scene was given with the same pathos which has always marked her performance as Violetta.

The rest of the cast was the same as earlier in this season. Mr. John McCormack, now one of Covent Garden's favourites, sang most delightfully throughout the evening, some of his upper notes ringing out with great effect.

"La Traviata" was given again at Covent Garden last night with changes of cast from previous performances. It was the occasion of the first appearance this season of Mme. Tetrazzini in the rôle of Violetta, one which she sustains as easily and confidently as any in her repertory. She obtained her usual success last night in "Ah! fors è lui," her voice being in excellent condition, and this in spite of the somewhat loose phrasing. M. Dinh Gilly took the part of the elder Germont, but although the impersonation was not wanting in character the singing was rather disappointing. He has a fine resonant voice, which in purely lyrical phrases takes on a hard quality and in consequence neither the duet with Violetta nor the scene with Alfredo in Act II. made quite the effect expected. Mr. John McCormack repeated his familiar study of the lover, and sang well save for slight lapses in intonation; Mme. Tetrazzini got a little sharp, too, once or twice, but these were small flaws in a generally smooth performance.

A soprano new to London—Mme. Agostinelli, from La Scala, Milan—will make her début on Wednesday in Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." The cast further includes Signor Martinelli and Signor Sammarco.

ROYAL OPERA.

Owing to the elaborate preparations involved, it was not found possible last night for the Russian Ballet to produce "L'Oiseau de Feu," in accordance with their original intention. The promised novelty stands postponed, therefore, until Tuesday next. Last evening's programme was a repetition of that which signalised the reappearance of the Russian dancers on Wednesday, and therefore calls for no fresh discussion. Enough that there was again a very large audience, and that once more the marvellous art of Madame Karsavina, Mr. Nijinsky, and their agile companions held the spectators enthralled.

June 15-1912

On Thursday evening "La Traviata" was repeated, but now with Madame Tetrazzini as Violetta. And so easy was her coloratura singing that one became almost convinced that Violetta really meant all that she said, or rather sang. True, Madame Tetrazzini is, vocally, not a very phthisical Violetta, but that is possibly something to be grateful for, and at least she sang "Ah, fors e lui" and all the rest with that peculiar facility that is known as masterly. The whole house—and it was large—applauded to the echo, yet they kept in hand some of their enthusiasm for the vocally excellent Germont père of Mr. Gilly and for his errant son Alfredo (Mr. McCormack). Mr. Panizza conducted a very spirited performance, if the term "spirited" may be here applied.

"CHILDREN OF DON" FAILS TO PLEASE

A Weak Imitation of Wagner, Say Critics of Hammerstein's New English Opera

1912

LONDON, June 16.—The long heralded première of "The Children of Don," a drama by T. E. Ellis (Lord Howard de Walden), music by Joseph Holbrooke, took place last night before an audience which was far from going into ecstasies over it. In fact, most of those present were palpably bored, though they sat through the three acts and a prologue patiently enough. The book does not reveal any large poetical gifts on the part of the titled librettist, and the music is incoherent and deficient in melody.

The book is one of a trilogy on the Cymric legend, which resembles that of the "Ring." It is a lugubrious story amateurish in its working-out, centering about the Caldron of Caridwen, which, like the Ring of *Alberich*, carries almost unlimited power but also bears a curse. The legend deals with the rescue of a man from the oppression of the Druid gods. The music

is imitative of Wagner and Richard Strauss. The vocal parts are exceedingly unlovely, while the whole affair seems crude and in many places unmeaning. However, there are rich passages in the orchestration.

Mr. Hammerstein has mounted the work magnificently. Of the singers, Jeanne Jomelli and Augusta Doria carried off highest honors, and Henry Weldon was much praised in an important rôle. Arthur Nikisch conducted the orchestra so admirably that the greatest number of curtain calls went deservedly to him.

The work was of course sung in English, but it might as well have been Hindustanee. Not one word in 500 was understandable.

Most of the newspaper critics are merciless in their comments on the opera. The *Observer* says to-day:

"The opera is in no sense British. Lord Howard de Walden's gods are British, but their spirit is Teutonic and their language almost as difficult to understand as Wagner's text is to an Englishman who knows a little German.

"If the occasional dullness of the 'Ring' were its chief merit, 'The Children of the Don' would be a masterpiece, for it is dull throughout. Dramatically it is dull because the librettist has no sense of his stage characters, who wander on and off mainly in couples, with persistent aimlessness.

"There's no contrast and no clearness and the verse is essentially unsuited to the music. The libretto aims at symbolizing the fight of man against the old religions. The spirit of the book is Wagner's 'Ring' and Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound.' Whoever possessed a caldron brewed by Caridwen was the equal of the gods in power, for mingled with its poison there are now and then three drops of all wisdom, knowledge and desire of the world.

"The caldron is guarded by *King Arawn*. *Gwydion* robs the underworld of this magic caldron, for he desires to break the power of *Math*, the Druid King of Arvon; and his own uncle *Noden*, who is the oldest, biggest and sleepiest of all the gods, will not prevent him. *Noden* is our old friend *Wotan*.

"One attribute of the caldron is to intensify the dominant instinct of all who inhale its virtues. Brought to earth, it plays the dickens with *Gwydion* and his lover, *Elan*, and with *Govannion* and *Goewin* (splendid name for a horse, that). *Gwydion* is false to the guardianship of the caldron which *Math* imposes on him, and therefore the four lovers are metamorphosed into wolves with glittering electric eyes for their impious behavior in breaking their Druidical vows.

"*Math* afterwards relents and changes them to human beings. *Gwydion* kills the high priest (he might have done it in the beginning) and while he is gazing at the body *Govannion* throws *Gwydion's* little son, *Dylan*, born to him by *Elan* (apparently while they were wolves), into the sea, but the ocean, knowing that Mr. Holbrooke has written a trilogy of which the dry land is already completed, casts back the child.

"Except that Mr. Holbrooke used groups of wood wind in an individual manner, the score is just an imitation of Wagner. I noticed also that a serpentine, Strauss-like figure occasionally wiggled up and down the orchestra.

"'The Children of Don,' already an old-fashioned opera, was performed in English, but I think I heard no more than two complete sentences. Nothing has been left undone to make 'The Children of Don' a success, but no singing, acting or conducting or mounting could make it anything but a dull and pretentious imitation of Wagner."

WHATEVER may be the opinions on "The Children of Don," produced last night at the London Opera House, there can be no question as to the loftiness and seriousness of the aims of librettist and composer. It is an open secret that the author is Lord Howard de Walden and that he has taken a very practical interest in the production of the work. The chief fault of the libretto is obvious. There are too many characters, the inevitable result being that each can only be faintly sketched and that climaxes are approached too quickly. But this is a common error of inexperience, and inexperience, although often having untoward consequences, is in itself no sin, and if the characters are characterless they have too much to do to indulge in loquacity. In going to legend for the story the librettist handicapped himself more than he probably imagined, for it is extremely difficult to interest the public of to-day in the public of the past. Moreover, in the present instance the plot necessitates the stage being so frequently darkened as to have a depressing effect on the spectator.

* 1912 June 16

The work is preceded by an important overture which last night left an excellent impression and excited expectation. It commences molto allegro con fuoco in a manner intended by the composer to suggest the elemental forces of Nature. Composers are well equipped nowadays to suggest such subjects. Mr. Holbrooke is one of the most resourceful and daring of instrumental writers, and with an orchestra increased to about a hundred justice is done to Nature. This opening leads into a maestoso allegro section, which begins with the Cauldron theme being thundered out by the full force of the orchestra. Subsequent motives are those of Nodens, God of the Abyss, a theme possessing notable dignity; Goewin's love theme, one of great melodic beauty; Gwydion's theme, which admirably suggests his energetic and warlike temperament; and King Math's motif, which will be distinguished by the first bar containing four notes of the same name. These themes are treated in a dramatic manner, and the quotation of the Cauldron theme brings the overture to an imposing close.

* * *

When the curtain rises there is seen a gloomy cavern. On the right is the magic Cauldron, from which glows a ruddy light, and grouped about the stage are men in prehistoric garments about to sacrifice an unfortunate maiden to Nature. As the knife is about to fall Gwydion appears in the mouth of the cavern, and, being clad in armour, speedily puts the décolleté priests to rout. Then the scene changes to "A Wild and Ice-bound Ravine near the Sea." The introductory music is full of menace, which is accounted for by the appearance of Don, Goddess of Nature, who calls on the Sea King to intercept the progress of Gwydion with the Cauldron. He appears in a green light, and in turn calls upon Nodens, the God of the Abyss, for advice. Nodens refuses to interfere, and Don has to forego her vengeance on "the son that slew my priest." The most distinctive music in this section is that written round Nodens, which is remarkably dignified. The curtain falls, but the music continues. It grows quicker, becomes more animated, and at the close the brass is particularly prominent and suggestive of the dire things about to happen.

* * *

The first act opens with a chorus for Druids, as they carry the Cauldron into the sacred grove. There follows an energetic duet between King Math and Gwydion, who does not agree to the King reserving the Cauldron for the exclusive use of the Druids. The music becomes very energetic and suggestive of the strong natures of both men, but King Math is apparently too powerful to be resisted, and he appoints Gwydion to be the guardian of the Cauldron and forbids him to permit anybody to approach it lest they should presumably get one of the three drops of Wisdom which occasionally are thrown up from its otherwise poisonous contents. This appointment is Gwydion's undoing, for Gwydion's brother Govannion is loved by and is in love with one of the priestesses, Goewin, and the couple think that the sacred grove is an excellent courting place. After a brief duet of melodious character the pair are discovered by Gwydion, who forbears to denounce them and bids them depart. But his troubles are not over, for his sister Elan enters and beseeches him to marry her, as it has been foretold that their son would be a wonderful child. Gwydion, however, will not forsake his trust and bids Elan begone. The composer has been very happy in his setting of this scene, which leaves the impression that familiarity will increase esteem for the human note it contains.

* * *

Act II. takes place within one of the Druids' sacred enclosures. In the centre is the sacrificial altar, by the side of which stands the magic Cauldron. The action commences with a love duet between Goewin and Govannion. Goewin is afraid to forsake her duties as Priestess, and Govannion endeavours to persuade her to do so. As in the previous scene, they are discovered by Gwydion, and there ensues much animated conversation, accentuated by the orchestra. The trio are interrupted by the entrance of King Math, who asks Goewin "What do you in this sacred place?" She confesses her love for Govannion, and Math banishes her to the woods and has Gwydion bound to the sacrificial altar. Here he is left under sentence of being turned into a wolf. Darkness descends until little can be seen but his face illumined by the red glare from the Cauldron. Presently Elan enters and offers to loose Gwydion's bonds. This being impossible, she fulfils his request and drinks with him from a horn she has filled from the Cauldron. Then the orchestra suggests that something strange is about to happen. It does. Elan is lured away by the song of the Sea King with consequences which appear later, and Gwydion, left alone, sees various uncanny things, including the ghost of Arawn, whom he slew when he captured the Cauldron. A particularly impressive portion of this score is the reappearance of Nodens, who converses with Gwydion until the curtain falls.

* * *

The last act contains two scenes. The first is an autumn landscape. It is preceded by an expressive instrumental introduction, and the action begins with a chorus of Druids "off." Presently Gwion, the chief priest, enters in a bad temper, and, meeting Goewin, the ex-priestess, turns a deaf ear to her entreaties to be restored to her former position and condemns her to be devoured by wolves. The unfortunate damsel's plea for mercy has afforded an opportunity to the composer, of which he has made good use, and the music provides a good contrast to the subsequent vigorous duet between Math and Gwion, who protests against the King restoring Gwydion to his human shape.

* * *

The final scene is a rocky seashore. Hither Elan comes and sings a melodious meditation on her adventure with the Sea King. This is interrupted by the entrance of Govannion, who is consumed by discontent. Presently Math and Gwydion enter, and there is a good deal of difference of opinion. Math questions Elan as to her being able to become a priestess. She hesitates to submit to the test, and when she does so a little boy appears, and she confesses that

> In that night
> Of mantled madness and of demon breath,
> The poison of the gods is life, not death.

Math accuses Gwydion, who resents the accusation. Ultimately Gwydion kills Math. Meantime Govannion has flung the boy Dylan into the sea, but as his father was the Sea King the child comes back again unhurt. Gwydion declares that Dylan shall be the future King. This excites the jealousy of Govannion, and there is a duel in which Govannion is overcome by Gwydion. Then Gwion and his priests rush on and attack Gwydion for killing Math, but Gwydion gives his spear to his brother Govannion, who kills Gwion in revenge for having caused the death of his loved Goewin. The drama ends with Gwydion taking Dylan away in his arms.

(over)

* * *

The performance of "The Children of Don" was most praiseworthy considering the exacting nature of the work. The most finished and convincing impersonation was that of Goewin by Mme. Jomelli. The character is the most human in the drama. Her whole desire is to be loved by Govannion, but she is fearful of breaking her priestly vows. The composer seems to have felt this, and he has greatly favoured the character and provided it with melodious and vocal music. Full advantage of this was taken by Mme. Jomelli. She sang with beauty of tone and always with admirable dramatic emphasis. Elan is also given some beautiful phrases, and they were effectively delivered by Mme. Doria, who also acted well in the Condemnation Scene. A successful début at the London Opera House was also made by Miss Gertrude Blomfield as Don. Mr. Alan Turner was duly heroic as Gwydion, and succeeded in imparting some per-

THE CAUSE OF BRITISH OPERA.

1912

RECEPTION OF "CHILDREN OF DON."

June 17.

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY OF THE PRODUCTION.

"The Children of Don," the new opera by Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. Josef Holbrooke, which was produced at the London Opera House on Saturday night, meets with a somewhat mixed reception this morning at the hands of the critics. Following are some opinions on the opera :—

The Times.

This production has probably been the most severe blow which the struggling cause of English opera has sustained for many years; for whatever may be said in praise of the ingenuity of the librettist and the composer, the fact remains that in spite of a production on which all possible care had been expended, and in spite of the fact that the score had been placed in the hands of one of the most experienced conductors of the day, the whole thing was quite unintelligible to all who had not spent some hours of preliminary study upon it.

Daily Telegraph.

That we are a day's march nearer the haven where we would be, the founding on a firm basis of a national opera in English, we take leave to doubt. While giving all possible credit to the undertakers of the present enterprise for their immense sincerity, we cannot rid ourselves of the idea that we remain, at best, precisely where we were before.

Morning Post.

With all its faults, "The Children of Don" makes a beginning in national drama, and is therefore notable. It is in this that the value of this production is found.

Standard.

It would be easy to dismiss the work in a few airy sentences, but even with its failings it deserves better treatment than that, and after all patriotism counts for something, and the cry of internationalism in art has too often been made the excuse for pitchforking into obscurity native talent.

Daily Graphic.

On the whole, in spite of its earnestness and some extremely clever effects of orchestral colour, the music is too merciless and too cold. The libretto contains some tender passages, but to these Mr. Holbrooke rarely responds.

Daily News and Leader.

The cause of native opera has claimed many sacrifices in labour and money, but never greater ones than were made for "The Children of Don." The cause has had many defeats, but never a more disastrous one than awaited "The Children of Don."

Dail Mail.

"The Children of Don" is decidedly the most important English opera ever produced. It is the first English opera to be, at the time of its production, abreast of the technique and general movement of the foreign music-world.

Daily Express.

The work is epoch-making in the fullest meaning of the term, and it marks a tremendous advance in the progress of British opera. . . . If a work of such colossal intentions can be accepted from our own people there need be no further limits to the possibilities of native art.

Daily Chronicle.

Interesting as it is, the work has so many grave faults that one cannot regard it is anything more than an experiment—out of which, of course, something better may come in the future.

'CHILDREN OF DON.'

July 17. 1912

British Opera Proves Disappointing.

MR. HOLBROOKE'S MUSIC.

Such a rare event as the production of a new British opera naturally drew a large and brilliant audience to the London Opera House on Saturday evening, when "The Children of Don," by Lord Howard de

sonality to the part. The music for King Math, Govannion, Gwion, and Arawn is almost entirely declamatory, and in most respects these characters were respectively capably personated by Messrs. Henry Weldon, Andrew Shanks, Frederick Blamey, and Frank Pollock. Mr. Arthur Nikisch secured an effective rendering of the important and exacting orchestral portion, and the choral portions were well sung.

*

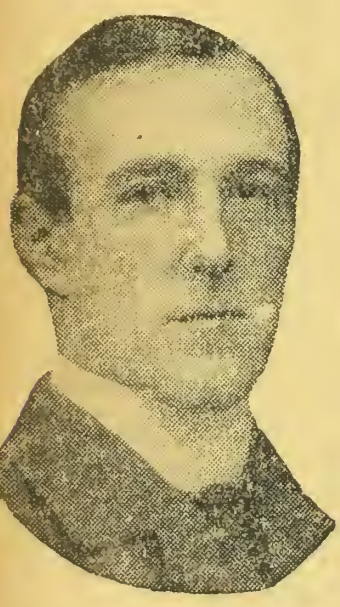
Walden and Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, was given its first performance.

One saw a large number of well known musicians, amateur and professional, who had come eager to hear a work of which so much had been heard. The Duke of Argyll, M. Paderewski, Herr Mengelberg, Sir Charles Stanford, Mr. George Moore, Sir Frederic Cowen, Sir Alex. Mackenzie, Sir Henry Wood, and many other equally familiar figures were to be seen in stalls and boxes.

With so many opinions given before the production by persons interested therein, the critic's task in attempting to sum up the value of the work is rather a delicate one. But whatever the precise value of the opera, it certainly can be said that both librettist and composer deserve to be praised for an attempt at something much more ambitious than most British operas that have been produced of late years. It is also a source of satisfaction that such a splendid production has been given to "The Children of Don," both as regards the staging and the musical side. It again gave one an opportunity to observe how well British singers can do opera if they have the chance, for all the native artists concerned in Saturday's production were really excellent.

The opera, as I have said, is on an ambitious scale. It has a prologue (in two scenes) and three acts (the last in two

"T. E. ELLIS."



[*Elliott & Fry.*

Lord Howard de Walden, who under the pen name of "T. E. Ellis," has written the opera, "The Children of Don."

scenes), and it takes as long as one of the "Ring" operas in performance. Interesting as it is, the work has so many grave faults that one cannot regard it as anything more than an experiment—out of which, of course, something better may come in the future.

The libretto, with its characters of gods and goddesses, and mortals born of gods, inevitably invites comparisons with Wagner's poem of the "Ring." That is not to suggest, for a moment, that the author has borrowed Wagner's ideas. He has selected a subject from early Cymric mythology and legend, that has similarities, as have all the Northern legends, with the Nibelung sagas. Thus, in "The Children of Don," Nodens, a god who lies in slumber, at once recalls Erda; Don, the Nature goddess, has mortal children, just as Wotan is father of the Wälsungs. And the sacred cauldron, which possesses wisdom and evil, also has analogies with the Rheingold.

AN OBSCURE STORY.

But these things would not matter if the poem had real dramatic strength or significance. But the story is so complicated, and the reasons which prompt the action are so obscure, that it is difficult to get any clear impression. Without entering into any discussion of the literary merits of Lord Howard de Walden's work, one can say it is not a good operatic libretto, especially as much of the language is so involved.

Exactly the reason why Gwydion, the hero of Arvon, who has brought the cauldron from its mystic home and given it to the Druids, should incur the punishment of being changed into a wolf, is not quite clear, nor is the reason for his return to mankind shape any clearer. Only in a general sense can one follow the idea that the cauldron's possession brings down to Don's children the love interests supplied by an intrigue of Govannion (Gwydion's brother) with Goewin, a vestal virgin guarding the cauldron, and by the love of Elan for her brother Gwydion. The opera ends, after a good many people have been killed, with the triumph of Gwydion over the Druids, whose

ideas, one gathers, stand in the way of the mortal race sprung from Don.

It is an even more difficult task to sum up the music. A bad libretto can often inspire a composer, but it must be confessed that Mr. Holbrooke's music is disappointing. It is in the characteristic vein of all his other work, that is to say, very complex, and very original, but never going very deep or giving one the impression of genuine emotion. Its worst feature is that it so often seems not to have any definite dramatic or psychological connection with the sayings and doings of the characters, so that one is often compelled to ask what the music is really trying to express, at any given moment. His music is really best where the opera has some sort of pantomimic display; for instance, at the end of the second act, where ghosts appear to Gwydion, and in the third act, where the pack of wolves (amongst whom are Gwydion and his brother); such things as these give Mr. Holbrooke an opportunity of revelling in the very original orchestral colours and effects which he can handle so cleverly.

WAGNERIAN REMINISCENCES.

But, except in a few places, the music has little of poetic beauty, or dramatic strength and appropriateness. The themes used—with the exception of one which recalls a few bars of "The Men of Harlech"—are not very distinctive, and there are some Wagnerian reminiscences, although, in justice to Mr. Holbrooke, it must be said that his score is not in any way modelled on the Wagnerian style.

Some of the best of the music in the opera is associated with the god Nodens; it has something of the mystic feeling necessary to the character. The Druidical music in the first act has a certain impressiveness, and much of the first half of the second act (in the trilithon temple) has some picturesque qualities. The most attractive piece of writing is a brief prelude to Act III., scene 2, a clever suggestion of sea-music.

The performance, as already mentioned, was upon a high level of excellence, and the credit of it is largely due to the splendid conducting of Herr Nikisch, who made the orchestra play the enormously difficult music splendidly, and was very helpful to the singers.

The role of Gwydion was taken by Mr. Alan Turner, who sang and acted very impressively in his scenes with Math, Elan, and Govannion. Equally good was Mr. Andrew Shanks as Govannion, and Mr. Frederick Blamey as the Druid Gwion gave one of the best performances of the evening, singing finely and acting with dignity.

Another excellent piece of work was that of Miss Gertrude Blomfield as Dai, in her one scene in the prologue she made an excellent impression. Mme. Jomelli as Goewin, the vestal priestess, and Mme. Augusta Doria as Elan (daughter of Don) both did very convincing work, and one must mention M. Bozano as Nodens and Mr. H. Bishop as Lyd, both of whom sang well, while the minor roles were adequately filled.

The staging of the opera deserves more than the customary few words. Mr. Sime's scenery and costumes are very beautiful and original. The two pictures of the prologue—a cave and a wild ravine—are wonderful studies in soft colours, and the trilithon temple of Act II. is also very striking. The exquisite scene of the last act, a rocky seashore, must also be mentioned for its original colouring and design.

"THE CHILDREN OF DON."

PRODUCTION AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

By "T. E. Ellis" and Joseph Holbrooke.

GODS.	
Nodens (God of the Abyss)	Mr. Enzo Bozano
Lyd (the Sea King)	Mr. Humphrey Bishop
Don (the Goddess of Nature)	Miss Gertrude Blomfield
MORTALS.	
Math	Mr. Henry Weldon
Gwydion	Mr. Alan Turner
Govannion	Mr. Andrew Shanks
Elan	Mme. Augusta Doria
The Sacrifice ..	Miss Von Nichols
Dylan (Elan's Son)	Miss Janet Grover
Gwion	Mr. Frederick Blamey
Goewin	Mme. Jeanne Jomelli
Arawn	Mr. Frank Pollock
First Priest	Mr. De Moraes
Second Priest ..	Mr. Arthur Philips
Demon	Mr. Henri Altschuler

Stage Director—Jacques Coini.
Conductor—Mr. Arthur Nikisch.

The Children of Don was produced at the London Opera House on Saturday night before an audience who received it with expressions of good will. Its reception must dispose once and for all of the theory that the public con-

[illegible] English opera unheard, for though the house was by no means full, the audience, which included a great number of musical people, listened sympathetically and patiently to the end. Nevertheless, this production has probably been the most severe blow which the struggling cause of English opera has sustained for many years; for whatever may be said in praise of the ingenuity of the librettist and the composer, the fact remains that in spite of a production on which all possible care had been expended, and in spite of the fact that the score had been placed in the hands of one of the most experienced conductors of the day, the whole thing was quite unintelligible to all who had not spent some hours of preliminary study upon it. There lies the crucial test of an opera; the action on the stage must give the outline of the story, the words must tell us all those things which action cannot convey, the music must deepen the emotion beyond the power of combined action and words. *The Children of Don* breaks down in the first of these conditions. During two-thirds of the opera there is no action at all. The characters walk on, talk to one another, and go away again, and there is nothing even to stimulate an inquiry as to what it is all about. The words are declaimed in such a way that one often catches quite unimportant details with unforgettable distinctness, while the real turning points of the story are allowed to drift past smothered in orchestration or so badly accented as to be inaudible. More than once Math, the Druid priest, insisted upon the family relationship between himself and Gwydion in the words, "You are my sister's son," a point which did not matter much to anybody else, yet essential things such as what was the fate of Goewin and how Elan came to be the mother of Dylan could only be discovered by reading the book.

Lord Howard de Walden (it is unnecessary now to maintain the *alias* "T. E. Ellis") has undertaken a most difficult task in sorting out the complicated stories from ancient British mythology into an operatic libretto. At the outset of the prologue there is a directness in the action which is quite hopeful. The priests of Annwn are about to offer a human sacrifice before the magic caldron of Caridwen when Gwydion, son of the goddess Don, enters to steal the caldron, knocks down five or six priests like so many ninepins, and seizes the caldron. But unfortunately the second scene of the prologue is given up to divine discourse. Don calls upon the Sea King to prevent general cosmic disaster by overwhelming Gwydion and the caldron as he is carrying it to Math, King of Arvon; the Sea King consults Nodens, the sleeping god (whose name appropriately suggests his occupation), and they decide to do nothing. After that we have not much to do with the gods. In the first act Math takes charge of the caldron, places it in the Temple with Goewin to act the part of its virgin priestess (the synopsis though not the libretto alludes to her as a "vestal virgin") and Gwydion to police the Temple. The experienced operagoer naturally expects love passages between Gwydion and Goewin, but that is where Gwydion's brother, Govannion, comes in. Gwydion surprises these two, but instead of taking them in charge as he ought to have done he contents himself with telling them to "move on." Next Elan, his sister, comes to make love to Gwydion, but is refused, not from any scruples about the Table of Kindred and Affinity, but because Gwydion conceives himself to have a greater mission in life than love-making.

In the second act the lovers are caught again by Gwydion; but here the situation is complicated by the fact that Math comes in before Gwydion has succeeded in moving them on, and Math, being the one decisive person in the opera, brings trouble. Even he, however, lets Goewin off; Govannion has gone already, but he punishes his police officer by chaining him to a rock and leaving him to die. Gwydion bewails that he must die "for just a little simple kindliness." Here Elan comes in, and is persuaded by Gwydion to bring him poison from the caldron, of which both drink. Its effect is unexpected. The voice of the Sea King calls Elan to him, and that accounts for the birth of Dylan; Gwydion, on the other hand, is changed into a wolf, and somehow or other Govannion undergoes a similar change. All Govannion's business takes place off, but perhaps that is just as well, for Gwydion's transformation was not the most effective thing which we have seen at the London Opera House. After some time Math determines to commute the sentence on the brothers and restores them to manhood on condition of Gwydion's proposing a new priestess to serve the caldron. It appears that Govannion as a wolf has devoured his former lover Goewin, so she did not really get off as lightly as at first appeared. Gwydion, who knows no more than most of the audience did of the Sea King's affair with Elan, nominates her for the post; but under Math's magic tests the existence of Dylan is discovered, with the result that Math curses Gwydion, Gwydion kills Math, Govannion throws Dylan into the sea, Dylan gets up again, Gwydion fights Govannion and wounds him, all the Druids rush in and expatiate upon Math's death, Govannion kills the chief of them, Gwion by name, and the curtain falls leaving the three children of Don with Dylan, who, by the way, is the hero of the next

opera, in command of the situation. No one at any rate need complain of lack of action in the last scene.

One may feel a good deal of pity for Lord Howard de Walden in his effort to tell such a story; but one would feel more if, instead of dressing it up in high-sounding language, mistaken for poetry, he had tried to tell it in simple English. One need feel none for Mr. Holbrooke, who riots through the whole thing, spinning out his intricate orchestral web, revelling in every conceivable complexity, sometimes lighting upon a passage from the *Ring*, occasionally hitting upon a happy idea of his own, never at a loss for something to do, never having anything important to say. If certain passages strike one as apt to the situation they have to be set against so many which are utterly incongruous that they hardly appear to be more than momentary coincidences. The song of Nodens in the prologue had dignity; Gwydion's lament when he is bound to the rocks had some passion as Mr. Alan Turner sang it; but the love music of Govannion and Goewin would have baffled far more accomplished singers than Mr. Andrew Shanks and Mme. Jomelli, and Elan's soliloquy in the third act, like much besides, was mere musical ranting. The only point of great beauty was the Welsh folk tune played in unison on the strings and afterwards in telling harmony by the full orchestra at the death of Math. An immense orchestra was used, and that in the case of so clever a composer as Mr. Holbrooke meant that there were many moments where the orchestration had a beautiful sound, but many more where it was simply a nuisance. Mr. Holbrooke seemed to have brought together all the bricks of which a modern opera of the post-Wagnerian school is built, and to have amused himself by piling them up into a grotesque and childish edifice. Only in that sense the bricks, not the building, can be said to have copied either Wagner or Strauss.

The smoothness with which the performance went was quite surprising. It was not a work in which any singer could gain great distinction, and most of them, as has been already suggested, failed to make it clear what they were singing about. But that the whole cast knew the music well enough to get through the first performance without one serious hitch, and that they all worked with the utmost fervour for its success, deserves record. Indeed, Mr. Alan Turner's efforts as Gwydion deserve to be rewarded with a more fruitful part in another opera. As the whole opera was played in semi-darkness M. Coini's resources in staging it were limited; in fact, the light department was the only one in which the authors exerted any economy of material. However, the scenic effects, apart from the transformation of Gwydion and the pack of wolves, were generally adequate. Herr Nikisch's orchestral performance deserves all praise. It would be rash to say that the orchestra played every note which Mr. Holbrooke wrote or that he wrote every note which was played. But the whole was wonderfully controlled and brilliantly interpreted. At the end there were calls for the author and composer, which became insistent when neither appeared. At last, when the singers, the conductor, and the stage manager had made their bows, M. Coini came forward and announced that "Mr. Ellis" and Mr. Holbrooke had left the building, and then the audience hastened to follow their admirable example.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

"THE CHILDREN OF DON."

NEW ENGLISH WORK.

June 17 1912

At last the psychological moment has arrived and "Britishers" of every nationality are in full possession of the opera that is to lead the way, or so it is hinted, towards placing this country on a musical level with all other European countries. On Saturday night, before a crowded and representative audience, Mr. Hammerstein produced the much-talked-of opera, "The Children of Don," the libretto or poem of which has been provided by "Mr. T. E. Ellis," otherwise Lord Howard de Walden, the music by Mr. Josef Holbrooke. At last, at last! But—have we here the "great possession" that we were led to expect? It was reported recently that the librettist declared his coadjutor to be the greatest English composer since Purcell. It may be; at any rate, such a pious opinion argues splendid confidence, and there is no lack of that quality throughout the opera. But Purcell—well, Purcell has been dead 217 years, and his works live after him. One of the marks of his genius was his capacity to obtain a maximum of effect with a minimum of means. On Saturday night the orchestra overflowed from below the level of the stage into one of the stage-boxes; and this in the "last word" in modern opera houses.

Still, we are in possession of the British opera for which we have waited so long and so patiently, and now, presumably, we can hold up our heads among the nations. It is all very wonderful, and we ought to feel proud. Two people, at any rate, certainly should feel so, the composer and the librettist, for rarely, indeed, can so much pains have been taken with the production of any opera anywhere. Moreover, this was magnificently staged, so far as could be seen in the darkness of the theatre from 7.30 until 11.30; it was sung with every appearance of sincerity and conviction; in its preparation it had the inestimable advantage of the advice of one of the most experienced operatic conductors in the world at this moment; the orchestra was magnificent, and gave of its very best, as also did the singers; and the public clearly were in the best of moods to receive on behalf of the nation this musical offering of the "greatest English composer since Purcell."

REMINISCENT OF "THE RING."

And, now, what of it all? Let it be understood that this is, more or less, a first attempt on so large a scale of both composer and librettist, a fact that perhaps may be pleaded in extenuation. Surely this would have been patent to all who witnessed the performance, but let that pass. The tale attempted to be unfolded has been given in *The Daily Telegraph* already, but before the production of the opera. Then it was stated to be somewhat involved and difficult to disentangle. Now, after the performance and a complete "dress rehearsal," we frankly confess that it is not definitely clearer than before. So much we understand—that the opera, the first of a trilogy, deals with the war of man against the baleful gods of darkness, "the noble struggle of man to be master of his own soul, and in that theme to adumbrate the evolution of our own island race." Further, that the Cymric legend of Math Mathonwy forms the basis of the story, with the magic cauldron of Caridwen, which intensifies the predominant instinct in its possessor, occupying a prominent place. Probably a clearer idea of the purport of the work would be obtained if it were explained that the opera is in a sense a blood-relation of "Götterdämmerung." The fact seems to have been clearly recognised by the composer, who has, indeed, flattered Wagner throughout by the sincerity of his imitation of "The Ring." And not only the composer. We have a love potion; we have a cauldron the possession of which gives to its owner a power equal to that of the gods themselves; we have characters that have their counterpart in "The Ring" and to whom they are unmistakably related. In point of fact, "The Ring" is without question the ancestor, and this British or Cymric opera is a somewhat degenerate son.

But is it not time that gods and goddesses were allowed to rest in peace for a time in operatic worlds? It really signifies little to us mortals of the twentieth century that these contests between good and evil were for ever proceeding, not because of any particular lack of interest on our part in them and their doings, but because, for our time at any rate, they can never again be dealt with adequately. If Wagner has said the last word in the matter, of what use for lesser mortals to attempt to tread precisely in his footsteps? If, on the other hand, Wagner failed, it is obviously still more futile for lesser mortals to rush in. This, we imagine, would have been too self-evident had we not seen what we have seen—two young artistic enthusiasts wasting their precious time as such in the vain endeavour to achieve again that which has been accomplished once for all.

VAGUENESS AND GLOOM.

There is another side that is worth looking at for a moment—the qualifications of the author and composer for so stupendous a task as that they have set themselves. It is quite clear that Lord Howard de Walden has a poetical mind out of the common order. His view is a wide one, and his command of language is considerable. But his power of dramatic expression, on the other hand, is quite inadequate, and, in consequence, one is completely baffled over and over again in the attempt to arrive at his meaning. What, for example, is the meaning of such lines as these: "Are you come down at last from white abstention of the hills?" and "Full stored were all our souls with cumulate device of hopes in hiding and dreams got by stealth that had no parturition?" Even if the meaning is clear, are these lines that cry out for a musical setting? Surely not. And it is of lines such as these that the libretto largely consists.

Moreover, the author's sense of climax, and even of drama itself, is far too vague to stand the fierce light that beats upon the stage. Vagueness, indeed, is the main characteristic of the opera book, and it is this vagueness that leads to the obscurity referred to above, to the ambiguity, and to the failure of the work to make a really profound impression. Frankly, long before the end one could not but feel the tiresomeness of the folk upon the stage, merely because they were so characterless, or because their delineator had failed definitely to characterise all or even any one of them. The colour, the very atmosphere, never varied from the rising of the curtain on the prologue to the going down thereof at the end. Gloom, gloom perpetual. Gloom in the dramatic atmosphere, gloom upon the stage, gloom in the orchestra. This, it may be argued, is precisely the dramatic atmosphere aimed at for its appropriateness. If this be true, then the other argument is complete that such a subject should not be attempted by any but the greatest of dramatists, and Lord Howard de Walden is not one of these.

THE MUSIC.

As to Mr. Holbrooke's score: it is thoroughly characteristic of him as composer. Incidentally, how the various singers ultimately memorised the extraordinarily uncouth strains they were perpetually called upon to sing passes comprehension. Just as the librettist fails in his sense of drama, so the composer fails in the sense of dramatic vocal fitness. Let any one who possesses the score glance, for example, at the music of the scene in the third act between Math and Gwion. Was ever anything so uncouth written for human voice? It is not that the music is merely difficult of vocalisation; it is uncouth, hideous in its sound when vocalised. And, moreover, the music has no more definite character than the gods and mortals themselves who have to sing it. The truth seems to be that Mr. Holbrooke has not given the same attention to the human voice that he has given to the orchestral instruments. Over and over again in the orchestra are delightful snatches of scoring, though, be it said, the score is usually too "thick," and Professor Nikisch must often have been hard pressed to allow the voices to become audible. The several opportunities that occur for purely orchestral music Mr. Holbrooke has seized with avidity and almost complete success, but not once during the length of the long opera is to be noted a genuine climax or a sense of contrast. This may be, of course, that there is a corresponding lack both of contrast and climax in the book, as already said. But if the composer realised this it surely was open to him to suggest a change to his coadjutor.

The scenery, so far as it could be seen in the ever-darkened stage, was very fine indeed, more especially that of the rocky shore in the final act; but there was no word on the programme to inform one as to the designer's name. True, the lighting left a good deal to be desired from the point of view of the public, though it may have suited the purposes of the author, a point already alluded to. On the whole, Mr. Coini's stage-management was excellent, and the accident of a wrong light being turned on at a most inopportune moment—that of the change of Gwydion into a wolf—may be easily forgiven, for it is unlikely to occur again. The orchestra, as has been said, played very finely, and it is impossible to praise too highly the labour of Professor Nikisch, who worked like a Trojan as conductor, and achieved marvels in keeping the tone of the over-loaded orchestra within the limits necessary to enable the singers to be audible.

"OPERA IN ENGLISH."

As to the singers themselves no doubt they all "did their best," as the phrase goes; but their opportunities were few, only too few. Those who seemed least conventional in their movements were two foreigners in Madame Jomelli and Mr. Bozano, the one as Goewin, the priestess, the other as Nodens, the god of Abyss, and undoubtedly their sense of diction was incomparably superior to that of the others. In view of this, and of what we wrote a year or two ago in connection with the performances elsewhere of "The Ring" in English, it seems futile, to say the least, to prate everlastingly of opera in English, when hardly a word is audible in the house. On Saturday the singers might have been singing in Choctaw for all that the audience could hear. Is it, then, not high time that more attention was paid here, as abroad, to the all-important question of diction before we go any farther in the matter of English opera? There is no doubt that we are at present far behind our Continental neighbours in this regard, and from those representatives who come over here we can learn much. Madame Jomelli and Mr. Bozano, too, seemed much more "routined" in the matter of stage deportment than their colleagues, some of whom were the personification of all that is stilted in their movements. All this means that we seem to have a very long journey to travel before we are really prepared for opera in the vernacular that can compare with opera in the languages of those who are, as it were, to the manner born. Miss Gertrude Blomfield sang very pleasantly as Don; Messrs. Weldon and Alan Turner were imposing representatives of Math and Gwydion respectively; Mr. Pollock made a fairly good Arawn, the King of Annwn, and so on. But really it was a matter of great difficulty to differentiate between the various singers, through no fault of theirs, as hinted before.

After the final curtain fell there were calls for author and composer, and for all and sundry connected with the production, but the two principals had left the house, and the honours were shared by those who remained. That we are a day's march nearer the haven where we would be, the founding on a firm basis of a national opera in English, we take leave to doubt. In point of fact, while giving all possible credit to the undertakers of the present enterprise for their immense sincerity, we cannot rid ourselves of the idea that we remain, at best, precisely where we were before. In the 20th century English opera will not and cannot be

founded upon the legends of England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, expressed in even the best language of the amateur who knows not the stage. The reasons have been hinted at already. English opera, by which is meant opera written by natives of Great Britain for natives, must be British in essence, whatever that may be, and not Teutonic generally and Wagnerian specifically. If, on the other hand, we are to regard this production merely as an attempt at opera belonging to the art that knows no confines, then we prefer to say no more.

THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE

"THE CHILDREN OF DON."

The fortunate combination of circumstances resulting in the production of "The Children of Don" at the London Opera House on Saturday night has given to Mr. Hammerstein the honour of being responsible for the musical event of the season. For such, things being as they are, is the presentation of an opera by a native composer. The libretto of Mr. Josef Holbrooke's work is adapted from the poem, "Children of Don," by T. E. Ellis, who, as every one is aware, is Lord Howard de Walden. It deals with old Welsh legends, and the period, Druidic times, the setting, colour, and atmosphere, and the mythological romance are all ideal for musical and dramatic treatment. The fact that there is some planning of the work—it is part of a trilogy—on the lines of the "Ring" is obvious, yet this in itself does not really matter. The model, at any rate, is a good one to follow, and in the result we certainly have, in scope and ambition, the most advanced attempt yet made at British music-drama.

Just as the theft of the Rhinegold brought misery and disaster to its possessors, so does the seizing of the Cauldron of Caridwen by Gwydion, son of Don. By handing it over to the keeping of the Druids, Gwydion realises that mankind exchanges but one evil for another. The Cauldron is the source of knowledge and power; moreover, the conditions of its safeguarding in the temple of the Druids involve a conflict between Gwydion, its keeper, and his brother Govannion, who loves Goewin, now forced to become an attendant vestal virgin. Loyalty to his race leads to Gwydion supporting Govannion. Math, the Priest-King, punishes the brothers by turning them into wolves. But meanwhile Elan, of whom it had been prophesied that she is to have a son destined to great achievements, had sought as husband her own brother Gwydion; finding him bound to the sacrificial stone awaiting his doom, she attempts to save him by a draught from the magic cauldron, taking one herself. The result is of no avail as regards him, but on her the effect is that the song of the Sea-King heard in the distance lures her irresistibly away. Math, having discovered that, by losing Gwydion, he has lost, so to speak, his right hand, determines to withdraw his decree; Gwydion, and Govannion, too, resume their human form. As a substitute for Goewin (whose punishment had been death from the wolf-pack) Gwydion suggests Elan. But when the mystic test of virginity is applied, Dylan, the fruit of her union with the Sea-king, is revealed. Math believes Gwydion to be the boy's father, and for the deceit is about to turn him once again into a wolf, but he proves helpless against Gwydion's supreme effort to save man from the Druids, and is slain. The fulfilment of man's destiny is left to be shown in the second opera, which deals with the adventures of Dylan.

In the relation of this legendary matter the librettist has certainly not made the best use of his opportunities. The lengthy dialogues are not only very obscure in diction, but they fail to lead up clearly and definitely enough to the events upon which the action of the whole depends The motives of story and characters become difficult to follow, and there results a certain purposelessness which is indeed confusing. Twice over does one have the situation of Govannion and Goewin discovered by Gwydion in the sacred precincts. The all-important qualities of the magic cauldron might also have been made more patent or more picturesque with advantage.

Mr. Holbrooke has composed some very elaborate music: his score is a continual source of instrumental combination and colour. Too little attention, however, has been paid to the vocal writing. Of course, the text has presented great difficulties in the setting, but thes surely should not have led to so much indecisive accentuation, the placing of climax notes upon words of lesser import in the sentence. Also the melodic phrases are lacking in sensuous charm. In this respect the Erda-like utterances of the god Nodens are the most satisfactory, they lie effectively for the voice and come well through an "atmospheric" orchestral complement.

Another shortcoming is the undecided nature of the musical characterisation. There is no need to adopt blindly the leitmotiv principle. Mr. Holbrooke, indeed, uses it somewhat sparingly—but one does expect more sympathetic variation in the writing, more diversified adaptability of the music to the various personages, so that they shall stand out more sharply upon the stage. Not only this, but also for the reason of obtaining musical contrast throughout the work as a whole. The composer has relied greatly upon his skill in instrumental complexity, and in so doing seems to have lost sight of the personalities of his characters. One has in effect a huge symphonic poem and an impression that no regard has been paid to the exigencies of music for the stage.

As to the thematic material, Mr. Holbrooke has not come up to previous efforts in the invention of phrases which can claim individuality. Here again it might be urged that orchestral effect pure and simple has been attained at the expense of inevitability in the expression. Moreover, the achievement of novelty in tone combination has not resulted in any marked degree of emotional grip. The text supplies not a few opportunities for the musical illustration of human feelings, not so much in the poetic content of the verse as in the situations. It is, perhaps, the impression given of the lack of æsthetic beauty of melody and harmony which raises the doubt as to whether the composer has felt his subject and has not rather in the main regarded his setting too much from the intellectual point of view. Strange instrumental devices must, to justify their existence, intensify an underlying expression.

That there were moments when the hearer heard attractive music is not denied, but whenever this happened the reminiscences of Wagner were so strong as to be positively disturbing. The overture starts off in similar fashion to the prelude to the third act of "Siegfried"; the fire-music is suggested here and there, and most familiar of all was a phrase used a good deal in Elan's music which sent one away from the theatre with Isolde's Liebestod in one's head. There were other plagiarisms too, and on many an occasion the Wagner orchestral idiom had been very faithfully reflected. The clever use of a phrase from "Men of Harlech" was manifestly intentional.

The performance had many good qualities. Herr Nikisch held up the complicated score into the clearest possible light, and made full use of the various opportunities of tonal climax. On the stage there was some very good singing, considering the difficulties and the unvocal nature of both text and music. For this reason too much attention should not be paid to the fact that the enunciation was not as clear as could have been wished. Enough was done to make patent yet again the fact that opera in English can be a living force. Mr. Alan Turner's Gwydion was really strong and vocally admirable. Mr. Henry Weldon was a dignified Math, and in Mr. Bozano's Nodens and Mr. Humphrey Bishop's Lyd, the Sea-King, one heard good singing. Mr. Blamey's voice is not well controlled, and this lent an additional obstacle to clear diction. The Govannion of Mr. Andrew Shanks suffered pretty much in the same way. Mmes. Doria and Iomelli, as Elan and Goewin respectively, showed dramatic force, both in the singing and acting. Mention must also be made of Miss Gertrude Blomfield's Don. N. C. G.

Mr. Holbrooke will himself conduct the third performance of *The Children of Don* at the London Opera House on June 27. Lord Howard de Walden has realized from the two performances that the opera is too long, and that the long vocal soliloquies impede the dramatic action. A number of these have now been excised, so that the performance will be found to be at least three-quarters of an hour shorter. It will begin at 8, instead of 7.30.

Time 20/9/12

THE ROYAL OPERA.

MADAME AGOSTINELLI AS MANON LESCAUT.

20 June 91

In "Manon Lescaut," produced at Covent Garden last night for the first time this season, Puccini already showed the strong instinct for the stage which he was to develop in so remarkable a way in his later operas. The work indeed, though not free from faults, is very interesting, as the beginnings of genius generally are, but in addition there are many pages of real emotional feeling, and for this reason it will surely continue to hold its own. The characters stand out very clearly, and this makes for ease in the presentation, or, at any rate, makes it a grateful task to undertake. Last night's performance was of excellent quality; the appearance of Mme. Agostinelli was successful, as she has presence, a real histrionic style, and an accomplished vocal method. It is true that the voice itself is not powerful, but the quality is sympathetic. She was not always clearly heard; yet one could hardly have wished for Signor Panizza to restrain his fiery interpretation of the score; he did not succeed in drowning Signor Martinelli, whose Des Grieux proved to be quite one of his strongest impersonations. His splendid voice and singing have many an opportunity throughout the opera, and he made the most of each one in turn. Signor Sammarco, too, was singularly happy in realising the careless indifference and selfishness of the brother, while Signor Malatesta, as Geronte, and Signor Zucchi, as Edmondo, must be mentioned among other rôles, all of which were well filled.

MUSIC.

June 20

ROYAL OPERA. 9/12

"MANON LESCAUT."

(In Italian.)

Des Grieux	Signor MARTINELLI
Manon Lescaut	Mme. AGOSTINELLI
Lescaut	Signor SAMMARCO
Geronte	Signor MALATESTA
Edmondo	Signor ZUCCHI
Un Musico	Miss BETTY BOOKER

Conductor—Signor PANIZZA.

The interest of Puccini's *Manon Lescaut* is more exclusively musical than is that of any of his later operas. There are, of course, certain musical qualities which he has developed since he wrote it, particularly in variety of orchestration, but the impulse underlying the opera is musical rather than dramatic. The selection from the story of the Abbé Prévost is so episodic that there is little dramatic continuity between the acts, and consequently the characterization is of the slightest kind. Puccini was not originally much interested in those aspects of opera upon which he has since concentrated almost to the exclusion of musical beauty in his latest work. In *Manon* he seized upon those incidents which gave most scope for his direct and heartfelt vein of melody; he took great delight in musical devices such as the combination of the chorus with the conversation between Lescaut and Geronte in the first act and the planning of the musical features of Manon's *levée* in the second. He laid more stress altogether upon definiteness of musical shape, and one can see the action of the stage being moulded to the musical ideas, a process which he has reversed in his more recent style. *Manon* is too fresh and too sincere to be put aside as an early work, and though it has not the general popularity of the three operas which followed it, one comes back to it from time to time with pleasure for the music it contains rather than for the opera as a whole.

Last night's performance was a good one. Signor Martinelli gave us beautiful singing, especially in his solo in the first act and in the duet of the second. His voice is so splendidly glowing in its quality that he is tempted to revel in his power and to try to pile climax upon climax in a way which is rather dangerous from the point of view of the musical result, and which is likely to wear his voice unnecessarily. His *mezza voce* can be so telling that he might often use it and hold the full power in reserve with advantage. Mme. Agostinelli, who was singing for the first time at Covent Garden, did not succeed in making a very strong impression at first. She found difficulty in keeping her voice steady, possibly through nervousness, and in the early part of the second act she was apt to be overpowered by the orchestra, especially

by Puccini's favourite method of scoring for the violins in octaves with the voice. In the duet, however, and in the scene at the prison window, she gained confidence, and the sympathetic quality of tone and genuine feeling which belong to her singing were enjoyable. Signor Sammarco had not much opportunity as Lescaut, but, as usual, he showed his artistic judgment admirably by not attempting to make more of the part than the composer has made of it, and a number of details in his acting and his singing gave life to his interpretation without allowing it to become obtrusive.

ROYAL OPERA.

"MANON LESCAUT."

Two points are curious in connection with Puccini's opera, "Manon Lescaut," which was revived at Covent Garden last night, namely, that it, like its more popular successor, "La Bohème," is rather a string of detached scenes than a congruous whole; and that it still maintains its place in the operatic repertoire in spite of the fact that much of its libretto may conceivably be almost meaningless to those who are not well acquainted with the Abbé Prévost's romance. But perhaps the very humanness of the tale, even as Puccini's company of librettists have stated it, has lent to it that life that it otherwise must have lacked. At any rate, the fact remains that the opera shows little sign of losing its hold on the public affections, or it would not be revived season after season. All the world can understand the love of Manon, just on the point of entering a convent, for Des Grieux, who is destined for the Church, even if they cannot quite see the point of her infidelity with Geronte di Lavoir (who is still written Ravoir in the official books), whose mistress she becomes. They can gather up the thread when Des Grieux passionately upbraids her, and induces her to fly with him, and the anger of her spurned lover, when he hands her over to the police; and they can easily guess why it happens that Manon is ultimately deported, and dies in the arms of Des Grieux, in exile in that awful desert. Just as Wolf-Ferrari has Neapolitanised the Spanish romance of "The Jewels of the Madonna," so Puccini has Italianised the purely French tale of Manon, with an operatic success in both cases. Puccini was young when he composed "Manon"; it was produced in 1893, when the composer was but 35, but even so he has not often realised the tragedy of any scene in any subsequent opera so well as he realised it in the magnificently tragic scene of the departure of the filles de joie for New Orleans in the third act. For this scene alone the opera deserves to be heard, even if nothing is said about the superb and pathetic final act. Indeed, it is such things as these that give real life to the opera, for it must freely be confessed that in the matter of characterisation Puccini is somewhat weak. The character of Manon, one of Prévost's greatest creations, is in Puccini's hands an Italian woman quite ordinary, and "no better than she ought to be," as the phrase goes. Surely those who have read the romance know that she was more than this. But these questions cannot now be discussed, for it is high time to get to the account of last night's performance.

This was a very fine one. In it pride of place belongs to two singers, newcomers this season, one, indeed, quite new to the occasion. Madame Agostinelli, as Manon, who comes to us from Milan, made a profound impression from the first, even though she was undoubtedly somewhat nervous in the beginning. Her voice, it is true, is not very strong, but it must be confessed that the impression it left was that its strength was greater than was permitted to appear by Mr. Panizza's ruthless conducting of the orchestra. He must be induced to moderate the power of the tone the instrumentalists are too often allowed to produce. But the voice falls pleasantly on the ear all the same, and the singer's command of facial expression, together with her easy grace of movement, make her a most welcome addition to the company. The other "star" which shone with splendid brilliance was Mr. Martinelli as Des Grieux, who, in the first act especially, sang almost more beautifully than on any previous occasion during the season. These two, in point of fact, more than once compelled a somewhat untoward cheer from the upper seats at the close of special efforts. At the end of each act they, and others with them, were very warmly applauded, and fully earned their hearty measure of praise. Neither Mr. Sammarco as Lescaut nor Mr. Malatesta as Geronte was quite as effective as in some other rôles in which they have appeared; but Mr. Zucchi was a capital Edmondo. The ensembles were unusually good, or would have been so estimated in any previous season, and the scenery beautiful. We have hinted already that the reception was generous, so that the opera, whatever the defects hinted at, is likely still to be frequently heard—a fact that one can fully appreciate, for there is much of charm in the music, and the opera, as has been said, was admirably done.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE HORROR OF "MADAMA BUTTERFLY."

Some day when the statistics of art come to be used in the service of analytical ethics the popularity of "Madama Butterfly" will furnish a case in point. The last two scenes of this notorious opera are, from the standpoint of the spectator, a veritable butcher's shambles. For eighty minutes, scheduled time, we witness how the poor little victim, not of man's carelessness or of blind fate—the machinery creaks too loudly for that—but the victim of artful dramatists is tricked out and garlanded by means of moving episodes and equally moving music, and, so adorned, is finally led to a belated slaughter. The whole process is unredeemed cruelty, and is not made the less callous because the victim herself is unconscious of the truth. No question of tragic guilt, no chance for resisting action, the recognised factors for rendering tragedy tolerable to feeling minds, but just one gloat of cat-and-unwilling-mouse till the sharp claws put an end to the situation. Admitted that deep-seated, ineradicable malevolence is the *causa vera* of tragedy as an art-form, mankind is also susceptible to sympathetic feelings, tending to mitigate its operation, and it is significant that in spite of them "Madama Butterfly" should have such a hold on the public taste.

At the Covent Garden performance last night Mr. John McCormack made his first appearance in the rôle of Pinkerton with conspicuous success. His action still needs more elasticity, but the intensity of his singing in the love-duet and elsewhere was exceedingly fine. So, too, the sincerity of his emotion at the tragic close was unmistakable. The rest of the cast, with Mlle. Emmy Destinn as Madama Butterfly and M. Dinh Gilly in the part of Sharpless was familiar, and the whole performance reached a high standard of efficiency.

"L'OISEAU DE FEU" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Russian Ballet at the Opening Matinee.

June 21 1912

The opening matinée of the season at Covent Garden yesterday afternoon was given to the Russian Ballet, who gave a second performance of "L'Oiseau de Feu," the remarkable ballet which was first produced on Tuesday evening.

M. Stravinsky's music is a wonderful example of modern impressionism, very complicated and extremely original in its harmonic scheme, which is as bold as Debussy or Strauss, and recalls both. The orchestral colouring is superb, and many new tonal tints are to be noticed in it. The music associated with the fire-bird is particularly novel and beautiful, and the finale, with its theme suggestive of wedding-bells, is very taking. The ballet was charmingly performed, with Mmes. Karsavina and Piltz, and MM. Bolm and Cecchetti in the chief rôles. The remaining items of the programme were Schumann's "Carneval" and "Les Sylphides," two established favourites from the Russians' repetoire.

Last night's performance of "Madama Butterfly" was particularly interesting because of Mr. John McCormack's first appearance as Pinkerton. Mr. McCormack is steadily increasing his popularity at Covent Garden, and each season sees him appearing in fresh rôles. One is glad to hear him in some of the modern operas to which his lyric style is suited. His Rodolfo in "Bohème" has been first-rate this season, and his performance as Pinkerton last night was equally good. All through the first act he sang very finely, and seemed quite at his ease as the American naval officer. The final duet of the act was superbly sung by Mlle. Destinn and Mr. McCormack, the curtain bringing enthusiastic recalls for both artists.

Of Mlle. Destinn as the Butterfly it is unnecessary to say more than that her performance was as magnificent as ever, and her singing of wonderful beauty and emotional intensity.

June 24 1912

ROYAL OPERA.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

The Ballet on Saturday night gave us nothing new but everything fresh. *L'Oiseau de Feu*, given for the first time on Tuesday night, was repeated, and followed by M. Nijinsky's and Mme. Karsavina's delicious duet *Le Spectre de la Rose*, the gossamer fantasy of which was brushed away by the exuberance of the dances from Borodin's *Prince Igor*.

L'Oiseau de Feu is one of the best ballets brought to us by the Russians, who have brought us many wonderful things. The reason is that it contains so much. It does not concentrate upon one phase of emotion, like the intensely vivid *Schéhérazade*, which is to be revived on Wednesday, nor does it rivet attention upon the technical accomplishment of the dancers, a method which in England, where technique is not generally understood, is apt to be a failure. But it gives enough of these pleasures to be enjoyable to those who can appreciate them. Like *Le Pavillon d'Armide*, it has the irresponsible charm of a fairy story, yet its many contrasting episodes are so full of beauty and heighten the effect of one another so perfectly that there can never be any temptation to dismember it, as was done, unfortunately, with M. Tcherepnin's work. Moreover, both the orchestra and the stage contribute equally to its beauty. The prelude, with its sombre sound, the muttering theme on the basses, its touches of refined colour on the wind instruments, prepares the way beautifully for the rich scene by M. Golovine, the tail of which is half hidden in the strange green light. One wonders whether the scene was painted after listening to the music, or whether the prelude was the result of M. Stravinsky's impression of M. Golovine's sketch. The luminous entrance of the fire-bird is the first clearly outlined fact given through either the eye or the ear, and while she is on the stage, while Mme. Karsavina flutters before our eyes struggling for liberty, the music takes a place of secondary importance. But it comes to the fore again in the charming episode where the 13 enchanted and enchanting princesses shake down the silver apples from the tree and respond coyly to the advances of Ivan, the hero. One gets a suggestion of some of the dance figures of *Les Sylphides* here—less formal, of course, for instead of the elaborate pointed-toe dancing the 13 princesses run bare-footed, and it is only the grace of their movements and grouping which attracts the eye. This is the musician's opportunity, and he takes it by abandoning the impressionistic style and giving us beautiful melody, with a vein of tender sentiment which is as far removed from the dramatic opening as it is from the spectacular scene to follow. All these diverse elements are summed up in the scene where the fire-bird (more like a firefly than any bird we know of) hovers in the centre of the stage inspiring the ecstatic dances of the courtiers, and the wicked old monster of the castle cowers in a corner. One is inclined to grudge to Mme. Karsavina the help of a mechanical contrivance for her final exit, when she has done so much flying on her own account through these scenes. It was just an instance of how impotent is realism in comparison with suggestion. The ending, however, was refreshing, if for no other reason than that it was pleasant to leave M. Bolm (who has died so many horrid deaths) crowned and happy with his lady.

In *Le Spectre de la Rose* M. Nijinsky made his only appearance of the evening, but in the ten minutes that he was on the stage he gave us all the delightful qualities of his art—its buoyant youthfulness and joy in movement, in which there can be no suggestion of strenuousness. That is the difference between this magical duet and the human dances of *Prince Igor*. The latter have any amount of joy in movement, but it is the athletic joy expressing itself in the utmost possible activity. The joy of the spectre of the rose cannot find movement enough for its expression till at last he sails out of the window in search of greater activities.

ROYAL OPERA.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

Really it was a most bewildering entertainment that the Russian Ballet offered to a large audience at Covent Garden on Saturday night. It was bewildering in its abundance as in its details. The evening began once more with a performance of Wolf-Ferrari's charming little opera, "Il Segreto di Susanna," with Madame Lipkowska and Messrs. Sammarco and Ambrosiny as the whole company; indeed, it is hard to realise that it could be better played by any other singers. Merrily it runs its appointed course—so merrily, indeed, that one may almost overlook a trifling longueur in the earlier stages of the development of the tale; and it was very warmly received, the denouement causing that most welcome sound, the rarely-heard murmur of suppressed pleasure that is held in restraint until the last note has been played by the orchestra.

After the opera the Russians began their feast of wonderful things for ear and eye. They repeated the most wonderful of all that they have shown us hitherto, namely, the intoxicatingly bizarre ballet of "L'Oiseau de Feu." Three times we have written of this work, and each time it has been difficult to criticise a piece that seems to grow farther beyond criticism on each occasion. It is passing wonderful in its kaleidoscopic effect in the climax, while the "acting" of Madame Karsavina as the Bird of Fire and of Mr. Adolf Bolm in the first scene is altogether beyond praise, and commands the warmest admiration. Will any forget that superb, barbaric background as the sunlight brings out its splendours? Or the most wonderful score of the young Russian-Parisian, Stravinsky, that surpasses all other scores yet heard in connection with the Ballet? (In good sooth, it makes one eager for the fulfilment of the syndicate's promise to give us his "Petrouschka.") But even then there was no cry of "Enough," for "L'Oiseau de Feu" was followed by one of the most picturesque "trifles" of the répertoire, "Le Spectre de la Rose," which all will remember as a tableau supported musically by an arrangement of Berlioz's "Invitation à la Valse." Once more it was exquisitely danced by Madame Karsavina and Mr. Nijinsky, and led the way for yet another revival in the terrific dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," than which there is nothing in the répertoire that shows the strength of the company to greater advantage.

Rich beyond dreams is Covent Garden this year in conductors. On Saturday no less than three of the distinguished corps appeared—Mr. Campanini took charge of the little opera; Mr. Rhené-Baton, who has made a fine position for himself in the few days he has conducted here, looked after "L'Oiseau de Feu"; and Mr. Tcherepnin conducted the remaining works. The evening really was bewildering in its riches.

June 24, 1912

There will be two further additions to the répertoire at Covent Garden this week—viz., Zandonai's new opera "Conchita" and "Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." "Conchita" will be produced for the first time in England on Saturday, when the two principal rôles will be undertaken by Mlle. Tarquinia Tarquini and Mr. Schiavazzi. The work will be

conducted by Signor Panizza, and rehearsals are proceeding under the personal supervision of the composer, who has come to England in order to be present at the productiou. "Pagliacci" will be performed on Wednesday, with Miss Destinn as Nedda and Mr. Sammarco as Tonio. The teuor on this occasion will be Mr. Seveilhac. This opera will be followed by the Russian Ballet, who will appear in "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Prince Igor," and "Scheherazade," with Madame Karsavina and Mr. Nijinsky in the principal parts. The Russian Ballet will also appear to-night and on Thursday in selections from their répertoire. "Louise" will be repeated to-morrow, and on Friday "Gli Ugonotti" will be performed.

"SHEHERAZADE."

Daily Mail 29.1.1912

THE RUSSIANS IN THEIR GREATEST BALLET.

"Sheherazade"—the drama and dances by MM. Bakst and Fokin, adapted to the music of Rimsky-Korsakov—was performed by the Russians at Covent Garden last night, and an enormous audience witnessed this the most gorgeous of their ballets.

The scene in the Persian harem, the fantastic raiment of the Shah and his odalisques, the procession of fruit-bearing youths—this all displays at its most magnificent Mr. Bakst's consummate generalship in battles of the maddest colours. Then the part of the faithless Persian Queen gives Mme. Karsavina opportunities for acting of the highest poignancy and intensity. Rimsky-Korsakov's splendid music was conducted by Mr. Thomas Beecham in authoritative style, though his tempos were on the whole slower than M. Tcherepnin accustomed us to last summer. But where was the fascinating drop curtain which used to delight us during the overture?

Another revival which brought less joy was that of Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," the performance of which was of tepid interest, despite fine singing by Miss Destinn and M. Sammarco. It is little less than a tragedy that year after year in London Miss Destinn, the greatest woman opera-singer of the day, a singer who is capable of practically anything, should be confined to three or four eternally repeated rôles of the Italian "veristic" school. A new tenor, M. Seveilhac, sang as Canio. His lower notes are good; the higher ones not seldom forced and out of tune. His earnestness in the last scene of Act I. won him much applause.

R. C.

"PAGLIACCI" AT COVENT GARDEN.

27 1912

June

Former Baritone Appears as a Tenor.

The performance of "Pagliacci" at Covent Garden last night was interesting for more than one reason. There was the fascination of Mlle. Destinn's Nedda and there was the rentrée, as Canio, of M. Seveilhac, who the last time he was heard at Covent Garden, some seasons ago, was a baritone. Now he has blossomed into a tenor.

One is inclined to doubt whether the transformation is completely successful, for the baritone quality of the voice is not altogether eliminated. But the compass of his voice is quite suitable to the music of the rôle, and last night he sang with genuine emotional sincerity and much vocal refinement.

As Nedda Mlle. Destinn gave some beautiful singing, notably in the Ballatella in the play scene. It is one of her best r[illegible] Signor Sammarco as Tonio was als[illegible] as ever. Signor Panizza conduct[illegible] taining some good playing from [illegible] chestra and lively singing from the c[illegible]

"Pagliacci" was followed by some ballet performances—"Le Spectre de la Rose," "Prince Igor," and "Scheherazade." The latter was given for the first time this season, and again made a great success. It is one of the finest works in the Russians' repertoire. Mr. Thomas Beecham conducted, bringing out all the characteristic features of the music admirably.

Mme. Korsavina as the Sultana Zobeide, M. Nijinsky as the negro slave, and M. Bohm as the Sultan, all gave characteristic and delightful performances, and the ensemble was very brilliant in its bewildering maze of colours and schemes of dances.

ROYAL OPERA.

June 27.1912

"PAGLIACCI."

So far the number of modern one-act operas which have reached Covent Garden of late from abroad has been limited to Wolf-Ferrari's *Il Segreto di Susanna*. It seems to have become popular, and it is quite natural that it should; but programmes have to be changed now and again, as the Royal Opera has a repertory, even when a work is popular. The only alternative at present to Wolf-Ferrari, when something short is required, appears to be Leoncavallo. However, it is better to listen to *Pagliacci* than to *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which until quite recently was considered its inevitable pendant and corollary. The two operas are quite unlike in sentiment and workmanship, though they have certain superficial qualities in common, but it used to be difficult to hear one in London without having to sit through the other. It was quite right to choose Leoncavallo's rather than Mascagni's opera as a prelude to the Russian Ballet. The crude and stuffy vulgarities of *Cavalleria* would have been intolerable; *Pagliacci*, when all has been said against it, does retain a good deal of its freshness by the aid of its well-constructed plot, its clearly-cut rhythms, and the aptness of the music, even when it is not original, to the situation on the stage.

Mme. Destinn and Signor Sammarco were the Nedda and Tonio last night, and both of them were in splendid voice. Canio was played for the first time by M. Seveilhac, who used to be a familiar figure here as a baritone, but has recently been converted into a tenor. His acting was forcible and picturesque (though after the Russians it does not do to apply a very high standard to the miming of any of the characters in the second act); his singing, too, in the lighter parts was satisfactory, but as soon as he exerted himself to sing out one felt the strain entailed by his conversion, and the result was that the climaxes were weak and ineffective.

THE BALLET.

The rest of the evening was given up to the Russian dancers. First of all came *Le Spectre de la Rose*, of which the beginning was somewhat spoilt by the inrush of the audience into their places after the interval, from which the warning bell had omitted to summon them. The orchestra too played very unevenly. But Mme. Karsavina and M. Nijinsky, both wearing bunches of the roses that Londoners had been buying all day, made up by surpassing themselves in the delicious dance that M. Vaudoyer, inspired by Gautier, has grafted on to Weber and Berlioz—a dance that has been slightly elaborated this year with details each one of which is a fresh inspiration. This was followed by the savage and turbulent *Prince Igor* (in which the orchestra again was uneven) and this in turn by *Scheherazade*, which was given, alas, without the decorated curtain during the prelude. Mme. Karsavina and M. Nijinsky once more danced as though inspired, and the rest of the long cast played with the superb *abandon* combined with rigid self-restraint that characterize all M. Diaghilew's troupe. In a way the general acceptance at Covent Garden of this riotous orgy, marked first by the shivering expectation of the women, and then by the pantherlike leaping and soft caressing of the negroes, is rather a remarkable illustration of the change in point of view that has gradually come about in theatre audiences. One wonders what our early Victorian ancestors would have said of it all. At any rate there can no longer be any need of keeping Burton under lock and key.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

Daily Telegraph 28.1.1912

For the third time—whether the last remains to be seen—"The Children of Don" was given at the London Opera House last evening. Taking in good part criticisms levelled against the work's rather excessive length, Lord Howard de Walden is understood to have made certain revisions in the libretto with a view to curtailing the time occupied in performance. What precisely these "cuts" were we cannot pretend to know. The point is that they were made with the excellent intention mentioned, and if the result was not to make clearer to the uninitiated the somewhat tortuous course of the complicated story, it is certain that the work lost nothing by "playing closer." A more palpable improvement, however, lay in the method adopted of lighting the stage. All were agreed that on the production of the opera the stage was kept far too dark throughout, with results undeniably depressing to the audience. Last night wiser counsels prevailed, and, thanks to improved lighting, it was always possible to see the movements and gestures of the singers; and what, perhaps, was more important, to admire the beauty and artistic fitness of the mise-en-scène. Of the work itself this is not the time to speak afresh. One may remark, however, that there are pages in Mr. Holbrooke's intricate score that gain on a rehearing, and that it was far easier last night than before to hear what was being sung. Nevertheless, the performance—most praiseworthy in all other respects—still left something to desire under that head. Mr. Alan Turner, as the protagonist, Mr. Andrew Shanks, Mr. Henry Weldon, Mr. Bozano, Madame Jomelli, and Madame Augusta Doria were again among those who made light seemingly of the difficult vocal writing. The invaluable services of Professor Nikisch being no longer available, Mr. Holbrooke himself conducted his opera on this occasion, and received in the course of the evening his due share of the audience's applause.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

Daily Telegraph 29.1.1912

"WILLIAM TELL."

When Rossini's *William Tell* was put on early in Mr. Hammerstein's first season it was hardly expected that it would remain very long in the repertory, and in fact it only remained long enough to satisfy those who had not had a chance of hearing it before that the best of the music is contained in the overture, which every one enjoys. Yet last night it was revived again with very much the same cast, save that M. Lafont, whose performance as Don Quixote has been one of the events of this season, was seen and heard as Gessler. The part, however, is one which gives him little scope, and he did not succeed in making a very strong impression. The whole was a conscientious performance. M. Harrold spared no effort in "betraying his passion for Mathilde," as the programme puts it, and his vigorous use of his fine voice was exceedingly effective in the duet with Tell in the first act and the duet with Mathilde and the trio of the second. Miss Victoria Fer's voice served her and the audience less well, and the metallic quality which has often spoilt her singing became a more serious defect when with it was joined the defect of an uncertain intonation. M. José Danse as Tell was as bold a patriot as before, and it was not his fault if one could not feel any strong thrill of sympathy with a patriotism which is laboriously expressed in long concerted numbers. Among the smaller parts, which were generally adequately filled, special mention of M. Verheyden as Leuthold is due because of the remarkable clearness of his diction, which made every word audible. M. Ernaldy conducted, and the outburst of enthusiasm with which the admirable performance of the overture was greeted showed that the audience knew where to look for the best of the music.

"WILLIAM TELL."

LAST NIGHT'S REVIVAL AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

June 29 — 1912

Mr. Hammerstein put on "William Tell" once again at the London Opera House last night. It is given a better performance than obtained last winter, and may perhaps meet with more success on that account. One tries hard and in vain to see why the opera has been considered Rossini's masterwork; it seems so formal and uninspired. Doubtless it has its place in the history of operatic development, and that the composer therein did things better than his contemporaries and improved the technique, but operas do not live on such things; it is the lack of fine, impulsive, and generally attractive melodies which makes "William Tell," in spite of a really romantic, and in its way attractive, story so unconvincing and tedious to listen to to-day.

However, there are plenty of opportunities for vigorous singing; the display of the old broad style of operatic vocalisation. It is in respect of this that the present revival compares favourably with the initial one last November. Mr. Orville Harrold, for one, has matured considerably, and sings with greater breadth. M. José Danse's Tell is an active, virile impersonation, his powerful voice finding plenty of scope for display. The scene at the close of the second act, where the deputies of the three Swiss Cantons express their patriotic fervour, went especially well, Mr. Henry Weldon doing good work as Walther in the trio. Earlier in this act Mlle. Victoria Fer and the tenor gave quite a vivid account of their duet, although the soprano does not quite reach the required bigness of style in her singing. M. Lafont makes Gessler a weighty figure, otherwise the cast, we fancy, remains as before. Mr. Fritz Ernaldy conducted with his accustomed vigour, helping largely to create the satisfactory impression conveyed of a well-controlled performance.

ROYAL OPERA.

On Saturday night the performance of "La Bohème" at Covent Garden was of such a character that opera-lovers of older growth might conceivably have imagined themselves translated a decade or more back to the earlier days of this opera in London. In those days, as many will recollect, "La Bohème" always scored a success, not only on its own account, but because it was invariably exceptionally well done. History repeated itself on Saturday. The performance was quite exceptionally good, and, indeed, on its pathetic side it was very beautiful indeed. Nor is the reason far to seek. In Madame Agostinelli, who sang the part of Mimi for the first time here, we had a singer of charm of voice and distinction of style, who also is an actress far beyond the average of Mimis; and, as the quartet of Bohemians was that with which we are thoroughly and pleasurably familiar, Messrs. McCormack, Sammarco, Marcoux, and Malatesta, and we know how excellent they are, it is easy to find the reason aforesaid. Often during this season it has been a pleasure, indeed, to write in terms of warm praise of Mr. McCormack. He has hitherto, however, done nothing on quite so high a level as his Rodolfo. Once or twice he showed a slight inclination to force his lovely voice, but, indeed, he may be assured that there is absolutely no necessity for this, and his demeanour on the stage is rapidly losing the stiffness and self-consciousness which used formerly to militate against all that he played. Mr. Campanini conducted with unusual sympathy, a fact in itself to account for at least a great part of the beauty of the performance. If the audience was not as large as sometimes it is, there was far more enthusiasm exhibited than one often hears; indeed, the applause was loud and long on every possible occasion.

July 1.1912

THE ROYAL OPERA.

July 1 1912

An excellent performance of "La Bohème" was given at Covent Garden on Saturday evening. Mme. Agostinelli appeared as Mimi, and fully confirmed the favourable impression she made the other day when she

sang in "Manon Lescaut." Not only did one like extremely her conception of the part, but she sang much more powerfully. The general impression was that she makes quite the most attractive Mimi we have had in recent years. It is not necessary to say much with regard to the rest of the cast on account of its familiarity. One is glad of the opportunity of again congratulating Mr. John McCormack upon his advance both in acting and dramatic singing. Messrs. Sammarco, Marcoux, and Malatesta completed the admirable ensemble of Bohemians, while Miss Eleanor Painter's Musetta was a lively figure, if one found the singing a trifle hard in quality.

NEW "MIMI" AT COVENT GARDEN.

The performance of "La Bohême" at Covent Garden on Saturday night was rendered particularly interesting because of a new Mimi, Mme. Agostinelli (who made her début here a few days ago as Manon in Puccini's opera of that name).

On Saturday Mme. Agostinelli made an even more favourable impression than before, probably because she felt more at home in the theatre. She is an artist of much intelligence, and her methods are always convincing. Her Mimi was a portrait of some charm, and vocally pleasing, if not remarkable in this respect. Her voice is of sympathetic quality, however, and she uses it very skilfully. July 1 1912

Together with Mr. John McCormack as Rodolfo, the two made a very delightful pair of Bohemian lovers, and the whole performance was admirable in every respect.

* * *

At the London Opera House a very enjoyable performance of "Romeo and Juliet" was given on Monday. Miss Felice Lyne sang charmingly and acted most cleverly as the unfortunate Juliet, and Mr. Orville Harrold, who has made such notable progress in vocal art since his début at this house, gave a manly and sympathetic embodiment of Romeo. Mr. Lafont made his first appearance as Capulet, and provided a dignified and satisfying rendering of the part; Mr. Figarella bore himself gallantly as Mercutio, and Mr. Henry Weldon was duly impressive as the Friar. The other parts were efficiently played, and the Parisian practice was adopted of continuing the Potion Scene after the departure of the Friar, thereby allowing Miss Lyne further opportunity for the display of her histrionic abilities. The music used is the interlude usually played before the rising of the curtain on the last scene. Some additions were also made to the last scene, Friar Lanrence being discovered in the tomb keeping vigil, which is usually omitted at Covent Garden.

* * * July 2. 1912

Another performance at Covent Garden that calls for comment is that of "Pagliacci" on Tuesday, when Mme. Donalda appeared as the naughty Nedda. If the reading of the character was conventional, it possessed pleasing personality and vivacity which evidently appealed to the audience. It was obvious that Mme. Donalda had carefully thought out all details, and consequently no opportunities were missed. The bright quality of Mme. Donalda's voice was in accord with the reading of the character, and the impersonation in its entirety increased esteem for the artist. It is not often that the hero and heroine in opera are played by husband and wife, but it was so on this occasion, Mr. Seveilhac reappearing as Canio. His rendering of the part was practically the same as at the previous performance of the opera, and its distinguishing feature was a very welcome manliness. Mr. Sammarco sang very finely and acted with artistic restraint as Tonio; Mr. Crabb imparted more individuality to the character of Silvio than is commonly achieved, and Mr. André Gilly satisfactorily completed an excellent cast. Mr. Panizza conducted

THE ROYAL OPERA.

July 3 1912

"Pagliacci," followed by the Russian Ballet in "Le Pavillion d'Armide" and "Scheherazade," formed the programme at Covent Garden last night. In Leoncavallo's work there was a change of cast from the performance of a few days ago, for Mme. Donalda took the part of Nedda. It was not a very strong interpretation, either musically or dramatically. Her method is always artistic, but in this particular part one missed impulsiveness in the expression. Much the same shortcoming was noticeable in the Canio of M. Seveilhac, and the whole effect of a certain tameness on the stage seemed to be accentuated by Signor Panizza's vigorous conducting. To say that the singers were occasionally overbalanced is perhaps true in a way, but, on the other hand, Leoncavallo's phraseology is quite broad enough to stand a good deal of what one may call hard hitting, and, except Signor Sammarco, who appeared as Tonio, one of his best parts, it can hardly be denied that there were vocal limitations in this respect. MM. A. Gilly and Crabbe appeared as Beppe and Silvio respectively.

"Le Pavillon d'Armide," or, rather, the central section of the work, was given for the first time this season. The omitted scenes were rather dull, but without them the point of the whole suffers. Still, there is a fine display of colouring and grouping, while M. Tcherepnin's score provides many varied rhythms, to which Mme. Karsavina, as Armide, dances so gracefully, and M. Nijinsky displays his remarkable agility. There is also a brilliant dance of buffoons, led in brilliant style by M. Kremniev.

To-night we are to have the first production in England of Riccardo Zandonai's opera, "Conchita," the principal parts of which will be sung by Mlle. Tarquinia Tarquini and Signor Schiavazzi, a tenor new to London, and who created the rôle of the hero when the work was originally produced.

ROYAL OPERA.

July 5 1912

In "Pagliacci" and the Russian ballet the Covent Garden management have clearly discovered a combination of potent attractiveness. Last night, accordingly, when Leoncavallo's still popular work formed the prelude, as it were, to the performances of the Russian dancers, no vacant spaces were to be seen in our opera-house, and enjoyment reigned supreme among the huge audience. "Pagliacci" gave us on this occasion a new Nedda—at least, we have no recollection of any previous appearance of hers in the part—in the person of Madame Donalda. If there were no strongly emotional qualities in her treatment of the rôle, the artist yet bore herself in it with all her accustomed grace and a measure, too, of charm. And her voice, though it never sounded powerful—a fact for which Mr. Panizza's occasional lack of consideration in the orchestra was a little to blame—it always rang true and sympathetic. For the rest, the cast was as before, but one should mention that Mr. Seveilhac sang with greater confidence and freedom than on his reappearance a few nights ago, and he made of Canio's outburst at the end of the first act a really pathetic thing.

After "Pagliacci" we had the abbreviated version of "Le Pavillon d'Armide," which was among the most successful of the spectacles to which Mr. Diaghilew's wonderful troupe introduced the London public last summer. Once again this beautifully-tinted ballet won the warmest of welcomes, as well it deserved. Few, if any, of those in the Russian repertory afford the chief exponents finer opportunities, and of these the very utmost was made last evening by Madame Karsavina, who has never, perhaps, danced with more bewitching grace; by Mr. Nijinsky, whose flying leaps and other movements seemed, if that is possible, more amazing than ever; by Mr. Kremniev, chief of the wonderful bouffons, and the rest. It was pleasant, moreover, to renew acquaintance with Mr. Tcherepnin's rhythmically-attractive music, which is none the worse for its occasional echoes of Wagner's "Feuerzauber" and other things, and it was excellently played on this occasion under the composer's direction. With the vividly picturesque "Scheherazade" the programme reached a brilliant close.

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

On Wednesday, July 3, First Production in England of Zandonai's Opera

"CONCHITA."

Conchita .....Mlle. Tarquinia Tarquini
Don Mateo .....Signor Schiavazzi
Dolores .....Miss Amy Evans
Rufina .....Mlle. Jane Bourgeois
Estella .....Miss Betty Booker
La Sorvegliante .....Miss Edith Clegg
L'Ispettore / Banderillero .....Mr. Gaston Sergeant
Venditore di Frutta / Una Guida ...Signor Dante Zucchi
La Madre di Conchita .....Mme. A. L. Bérat
Una Voce .....M. Andre Gilly
La Gallega .....Mlle. Hortense Verhist
Le Danseur .....M. Ambrosiny

1912

"Conchita," an opera in four acts, by Riccardo Zandonai, was produced for the first time in England at Covent Garden on Wednesday evening before a very full and enthusiastic house. Founded on Pierre Louy's novel, "La Femme et le Pantin," of which it might almost be called an expurgated edition, the opera gives us a picture of life in Spain of a rather sordid sort.

The plot, which is straightforward and clear enough, opens in a Seville cigar factory, in the workroom of which Conchita is seen among her fellow work girls. Some visitors are being shown over the factory by the superintendent, and among them is Mateo, a wealthy Spaniard, in whom Conchita recognises, to their mutual delight, the chivalrous gentleman who, eight months ago, had rescued her from the rough hands of a policeman during an affray. She takes him home to her mother—a greedy, lazy old woman—who is proud and delighted that her daughter has made so wealthy a friend. The mother is sent out to buy wine and biscuits, and, as soon as Mateo and Conchita are left alone, he makes ardent love to her. She promises to see him on the next day, and then pledges him by an oath and a kiss to always love her. The mother returns, and Mateo tells her that he is passionately in love with her daughter, and gives her (unseen by Conchita) some bank notes. He then leaves, promising to return the next day; and, as soon as he is gone, the mother, bubbling over with happiness and pride, shows Conchita the money. Conchita is mad with indignation at the idea that she could be bought, and swears that she will not see Mateo again, and that she and her mother must at once leave Seville. The act closes with Conchita vowing the money must be returned to Mateo, and that she will never meet him again.

The second act takes place six months afterwards in the small hall of a restaurant, where Conchita has already become famous for her daring dance. While she is dancing Mateo, who has been trying to trace her for six months, comes in, and is horrified at finding her in such surroundings. He is furious at the style and spirit of her dancing, and insists upon seeing her alone that evening. She refuses to have anything to do with him, and, after the hall has been cleared, stays behind to perform her special and very "risqué" pas seul for the benefit of some tourists. Mateo watches her from outside through the window, and at last, wild with jealousy, breaks through the window-pane, and, rushing into the hall, creates a disturbance and threatens the proprietor. The tourists depart, and Mateo insists that Conchita shall follow him. She refuses, and is furious with him for interfering with her dancing. Mateo reminds her that she is bound to him by their kisses and by their oath; but she declares this is long forgotten, and that she cares for no one. Mateo cannot believe this, and asks her to explain why she has kept away from him so long. Then she replies that what may do for others will not satisfy her; she wants to be assured that Mateo will love her for all her life. He assures her he will do anything she asks to prove his love, and, on her saying that her ideal would be to live quietly far from the city, Mateo tells her he has a little house to which they will go, and of which he gives her the key. Conchita will not allow Mateo to accompany her, but insists upon going to the house by herself. She takes a tender leave of him, and promises to meet him there on the morrow.

The third act represents a street in Seville, from which can be seen the "patio" leading to the heroine's house. Mateo appears, and rings twice at the gate. Conchita comes out, but, instead of admitting him, to his amazement, she offers him her hand to kiss through the iron railings, laughs at him, and, declaring she will remain free, orders him to go. Mateo, tortured almost beyond endurance, threatens to blow his brains out, and Conchita, still heartless, mocks him, and still bids him go. As he can hardly believe that she has again played him false, he still remains by the gate. Conchita calls for Morenito, and bids Mateo note how young and attractive he is, and how much they love each other. She draws Morenito into the house, and they disappear locked in a fond embrace, while Mateo, beside himself with rage, utters a terrible cry and falls across the railing of the house, shaking it in vain with powerless hands.

The last act takes place in Mateo's house, where he is almost in a state of collapse after the happenings of the previous night. Conchita comes in and makes fun of him for not having killed himself as he threatened to do. Now, at last Mateo has her in his power. He locks all the doors, seizes her, and violently throws her down. She vainly trys to stab him with the long pin which secures her mantilla; Mateo points out that she is now at his mercy, and she tells him that he may kill her, but she will never be his. In an outburst of fury Mateo forces her to her knees and roughly belabours her, crying that it is now her turn to suffer. During this scene Mateo is beside himself with rage, but when it is over he is horrified at what he has done. Conchita, at last convinced of the intensity of Mateo's grief and love, is won over, and the curtain falls as they once more pledge eternal love.

The music of the opera is one of the best examples of its kind which has yet reached these shores from Italy. Remarkable skill is shown by M. Zandonai in blending colours in the orchestra in a way which shows much restraint and considerable deftness, the result being a tone-picture in which daintiness is prominent. The violin solo at the commencement of the third act has considerable charm. Miss Tarquinia Tarquini's Conchita is very much in advance of her Carmen, and both her singing and her acting were remarkable for their excellence. The Mateo of Signor Schiavazzi was, unfortunately, marred by nervousness, no doubt owing to the fact that he was a stranger to the Opera House; at any rate, we shall be sure to have other opportunities of judging his powers. The Misses Booker, Clegg, Amy Evans, and Mesdames Bourgeois and Bérat, and Messrs. Zucchi and Sargeant were in the cast, and did well, and Mr. Panizza conducted ably. The scenes were marvels of beauty, and, altogether, the opera proved a great success, and the composer was called several times before the curtain.

ROYAL OPERA.

"CONCHITA."

In Four Acts.
(In Italian.)
By RICCARDO ZANDONAI.

Conchita	Mlle. TARQUINIA TARQUINI
Don Mateo	Signor SCHIAVAZZI
Dolores	Miss AMY EVANS
Rufina	Mlle. JANE BOURGEOIS
Estella	Miss BETTY BOOKER
La Sorvegliante ..	Miss EDITH CLEGG
L'Ispettore .. .. / Banderillero	Mr. GASTON SARGEANT
Venditore di Frutta / Una Guida	Signor DANTE ZUCCHI
La Madre di Conchita	Mme. A. L. BÉRAT
Una Voce	M. ANDRÉ GILLY
La Danseuse. . ..	Mlle. HORTENSE VERBIST
Le Danseur	M. AMBROSINY

Conductor—Signor ETTORE PANIZZA.

The sole basis of the drama is the question of how Conchita loves Mateo. There is no doubt that she does love him and has loved him ever since the occasion, some time before the beginning of the opera, when he took her part at a railway station, where she was behaving in an exceedingly riotous fashion. When he comes with friends to look over the cigar factory where Conchita works he gives her money, and she dances off delighted and the envy of all the other workgirls. But when she takes Mateo to visit her poor old mother, and he, having declared his love, leaves further money with the mother for the needs of the establishment, Conchita is desperately offended and declares that he is trying to buy her love. To the ordinary person Mateo's conduct appears strictly honourable; if anything, it was more honourable to give the mother money for her necessities than the girl money for her pleasures.

But Conchita always sees things differently and always acts perversely, and so Signor Zandonai has been able to write a successful four-act opera about her, which, having been first produced at Milan last autumn, was given at Covent Garden last night.

The opera is founded ostensibly upon Pierre Louÿs's novel "La Femme et le Pantin"; but since the motive of Conchita's eccentricity has been altered by the operatic librettists, Signor Maurizio Vaucaire and Signor Carlo Zangarini, and, as we have said, that motive is the thread on which the drama hangs, the origin is too remote to count for anything. The thread is a thin one; Conchita is whimsical and inconsequent, and prefers earning her living by dancing at a disreputable restaurant to trusting her lover; but he tracks her out, persuades her of his sincerity, and gives her the key of a house which he has prepared for her. When he comes to visit her there she laughs at him and pretends to have another lover, and not until she has driven him in despair to knock her down is she satisfied with the strength of his devotion, and so she justifies the proverb about "a woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree." It is an opera without a plot and with no contrast of character, since Conchita is the only character, Mateo is the conventional Southern lover, who expresses his love with kisses or blows according to circumstance, and the others—the mother, the workgirls, the people in the restaurant and the street—are merely picturesque lay figures who act as foils to Conchita.

What, however, would be hopeless as drama has considerable possibilities as opera. A realistic plot with characters compelled to action by the circumstances tends, as we pointed out in the case of *I Giojelli della Madonna*, to force the music into a subservient position, to make the musician forget to be beautiful in the effort to be true. In *Conchita* we have two realistic scenes—the cigar factory, with which it opens, and the restaurant at the beginning of the second act—but there are altogether six "Quadri," and even in these two the realism is not rigorously maintained. Most of the "Quadri" are indeed suggestive pictures for musical illustration, and consequently excellent opportunities for the composer. The second, in which the lovers are merely walking through the streets of Seville to Conchita's home and stop to buy fruit on the way, has no other purpose than to provide such an opportunity. The composer, in fact, is left rather too free a hand, and if a few words had been allowed to the vendors when they are left alone on the stage their attempts to appear animated in dumb show would have been relieved, and some more definite connexion between the charming music of the orchestra and the stage might have been established.

The weakness of the main idea reacts on the music to this extent, that the interest is not carried forward, one cannot think or speak of it as a whole, but, like the lovers in the street, one is always stopping by the way to see and often to admire what the composer makes of this situation or of that. The scene in the factory is managed with the skill in *ensemble* which seems to be second nature to every Italian. An obvious parallel, too, with the similar scene in Charpentier's *Louise* is suggested, but the difference is really greater than the likeness; for here, except for a recurring rhythm of five notes in the orchestra, the busy conversation of the girls has little sustained musical interest to support it. The effort to keep the thing moving is sometimes rather forced; one wonders why Dolores should court ridicule by screaming her love-letter at the top of her voice *con gran dolcezza e sentimento*, in a way which makes it quite impossible for Rufina to caricature the sentiment. Conchita has two effective songs—one in which she relates the escapades of yesterday has a rhythm in 5-8 time like that of a polonaise without its last quaver, which is very piquant. It is cleverly used to express the irresponsible gaiety of Conchita accompanying her entrance in the last act. The one in which she describes her first meeting with Mateo has piquancy of another kind, gained by combined melodies and rhythms in the orchestration.

Throughout the orchestra is the chief musical resource. Occasionally the voice comes to the front with a passage of strong melody, as in Mateo's appeal to Conchita in her mother's house; but in the second scene of the same kind, among the sordid surroundings of the restaurant, the vocal music does not rise above its surroundings, and so where one most wants the relief of genuine and spontaneous melody one is disappointed. But wherever the scene gives suggestions for orchestral colour Signor Zandonai is ready to take them, and that is why the third act, the night scene, which is preceded by a striking intermezzo, is the best sustained part of the opera. Here persistent rhythms, delicate fragments of melody, beautiful orchestration with soft voices used as additional instruments convey the mystery of the quiet street and make the strongest possible contrast to the passionate entreaty and disillusionment of Mateo, which is the climax of the act.

One feels that it should also be the climax of the opera, that the prelude to the fourth and last act, effective as it is, carries one over too much of the same ground. Its rhythms bear a good deal of allusion to what has gone before, especially to the second act, and this, of course, is apt to the situation in which Mateo broods over his sorrow. The fact is that the drama is to blame again, that by the time the curtain rises on the last act the situation has been exhausted and one is tired of the repetition of "She loves me, she don't; she'll marry, me won't," and even after the lovers are reconciled, while the final love duet is being sung, Mateo's question "Che dice mai? Chi osa crederla più?" is not quite forgotten.

Although the cast set out above looks a formidable one, it is not one in which the work of many individuals has to be noticed. Mme. Tarquinia Tarquini as Conchita had attention focussed upon her practically the whole time, and she bore the ordeal well. Her Carmen at the beginning of this season was disappointing but then her work was judged by certain well-formed standards. Now, having no comparison to fear, her acting and her singing were fresh and spontaneous. It may be said that the two parts have practically nothing in common except their Spanish setting, for the only way to make Conchita intelligible is to treat her as a creature of impulse rather than of emotion, and that Mme. Tarquini did. Signor Schiavazzi had any amount of passion and energy for the many climaxes, but he failed rather in musical quality, for his voice is harsh, and he never spared it. When we have mentioned that Mme. Bérat's genius for motherly parts was as well shown here as it has been in other operas, it only remains to congratulate the management upon the general excellence of the production. The *ensembles* had the assurance and vivacity which can come only with thorough rehearsal, each one of the stage pictures had a charm of its own, and the two street scenes were particularly good. Most important of all, the orchestral playing, under Signor Panizza, was very finished and sympathetic, and it should be added that, while most of Signor Zandonai's music rests with the orchestra, he never makes the mistake of allowing it to overpower the voices. That in itself is an indication that we may look for more important work from him. The composer was present and with the artists received the congratulations of the audience at the end of each act.

ROYAL OPERA.

"CONCHITA" PRODUCED.

Is there no end to the permutations and combinations of the sordid in modern operatic Italy? Really the seed sown by "Cavalleria Rusticana" is producing a great harvest, and as time passes (just twenty years have gone since Mascagni's opera was first heard at Covent Garden) each decade seems to bring with it a fresh crop of the more or less brutal in Italian opera. It may be all very true to life; but it is only, after all, one side of one kind of life, and is it not time that a trial be given to another and a pleasanter side on the opera stage, lest the untravelled come to regard the sordid as essential to Italian art?

Last night Riccardo Zandonai's opera "Conchita," which has been much talked of for a long time, was very successfully produced at Covent Garden, but it added yet one more to the catalogue of the brutal in opera. And, after seeing the opera twice, there is no other conclusion to be arrived at than that the composer believes that there is some truth in the ancient saw that "a woman, a spaniel, a walnut-tree, the more you beat 'em, the better they be"; at any rate, in so far as the first is concerned. Put bluntly, the climax of "Conchita" is the realisation by the "heroine" of the thoroughness of the "hero's" love for her brought about by the somewhat forceful act of a sound drubbing; and for once we cannot help thinking that the "heroine" deserved the pummelling she receives in the last act.

PUZZLING QUESTIONS.

We all know by now that the libretto of "Conchita" is based upon Pierre Louys's tale of "La Femme et le Pantin," but it is hardly necessary to say that the French novel has been very considerably bowdlerised, and probably no one will complain of that. True, the bowdlerisation has led to some rather cryptic utterances on the part of somebody, who explains that "as they (the librettists) give Mateo a more sensitive and less forgiving soul, so they make Conchita a passionate and whimsical girl, rather than one who callously plays with love. What in the novel is moral insensibility becomes in this version pride in purity under the appearance of vice." Yes, if you like; but is it not rather a dangerous game, this last phase of masquerading? Conchita, the cigar-maker (even as her more or less twin sister Carmen), wants to be adored faithfully, alone and for ever. That, we are told, is why she spurns Mateo's money. Well, it is all very well to dissemble her love, but why did she pick Mateo, metaphorically speaking, downstairs? At first, when she sees him suffering, she believes in him and his love; the money incident on the stage seems a very ordinary affair, since Mateo, seeing the poverty of Conchita's old mother, gives his money-bags to her, and there is nothing to show that she is a "bad" woman. Why when alone, Conchita should come to the conclusion that Mateo is no better than he should be, is not made clear; how could she have the great faith in her own self if she entirely failed to believe in a man who had professed (very vigorously) his love, and, to prove a part of it, had helped her old mother in the day of her adversity?

Then, again, we are told that Conchita takes the key of Mateo's house, where dwelling she may be at peace, in perfectly good faith, which means, presumably, that she intended to keep her appointment with Mateo there. If it is true, as we are told, that later she fears Mateo's deceit, why does she play the—in the circumstances, perfectly ridiculous—trick of teasing him (with her pseudo-lover) at Mateo's own gate, which she prevents him from entering? In point of fact, it really is not so difficult to understand the climax referred to above as would appear, for Conchita, while a colourable imitation of Carmen, is entirely devoid of Carmen's spirituality, she is at the hands of the librettists quite as much a "Pantin" as Mateo, a fact that the composer appears to have realised because of his want of success in characterisation. Indeed, this lack of characterisation, musical as well as dramatic, is over all the opera. It is never made clear until the very last moments of the opera that Mateo is anything but a lustful member of the "idle rich" crowd, and even then we have it on hearsay evidence only that he is not; while, as for Conchita herself, even the climax does not entirely clear up the mystery as to whether she was a knave or only a fool.

A MUSICAL MASTERPIECE

Apart, however, from all this, the opera has its very strong points, and probably not all opera-goers take their "stories" very seriously. Immediately the music-lover is struck by the remarkable skill shown by the composer in his score; the score, in fact, is, without doubt, the most perfect of its kind that has as yet come to us from modern Italy. Where all of his compatriots pile "Pelion on the top of Ossa" in the matter of colour in the orchestra; where, indeed, they paint their atmosphere, as it were, with a whitewasher's brush, Zandonai is content to work with the finest, almost miniature, materials. In consequence his score is an aquarelle of daintiness. In these modern days such reticence as Zandonai shows is not only masterly, it is unique. Practically all the music of the duet between Mateo and Conchita is really noble in its concentrated beauty; so, too, is that with which the third act opens, and there is a certain charm in the violin solo at the beginning of the final act. But there is no doubt that the singers are called upon to sing musical phrases that must have been of portentous difficulty to memorise, just as the Beecham orchestra are faced with a score that bristles with unusual passages. Then again, the Royal Opera Syndicate have never put upon the Covent Garden stage any opera in a style so brilliant, not even "The Jewels of the Madonna." The six pictures, as they are called, the six scenes, in other words, are one and all quite beautiful, and far in advance of what used to be customary. The old monastery, now a cigar factory, the cabaret—a superb picture, this—Mateo's house, and that which is called "the iron railing" are things to look on and to enjoy for their picturesque beauty alone. And the scene in the cabaret itself, with its capital dances by Miss Hortense Verbist and Mr. Ambrosiny—that, as has been said, is quite superb, while a word goes to Conchita herself for the brave show she makes with her little dance upon the table for the benefit of a couple of globe-trotting Britons who presumably are enjoying illicit pleasures on their travels!

If only the psychology of the opera were a little clearer one might reasonably declare this a masterpiece. Musically it is one; dramatically there is a doubt, for reasons specified. We confess that we are entirely puzzled by Mateo, who, by the bye, may have been equally puzzled himself. He starts by being suspicious, a fact that may provide a clue to his character; but he changes oft, and we are puzzled. So, too, with Conchita. She seems to blow hot and cold, to be tepid or boiling, all for a reason that is rarely apparent; it is not enough that she is a woman.

MISS TARQUINI'S SUCCESS.

But we need say no more at the moment on this side of the subject. It is high time to say a word about the performance. Let it be said, then, that the performance was of undoubted excellence. We have already seen Miss Tarquinia Tarquini in "Carmen"; after her performance last night it is easy to forget that fact. Her Conchita is worlds away from her Carmen, and in the right direction. In the great love duet, in her dance, and indeed throughout the opera, on the stage of which she is present almost unceasingly, the impression created was a very good one, and makes one interested to see the singer in still other parts, for she is no ordinary

operatic actress. Unhappily it is not possible to say the best of Mr. Schiavazzi, a new-comer who, it is reported, was chosen by the composer to create the rôle of Mateo. Neither in his deportment, which in repose is very stiff and in moments of emotion merely tempestuously noisy, nor in his singing, which is overlaid perpetually by a strong and strident vibrato, did the singer create a very profound impression. Possibly the fact that Mr. Schiavazzi was a stranger to the Opera House was the cause of his singing with little variety of tone-colour, and almost less of dynamic variety; at any rate we shall see later on in the season, for there are sure to be other opportunities. The Misses Booker, Clegg, Amy Evans, and Mesdames Bourgeois and Bérat, and Messrs. Zucchi and Sargeant were in the cast and did well, while Mr. Panizza conducted. There was a good deal of applause, and all concerned, including the extremely young-looking composer, were frequently called before the curtain, so that at least the applauders were satisfied. The rest is on the knees of the gods.

MALL GAZETTE

July 4, 1912

"CONCHITA."

THE NEW OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

The Grand Opera Syndicate has treated us well this year in bringing forward two of the latest examples of young Italy in the realm of opera. Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna" has now been followed by Riccardo Zandonai's "Conchita," produced for the first time in England at Covent Garden last night. It has been observed that modern tendencies in opera are towards an ever-increasing prominence of dramatic action, to the extent that it seemingly becomes more and more difficult to preserve the musical balance. The end is not in sight, and it is likely that the future will prove that many of the present-day works will be considered as experimental.

The obvious difficulty lies in making the music sufficiently flexible, in achieving a style of composition which shall move quickly enough. Words convey their impression more or less instantaneously, but with music this has not hitherto been found to be the case. To create a musical impression certain elements of musical form could not be disregarded. Wagner's symphonic method supplanted the formal aria successfully, but his poems were so constructed that the opportunities for the composer were not neglected. Regarded from a purely dramatic point of view, his stage movements are slow; not so the design of many latter-day works, which, indeed, are largely complete as plays, and "Conchita" is no exception.

Founded upon Pierre Louy's well-known novel, "La Femme et le Pantin," Zandonai's book, arranged by M. Vaucaire and C. Zangarini, gives us the study of caprice. The heroine, Conchita, is no longer a morally irresponsible creature, but is given a temperament, passionate, but proud, apparently capricious, yet at bottom consistent. She will not succumb to the hero Mateo until she is convinced of his love, until she has felt herself to be completely mastered. Unfortunately, the authors have retained certain points of the original which do not fit in very convincingly with their redrawing of the character. At any rate, the observer is deceived as the play progresses, and the scene where Mateo is tortured by the sight of Conchita embracing another admirer can only suggest the intentions of the novelist.

It is no easy matter to turn a novel into a play, especially one in which psychology takes a leading part, and "Conchita" is undoubtedly ill-designed as regards the motives of the heroine being explained in the terms of action, which is the prime necessity. Hence that she loves Mateo in the first two scenes, hates him at the close of the third, loves him again in the fourth, rejects him once more in the fifth, and is finally reconciled in the sixth, creates a certain measure of mental confusion. The first change of mind is clearly explained, the fact that Mateo had given money to her mother. Not so the second, where the appearance of the other lover, Morenito, is so much in the nature of the unexpected. One has an idea here that if the audience could have seen, for instance, her arranging beforehand with Morenito to play this trick upon Mateo as a test, the action would have been made quite convincing. The final scene of Mateo beating her, while psychologically sound enough, is an unpleasant incident, not the sort of thing one cares to see upon the stage.

The impression of the whole is somewhat indecisive, but the Spanish setting is extremely picturesque, the opening scene of the tobacco factory, the following little intermezzo in the street, and, particularly, the interior of the dancing hall, where, by going through what is intended to be a very daring dance, Conchita places herself in a doubtful position in her lover's eyes.

Last night's production was quite admirable in realising the scenic atmosphere of this Spanish setting, and Signor Panizza for the musical control, M. Almanz for the stage-management, and Messrs. H. Brooke and Jusseaume for the scenery, are all to be warmly congratulated upon their efficiency. Notwithstanding the lengthy cast, only two parts, those of Conchita and Mateo are of any importance, but the smaller rôles were extremely well filled, and the elaborate ensembles were carried through in the liveliest manner. Mlle. Tarquinia Tarquini's Conchita was an undeniably clever study of a difficult character, especially as her personality is not very strongly felt. She acts with a good deal of force, and sings freely and not unpowerfully. Signor Schiavazzi, as Mateo, was very successful, although there is a measure of hardness in the quality of his voice. His acting was all the more convincing from its reserve and touch of subtlety. Mention must be made of Mme. Bérat's Mother, and the Rufina, one of the factory girls, of Mlle. Jane Bourgeois.

As to the music, the first impression to be recorded is of its remarkable maturity (the composer is only thirty years of age); it never suggests the uncertainty of inexperience. It is withal well made according to the method adopted; the technique, indeed, is accomplished in all directions save one—the writing for the voice. Here there is surely something the composer must seek to improve upon in later works. But the deficiency is largely part of the whole scheme, about which some comments must be made. Generally speaking, the music illustrates, rather than illuminates, the action of the play; whatever may be Zandonai's intentions, he but rarely succeeds in heightening the dramatic effect, in intensifying the emotional situation. In other words, there is a regrettable lack of the sensuous charm and appeal it is the province of music to supply; one is interested instead of being thrilled. There are moments, however, when the composer seems to have been inspired and to have forgotten his technique, notably the duet after Conchita's dance, the following intermezzo which creates such a striking atmosphere leading up to the scene where Mateo is maddened by the sight of Conchita embracing Morenito, and the climax itself of this scene. Here traces of musical beauty are to be found in the score, fragmentary perhaps, but enough to suggest that Zandonai has it in him to do better than his theories seem to allow at present.

"Conchita," then, is a work of singular promise, and if the composer, now that he has mastered the technique of his art, can apply it through the means of emotional expression, he will take a leading place as an opera writer. If the missing quality proves to be the direct result of the method of immediate illustration of the text, then that method must be modified; there are ways open doubtless to a man of imagination of overcoming the difficulty of making the music keep pace with the action, and yet at the same time, through the beauty of tone, touching the hearer. From which there would surely result a corresponding increase of beauty in the vocal writing. It should be added that the composer appeared several times to acknowledge the applause from a large house.

N. C. G.

* * *

July 5 1912

Another noteworthy performance at the London Opera House was that of "Il Trovatore" on Friday, when three new exponents appeared. The most important of these was Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, who personated Leonora. It will be remembered that Mme. Jomelli made a very favourable impression by her embodiment of the Priestess in Holbrooke's "Children of Don," but her great abilities were seen to much more advantage in "Il Trovatore." The vocal character of the melodies permitted her to display the beautiful tone-quality of her voice and its excellent training, and the constant uneasiness of Leonora's experiences enabled Mme. Jomelli to convince her audience of her powers as an actress. The embodiment was one of the best that has been seen at the London Opera House, and it gave distinction to the performance of the opera. The other new-comers were Mr. Carlo Albani and Mr. Ernesto Caronna, the former appearing as Manrico and the latter as the wicked Count di Luna. Mr. Albani adopted a costume that would have assisted him in vaudeville, but handicapped him in grand opera; but he has a genuine tenor voice, which he produces freely, and he sang with a fervour peculiar to the Italian operatic artist. Mme. Doria sang with great dramatic perception as the vengeful gipsy, and the other characters were capably played. Mr. Merola secured a spirited ensemble.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

July 6/12

There was quite a good audience at the London Opera House last night, where "Il Trovatore" was given once again. That a work which contains some of the finest Verdi melodies should remain popular cannot but be a source of satisfaction, especially in these days of so-called musical realism, when composers seem either to have forgotten how to write a tune or have unwisely thought that opera can exist without it. Granted that "Il Trovatore" is essentially old-fashioned in structure, and that its plot is not a model of lucidity, it is still far from surprising that there are many moments of real power and conviction when one remembers that music in the shape of emotional melody is called in to heighten the dramatic action.

Last night's performance had not the same force and vigour as on a previous occasion. Mme. Jomelli took the part of Leonora, and sang very well, if at times she seemed a little uncertain; Mme. Doria's Azucena lacked dramatic intensity, for which reason her big aria in the second act missed some of its point. Neither Signor Albani (Manrico) nor Signor Caronna (the Count) have any very special vocal qualifications, both, in fact, have voices wanting in resonance. Signor Merola conducted, and the choruses were sung brightly enough.

"L'Oiseau de Feu."

LONDON, June 23.—"L'Oiseau de Feu," the new Russian ballet given at Covent Garden on Tuesday night, brings us acquaintance with a remarkable new composer. M. Ivor Stravinsky is a young Russian who was originally a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov, but has settled down in Paris, and is very much in the modern "movement" of that capital. His music is impressionistic in character, very advanced in its idiom, free and varied in its rhythm, and elaborately scored. Its new and subtle harmonies, its delicate broidery and its unfailing esprit give it a charm of its own, and though it is hardly the sort of music that one would expect in alliance with the chortographic art, it fits the action of "L'Oiseau de Feu" like the proverbial glove, and seems to be very congenial to the dancers.

M. Fokine, the inventor of the ballet, has found his material in a conte de fee of Oriental origin, which combines a pretty romance with that touch of the uncanny and baroque that appeals so strongly to the Russian mind. The Fire-bird, more gorgeous in its plumage as designed by M. Bakst than even the bird of paradise, is a sort of good fairy, who is incautiously captured while feasting on golden apples—presumably akin to Freia's life-giving fruit—by a roving prince, and only secures her freedom at the price of one of her precious feathers. It proves a good bargain for the prince, since he has wandered into the domain of the green-fingered monster, Kotschei, who has the power to petrify anybody on whom he lays hands.

Some of Kotschei's captures, however, he retains alive, notably a band of beautiful princesses, and it is the sight of one of these that, despite her warning gestures, tempts the prince to rash adventure within the gates. At once he has to pay for this temerity, for with a horrible din the monster's hideous retinue, a nightmare vision of ogredom, swoop down upon him, followed by the dread Kotschei himself. Petrification is imminent for the young prince, when he bethinks himself of the fairy feather, and a wave of it brings the bird on the scene, to the confusion and overthrow of the monster, and the release of his prisoners from his enchantment.

Dramatically the best part of the ballet comes in the opening scene, the capture of the Fire-bird by the prince. Mme. Karsovina—whose staying power and variety were alike exhibited that evening, for she had earlier appeared in "Thamar" and in "Les Sylphides"—took the name-part, and quite unforgettable was her bird-like grace and fleetness of movement, and the suggestion of palpitating fear and violated purity with which she shrank from the arms of her captor. The scene with the Ogre was more in the nature of a spectacle, though very notable at that in its wonderful swirl of movement, its kaleidoscopic effects of

fantastic color, and its strange blend of the beautiful and the grotesque. M. Cecchetti's make-up as the Ogre was quite a tour de force of realism, and he made the part weirdly repulsive. M. Bolm was admirable as the Prince; Mlle. Piltz was graceful and winsome as the enchanted Princess, and M. Rhene-Barton, the French composer, took charge of an excellently smooth performance. As already stated, "L'Oiseau" was preceded by "Thamar" and "Les Sylphides," the beautiful "reverie" arranged to the music being given for the first time this season and proving as popular.

Another new ballet was given at Covent Garden last night; this was M. Tcherepnin's *Narcissus*, or *Narcisse*, as it is called in the programme. Its chief feature of distinction as a spectacle is that the Greek setting has given M. Fokine and M. Bakst opportunities for showing another side of their art from those which have now become familiar in this country, and in this respect it is newer than either of the two works, *Thamar* and *L'Oiseau de feu*, which have been added to the repertory this year. The story itself, carried on by the mining of the principal characters, is not particularly thrilling. There is even something irritating in the insensibility of Narcissus to the charms of the Nymphs who wreath themselves about him and literally lay themselves at his feet, and the latter part, in which the stage is left to Echo and Narcissus—the former to call upon Nemesis, the latter to admire his own image in the pool until he is eventually metamorphosed into a huge and ungainly blossom of the "pheasant-eye's" variety—lacks the movement which must always be the chief interest in ballet. It degenerates, in fact, from a ballet into a prolonged tableau. But the grouping of the Bœotian men and girls, the dances of the Bacchantes, and the unsullied joy of the first dances of Narcissus, a joy which M. Nijinsky portrays perfectly, are as captivating as anything which the Russians have given us. July 10. 1912

The scene, a glade of willows and birches with a rocky bridge in the background, is familiar to all who have seen the exhibition of M. Bakst's sketches, but when the curtain rises one is puzzled by the strange groups of dim objects scattered over the floor of the stage. Gradually they move and stretch themselves and become half human figures of fauns and sylvan spirits, who join in grotesque dances. M. Tcherepnin's music to this scene is effective; he has the Slavonic instinct for uncouth sound, and besides in such a fanciful scene he has a free hand to make it anything he likes. Later, however, in the Bœotian dances and those of the Nymphs and Bacchantes the music becomes rather nondescript. The beauty of these scenes as it strikes the eye depends upon the exquisite rhythm of movement and line; the dresses themselves are beautiful, not for mere gorgeous colouring like those of the Oriental ballets of which *Thamar* is typical, but because of the way they carry on and supplement the rhythmic lines of the figures. But the music only occasionally lights upon the same type of effect; it does so in the first dance of the chief Bacchante, in which Mme. Nijinska is at her best; but elsewhere short reiterated figures which do not flow, together with noisy climaxes, are the chief resources. With the energy of Mme. Nijinska's dances the simple grace of Mme. Piltz's movement was wonderfully contrasted, and these artists, with the two Nymphs, and, of course, M. Nijinsky, supplied most of the charm of the work. Mme. Karsavina as Echo scarcely had her best opportunity, though she used such as she had with delightful effect. The new ballet was very well received, and the composer, who conducted, was called on to the stage at the end. *Thamar*, conducted by Mr. Beecham, preceded it, and *The Spectre of the Rose*, of which one can never have too much, and *Prince Igor* followed it.

NEW RUSSIAN BALLET.

July 10 1912

"NARCISSE."

The new ballet, "Narcisse," produced at Covent Garden last night, is beautifully coloured and designed and set to some very clever music by M. Tcherépnin. But it has rather a dull and slowly moving action, and the whole is too long for its scope and choreographic treatment. The dances for once are not especially remarkable in character. M. Nijinsky has the leading part and he goes very skilfully through the action, which consists of the pursuit of Narcissus by Nymphs and Echo, his rejection of both and his final transformation into the flower which bears his name. As Echo, Mme. Karsavina is, of course, extremely graceful. The best moments are the dances of quaint sylvan beings, of Boetians and Bacchantes, which are well diversified. Musically the score is full of curious and interesting orchestral effects, heightened considerably in places by the use of voices behind the scenes. M. Tcherépnin writes with great fluency and skill, but seldom shows much individuality. For anything approaching formal dance measures the ear missses definitiveness of theme. To make up for this a bold bid is offered for success by means of instrumental colouring and rhythmic subtleties. The result is curious and fairly attractive. The programme was completed with Balakirev's "Thamar," Borodin's "Prince Igor" dances, and "Le Spectre de la Rose."

THE ROYAL OPERA.

July, 12 — 1912

Mme. Tetrazzini took leave for the present of her admirers at Covent Garden last night, and in the same opera, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," in which she was welcomed back to London a little more than a month ago. Her clever acting is hardly better shown than in the rôle of Rosina, while she has every chance for displaying her skilful singing. The whole performance on this occasion went with the expected vivacity and assurance, and it is scarcely necessary to say more than that the prima donna was admirably supported by Mr. John McCormack, Signor Sammarco, Signor Marcoux, and Signor Malatesta, the second act creating the accustomed diversion. Signor Panizza conducted, and very hearty applause was manifested throughout the evening.

ROYAL OPERA.

Although "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was repeated at Covent Garden last night, with a familiar cast—on which we have had our say more times than once—it should yet be placed on record that the performance was the last in which Madame Tetrazzini will take part. On Saturday the eminent singer departs for a prolonged rest in the Italian lake country, prior to resuming her work in America in the winter. A large audience gave her a very cheery welcome, as, indeed, they gave to Mr. McCormack, who played Almaviva, Mr. Sammarco, again a superb Figaro, Mr. Marcoux and Mr Malatesta, quite admirable as Basilio and Dr. Bartolo respectively The whole proceedings, in point of fact, were most exhilarating, for the performance went with a delightful smoothness and swing, and in consequence everyone seemed in great good humour, and not one appeared to be in the least worried by the applause that broke out intermittently. Madame Tetrazzini takes with her the goodwill of many who will long remember her sprightly Rosina. Mr. Panizza conducted.

WORLD OF VARIETY

July 13. 1912

Just three weeks hence Madame Anna Pavlova brings to an end her highly successful engagement at the Palace. Fortunately, she is not to disappear without giving us fresh proof of the many-sided character of her wonderful talent. As the gipsy girl in "Amarilla," her latest production, she paints with striking effect a picture of the tragic side of life. For next Monday evening she promises a reversion to comedy of the lightest and most irresponsible order. Madame Pavlova, in fact, intends to take farewell of us in her brightest and most joyous mood. And so, for what remains of her season, we are to see her in "La Fille Mal Gardée," a gay little trifle, the buoyant humour of which is admirably reflected in the music by Mr. D'Oberval. The piece, it appears, has been regarded for some years past as one of the most popular items in the repertoire of the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg. Here it will be welcomed the more heartily because it contains a capital part for Mr. Novikoff.

The heroine, Eliza, a particularly lively and sprightly young lady, is the daughter of a rich farmer's widow, whose firm belief is that girls cannot be brought up on lines too strict. Naturally, the expected happens. Eliza falls desperately in love with an impecunious but handsome youth employed on her mother's farm, and in the first scene you have a very pretty display of bucolic courtship, carried on under the very nose of the unsuspecting widow. There is a sudden onrush of Eliza's girl friends eager to carry her off to the harvest field with them. This Madame Marcelline refuses to allow, however. She is awaiting the coming of a wealthy neighbour, who brings with him his noodle of a son with the object of arranging a marriage between him and Eliza.

The second scene introduces us to a room in the farmhouse where Eliza has been set to work, but much prefers to dance. In a corner lie several corn sheaves, from the midst of which presently Colin springs forth. His coming gives occasion for a graceful love duo, soon to be interrupted by the appearance of Madame Marcelline. But before her arrival Colin has been safely concealed in a loft, whither Eliza is shortly banished by her parent, not unreasonably angered by her daughter's idleness. This is the moment chosen for the advent of the simpleton courtier and his father, whose horror may be imagined when, the doors of the loft being opened, Eliza and Colin are found together. Opposition to the match is vanquished, and we reach the traditional, yet always highly popular, happy ending.

The cast has several interesting points about it, not least of these being that the part of Marcelline, the rich farmer's widow, will be played by Mr. Chiriaeff, whose work, during Madame Pavlova's present season, has provoked so much favourable comment. For the rest, the various characters have been allotted as follows:

Madame Marcelline	Mr. Chiriaeff.
Eliza (her daughter)	Madame Anna Pavlova
Colin (a young peasant)	Mr. Novikoff.
Nikass (a simpleton)	Mr. Manshoff.
His Father (a rich farmer) ...	Mr. Karlioff.
Notarius (a lawyer)	Mr. Larianoff.

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

July 3. 1912

The first performance of "Narcisse," a mythological poem in one act by M. L. Bakst, music by M. Tcherepnin, was given by the Russian Ballet on Tuesday evening. The dancing of Mme. Karsavina as Echo and M. Nijinski as Narcisse was superb, their gestures and facial expression rendering it quite unnecessary for words to explain the story. From the other members of the ballet is it difficult to single out anyone, as their performance was so uniformly excellent. The ballet commences with a scene of great beauty, and Narcisse, being enamoured of Echo, rejects her love because she can repeat only the last words and gestures of others. Nemesis overtakes Narcisse, therefore, at the demand of Echo, he is compelled by the gods to love where his love will never be returned. In the stream at which he drinks he sees the reflection of his own image; he tries in vain to make it share his passion. Here a charming struggle takes place between Narcisse and Echo. At last Narcisse, exhausted, falls to earth, and is transformed into a flower. In her turn Echo disappears, transformed into a rock. She can only repeat for ever the noises which shall trouble her solitude.

The score (musical) is one of the most remarkable. M. Tcherepnin has employed instruments of all kinds very effectively. It must be mentioned that the chorus "off" was well rendered, and the tenor solo by M. Sameda also completed the charm of this beautiful work. That the piece pleased the vast audience there could be no doubt, and thus one more triumph is added to the already lengthy list of the Russian Ballet. The scenes and dances were arranged by M. Fokine, scenery and costumes by M. L. Bakst. At the close of the one act of which the piece consists all connected with the performance were called and recalled many times. If we may be allowed to suggest a little curtailing of the piece its success would certainly be even greater. On this occasion the wonderfully picturesque "Thamar," the delicate and dainty "Le Spectre de la Rose," and the terrific dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor" were again given with great success.

MUSICAL NOTES.

July 13. 1912

To-night the curtain will be rung down at the London Opera House on Mr. Hammerstein's second season. As already stated, this is to be a "gala performance," whereat scenes will be given from several of the operas in the repertory. What the future of the fine house in Kingsway is to be remains purely a matter for surmise—so far, at any rate, as the public are concerned. All sorts of rumours, of course, are in the air, but to most of them it would be best, perhaps, to turn a deaf ear. According to popular belief, the building is likely to share the fate of the beautiful English Opera House erected by D'Oyly Carte. On the other hand, it is by no means certain that Mr. Hammerstein has had his last say as an operatic manager in London, while it is an open secret that offers have been made to him on behalf of persons who are anxious to obtain possession of the house for purely operatic purposes. Time will show whether success will crown their efforts.

Meanwhile it is of interest to turn from the possible future to the actual past, and note what Mr. Hammerstein has given his patrons during the season which closes this evening. It opened on April 22, since when seventy-two performances (including that of to-night) will have been given. Appended is the list of the operas staged, with the number of performances each obtained:

"Tales of Hoffmann"	12
"Romeo and Juliet"	8
"Faust"	9
"Don Quichotte"	8
"Les Cloches de Corneville"	8
"Il Trovatore"	6
"Rigoletto"	6
"Mignon"	3
"Barber of Seville"	3
"Children of flou"	3
"La Favorita"	2
"William Tell"	2
"La Traviata"	1

July, 6 1912

ROYAL OPERA.

It is well that from time to time the Grand Opera Syndicate should afford the opportunity for an appearance to singers, while still young, who are likely to develop into capable artists. Of course, this must not be taken to mean that the Royal Opera is expected to convert itself into a kind of superior "Kindergarten." But in such a company as that assembled under the syndicate's banner just now there are, no doubt, many singers whom circumstances alone prevent from taking at present a high place. All the more credit, therefore, that when opportunity serves, it is seized. On Saturday night one such opportunity was vouchsafed to Mr. Giuseppe Cellini, a young singer not unknown in London concert-rooms, who has already appeared once before this season in an important rôle—as Don José in "Carmen." Mr. Cellini undertook the part of the ill-used Canio in an excellent performance of "Pagliacci." It is a part associated with many great singers, and if Mr. Cellini cannot now be compared with the greatest of them, yet he may lay to his soul the flattering unction that the part has often been played and sung in a manner far inferior to his. As a fact, his impersonation was a decidedly interesting one, both vocally and dramatically; but vocally it would have been improved had the singer not "tried so hard," if he had not forced his pleasant voice. His singing of his poignant song at the end of the first act brought him resounding applause, which was thoroughly well deserved. The remainder of the cast was familiar. So were the delightful Russian ballets which followed. Mr. Panizza conducted the opera; Mr. Tcherepnin the ballets.

July 15. 1912

ROYAL OPERA.

The recent celebrations of Rousseau's bicentenary serve to recall to mind how if he had had his way the ballet and the *divertissement* would have been banished from French 18th century opera. But, much as he disliked them for encumbering the action when inserted in the middle of a work, he made an exception in favour of giving them when once the curtain had descended on the singers' last notes—"pour effacer," as he said, "par un ballet agréable, les impressions tristes laissées par la représentation d'uu grand opéra." *Pagliacci*, which was given once more on Saturday night, can hardly claim to fall within the category of grand opera; but to some at any rate of the audience its performance left "impressions tristes." The half-empty house at the beginning of the evening and the languid applause of those who were there made one feel that it was put into the evening's programme merely as a stop-gap; and once a work of this sort is played without conviction its saving merits disappear behind the hackneyed formulas and the old familiar *clichés*. Even Signor Sammarco made less impression than usual as Tonio, while neither Mme. Donalda nor Signor Cellini managed to hold the interest, in spite of the dramatic opportunities offered them.

It was refreshing to leave Leoncavallo and to settle down for the rest of the evening to the enjoyment of the Russian dancers. How exquisitely the "Invitation à la valse" in Berlioz's version is danced by Mme. Karsavina and M. Nijinsky is now a matter of common knowledge. The entertainment finished with *L'Oiseau de Feu*, which M. Tcherepnin conducted with keen enthusiasm and close attention to detail. The detail is of particular importance in this case, because every moment in the ballet is conceived from the double point of view of stage incident and musical commentary. The atmosphere which is created is the result largely of this combination, this complete sympathy and mutual understanding between musician and choreographist.

NDON OPERA HOUSE.

1912

END OF THE SEASON.

July 15

a "gala performance," as it was styled, ended urday night Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's second ign at the house he built and dedicated to in Kingsway. In respect of the works it has produced, the season now brought to a close ot proved very momentous, and anything like gthy retrospect of its doings is hardly called For many and obvious reasons interest centred y in the production of Lord Howard de len and Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's Cymric musicna, "Children of Don," and if that work, in so as it failed to realise the expectations of those had hoped that it might advance the cause of ive opera, proved a disappointment, yet Mr. mmerstein must have credit for his enterprise in ing it a hearing. A completo list of the operas aged in the course of a three months' season peared in our columns on Saturday, and there is need to repeat it. But one may note that Offench's "Tales of Hoffmann" takes pride of place as gards the number of performances it secured—velve; and that "La Traviata" stands at the ottom of the list, having been given but once. The nly foreign novelty brought to a hearing was Massenet's "Don Quichotte," a work quite characteristic of its composer, and possessing charm rather han qualities of a more arresting order. But at east it enjoyed the advantage, like most of Mr. Hammerstein's productions, of beautiful staging, nd it introduced us, moreover, in Mr. Lafont—who ppeared in the title-part—to an artist of commanding merits.

Obviously the closing performance calls for no etailed discussion. Its attractions were of the kind est described as miscellaneous, the programme consisting of operatic "snippets." To many people mong the crowded audience the most interesting ature of the evening, probably, was Mr. Hammerein's speech, in which, as will be seen below, the ucky manager spoke of his heavy losses and prosed, nevertheless, to try his luck again in the umn—an announcement received with immense husiasm.

or that matter, the whole evening was one of usiasm. The Venice scene from "Tales of fmann"; the second act of "Rigoletto," with Felice Lyno (also heard later in the "Shadow " from "Dinorah") as Gilda, Mr. Orville old as the Duke, and Mr. Vilmos Beck as the r; a scene from Massenet's "Herodiade," as by Madame Augusta Doria and Mr. Henry on; Miss Victoria Fer's performance of the Scene from "Hamlet"; Madame Jeanne li's singing of the Jewel Song from "Faust"—ese things, among others, called forth the est tributes, and everybody seemed happy. erola and Mr. Ernaldy were the conductors.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S LOSSES.

erful in adversity and modest in manner, Mr. nerstein addressed Saturday's audience from tage, and let them into some of his secrets, cial and otherwise. He spoke of heavy losses e accustomed to such trifling matters, assumed e half-earnest, half-jocular, and had his reward tremendous ovation. He was not always quite ible, but a good deal that he said was clear igh, and excited sympathetic interest and apse, as well as laughter on occasion. Some time he mentioned, one of his artists sued him. That nothing new. She sued him for breach of misc. He had promised to let her sing—and n't. That was the breach of promise. He d produced his books, showing the receipts his establishment during the opera season. uring the seven months in which he had produced and opera in London he had lost over £45,000. voice, "Shame.") He recalled his production of Don Quichotte"—one of Massenet's most popular eations. On the first night the public assembled great multitudes, and the receipts were £85. From at they dwindled to £51 at the last performance the work. The question arose: Was it his fault, the fault of the public? ("Not your fault, sir," outed someone.) But he had not come before them whine, and be indignant. He would only tell em that he had been warned before he came to ondon that he was going to present grand opera to absolutely uneducated public. Musically, though, believed he was coming before a public that dered all his best efforts. But operatically they were neducated. Love for grand opera must be inerited. It must come from generation to generaon. That was why the Governments of other counies—all except America—built and subsidised opera ouses. They considered grand opera the most eduational form of music. It was a mystery to him ow the London public allowed themselves to be ithout it. Why did they not ask their County ouncil or their Ministers to build them an opera ouse? They had a right to it. (A Voice: "We ave taxes enough already.") He was not such a ich man as to be able to continue indefinitely such n undertaking. He had a mortgage on the building amounting to some £40,000. Any other man ould have said good-bye to the enterprise. But he as proud of having created such an organisation. Nearly everything and everybody connected with it—xcept some of the leading artists—was English, and e took the opportunity of saying that finer voices ould not be heard anywhere in the world than in his country, and the love of music here was inborn.

What was he to do? Devote that house to music-hall purposes? ("No.") In his opinion it would be a crime. With the little brain he possessed he had tried hard to solve the problem. He was alone in the enterprise. Not a solitary soul besides himself was interested in it to the tune of a penny. It was his inborn love for his profession that enabled him to face disaster. He had no desire for wealth. He was an enthusiast, a musician, and to withdraw now would be to him horrible. He had struggled against t, and it was a terrible thought to him to contemplate giving up that beautiful edifice and slinking away.

"And so," Mr. Hammerstein concluded, "I am oing to give opera again." A great burst of cheering greeted this announcement, whereupon Mr. Hammerstein added that he would be here again in he middle of November, and would end "when ou don't come again."

THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE

CLOSING NIGHT OF THE SEASON

July 15 — 1912

It has been wittily said that an entrée of quail is a most unsatisfactory dish, being nothing more than "a suggestion and a regret," and the same definition applies not less happily to the gala performance at the London Opera House last night. What, indeed, could be more tantalising than an evening filled with excerpts only, from half-a-dozen famous operas? Each familiar scene aroused a whole train of agreeable associations and attendant desires, destined to remain ungratified. In fact, Mr. Hammerstein's ensemble repeated some of their most successful performances of the past for the benefit of a crowded house that was evidently bent on giving personal ovations to its well-tried favourites.

Thus Mlle. Felice Lyne and M. Orville Harrold were heard in the second act of "Rigoletto" and the fourth act of "Romeo and Juliet," M. Vilmos Beck taking the part of the jester, and the supplementary parts in the Gounod extract being taken by Mlle. Dalmada, M. Lafont, and M. Henry Weldon. The latter was also joined by Mme. Augusta Doria in the fourth scene of "Herodiade," while M. Orville Harrold further appeared along with Mlle. Vinie Daly in the last act of "Les Cloches de Corneville." The "Venice scene" from "The Tales of Hoffmann" formed yet another excerpt with Mlle. Berthe Cesar, Mlle. Yvonne Kerlord, M. Jean Buysson, and M. Vilmos Beck as principal soloists, and Mme. Jeanne Jomelli and Mlle. Felice Lyne sang respectively the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" and the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah."

A novelty to the stage of the London Opera House was provided by the "Mad Scene" from "Hamlet," which Mlle. Victoria Fer sang with fine conviction that easily outweighed her vocal deficiencies from the coloratura side, and secured her one of the great successes of the evening. Messrs. Gaetano Merola and Fritz Ernaldy both conducted, also providing several opera overtures to swell an ample programme.

During the course of the evening Mr. Hammerstein himself appeared on the stage, and made the announcement that, in spite of a loss of £45,000 during the past seven months, he is still undeterred in his efforts for opera in London, and intends to reopen in the middle of November next. It is to be hoped that he will then receive the support from the public necessary to make his enterprise a sound financial success.

£45,000 LOST ON OPERA.

July 15. 1912

Mr. Hammerstein's Story of Season's Disasters.

"I AM GOING ON."

Mr. Hammerstein has decided to make one more operatic experiment, and give yet another season in London.

Speaking to the audience on Saturday night, at the closing performance of his summer season at the London Opera House, he declared that he would open the house next November, and close "when you don't come any more."

It was during an interval in the programme that Mr. Hammerstein made his statement from the stage. He said:—

"Some people have asked me to recite a few of my experiences during the past season. One of my artists some few weeks ago sued me because he knew. I think he sued me for breach of promise. (Laughter.) In this particular case I was asked to bring my books, and show the receipts of the establishment during the opera season. During the past seven months I showed that my losses have been over £45,000. ("Shame!")

A FINANCIAL REQUIEM.

"Some two months ago I produced a new opera, 'Don Quixote,' one of Massenet's most popular creations. The first night the box-office receipts showed an income of £85. They dwindled during eight performances to the magnificent sum of £51. ('Shame!') To anyone who is not so well armed against adversity as I am such a blow would have been sufficient—well, to have laid him at rest financially.

"The question arises whether it is my fault or whether it is the fault of the public. (A Voice: 'Not your fault!') I did the best I knew how, and the public did the best they knew how—and that was very little. Instead of coming before you wincing and whining and telling you how this has come about, I will only tell you there is no cause for it. I knew before I started here that I was going to present grand opera to, operatically, an absolutely uneducated public.

"I have built this house with my own limited means. I am not such a rich man as to continually go on with this prosperity. (Laughter.) I have a mortgage on this building amounting to some £40,000 odd. It is a question of how long a continuance of operations of that kind is possible. Any other man would have said good-bye to the city.

HORROR OF RETREAT.

"What am I to do, then? Do you want this house converted for music-hall performances? (Loud cries of "No.") It would be a crime. (Hear, hear.) I am all alone in this. I have no partner, not a single soul who is interested to the amount of a penny in this building, or in the operatic performances. What am I to do? ("Stick to it.") Again look disaster and ruin in the face? I am speaking to a good many business men here, and I repeat that if it were not for my inborn love for my profession, if it were a desire of what you commonly call to make money, I would not go on.

"To withdraw now would be to me an absolute horror. I cannot tell you how much I have struggled against it, and it is for me something terrible—the very thought of giving up this beautiful edifice in London and almost to slink away.

"I am going on. I am going to begin again in the middle of November, and end when you do not come again." (Loud cheers.)

Saturday saw the end of Mr. Hammerstein's summer season at the London Opera House, and the occasion was observed as a Grand Gala Night. For the most part the programme consisted of excerpts from operas which have been played during the season; but there was also the Mad Scene from Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, in which the performance of Mlle. Victoria Fer as Ophelia was rewarded by call after call before the curtain.

In the middle of the evening Mr. Hammerstein made a statement about his future plans. He mentioned that during the last seven months in which he had produced grand opera he had lost over £45,000, and that on the first night on which he gave Massenet's *Don Quichotte* the box-office receipts amounted to £85, which dwindled to £51 during the eight performances. He knew when he started that he was to present grand opera to an, operatically, absolutely uneducated public, though he was convinced that musically it was a public that deserved all his efforts. But the question was how long could prosperity of this kind continue. He was alone in the enterprise, without partner or backing. He had built up an organization which, with the exception of a few of his principal artists, was entirely British, and to disband such an organization was a considerable wrench. To devote the opera house to music-hall purposes would be a crime, and as an enthusiast with an inborn love for his profession he felt an absolute horror of withdrawal. He was therefore going to give opera again. He would begin again in the middle of November, and end "when you don't come again."

THE PALACE THEATRE.

"La Fille Mal Gardée" is the kind of experiment Mlle. Pavlova ought to repeat. After all, detached dances can never give the true measure of a *ballerine*. If she has any dramatic gifts they can only be seen in their fullness in a *ballet d'action*, and hence it would be disastrous if Pavlova, whose pantomime is as exquisité as her dancing, were to forgo this mode of self-expression altogether. The fear that we might not see enough of her if we saw her only as part of an artistic whole is really groundless; the remedy for it is to choose the right sort of ballet. "La Fille Mal Gardée," by D'Oberval, with music by Gerthel, is, from this point of view, not at all a bad choice. Its plot is given away by its title; it is a tale of love and locksmiths, and a bundle of hay in which M. Novikoff is smuggled in to visit a farmer's daughter. The farmer's daughter is Mlle. Pavlova, and the part suits her, for it enables her to display all the delightful *minauderies* of which she is mistress, as well as her pretty faculty of pathos. Only the dances hardly seem to give her fair scope, faultlessly as they are done, especially the Pas de Ruban, with its fine *adagio* movement at the beginning. They gain a great deal in their effect, however, by the beautiful assistance given in all the *pas de deux* by M. Novikoff, whose development even since last year has been so wonderful, and it should be possible to elaborate them even more. July 16, 1912

M. Chiriaieff, who is revealed to us for the first time as a pantomimist of the first quality, plays the stern mother of the heroine, just as M. Cecchetti played the mother of Giselle at Covent Garden (it seems to be traditional to give such parts to the *premier mime*), and with him, as with M. Cecchetti, the result is most amusing, though not at all in the broad style of our own "pantomime dances."

As a whole the *divertissement* is extremely pleasant and would not be a bit too long if it began a little earlier in the evening.

"LA FILLE MAL GARDÉ E."

PAVLOVA IN A NEW RÔLE AT THE PALACE.

July 16 1912

"La Fille Mal Gardée," the ballet-divertissement prescnted "for the first time in England" at the Palace Theatre last night, exhibits Pavlova in an unaccustomed light. While it has abundant charm of movement and colour, it has none of the charm of poetry or imagination, in the interpretation of which she is so supreme. This is mere coquetry and love-making; and though Pavlova can coquet and make love with the best, one rather resents seeing her spend her rare faculties on what may, without any intention of offence, be called the ordinary stuff of Leicester-square. The story has, perhaps, more coherence and ingenuity than is to be found in the typical London ballet, but the historian of the plots of ballet-divertissements will place it in the same class. In the same class, too, is the scenery and the music—the music, frankly pedestrian, and inviting again and again invidious comparison's with Mr. Clutsam's recent setting of "The Pool," too short a visitant at the Alhambra. The contrast is the more obvious because of some noticeable affinities between the works.

Pavlova is the "vivacious" daughter of a farmer's widow much given to irate gesticulation, and evidently a believer in the wisdom of Solomon (chapter on the management of vivacious daughters). The cause of offence is the young lady's affection for a young peasant (poor) in preference to the son of a neighbour (rich). The romance takes its fifty-minute course among corn-sheaves, farmyards, harvest dancers, and domestic poultry—these very vocal—and in the end the peasant, to escape the mother, conceals himself in a loft. There also, presently, the mother, unaware of the immediate tenant, locks in her idle daughter; and the natural and necessary consequence is the withdrawal of the rich suitor's claim and the happy ending proper to ballet divertissements. It will be seen that the work has more dramatic fitness, and more sense of the law of cause and effect than is always considered necessary to this form of entertainment.

But its chief is the fine opportunities which it affords Pavlova. Need it be said how she poises and hovers in the "Valse Sourdine," the "Pas de Ruban," the "Scène Amoureuse," and the "Polka Finale"—all with the admirable assistance of the adroit M. Novikoff; with how merry a "Danse de Charactère" she soothes her old mother (M. Chiriaieff) to a perfect triumph of somnolence; or with how shame-faced and tearful an air she is discovered behind the locked door with the equally abashed swain? Or with what ravishing effect her companions of the ballet tread the gay rustic measures of M. Gerthel? In this respect, at least, nothing is lacking. But the ballet should be placed earlier in the programme, and if its action were hastened by a few minutes it would not suffer.

The rest of the Palace programme is singularly varied: Mr. Whelan, with his nonchalant mood and his amusing stories; Miss Violet Essex, with some pleasant songs; the Palace Girls in a Wedgwood setting; the Terry Twins, who reduce to its very simplest terms the primitive humour of hitting one another in the face and arguing about personal pronouns; and a "dog drama," about which one would like to have Mr. Galsworthy's opinion.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

July 16 1912

Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, and suite were present at the performance of Puccini's "Fanciulla del West" at Covent Garden last night. The work, the representation of which was of fine quality, was extraordinarily well received. Hearing it again after a year's interval one cannot be surprised at this. It is not without some rather serious flaws, it is indeed not so perfect as the earlier "Tosca," in dramatic concentration, or "Madam Butterfly" in musical sensuousness, but the general picturesqueness of the setting and the really exciting second act are potent factors in awakening interest and appreciation. That the final act comes as an anti-climax can hardly be doubted or that the action drags sadly in the first. The musician might urge, too, that the score is not so complete and truly individual in style, that what seems to be the influence of modern France has not set very comfortably upon the Italian composer's shoulders. Puccini is at his best when he is dealing with the strong melodic phrases which come so naturally from his pen, phrases which linger happily in the memory, phrases which are the invention of a man who really has the creative gift. But the composer's dramatic sense is also strikingly shown at times; he is less successful, owing to the fault of the librettists, in the first act; in the second, however, such moments as when Johnson comes back wounded and is hurried up into the loft, or Minnie's final outburst when she has tricked Rance at cards, are splendidly expressed in the music. Lyrically the duet between the lovers in this act is of great power, and the composer's use of the waltz theme from Act I. and that striking theme which arrests the attention the moment it is heard in the short prelude is most convincing. The melody of the camp-minstrel is another example of Puccini's inventive genius.

Mdlle. Destinn repeated her splendid performance of the part of the heroine; it is an interpretation marked by its dramatic grip, while the singing is, of course, quite superb. Signor Martinelli made Johnson a virile figure and he sang with real strength of style and dynamic colour, though it was just a question here and there whether his voice was in the best condition. M. Dinh Gilly's Rance was on a high plane of intensity of expression, and he used his powerful voice with his usual skill.

The rest of the lengthy cast was wholly admirable, and Signor Campanini's conducting had all its accustomed control.

ROYAL OPERA.

"LA FANCIULLA DEL WEST."

July 16

Minnie	Mme. EMMY DESTINN
Jack Rance	M. DINH GILLY
Dick Johnson	Signor MARTINELLI
Nick	Signor ZUCCHI
Ashby	Mr. JAMES GODDARD

Conductor—Signor Campanini.

Puccini's latest opera, *La Fanciulla del West*, which was the chief event last year, has been held back until a late date in the present one but it was given last night before a fairly full house, and it had the distinction of securing the presence of Queen Alexandra, to whom the work is dedicated. Moreover, it was given with a brilliant cast which included Mme. Destinn and M Dinh Gilly, whose performances as Minnie, the heroine, and Rance, the sinister sheriff, gave vividness to the only two characters who stand out clearly defined among the picturesque groups of miners who carry on the highly-coloured drama. Signor Martinelli, whose fine voice has made a strong impression in several parts during the season, was equally effective as Johnson, and in his duet with Mme. Destinn in the second act, and his song when he is brought in bound in the third, he sang with splendid vigour, and his singing did everything which could be done to make up for the lack of clear characterization in the part.

Except for the presence of Signor Martinelli in the cast the production was the same which we were given last year, and it would be difficult to improve upon it. The tavern scene of the first act with its rapidly changing feeling, the miners swayed this way and that, at one moment filled with revenge, at the next sitting down meekly while Minnie reads the Bible, at another dancing off to a clapping of hands, were excellently pictured, and the beautiful scene of the third act, in the forest, with its exciting chase after Johnson and his capture, was full of colour and movement. Mme. Destinn's acting and singing were full of intensity, and M. Gilly was alike forcible in his quiet movements and his sudden passionate outbursts. And yet with so much to hold the interest enthralled one could not help wondering from time to time what Puccini had to do with it all. The orchestra is constantly busy, yet the places at which it really seems essential to the action are few, and often the sophisticated tricks of orchestration appear to be curiously irrelevant. One does not blame the opera for not possessing the musical characteristics which have made Puccini's earlier works famous, which were proper to their themes but would be misplaced here, but one misses the peculiar quality of eloquence which all the others in their different ways and in different degrees possess, and it is significant that the most thrilling moment of the drama, the game of poker in Minnie's room, is the one where the music virtually ceases and that it is accompanied only by the subdued throb of the bass instruments. The play has not enough room for continuous music, and where the composer insists upon making room for himself he confuses the issue.

"GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

July 16 1912

Queen Alexandra Sees Last Night's Performance.

Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria were amongst the large audience that went to hear Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" at Covent Garden last night.

It is a year ago since the first production of Puccini's latest opera here. The interval undoubtedly enables one to see more clearly the fine qualities and the defects of the opera. The former, perhaps, outweigh the latter, and these defects are perhaps largely due to the subject itself. In spite of the wonderfully clever way Puccini has handled all the scenes and incidents, one feels that the drama is not really suitable for the particular quality of Puccini's genius.

However, when all is said and done it is a work of great interest and often of much charm, and such a superb performance as that given last night should do much to make the opera popular. One has rarely heard Mlle. Destinn sing so magnificently as she did on this occasion as Minnie. The role is certainly a fresh triumph for this most popular singer.

Another fine piece of work was the Sheriff of M. Dinh Gilly, who seems peculiarly suited to the character. His sinister make-up gives a special individuality to his work, and vocally he makes much of the many effective phrases he has to sing. A third individual effort of great excellence was the Johnson of Signor Martinelli, who, it may be recalled, was specially chosen by the composer for recent Italian performances of the opera. He sang with fine vigour and intensity last night, and acted in realistic fashion.

The numerous minor rôles were all well filled, and the general ensemble was excellent under Signor Campanini's conductorship.

ROYAL OPERA.

"LA FANCIULLA DEL WEST."

July 16. 1912

How long will it be before Puccini gives us a new opera again? Possibly the thought occurred to some of those who, in Covent Garden last night, made or renewed acquaintance with "The Girl of the Golden West"—or, as the Italian librettists rather absurdly call it, "La Fanciulla del West." This was the first time the opera took its place this season in the syndicate's now rather congested répertoire. That fact may, of course, mean little or nothing, and must not, therefore, be taken as indicating any want of faith on the part of the management in the popularity of this music-drama "of love and redemption." Yet one may at least be permitted the reflection that the present summer has brought us several performances of "Madama Butterfly," Puccini's penultimate opera—which was first heard in London some seven years before its successor—and to draw from that circumstance, at any rate, the natural conclusion that the later work has not superseded the earlier in the affections of our opera-goers. But now, clearly, is not the moment to compare these two examples of Puccini's art. Indeed, if a comparison had to be made between "La Fanciulla" and any other opera from the same pen, that opera surely would not be "Butterfly." Rather should one seek for a comparison in "La Tosca," of which the full-blooded, lurid melodrama has in it far more of the qualities that distinguish "La Fanciulla" than have the pathos and poignant tragedy of Puccini's Japanese opera. Yet it is certain enough, as a rehearing of the music last night served to remind us, that Puccini, in his last score, drew not a little upon the pages of both the previous operas mentioned. However, the point need not be pressed here. It is better, at all events, that a composer should repeat himself than trespass upon the domains of other composers, and in the case of Puccini most people will agree that the idiom is an interesting and fascinating one, and that it is used at all times with a master hand. Nevertheless, who can deny that in the work revived last evening one misses, despite all its musical cleverness and picturesqueness, the true lyrical note, and to a large extent the authentic mark of inspiration to be found in those that came before it? Even in one of the two already cited, "La Tosca," with all its melodrama, and the uncompromising brutality of its story, the composer insisted far more frequently upon his affection for pure lyricism than he does in his setting of Belasco's Californian drama. Yet one is often tempted to forgive the lack, in many scenes, of that quality, by virtue of so much of sheer cleverness on the composer's part, and the extraordinary sensitiveness and sureness of his touch in reflecting the dramatic situation.

And certainly the opera loses nothing on a further hearing, which, of course, is a fact very much in its

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favour. No doubt a performance in many respects of a very high order contributed to this feeling. A good deal that was done last night fell into the category of the familiar. Was there not, for example, Miss Destinn to repeat for us her wholly sympathetic embodiment of Minnie, the heroine who "mothers" the rough miners of the wild West with a Wendy-like solicitude. Once again Miss Destinn sang the music as finely as anyone could ever wish or hope to hear it sung, and, while all was done by her with unerring dramatic truth and conviction, she almost persuaded one that the lyrical passages atoned by their quality for their comparative rarity. In Mr. Martinelli we had a new Dick Johnson—how odd the "Mister Johnson" sounded amid the mellifluous Italian—and there is no questioning the success the young tenor achieved in the part. Notwithstanding his comparative inexperience, he is really a good actor, as we have pointed out before, and in his singing last night there was abundant fervour—at moments even an impressive intensity—while the voice often rang out splendidly. Mr. Dinh Gilly played the villainous Sheriff—the part in which he was seen here last year—and without ever forcing the note, he neglected none of his melodramatic opportunities. His voice, however, did not always serve him quite so well as it has done upon occasion. Save for the three characters mentioned, nobody really counts in "La Fanciulla," but one should note the useful work done in minor parts by Mr. Zucchi, Mr. Malatesta, and Mr. Armand Crabbé. Mr. Campanini conducted a performance which only just fell short of consistent excellence by occasional over-exuberance in the orchestra.

A large audience, which included Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, and suite, was vastly enthusiastic, particularly on the fall of the curtain after the melodramatically effective card scene, in which Miss Destinn's acting was as inspired as her singing.

July 14. 1912

A GOOD deal of speculation is rife concerning the future of the London Opera House, and with good reason, for not only are there a considerable number of people pecuniarily interested in the matter, but there are many possibilities, and some of them are fraught with important issues. Before considering the future, however, it is always well to review the past. Mr. Hammerstein's scheme, with all its magnificence, was doomed to financial failure from the beginning, but he has fought a continuously losing game pluckily, and perhaps those who from knowledge and experience know how hopeless it was appreciate his pluck the most. To the man who knew his London Mr. Hammerstein's policy seemed a colossal example of self-reliance and the courage of ignorance, yet the confidence and courage must be admitted, and it is only gracious at the termination of Mr. Hammerstein's second season to acknowledge the many hours of enjoyable entertainment he has provided thousands of Londoners.

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Moreover, Mr. Hammerstein has given us a beautiful theatre, has mounted new works, provided some interesting revivals, and introduced many good artists. We have to thank him for acquaintance with Nougués's "Quo Vadis?" and Massenet's "Don Quixote," and it is no fault of Mr. Hammerstein that neither of these works possesses supreme artistic value. Of the revivals the most interesting was Rossini's "William Tell," and Bellini's "Norma" showed Mr. Hammerstein's willingness to produce all kinds of grand opera. Massenet's "Herodiade" and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" had been tried at Covent Garden and found wanting, and there was no reason to suppose that the taste of the public had changed. We have also been introduced to many capable new artists. Miss Felice Lyne, if she has not realised the assertions that preceded her début that she was a second Patti, has proved herself a charming singer and a clever actress, and made us realise that in some cases the less there is of a prima donna the better. Of other débutantes, one of the most gifted and finished artists was Mme. Jomelli, who, it will be remembered, first appeared as the Priestess in "The Children of Don," and subsequently gave a fine embodiment of Leonora in "Il Trovatore." Another fine artist was Mme. D'Alvarez, and pleasant recollections are associated with the personations of Mmes. Victoria Fer, Villandri, Olchanski, Catalan, Kerlord, and César. Of the male singers Messrs. Orville Harrold, Lafont, and Vilmos Beck have proved themselves most satisfactory. The first-named has improved enormously since his first appearance here. Mr. Lafont's personation of Don Quixote will long be remembered, as will the versatility and fine singing of Mr. Vilmost Beck. Among performances pleasantly remembered are Mr. Frank Pollock's graceful embodiment of Hoffmann, Mr. José Dance's Sancho in "Don Quixote," and the Figaro of Mr. Figarella. In acknowledgment of what has been accomplished mention must certainly be made of the excellent orchestral playing, under the direction of Mr. Merola and Mr. Ernaldy, the admirable singing of the chorus, the picturesqueness of the scenery, and the completeness of the ensemble.

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I specially mention all these details, because, having regard to probable future schemes, it is profitable to remember the comprehensiveness of Mr. Hammerstein's endeavours. Of course he would probably be the first to admit that beyond engaging an English chorus and orchestra he has done practically nothing for British art and British artists, but he has presented operas of various foreign schools effectively, if not equal in ensemble to the mounting at Covent Garden. In point of fact, it was of little consequence what operas he played, because it has been clearly and repeatedly demonstrated since the time of Handel that there is no room in London for two foreign opera houses. In former times there was a fighting chance for each, but anyone who is familiar with the inner working of the operatic world well knows that the Royal Opera Syndicate at Covent Garden is practically impregnable. It has the performing rights of the most popular operas, the greatest artists, the support of the aristocracy, a prestige that has great attraction for the general public, and a high standard of performances that will bear comparison with any in the world. Moreover, it is run on business lines that make it more than self-supporting without any Government subsidy.

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Now, having regard to the advantages enjoyed by Covent Garden—secured, be it remembered, by years of sagacious and astute management—and to what has been attempted by Mr. Hammerstein and just previously by Mr. Thomas Beecham, it must surely be obvious to any clear thinker that only an entirely new policy can justify renewed endeavour and the reopening of the London Opera House. It is understood that Mr. Hammerstein is open to an offer to relinquish his management, but there is good reason to believe that such an offer must be of a substance entirely satisfactory to himself. In common parlance, the London Opera House is not going for a song. If a satisfactory offer does not come along it is evident that several possibilities are open to Mr. Hammerstein. There are some people who seem to think that he belies his nation's reputation for cuteness, but it is more reasonable to suppose, judging by the quickness with which he has changed his policy during the last eight months, that he will profit by his recent experiences and reopen on new lines in the autumn. But if not, the success of his Sunday concerts might well prompt him to institute promenade concerts, or to make some arrangement to alternate opera with dramatic performances. If Russian Ballet and "The Ring" prove attractive at Covent Garden, why not Shakespeare and popular operas in Kingsway? It should be remembered also that Mr. Hammerstein has several theatres in America at which vaudeville and light opera are played with success. I mention these possibilities to show the weakness of a general idea that Mr. Hammerstein is played out.

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Putting these considerations aside, that which most concerns operatic Londoners, and particularly those who would see a national opera established, is whether the present situation cannot be made helpful to the development of British opera. Personally, I think it can. Mr. Hammerstein has shown inclination to co-operation—in fact, he has invited it—and one of the results of that invitation was the support of Lord Howard de Walden and the birth of "The Children of Don." It is an open secret that there are many earnest musicians and influential people who are anxious and willing to encourage native composers. Now, if these will formulate a distinct scheme I feel sure that Mr. Hammerstein will give it his favourable consideration. As he lent his assistance to the production of Mr. Holbrooke's music-drama it is reasonable to suppose that if any responsible body submitted to him a scheme on business lines for the performance of operas in English he would entertain the proposal. The real question is, "Will the promoters of national opera guarantee a sufficient number of seats to justify two or three performances in English a week at theatre prices, it being understood that only artists who can pronounce their words as clearly as in musical comedy are to be engaged? This last proviso is of the utmost importance, for it is plain that if the words are not distinctly heard the opera might just as well be sung in Italian or in Hebrew. There are, of course, many things to be considered, but there is certainly now an opportunity to materially help forward the establishment of British opera.

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It may interest some Refereaders to know that during the summer season at the London Opera House, concluded last night, twelve performances were given of "The Tales of Hoffmann"; nine of "Faust"; eight of "Romeo and Juliet," "Don Quixote," and "Les Cloches de Corneville"; six of "Il Trovatore" and "Rigoletto"; three of "Miguon," "The Barber of Seville," and "The Children of Don"; two of "La Favorita" and "William Tell"; and one of "La Traviata."

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The single performance of "La Traviata" took place on Friday, when Miss Victoria Fer impersonated the consumptive heroine. Her reading of the part was essentially womanly and sympathetic, and these attributes distinguished her singing, which was always artistic. Mr. Orville Harrold, as Alfredo, again showed how great an advance he has made as a vocalist since his first appearance here last autumn, and Mr. Vilmos Beck gave an admirable embodiment of the hero's father, making most effective use of his fine voice. The other characters were ably sustained, and the ensemble under the direction of Mr. Merola was spirited, if somewhat wanting in finish.

kungen. Die beiden Neuheiten, Wolf-Ferrari's Schmuck der Madonna und Riccardo Zandonai's (geb. 1882) Conchita wurden ausgezeichnet aufgeführt, die erstere Oper unter Campanini's, die letztere Oper unter Panizza's Leitung. Die Ausstattung und szenische Darstellung waren äusserst malerisch und beide Opern erzielten eine sehr günstige Aufnahme. Die Elemente der Sensation, gesteigerter Leidenschaft, Sinnlichkeit und Gewalttätigkeit im Volksleben spielen in beiden eine starke Rolle. Auch in der Musik finden sich Berührungspunkte und Gleichartigkeit der leitenden Ideen, so das südliche Kolorit, Sorgfalt und Geschick im Aufbau, symphonischer Zusammenhang und Bedeutsamkeit der Intermezzi. In den Librettis ist der Einfluss von Carmen und Louise erkennbar und beide Komponisten zeigen sich von zeitgenössischen Komponisten angeregt. Im Schatz der Madonna hinterlassen die Volksszenen musikalisch weit grösseren Eindruck als die Ausbrüche der Leidenschaft, und was der Komponist an eigener Melodie beibringt, verrät weder starke Eigenart noch hinreissende Kraft. Aber er gibt der Melodie Raum und hat anziehende Gedanken, so in der Serenata und in Maliella's Canzone. Signori Martinelli und Sammarco und Mme. Edvina vertraten die Hauptrollen. Zendonai war bei der ersten Aufführung von La Conchita anwesend und wurde mit Signorina Tarquini (Conchita, Sopran) und Signor Schiavazzi (Don Mateo, Tenor) enthusiastisch gerufen. Diese traten mehr dramatisch als gesanglich hervor. Beide haben ausgiebige Stimmen und starkes Temperament. Die Stimme des Tenors ist etwas hart. Die Musik bietet wenige lyrische Momente. Ihre Motive sind in breiten Linien symphonisch durchgeführt. Die Entwicklung und Zeichnung der Stimmungen und Charaktere vollzieht sich im Orchester. Den Gesangsstimmen fällt dramatische Deklamation zu. Der Komponist arbeitet mit sparsamen Mitteln sehr wirksam, versteht kräftig und anhaltend zu steigern und von Akt zu Akt das Interesse zu erhöhen. Die orchestrale Schilderung der Nacht in den Strassen Sevillas und des Kampfs der Leidenschaften ist treffend. Conchita ist eine spanische Zigarrenarbeiterin, die um ihrer selbst willen geliebt sein will und so ihren reichen Geliebten Don Mateo mit allen Schikanen einer leidenschaftlichen, kapriziösen und unverfrorenen Südländerin reizt und prüft und quält. Sie tritt als Nackttänzerin in einem Café chantant auf, wohnt in einer ihr von Mateo geschenkten Villa, lässt ihn aber nicht ein, er muss vor dem Tor einer Liebesszene mit einem angeblichen Geliebten zusehen. Zuletzt prügelt er sie und das bringt sie zur Besinnung und zu seinen Füssen. Diese letzte und die Café-chantant-Szene wurden sehr gemildert. Das Libretto ist dem Roman „La femme et le pantin" von Pierre Louys entnommen, der Charakter Conchita's wurde umgewandelt und die Handlung zeigt Lücken.

OPERA IN OLD CLOTHES.

Unconventional Rendering of "Pagliacci" at Covent Garden.

July 26 1912

There is always room for individuality in the portrayal of even the most familiar operatic roles. We had proof of this last night at Covent Garden in the performance of "Pagliacci," in which M. Dinh Gilly appeared for the first time here as Tonio.

His treatment of the part was on very unconventional lines, dramatically. His "make-up" was startingly original. For the prologue the audience were astonished to see a figure clad in a sort of navvy attire, come before the curtain. M. Gilly had dressed himself in a dirty, old, baggy pair of trousers, and an even worse coat, and, with hands in pocket proceeded to give a very fine rendering of the familiar aria. His costume in the second act was equally fantastic, reminding one rather of the comic figure of a familiar poster on the street hoardings. But this originality of costume, and also of gesture which Gilly provided, certainly made his performance a remarkably individual one; he was a very human and convincing figure, and his scenes with Nedda in the earlier part of the opera he handled with great dramatic power and sincerity. His singing throughout the evening, too, was excellent in its intensity and emotional effect.

The Canio of the occasion was Signor Cellini, whose performance was an adequate if not remarkable one. He acted well, and sang in a finished way; but his voice is lacking in brightness and power. Mme. Donalda again did well as Nedda, and the rest of the cast was well filled, Signor Panizza conducted skilfully. The opera was followed by two ballets. "Narcisse," which was given first, impresses one even more at a second hearing. It is undoubtedly one of the most original and beautiful things the Russian company has given us. M. Tcherepnin's music is extraordinarily clever and suggestive especially in its power of creating atmosphere and illustrating the dramatic situation.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN.

July 26/12

Tchaikovsky's pantomime-ballet "Le Lac des Cygnes" was given for the first time this season by the Russian ballet at Covent Garden last night. While it is undoubtedly true that the artificial silence imposed by this artform on the executant renders the artistic exposition incomplete, owing to the fundamental inability of more or less ambiguous actions to adequately assume the explanatory functions of words, it may readily enough be admitted that within its limits the action-ballet affords considerable scope for artistic expression. Its fullest effects, however, have but a superficial relation to the points of the story. The latter merely furnish a sort of pretext for the cult of physical action *per se*, and we come to realise that stage-dancing is not so much the ex

pression of applied emotions as the abstract art of corporeal display—a sort of living sculpture, where the beauties of the human form are disclosed in an exquisite series of fleeting visions.

It is in exploiting the far-reaching possibilities of bodily movement that the Russian dancers are so supreme, and it is hence that their work derives its cachet of superb distinction. Last night's performance was but another link in the long chain of terpsichorean triumphs. Tchaikovsky's ballet is by no means a masterpiece of its kind, the music in the second act frequently lacking any charm of appeal, but with those two great artists, Mme. Tamar Karsavina and M. Nijinsky in the rôles of "La Reine des Cygnes" and "Le Prince" these deficiencies were easily overlooked. "Le Spectre de la Rose" and the dances from "Prince Igor" completed the programme. There was a large audience, the King and Queen occupying the Royal box.

The Covent Garden Opera season, which comes to an end on Thursday, has passed with a smoothness that, making all allowance for good fortune and propitious circumstanees, attests to the excellent artistic and business arrangements of the Syndicate. It is the longest season that has been given under the present management, extending from April 20 to Aug. 1, during which time ninety-five performances will have been given, made up as follows: Operas, seventy; opera and ballet, eight; ballet alone, eleven; and ballet matinées, six. From this it will be apparent that dancing has made a considerable inroad on opera, and what is more significant is that whereas the ballet performances have always been well attended, some of the operatic performances have not been so favoured. Originally, ballet was introduced into opera as an attractive adjunct. The usurping position it has acquired is curiously concurrent with like movements in other branches of art, in which what was formerly regarded as merely a factor has become the most prominent element, what is technically known as atmosphere being a case in point. It is probable, however, that the prominence acquired by ballet at the Opera is only a passing phase, because ballet dancing, even when associated with ingeniously-devised stories, is far more limited in its scope than opera. Otherwise musicians might regard with concern the conversion of Covent Garden into a ballet house. Moreover, although extremes may meet, that which comes from the head has more staying power than that which comes from the feet.

July 28 1912

The Covent Garden season may be said to have been as remarkable for its omissions as for its commissions. Gounod's "Faust" has not been performed; neither has "Cavalleria Rusticana." The long chain of Melba appearances has been broken, and Mme. Tetrazzini has not been heard so frequently. Other operas of the repertory not performed are Boito's "Mefistofèle," D'Erlanger's "Tess," Debussy's "Pelléas and Mélisande," Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and Massenet's "Thaïs"; but seven performanees have been given of "La Bohème," six of "Madama Butterfly," "La Tosca," and "The Jewels of the Madonna"; five of "Aïda" and "Pagliacci"; four of "Louise," "Rigoletto," and "The Huguenots"; three of "Carmen," "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Secret of Susanna," "Samson and Delilah," and "La Traviata"; two of "The Barber of Seville," "Manon Lescaut," and "Conchita"; two cycles of "The Ring"; and two performanees of "Tristan." From the above it will be seen that Puccini's operas have been most frequently mounted, this composer having been represented twenty-four times out of the seventy nights devoted entirely to opera.

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Of the two new works produced, Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna" and Zandonai's "Conchita," the success of the former is shown by its having been given six times with increasing public interest. There can be little doubt that this opera, with its exuberant music, dramatic contrasts, and swiftly-moving story, will become a permanent favourite with the London public, and its production with Mme. Edvina, Mr. Martinelli, and Mr. Sammarco in the principal rôles will probably form the most memorable feature of this year.

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Concerning the principal artists, the success of Mr. Martinelli's début has been continued; the baritone quality of the lower notes of his voice, his skill as an actor, and the manliness of his style have won him the esteem of Covent Garden audiences. In common with most young singers, he is inclined to trust to energy of production instead of securing the fullest possible resonance of his head notes; but experience will teach him the best way in this matter, and his future would seem to be assured. The vocal progress shown by Mr. McCormack this season has been remarkable, and his appearances in two new rôles, Count Almaviva in "The Barber of Seville" and that of Pinkerton in "Madama Butterfly," afford good cause for satisfaction. Mr. Sammarco's versatility has been specially shown by his realistic embodiment of Rafaele in "The Jewels of the Madonna," and Mr. Marcoux has decidedly increased his reputation among us by his fine impersonation of Scarpia in "La Tosca." Mme. Destinn has practically held premier place as prima donna, and pleasant recollections centre round Mmes. Lipkowska and Agostinelli.

THE END OF THE OPERA SEASON

The opera season at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, will finish on Thursday next, and the last four performances will be as follows: This evening "Aida" will be performed, with Mlle. Destinn in the title-rôle, and Mlle. Bourgeois as Amneris, Signor Marcoux as Ramfis, M. Dinh Gilly as Amonasro, and Mr. Paul Franz as Radames, for the first time this season. July 29. 1912

The Russian Ballet will appear to-morrow in "Le Pavillon d'Armide," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "L'Oiseau de Feu," with Mme. Karsavina and M. Nijinsky in the principal parts. On Wednesday they will appear in "Le Lac des Cygnes" and "Scheherazade," and on Thursday, the last night of the season, they will dance in "Le Carnaval," "Les Sylphides," "Thamar," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Prince Igor."

There comes to an end this week the longest season in the history of the present management of opera at Covent Garden. It is extended just into the month of August by reason of some extra performances of the Russian Ballet. But the length is not the only feature of the season. Some figures drawn up by the management were announced the other day and deserve examination. Everything going as announced until Thursday next, the programme has resulted in there having been given no fewer than ninety-five performances, made up as follows: Opera, 70; opera and ballet, 8; ballet, 17 (including six matinées). Twenty-two operas were mounted: Three French, five German, and the rest Italian. Of the last-named two were novelties, "Giojelli della Madonna" and "Conchita."

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The production of new works is, of course, always attended with great risk, no one being able to forecast the measure of public support. That Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna" has been performed six times is certainly very satisfactory. Although the work has grave faults, one is only too glad if the current repertory can be added to; the more this happens, the greater chance there will be for the shelving, at any rate for a time, of such hackneyed works as "Traviata" or "Rigoletto." Of course, the Russian Ballet performances upset calculations in some respects, but, even so, that the two Verdi operas named were only performed on three and four occasions respectively seems to show that the more recent works are beginning to impress themselves upon the public imagination. "La Bohème," for example, with seven representations, stands at the head of the list.

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"Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly," with six performances each, prove the popularity of Puccini. It was a pity that "The Girl of the Golden West" came so late in the season; the three performances it received are thus in all probability no real measure of its drawing power. There is one surprise in the record, that "Samson et Dalila" was only heard on three occasions, and one wonders whether it is beginning to lose its hold. "Louise," with four performances, may be said to be keeping the place it so well deserves. There is no other modern work of the kind which reveals more successfully the present-day tendencies of opera composition. The special production of Boito's "Mefistofele," which had been contemplated, it was found impossible to give; it is to be hoped that this will be in evidence next year. "Pelléas et Mélisande," too, one hopes will see the light again.

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Discussion of an opera repertory is always interesting, if only because it is impossible to satisfy every one. It cannot, however, be doubted that this year the Grand Opera Syndicate have done extremely well. One may regret that "Otello" did not find a place in the scheme, but the dropping out of "Lucia" or "La Sonnambula" was certainly a relief. Mozart, alas! is badly treated for some reason or another, and one could wish on another occasion for a big effort to be made to restore "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" to the scheme. It is probably a question of the cast, for it is not every singer who is equally good in the classical and the modern style of dramatic vocalisation. The special Wagner performances at the beginning of the season, of course, satisfied the patrons of German opera in large measure; from a musical point of view it is this section of the public to whom Mozart chiefly appeals, but one fancies that every one would be attracted were it found possible to arrange for performances of the highest vocal quality.

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However, as already suggested, the important thing Covent Garden has achieved in recent years is the firm establishment of several modern works. They are not only to be welcomed in themselves and on account of variety, but from the fact that it is proved that in the long run it is worth while investing money in new productions. This is really the soundest way of keeping an operatic enterprise on its feet; the Syndicate indeed need not fear for the future so long as such a policy is followed consistently. Moreover, it may be reasonably expected that there results a slow process of public education and improvement in the all-important direction of the growth of musical curiosity. That is to say, the great failing of the London public is indifference to new works. Although such a point of view has much about it, one can understand it implies a lack of imagination and mental laziness which is bad for the progress of the art.

As to the rest of the present season's record, it should be added that "Aida" did well with five performances, and the fine ensemble provided for "Gli Ugonotti" resulted in that tiresome work being given on four occasions. "Carmen" was heard three times, and "Barbiere di Siviglia," "Manon Lescaut," and "Conchita" twice each. The two cycles of the "Ring" and "Tristan und Isolde" gave the season a good start. Two operas were given in conjunction with the Russian Ballet, Wolf-Ferrari's "Segreto di Susanna" and "Pagliacci," the number of representations being respectively three and five.

July 30 1912 N. C. G.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Pall Mall Gazette

NEW ORCHESTRAL SUITE OF SINIGAGLIA.

Aug 21 — 1912

A novelty in last night's Promenade Concert was provided by Leone Sinigaglia's Suite for orchestra (op. 36), "Piemonte," which then received its first performance in England. This composer is already known by his "Rhapsodia Piemontese" for violin and orchestra, and his orchestral "Danze Piemontese," the folk-music of his native Piedmont evidently having special attractions for him. In the present instance popular airs have been taken to furnish the texts for four movements comprising an Allegretto, Allegro, Adagio non troppo, and an Allegro con brio.

The first of these, "Over fields and woods," has a pastoral character, with a free employment of wood wind, and the succeeding sections are respectively "A rustic dance," characterised by fresh rhythms and animation, a piece descriptive of a peasant pilgrimage to a shrine, "In Montibus Sanctis," with the employment of bells to accentuate the religious feeling, and finally a vivid delineation of the exuberance of a "Piedmontese Carnival."

The employment of folk-tunes in a suite of this nature is obviously appropriate, and those selected by M. Sinigaglia serve their purpose well enough, even though they will hardly arouse much interest in the native music of the old Italian principality. Indeed, compared with the splendid tunes in Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsodie in D minor and G, which the Queen's Hall Orchestra played shortly afterwards, their artistic value seems rather inconsiderable. However, the first and third movements have been quite successfully treated, and if the dance and carnival scene are too little contrasted in character and seemed lacking at times in spontaneity, the effective scoring secured their favourable reception.

The vocalists of the evening were Miss Mabel Manson, heard in Micaela's song out of "Carmen," and Mr. Ivor Foster, who sang some popular ballads.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

PAUL JUON'S TRIPLE CONCERTO

Aug. 22. 1912

M. Paul Juon, the Russian composer and teacher of composition at the Berlin Hochschule, was represented at the Promenade Concert in the Queen's Hall last night, when his Triple Concerto in D minor (op. 45), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was performed for the first time in this country. The work has already been given in several cities on the Continent, and a symphony of the composer was heard at a Promenade Concert in 1904.

A concerto for three solo instruments is an art form that needs careful treatment if each protagonist is to receive due prominence in the scheme without the whole structure becoming disproportionate, and on this point at least M. Juon has been successful enough. Both pianoforte, violin, and violoncello have been accorded full recognition of their rights. The skilful manner in which they enter and retire, and speak either alone or in combination, indicates considerable constructive ability. The composer is less convincing, however, from the standpoint of harmony and rhythm. Too frequently his part progressions sound merely uncouth experiments, lacking in all sensuous charm, while a heavy, stilted bass moves with ungainly strides along ostensible points of contact in the harmonic chains. Rhythmically, there is too little sense of contrast shown, one of the results being that the cantilenas seem to get entangled in their own involu-

tions, and go rambling on, apparently, until the measuring-tape of the composer told him it was time to stop.

In consequence of this, neither the opening "Allegro moderato," with its wearying initial tonic pedal and emotional vagueness, nor the succeeding "Lento" held the imagination. The last movement, an "Allegro non troppo," had the advantage of animated main-subject, but failed to reassure the flagging interest of the hearer. Miss Auriol Jones on the pianoforte, Miss Marjorie Hayward on the violin, and Miss May Mukle on the violoncello acquitted themselves of the solo parts with zeal.

Another novelty was the performance of three eighteenth-century pieces by J. H. Fiocco, taken from his "Pièces de Clavecein," and arranged for orchestra by Mr. Norman O'Neill. "L'Anglaise," "Menuetto," and "La Fringante" are all fresh and engaging little trifles, but it is not quite clear why they should have been presented in a modern garb. Brahms's Third Symphony in F also figured in the scheme.

As every one knows, Monday night at the Promenade Concerts is always devoted to Wagner, while on Fridays a Beethoven symphony is played, and the rest of the programme is largely drawn from the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Brahms. There is always a very large audience on Friday; and it will be of interest to give tomorrow's programme here. It is to be as follows:—

PART I.

OVERTURE	Prometheus	*Beethoven*
SONGS with Orchestra	(*a*) Feldeinsamkeit (*b*) An die Nachtigall (*c*) Vergebliches Ständchen	*Brahms*
BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 1, in F		*Bach*
Obbligato Horns - Messrs. A. E. BRAIN, JR., and O. BORSDORF.		
CONCERTO in D for Violin and Orchestra		*Beethoven*
RECIT. & ARIA	"Hear me, ye winds and waves" (*Julius Cæsar* and *Scipio*)	*Händel*
SYMPHONY No. 4, in C		*Beethoven*

PART II.

OVERTURE	"The Land of the Mountain and the Flood"	*MacCunn*
MARCH	Pomp and Circumstance (No. 1, in D)	*Elgar*

The second part will also include two songs, and Miss Muriel Ashe and Mr. Charles Tree will be the vocalists, the former making her first appearance at these concerts.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

NEW ROUMANIAN RHAPSODY OF ENESCO.

Aug. 23. 1912

The programme of the Promenade Concert in the Queen's Hall last night was rendered noteworthy by the inclusion of the second Roumanian Rhapsody in D (Op. 11) by Georges Enesco, the work thus receiving its initial hearing in England. The young composer, from a Roumanian village, who so early attracted attention by reason of his precocious gifts, is undoubtedly one of the most promising of recent musicians. He really has something original to say, and is not compelled to cloak any paucity of ideas in pompous noise or far-fetched hypersubtlety. Indeed, the danger would seem to lie rather in the other direction, and the question be whether the development of intellectual vigour will come to the support of the freshness of his fancy. It so frequently happens that early gifts fail to justify the high expectations set on them, crumbling away into nothingness once the first youthful élan has departed.

At any rate, the Rhapsody in question is entirely unpretentious and charming. No note of deeper yearning or wild animation is struck to account for the title, and this must be taken to refer to a certain rhythmical and melodic freedom in the second subject, which thus contrasts boldly with the first one, and gives a rhapsodical character to the whole.

The opening theme is purely diatonic, ranging freely and boldly, and suggestive of Smetana in feeling. After its recurrence in an animated tutti, the second subject is presented with irresponsible quick figures on the oboe and flute and quaint alternations of the mediant and lowered mediant, leading note and lowered leading note, raised subdominant and sub-dominant, as well as rapid progressions from the raised supertonic to the tonic. Owing to the rhapsodical nature of the phrases and the stationary character of the basses the effect is sooner that of chromatic auxiliary notes than of any exotic scale, and no doubt the composer is aiming at a new atmosphere rather than a new basis of musical expression. A third theme of a lively nature on the solo viola is rather inferior in quality.

On the whole, then, an attractive and interesting composition, and one with less suggestion of routine work than is generally to be found in novelties. The fourth Pianoforte Concerto of Saint-Saëns was also played by Miss Winifred Christie in excellent style.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Aug 26 1912

A MUSICAL BACKWASH.

François C. T. Dubois, the director of the Paris Conservatoire in succession to Ambroise Thomas, was represented at the Promenade Concert in the Queen's Hall on Saturday evening. His "Fantaisie Triomphale" for organ and orchestra was then given for the first time in England, the solo part being played by Mr. F. B. Kiddle.

There are some artists who lead busy, productive lives, entirely untouched by the influences of their time, and for this two reasons may be assigned. Either they have a subtler æsthetic sense than their fellows telling them that the influences are wrong, or else their mental powers are so imperfectly developed that they are literally incapable of taking in, much less testing, the manifestations of those influences. These last seem to live peacefully in some quiet musical backwash unaffected by the strong current that is making for the sea. There the water reflects the sleepy village nestling on its banks, where the interest in the crops and the weather culminates in the harvest festival, and the new clothes for Whitsuntide are the real advent of spring.

Brahms is an instance of the former class. The storms of the "Zukunftsmusik" raged high, with the magnificent Liszt, the cynosure of all Europe, soaring on their crest, but he quietly defied their power to overwhelm him. Not one note did he write that might be construed into a recantation of faith, not for an instant did he play with the heresies of programme-music.

We fancy M. Dubois comes into the second class. There is something peculiarly artless about his "Triumph," with its pious hymn-tune on the vox humana, and its exultant trumpets and peals of church bells, for an imposing and overwhelming close. It is all so earnest and sincere, and at the same time so superfluous. Yet it was rapturously received. Art is indeed a mixture of strange contrasts. For some, the quiet backwash with the sleepy village on its banks; for others, the strong current making for the sea.

MOZART'S G MINOR SYMPHONY.

There was such an abundance of good things last night at Queen's Hall that it is difficult to know what to put in the place of honour. The performance of Mozart's Symphony was curious in one respect. It came at the end of the programme, and as the hour was late it was done in the record time of 18½ minutes; and though this was certainly never intended by the composer, it is difficult to say whether the music does not gain as much as it loses by this. The slow movement certainly can bear a good swinging *tempo*, but the Finale perhaps not so well. It is an amazing thing to hear double basses play scales t the pace of first violins, but the wind instruments sound insignificant if they are hustled. It might have been worth while considering if a better balance could not have been got by halving the strings; but then we should not have had their overpowering effect in the minuet.

Aug. 29. 1912

The audience would have applauded as they did a week or so ago for Brahms's Symphony, only Sir Henry Wood ran away too soon.

The other items were Gluck's Overture to *Alceste*, Mackenzie's to *Twelfth Night*, Max Bruch's Scottish Fantasia, and Strauss's *Don Juan*. The Overture to *Twelfth Night*, as soon as it gets to business, is full of incident and merriment, and if any one enjoys it more for thinking it is about Malvolio so much the better. It does not sound difficult music to play, and it was played very neatly and pointedly. Max Bruch's Fantasia gave in the slow movement a good opportunity to Miss Daisy Kennedy to show a singing tone. She asked of the string just the amount of tone it would bear, and so made very good music. The last movement asked of her more technique than she at present possesses; much of it was rough and not well in tune. But in spite of this she is a musician as well as a violin-player. She was well received.

"Salce" from Verdi's *Otello* was sung with power, both in what she did and what she left undone, by Miss Martha Brüggemann. She tore no passion to tatters, and there were no mannerisms or exaggerations. Her singing was beautifully in tune, and the voice an attractive one; it riveted the attention in a way that it had not done a few nights ago, and this seemed not to be due only to the greater interest of the song.

Aug 28 1912

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

FAIRY TALES ON THE ORCHESTRA.

Much interest attached to last night's Queen's Hall concert, when Sir Henry J. Wood presented Maurice Ravel's new Suite for Orchestra, "Mother Goose" (Ma Mère l'Oye), for the first time to a Promenade audience. The idea of taking five children's fairy-tales as subjects for a connected series of music-pictures appeals to the imagination, and the delicate qualities of the French composer's work, as evidenced in his "Pavane (pour une Infante défunte)," which was produced with such success at the Promenades last year, would seem to make him peculiarly fitted for the undertaking.

M. Ravel, however, is nothing if not modern, and the elaborate manner in which he has gone to work reminds one of the quack's room in Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," with the extremely complicated and imposing apparatus for drawing a cork in one corner and a stuffed crocodile suspended from the ceiling in another. Here are, indeed, objects of science and mystery to fill the mind of the visitor with reverential awe, and convince him that he really is in the shrine of genius. No doubt the cork-ejector is an exceedingly ingenious invention, and the stuffed crocodile really is a crocodile, but the inquiring mind that penetrates beneath the surface of things is bound to ask itself the question whether these objects stand in any true relation to the end to be attained, and in candour this cannot be asserted. Even the celesta, keyed glockenspiel, xylophone, gong, and cymbals, to say nothing of the piccolo and double bassoon, cannot save the situation.

There is more true music in Schumann's "Happy Peasant," let alone the rest of his "Children's Album," than in the whole of this suite. It is not that the former is simple and designed for children, whereas the latter is complicated and intended for the delectation of grown-ups. It is that the one is sound, the other decadent. The absence of true rhythm, the complete insensibility to structural balance and proportion of themes and figures are features that can only point to the very negation of form. The musical value of the "Pavan for a dead Infanta" has unfortunately not been attained in any movement of the suite.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Aug 27 1912

By no means the easiest rôle in composition is that of the musical humorist. Too often when creative artists attempt something in this branch of expression they only achieve results that either bore or irritate their hearers. It is not enough to be merely grotesque or ungainly in the figures employed, or to rely too much on peculiarities of tone-colour, such as those of bassoons and double-basses. Seeing that malice and ill-natured mockery underlie this great human emotion, the composer, to be successful, must contrive to convey a sense of fatuous silliness in the sounds.

In what variety of ways this may be attained is a wide subject that still awaits detailed investigation, but one happy example at least is furnished by Sir Alexander Mackenzie's Overture "Twelfth Night" (Op. 40) that was for the first time included in a Promenade programme, at the Queen's Hall last evening. This bright and entertaining composition was originally performed at a Richter concert as long ago as 1887, and its revival this season needs no justification.

It is true the main themes would have borne a greater amount of characteristic expression, but the vivacious flow of the work is skilfully conceived and carried out, its general character being that in which, for instance, Mendelssohn and Nicolai so excelled; also when dealing with Shakspearean humour. During its animated progress a series of isolated notes is sounded on rising degrees of the scale that at once strike the attention, and soon come to be awaited with delight. These monotonous ejaculations sound ineffably foo'ish, like the sententious monosyllables of Sir Oracle himself. Whatever the programme-significance of this happy inspiration, its hilarious purport was quite unmistakable, and filled the hearer with rare good humour.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

Aug 30 1912

A BOY COMPOSER.

Erich W. Korngold, the precocious young son of Julius Korngold, the musical critic of the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse," was represented at the Promenade Concert in the Queen's Hall last night by two small excerpts from his pantomime "The Snow Man," which were then performed for the first time in London.

It is certainly a remarkable thing that a boy of eleven should have a two-act action-ballet, or perhaps one should say wordless music-drama, produced at the Vienna Opera House, but if the rest of the music is up to the same level as the "Prelude" and "Serenade" heard yesterday evening it is really not to be wondered at. We may perhaps suspect that some assistance was forthcoming in preparing the orchestral score, which includes bass-drum, side-drum, cymbals, triangle, glockenspiel, and harp, and is not without a Straussian touch even, for all its modest extent. However, be that as it may, the musical ideas are full of charm and lyrical flow, and in this respect the composition is much superior to the young artist's pianoforte pieces ("Märchenbilder," Op. 3), "Ball at the Fairy King's," etc., which were played in London a little time ago and seemed chiefly noticeable for a mannerism of extreme harmonic combinations. Structurally, indeed, the two extracts from "The Snow Man" show all the narrow range of the young undeveloped mind, but no doubt they are quite adequate for the simple and attractive little story that they have to illustrate.

One would certainly like to see the work on the stage, with the quaint picture of the snow men erected by the street boys in the market square of the little German town, the gingerbread stalls lighting up in the Christmas twilight, and the poor fiddler, Pierrot, coming to serenade Columbine. But this is just where London is handicapped for want of a permanent endowed opera-house to keep us in touch with all such interesting things.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Aug. 30 1912

ERICH KORNGOLD—ENTR'ACTE.

Last night's programme included the Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Casse Noisette* Suite, Sibelius's "Finlandia," an Elegy for Organ and Strings by A. M. Hale, and an Entr'acte from *Der Schneemann*, a pantomime, by Erich Korngold.

The last of these was a simple and graceful valse, about the size that would go comfortably into a "keepsake," with a ripple of gentle sentiment which suggested faded flowers and kind hearts. In contrast with the Serenade which was heard the other night, when the matter and the words did not seem well assorted, here a simple thing was said in a simple way without any sort of pose. In particular the orchestration was full and satisfactory, and a playful series of false cadences gave a character to the valse, that most difficult of all rhythms to individualize.

Mr. Hale's Elegy was also of the simplest construction, so simple as to be almost bald occasionally. Although very little was attempted, that little was accomplished; he said the thing he meant. But he may find later that there is more to be said, and that it is waste of time to assemble a whole orchestra together and to put so little into their mouth.

Four songs by Elgar, three to words by Gilbert Parker and one now performed for the first time with orchestra, were also sung by Miss Gwladys Roberts. The first three lacked somehow the close grip and nice proportion which makes a song really convincing; they seemed rather to sprawl. The point of the last lay in the accompaniment, through which the voice pierced occasionally; it was on a larger scale than the others and developed a fine climax.

The Overture and the Suite were both beautifully played. There is some common ground on which these two composers meet in their never-failing fund of contrapuntal device and the clearness and the logic with which they lay out their thematic material. And this is apt to secure a specially good performance, because all the performers are interested in turn.

BACH, AND A NEW OVERTURE.

The most striking performance of Wednesday evening was that of Bach's Double Concerto in C major. It was not perfection; but it was very good. Miss Esther Kalisz and Miss Dorothy Davies played to each other for each other's delectation, and incidentally for that of the audience. They must have taken a good deal of trouble to get the clear and telling rhythm with which the whole Concerto went, and in particular the unanimous *rubato* of the slow movement. The first pianist was the steadier of the two, and the second had the better touch. The slow movement moves in phrases of one bar, and the temptation offered by this of a gushing *crescendo* was a trap into which both fell to some extent; and neither of them put any phrasing at all into the fugal theme at the end. But in other respects their playing was refined and thoroughly musical; and the *arpeggio* lead into the final phrase was well carried out. The two exactly similar pianos were as much in place for Bach's polyphony as they were out of place for Mozart's delicate contrasts of last week.

Aug. 30. 1912

Mr. Korbay's "Hungarian Overture" was all too short; before one had settled down to the music it had gone. So many people have written in a manner more Hungarian than the Hungarians that the utterances of a native are a little discounted. We were led to expect Gipsy scales and rhythms, and got the merest hint of them. Perhaps a little more could have been made of what there was of them; they need more reckless dash than English players are, as a rule, capable of. The composer was present and acknowledged hearty applause.

In Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony there were many stirring passages. It was the evening of the strings, who gave us some magnificent passages of broad full tone. The work of the first horn and first bassoon, too, was splendid; the former in the slow movement, and the latter in the Valse, gave a performance which it would be difficult to better. The trumpets, after playing most of their *pianissimo* passages *mezzopiano*, and their *piano* passages *mezzoforte*, gave a thoroughly satisfactory performance of the final appearance of the theme, *fortissimo*.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Aug. 30 1912

SAXON AND CELT.

Last evening at Queen's Hall began with an impressive performance of Chopin's Funeral March out of respect to the memory of "General" Booth.

The Overture to *Mignon* followed, and the "Dream Pantomime" from *Hänsel and Gretel*, the warmth and glow of which always seem a most perfect setting to a melody which more than most depicts the situation to which it is assigned. From the assured touch of Humperdinck to the tentative effort of Erich Korngold was a great drop. Assuming that this is to be discussed seriously, the short work may be divided into two parts—a prelude containing passages of modern harmony used without any real feeling of their driving power, raising issues that lead nowhere, and using words of which the meaning is not understood; and a melody which is of plaintive appeal and with a little more structural development would make an excellent effect, but which is surrounded by the accepted diatonic harmonies which say very little. It is to be hoped that in the boy's future his elders will send him into retreat for some years, as Johannes Brahms was content to remain, and let him ripen slowly. It is a pity to waste such good material by tapping the tree before it has come to maturity.

It can hardly have been by accident that Walford Davies's "Solemn Melody" for organ and strings and Stanford's first Irish Symphony were placed next to each other on the programme. The two are not comparable as works, being on an entirely different scale. But by a curious chance the thematic material of the two is very much alike. Both melodies are in common time; both rise by a succession, not equally elaborate, of climaxes; in both the real climax comes with the same melodic interval, though in different parts of the scale; and both the melodies are thoroughly noble and the composers felt them to be so, though that of the Rhapsody is structurally far the finer of the two for reasons which are detailed in Parry's "Art of Music." In the "Solemn Melody" there is a reticence, an under-statement, a rejection of mere ornament—as if the melody must speak for itself, as indeed it does, and as though any aid on the composer's part, beyond the most dignified utterance he could give it, would really belittle it. In the Rhapsody this magnificent melody is first o all given a background to stand out against.

The introductory matter is the quintessence of all the good Irish tales one has ever read, including Mr. Bernard Shaw's play. Behind these there is that insistent irony (in the drum figure perhaps) of Irish life. And last, the point of the climaxes is taken in hand, husbanded, played with, in earnest and in fun, till there is nothing for it at last but to give us the melody we have been dying to hear all the time. Both works were splendidly played, and gained enormously by their juxtaposition. The rule about encores was broken for the first of them.

Besides these we had Saint-Saëns's "Suite Algérienne," for the last movement of which the Orchestra resolved themselves into a military band and played with a rhythm that it warmed the heart to hear, and Liszt's "Les Préludes," for three-quarters of the way through quite unlike Liszt, and for the last more like him than ever.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

It seems inevitable that now and then in a lifetime our most cherished, most carefully built-up notions about musical art must receive a rude shock. We believed that only those who had reached years of discretion could, for example, possibly play the "Chaconne" of Bach decently well; and then young Mischa Elman came along, playing it divinely in his 'teens and made us readjust our bearings on the subject of prodigies. There were a few other cases of this kind, of course, and we have got hardened. But last night at the Queen's Hall one asked oneself can this, or any generation since Mozart, point to such a case as that of Erich Korngold?

Here is not an instance of a youth precocious and acrobatic enough to perform easily what his seniors have great trouble in learning. Here is a problem, not of muscle, but of intellect and imagination. Erich Korngold is not a prodigy in the sense that any freak is a prodigy. The really amazing thing is that in the domain of serious musical composition he should, at the age of 15, command our attention; and not merely command our attention, but make us think hard where exactly he is to be placed among the greater creative artists of our own day. At the age of 11 young Korngold wrote a pantomime called "The Snowman." The "Prelude" and "Serenade" from this were played last night under Sir Henry Wood's direction, and proved to be quite astonishingly clever and interesting, and, if upon the merit of these slight things alone, one must approach this young artist's work in a serious spirit. The orchestration, indeed, is so very good that one may be forgiven for wondering if the boy really scored the things himself. Modern it is to the last detail. The "colour," even, is mannered. Is this the boy's own work at 11 years of age? One beautiful theme in the first movement might have been imagined and harmonised by César Franck.

Aug. 30. 1912

The soloists at this concert were Miss Ada Forrest and Mr. Ceredig Walters, and the programme included the Funeral March of Chopin, played in memory of the late General Booth.

MUSICAL SENSATION

Sept 4 1912

FUTURIST'S WORK HISSED AT QUEEN'S HALL.

LIVELY CRITICISMS.

Music lovers who attended the Promenade Concert at Queen's Hall last night enjoyed a sensation.

The chief feature of the programme was "five orchestral pieces" composed by Herr Arnold Schönberg, of Vienna, who is a Futurist. Some of the audience hissed—a most unusual proceeding.

Appended we give some extracts from the criticisms in to-day's papers:—

THE TIMES.

An essay on dissonance. . . . It was like a poem in Tibetan; not one single soul in the room could possibly have understood it at a first hearing. . . . The listener was like a dweller in Flatland straining his mind to understand the ways of that mysterious occupant of three dimensions, man. As far, however, as it was possible to transcend one's limitations, the music seemed to be a study in textures. . . . At the conclusion half the audience hissed. That seems a too decisive judgment, for after all they may turn out to be wrong; the other half applauded more vehemently than the case warranted, for it could hardly have been from understanding.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

There is much that is literally shocking. One felt, however, that there is a lot of deliberate logic in these pieces. . . . It is music well put together; form and contrast—two big things—are there, "ugliness" galore, "beauty" starved to death, sheer technical skill unsurpassed. It is a "human document," bewildering enough, it is true, but human, and immensely personal to the writer himself.

MORNING POST.

It is best described as nature music. The key to the understanding of this "music" is an acquaintance with open-air life, preferably in that part of the world where there are large quantities of live stock. The sounds they would add to those of nature are faithfully reproduced. . . . . It is the reproduction of the sounds of nature in their crudest form. Modern intellect it is generally supposed has advanced beyond mere elementary noises; Herr Schönberg has not.

DAILY MAIL.

Herr Schönberg seems to start where Herr Richard Strauss ends. The bleating sheep, bellowing cattle, and cracking whips of the sacrificial procession in "Electra" are celestial harmonies when compared with the tortured, yet infinitely subtle, discords of these orchestral pieces.

The Futurist music was received with decorously suppressed laughter. A feeble attempt at applause gave rise to emphatic hissing, which, in turn, led to a very storm of clapping.

DAILY NEWS AND LEADER.

The best commentary on the pieces is the fact that during their progress the audience laughed audibly, and when they were finished there was a great deal of hissing and hooing. In response Sir Henry Wood bowed, and there was applause and cheering—assuredly meant for him and not for the music. . . . . In Vienna, it may be remarked, the audience created a riot after hearing them. London thought the same, but expressed its opinion more peacefully.

DAILY EXPRESS.

Mr. Schönberg's pianoforte music is like a bad dream; his orchestral music is little short of a nightmare. It recalls memories of the incongruous combinations that so troubled the sleep of the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe."

The programme explained that "it contains the experience of his emotional life." They are certainly very mixed emotions. On the whole, one wonders whether in Mr. Schönberg music has not at last unearthed a humorist?

"FUTURIST" MUSIC.

Sept 4 1912

Herr Arnold Schönberg's five orchestral pieces were duly produced at the Queen's Hall last night. As it so proved, the occasion really was found to be unsatisfactory, for there was present for the most part a decidedly unsympathetic audience, and one, moreover, hardly put into the right frame of mind for listening to the latest word in orchestral music by such things as the sugary "Hymne à Sainte-Cécile" of Gounod and the aria from "Samson et Dalila," "Amour, viens aider" which immediately preceded the novelty. This was the jam to conceal the powder indeed! However, one need not enlarge further upon a badly-arranged programme—at any rate the hall was very full in every part.

To describe Schönberg's method is not easy. Perhaps a general impression will be fairly well given by saying that these pieces were more or less like in their cacophony to such passages as the bleating of the sheep in Strauss's "Don Quixote" or the section in "Ein Heldenleben" said to represent the attitude of the critics. Strauss, as a matter of fact, has undoubtedly influenced Schönberg in his orchestration, especially in the achieving of bizarre sounds by means of muted instruments. Otherwise, there is no resemblance between the two. The younger man disdains anything approaching melody of the recognised pattern or concords. Without an examination of the score little can be said of an explanatory nature; there seemed to be a considerable amount of writing of the contrapuntal type, the clashing discords being arrived at by the interweaving of the various parts.

It is not only technically that Schönberg's music is interesting, for while one cannot honestly say that it calls for admiration or awakens feelings of pleasure, it yet conveys a sense of effort, an impression that something is being expressed. This is too strong to make it right to say that the all-pervading ugliness (according to the generally accepted standards of musical æsthetics) condemns it altogether. Whether Schönberg is opening up fresh paths is without doubt a very important question. It is also very important to ask whether the limitation he has set himself rhythmically, harmonically, and melodically (again as we commonly accept such terms) is wise. There is no denying the valuable asset of contrast in musical composition. Hitherto the use of dissonance has given consonance a greater power, but by dispensing with the latter one obviously has the narrower range. So with rhythmic variation and melodic formalisms.

One hearing of such music as this is quite insufficient for more than the vaguest impression. The style is too novel in every respect, and its uncouthness forbidding and yet tantalising. Without a key, without a similar musical outlook, how is it possible to discover the composer's intentions? In its unintelligibility it is like genuine Oriental music to European ears. Schönberg, however, is dealing with the Western scale and notation, and it is true that here and there the ear could recognise a short phrase or two, suggesting that analysis and study might eventually reveal the plan. Of the five movements the "atmosphere" of the third was the most immediately attractive. The composer himself says of it "the effect is of some shimmering, iridescent surface in gentle movement." This is quite a true description. The work should be played again, and at a Symphony concert for choice; at any rate, not mixed up with the "popular" numbers of a miscellaneous Promenade programme.

N. C. G.

"FUTURIST" MUSIC.

Greeted with Hissing at Queen's Hall.

Some of the most extraordinary music ever heard in London was played at the promenade concert at Queen's Hall last night. This was an orchestral suite by Arnold Schönberg, whose revolutionary ideas are the latest musical "sensation" on the Continent. Sept. 4. 1912

Schönberg's music claims some analogy with the "futurist" movement in painting and literature. Certainly in startling originality it eclipses the wildest passages in Strauss or Debussy or Ravel, and to the average listener it is probably quite unintelligible, a mere jumble of discords which seem to have no relation to each other.

Yet one cannot dismiss this music as rubbish, since it is being considered seriously by many musicians of note, and, amongst them, Richard Strauss and Busoni, who are said to be admirers of Schönberg. But if this is "music of the future" one can only say that the composer is about a thousand years ahead of his time, for the ear, as well as the brain, cannot readily grasp the significance, if there is any, of such music.

The composer's aims are apparently voiced in a sentence written by himself, viz.: "The artist creates nothing that others regard as beautiful, but only what is needful to himself." Starting from this idea, then, it only remains for each listener to see if he can fit in the composer's ideas with any corresponding ideas of his own, and this, judging by what was heard last night, would seem to be rather hard.

The suite consists of five short movements, and no clue is given to any emotional contents. The music seems, indeed, to be the realisation in tones of some bizarre and fantastic brain images. The ordinary conventions of melody, harmony, rhythm and orchestration are totally disregarded by the composer. Instead, we get a series of effects obtained by extraordinary independent part writing for each instrument.

At a first hearing one's chief impression is that the composer has endeavoured to obtain a more colloquial expression from the orchestra than musicians have hitherto thought possible. There is a certain eloquence in the music, but on the other hand its emotional purpose, if any, does not appear, and if the music is only sound pictures, then one cannot say that the pictures are very fascinating or interesting. Some of the orchestral effects are indescribably weird, and the music must have been extremely difficult to perform. It was well played by the orchestra, under Sir Henry Wood's direction, but the reception was a mixed one. A considerable amount of hissing (a rare sound in our concert halls) was mingled with the rather perfunctory applause.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Sept. 6 1912

J. H. FOULDS, Op. 33.

Between the Overture to *Wilhelm Tell*, the *Peer Gynt* Suite, Mascagni's "Intermezzo," and Gounod's Overture to Mireille were interjected Saint-Saëns's Concerto for Violin in B Minor and four "music pictures" by J. H. Foulds.

The Concerto was played by Mr. Hugo Hundt, a member of the orchestra, who had taken great trouble to memorize such a long and intricate work as the Concerto is. The violinist is occupied nearly all the time; the music does not distribute itself into separate lengths divided off by orchestral incidents, after the manner of other concertos, but leaves almost all the story to the soloist. And it is no easy task; there is much to tax the very best fingers, and the last half is also in a difficult key. Mr. Hundt handled the difficulties with considerable fluency, and fully deserved the loud applause with which he was received. There was no need of any special display of feeling, for the music was not written at a white heat, but the easy flowing melodies in the first movement, and especially in the final allegro, were delivered with suavity.

Mr. Foulds's "Music Pictures" are descriptive; they are "after" four pictures, that is to say, they describe not the pictures, but the moods which these pictures call up in an educated mind. The realism that there is is not in the imitation of the subjects of the pictures, but in the orchestral devices and contrasts. Drums tuned at curious intervals, very staccato notes on the brass, a Phrygian mode (or was it Lydian? not that it matters particularly), quartertones (at least they were announced in the programme). Behind all this the music is simple in construction, and was easy to follow. Of its kind it was extremely well done. The composer was called for and well received.

But one has to ask oneself whether this kind is worth doing. Its originality consists solely in the use of orchestral aids. Too much music now is written for the mere lust of orchestral device. It is a fashion, and will die; but meanwhile time is being wasted. This kind is not original thought; it is a sort of musical euphuism. And then quartertones. What do they add really to a composer's resources? We do not think much of a writer who finds the English language too impoverished, and has to have recourse to French or German to express his meaning. If English words will not say what we mean it is generally our own fault; and what cannot be said in the diatonic scale may quite possibly not be worth saying. Incidentally, these quarter tones did not appear to amount to much more than squeezing in a B sharp between a B and C once or twice, which was merely a rather sickly way of going from B to C. But we believe that the tonal scale will die soon, and the quarter tonal will never come to birth; if for no better reason than that it is impossible for the audience to hum music in either of these to themselves, then or afterwards, and music that you cannot hum bits of while waiting for a train, or in order to clinch an argument with a friend is not worth much.

Mascagni's "Intermezzo" followed, and a piece of music has seldom been better placed. The conductor took just as much care with it—it was played twice—as with far more difficult music, and gave a great deal of pleasure not only to those who were pleased, but to those who rejoice to see others pleased.

A NEW SUITE AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Sept 6 1912

Mr. J. H. Foulds's "Music-Pictures," group 3, was produced at the Queen's Hall last night. The work consists of four short movements, each one purporting to illustrate the composer's impressions of a painting. The "programme," however, of the suite is of but small importance; it is sufficient that Mr. Foulds has written, in two cases at any rate, some agreeable music. The best number undoubtedly is the third, "Old Greek Legend," where, although the use of the Phrygian Mode does not strike one as being particularly orthodox or really characteristic of the mode, the general result is exceedingly pleasing in its quiet atmosphere, while the contrapuntal technique shows a sense for the valuable quality of homogeneity. "Columbine" is a fanciful number, but a little commonplace in its outline, once one gets behind the surface trappings of tonal scales, chromatics, and quarter-tones. The latter, by the way, played by the strings have scarcely more effect than the "glide" accentuated. As to the first and last movements, here the composer's thematic invention did not equal his skill in orchestration. All through the suite one felt the presence of a master-hand in this direction; the scoring was thoroughly sonorous in the right sort of way, and always quite effective.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

MOZART AND BEETHOVEN.

The programme last night included Beethoven's *King Stephen* and the *Eroica*, Bach's "From my eyes salt tears are streaming," from "Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis," and Mozart's Concerto No. 17 in E flat for two pianos. Sept. 7. 1912

The Concerto is rarely heard, and it was a great treat to hear in a new framework the flowing aptness and the economy of means that one knows so well in other settings. The pianists were Miss Rachel Dunn and Mr. Cecil Baumer. As they played on two exactly similar pianos, it was difficult for them to get much contrast, and it must be confessed that some of it was got on the part of the second piano by hurrying on his partner, and on the orchestra—somewhat after the fashion of the second violoncello in the days before church organs, who explained that he always turned his instrument a little flat or else the congregation would not know that they were both there. However, apart from this small blemish they both played musically, with every now and then a perfect little bit of phrasing, and without forcing.

Mr. Gervase Elwes gave a wonderfully finished performance of Bach's air, with smooth tones in every part of his compass, in particular, an A flat of horn-like quality held on against moving harmonies.

The *Eroica*, if not quite so faultless as some of the playing of this orchestra, was well up to the high standard we are accustomed to. The Scherzo was taken a little fast, and whether for that or some other reason the entry of the horns in the Trio was not quite a success. The oboe is an artist; but some hint should be given to the trumpets. It introduces a comic element when their two notes are alone heard in an ordinary *forte* passage of the full orchestra. History relates that when the Ger[illegible]s were sitting before Metz in mud and rain, [illegible] wretchedness and he who could raise a laugh was thrice welcome, a young officer discovered in his company a man who could imitate a crow; so when things were at their worst he used to give the order—*dass jedermann bis auf die Krähe schweigen sollte*, and all was right again.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

Sept. 11. 1912

When Oscar Wilde's "Salome" was produced in Paris at the Chatelet Theatre last June, it was with incidental music composed by Alexandre Glazounov. The Introduction and Dance therefrom was played at last night's Promenade Concert and for the first time in England. The Russian composer has hardly the temperament for the subject; at any rate, his music does not suggest the unbridled passions or the sensuousness of the heroine. It has an Oriental colour, but this is not enough; more warmth and glow is required to give the expected atmosphere, this certainly is the impression conveyed on hearing the excerpt in the critical light of the concert-hall. But even without the title and what it calls up it is doubtful whether Glazounow has written much more than some rather well-made — certainly splendidly-scored — music, clever, but, on the whole, artificial. Is he not a composer at his best in the strictly classical forms, when, that is, he is not tied down to a subject, but is free to exercise his imagination in the writing of pure, abstract music?

The Introductions to Acts II. and III. of Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna" were later given their first concert performance in London. Very shallow music this, but undeniably effective, and, of course, found much favour with the large audience, as did Mr. Percy Grainger's "Mock Morris" (encored), although it did not go so well as under the composer's direction earlier in the year.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

Sept. 12. 1912

The Queen's Hall was once again very full last night, the principal attraction was probably Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony, but the programme was interesting in other ways as well. Mr. Korbay's "Hungarian" overture, heard for the first time, proved to be

composed out of old Hungarian tunes; these were eminently characteristic and of undeniable charm. The setting, however, did not display them to quite the best advantage, as one felt a certain heaviness of treatment where rather brilliance of effect was to be expected. This, perhaps, was partly due to the scoring, orthodox, but not very imaginative. Still, the work, which has the merit of brevity, goes with a swing, and it found favour last night, the composer having to appear and acknowledge the applause. Previously we had heard with pleasure Smetana's "Vltava" poem, a piece of true music in spite of an occasional "old-fashioned" ring; its many purely decorative passages are a delight to the ear. Bach's concerto in C for two pianofortes was a little out of place, or, perhaps one should say, seemed so in the result, for it was not very well played. The two young pianists, Miss Esther Kalisz and Miss Dorothy Davies, showed more vigour than good ensemble, while the spirit of the music was hardly caught aright. Another soloist was Miss Esta d'Argo, who sang songs of Dvorák and Bizet with her accustomed skill. At the end of the second part there came Elgar's Coronation March, given its first concert performance.

Sept. 3 1912

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Two novelties figured in the scheme of the Promenade Concert in the Queen's Hall last night. The first of these was an Elegy in C sharp minor for Organ, Strings, and Drums (Op. 11), by A. M. Hale, which then received its initial hearing. It will be recalled that this composer gave a concert of his own compositions in London a few months ago, and we must confess that the lukewarm impression then derived was hardly cancelled by the new examples. Mr. Hale's ideas are scarcely robust enough for the exigencies of his art, so that they appeared to be uncomfortably stretched on a Procrustean bed of musical form. The mournful tolling of a passing-bell accentuated the realism, but hardly the æsthetic delight of the auditor.

The second novelty was the Entr'acte from the pantomime "Der Schneemann," by the boy composer, Erich W. Korngold, which was performed for the first time in London. A "Prelude" and "Serenade" from the same work have already been heard this season at a Promenade Concert, and the present extract, which is substantially a light and buoyant valse-tune, makes the same pleasing impression as the others. The harmonic combinations seem a little artificial at times, it is true, but the delicate orchestration carries the little piece merrily along.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

Sept 14

A CLASSICAL NIGHT.

1912

Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, in characteristic examples, provided the main portion of last night's Promenade Concert. Once again there was an enormous audience—the classics hold their own truly with the moderns, for which we may be thankful. Bach was represented by one of the Brandenburg Concertos and a pianoforte concerto in E, said to be heard for the first time in London. A doubtful statement this, perhaps, but it matters not; the work, at any rate, was remarkable enough to make one wonder why it has escaped attention. The first and last movements are full of that wonderful enlivening, quick-moving music, the expression of high spirits so perfectly attained, while in between there comes a lovely Siciliano of the tenderest possible mood. Mr. Claud Biggs played the solo part with a very pleasing touch and neat execution. Another soloist was Miss Dorothy Silk, who attacked the difficulties of Mozart's "Non temer" very creditably, and Mr. Heyner was down to sing Beethoven's "Busslied." The last-named master was further represented by the fourth symphony and the "Fidelio" overture. The delicate minuet in D of Mozart for strings and horns was rather spoilt in the performance by a lack of crispness; one does not like Mozart to be played sentimentally.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

BACH AND BEETHOVEN.

Bach was represented last night by his Concerto in E major for piano and orchestra and the Fourth Brandenburg (two flutes, violin, organ, and strings), and Beethoven by the *Fidelio* Overture, the Busslied, and the Fourth Symphony.

The concerto, heard now for the first time, was played by Mr. Claud Biggs. The piano is treated, as in other of Bach's concertos, not as a solo instrument exactly, but rather as taking its part among the orchestra and joining its voice with theirs. The greater share of the piano work, therefore, is written in only two parts, so as to concentrate attention on the involutions of these melodies rather than on any contrasts of tone colour or dynamic effects. Mr. Biggs's cold, correct playing was therefore thoroughly in place; and the extreme delicacy and accuracy of his touch picked out the phrases of the melody with all the felicity of a fine etching. Of the three movements perhaps the middle one, the Siciliano, was the most charming; though the tone was so faint and distant that it sounded like the minuets that were danced in the house of M. Majesté, fabricant d'eau de Seltz. Sept. 14 '12

The playing of the Brandenburg No. 4 was a delightful thing. The perfect lucidity of the flutes made a beautiful contrast with the warmth of the violin, and these were supported by organ pedals of varied and well-judged strength. It passes the wit of man, however, to guess why it is thought right to crash in with organ chords at the end and spoil the whole thing.

The Fourth Symphony, for which, after a long non-appearance, a great thirst has been created, received a thoroughly worthy performance. The first and third movements were perhaps best done. In the Scherzo there was not quite enough dash after the restraint of the Trio; the Finale was a beautifully steady and rhythmic effort.

THE NEW ELGAR SUITE.

Sept 18 1912

PERFORMANCE LAST NIGHT AT QUEEN'S HALL.

A measure of dissatisfaction had to be expressed with the music composed by Sir Edward Elgar for the masque, "The Crown of India," which, it will be remembered, was performed at the Coliseum last spring. The subject, perhaps, was against the truest inclinations of the composer, whose style is so reflective and personal; somehow one did not feel him at his best when endeavouring to obtain vivid Oriental colouring. A suite has been formed from the music, and this was given its first concert performance in London at last night's Promenade. There are five numbers—an introduction and dance of Nautch girls, a menuetto, warriors' dance, intermezzo, and march of Mogul Emperors. The order and character of the pieces, with their diversified rhythms, make up a whole of superlative excellence in all technical respects. But in only one, the intermezzo, does the real Elgar come out. Here the music is perfectly written, and at the same time is full of that quiet, delicate, and fanciful charm which the composer can so beautifully express. The boisterous march makes an invigorating ending, in spite of a certain commonplaceness of material, and there is a lively vigour in the warriors' dance—a feature of the movement being the very ingenious closing cadence. The dance of Nautch girls is a clever attempt at the expression of Oriental sinuosity, but its chief interest is orchestral. All through, the orchestration shows Elgar's master-hand; the scoring of the intermezzo, with its violin solo (played beautifully last night by Mr. Arthur Catterall), deserves special mention.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Sept. 19. 1912

MR. CATTERALL.

Last night's concert gave us Schumann's "Genoveva," Bach's Suite No. 1 in C for strings, Coleridge-Taylor's "Bamboula," Strauss's Violin Concerto in D minor, and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.

The Suite was a delight from the beginning to the end of its seven dances; magnificent full-bodied passages of strings contrasted now and again with thin plaintive episodes for reed wind, and one perfectly beautiful moment of oboe, viola, and violoncello, to the musical impost of which it would be hard to say which instrument contributed most.

Coleridge-Taylor's Rhapsodic Dance, now performed for the first time at Queen's Hall, is a most vigorous treatment of an unpretending West Indian melody, full of sound musicianship and of grateful passages for most of the instruments; the orchestra appeared to be thoroughly interested, and played it with an impetus and a finish not always attained for new works. The simple theme is surrounded with so much enlightening comment, so much not merely ingenious but successful counterpoint, and poised so steadily on moving basses that the merit of the Rhapsody is all the composer's own; and the favourable verdict of the audience was quite spontaneous.

Strauss's Concerto, an early work, is singularly unlike the music which we associate with that signature. There is little of the grip and almost none of the fiery energy and indomitable will which commands our consent to daring innovations and holds our minds captive in his later works. Neither, on the other hand, are the tender passages sentimental or a sort of bitter mockery of sentiment here, only a natural and organic growth out of the structure of the whole, on the accepted classical style. We have ventured, however, to put, not that name, but Mr. Arthur Catterall's at the head of these paragraphs; for the beauties of the Concerto might have passed unnoticed without his help. His playing is not of the brilliant order—it is hardly for show at all; it is, however, trustworthy and secure at all points. The *bravura* passages are played with all the necessary but no superfluous execution, and few violinists could have given any more pleasure than he did with the slow movement. It is, possibly, an easier thing to play with nothing but familiar voices round you and to know quite well what they are doing at any moment; but, easy or difficult, it is an extraordinarily delightful thing to hear music delivered with such perfect understanding on the part of all concerned, and that is no doubt what the prolonged applause meant.

Mention, finally, should be made of the exceptionally pure production and pleasant voice of Mr. Hubert Eisdell; neither intonation nor pronunciation was quite perfect; but it is so rare to hear notes produced without effort or strain of some kind, and sentiment imparted to a song without exaggeration, and at the same time a voice of evenly good quality—when the horn took up the final note the quality was hardly distinguishable—that the occasion seemed to demand a red letter. He sang Vladimir's cavatine from Borodin's "Le Prince Igor," a song full of poetical suggestion.

TO-NIGHT AT QUEEN'S HALL.

THE C MINOR SYMPHONY TO BE PLAYED.

Sept. 20 1912

Large as have been the audiences at the Promenade Concerts, they are sure to be surpassed to-night, when, no matter what the weather may be, Queen's Hall is certain to be packed in every part, Beethoven's C minor symphony (No. 5) being in the programme. In this great work—to quote from an admirable essay by Mr. Dannreuther in "Macmillan's Magazine" for July, 1876:—

> Beethoven speaks a language no one has spoken before, and treats of things no one has dreamt of before: yet it seems as though he were speaking of things long familiar in one's mother tongue; as though he touched upon emotions one had lived through in some former existence.

The symphony was written in 1805 and 1806, and is generally regarded as the first in which Beethoven expressed his own individuality freely and absolutely, and threw from him all other musical influences. Sir Hubert Parry has thus described it:—

> The C minor symphony is, in the first and most striking movement, rugged, terrible in force; a sort of struggle, with fate, one of the most thoroughly characteristic of Beethoven's productions. The second is a contrast, peaceful though strong and earnest. The Scherzo again is one of his most original movements; in its musical spirit as utterly unlike anything that had been produced before as possible. Full of fancy, fun, and humour, and, notwithstanding the pauses and changes of time, wonderful in swing; and containing some devices of orchestration quite magical in their clearness and their fitness to the ideas. The last movement, which follows without break after the Scherzo, is triumphant, seeming to express the mastery and striving of the first movement. The symphony is historically interesting as the first appearance of trombones and contrafagotto in modern symphony, and the most powerful in sound up to that time.

Nor is it only this great work that is to be performed to-night, for included in the programme are also Brahms' Tragic overture, the second Brandenburg Concerto, the lovely Andante from Mozart's Cassation, No. 1 in G, Bach's Concerto (No. 2) in E for violin, strings, and organ, and three of Beethoven's songs. On the whole, therefore, it seems as well to give our readers a hint to the effect that if they wish to get seats, or even admission to the promenade in Queen's Hall to-night, they had better be there in good time.

ENRICO BOSSI'S NEW SUITE.

The novelty at last night's Promenade Concert was Enrico Bossi's "Intermezzi Goldoniani" for string orchestra. It is a combination which needs some additions to the repertory, and the present work will be warmly welcomed, one feels sure—except, perhaps, on account of the difficulty of some of the movements. It was composed as a tribute to the memory of Goldoni, the founder of Italian comedy. Something of the archaic in style was to be looked for, but in obtaining this Bossi has not avoided fresh-

ness. There is singular charm in the "Coprifuoco" movement ("The Curfew") and the quick movements, the "Gagliardo" and "Burlesca," have much natural vivacity. The string writing is full of variety of effect—in fact, in the hands of a skilful writer, it is really rather surprising how diversified the string tone can be made to sound. One must understand, of course, the possibilities in the various methods of bowing, the pizzicato, the harmonics, and the like, and be able to present these through the medium of engaging thematic material. This Bossi has undoubtedly done, and the six short movements make up a very refreshing suite. Quite a good performance was forthcoming under the direction of Sir Henry Wood, and the large audience took kindly to the work.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Sept. 21-1912

TWO NEW WORKS.

If the "Intermezzi Goldoniani" of Enrico Bossi were not so very long-drawn out they might quite easily take a popular place in the repertory of the Promenade Concerts. But they are so attenuated as to become tedious before the end of a first hearing. Yet it must be admitted there is excellent music to be heard in the six movements, music that could only have been composed by an artist of very fine sensibilities. The Prelude is a very happy performance, fresh and invigorating as a gusty morning in spring, but the Minuet to which it is attached is too redundant and laborious by far, and only encourages one to forget the breeziness of the Prelude. The second movement, the Gagliarda, is gay and vivacious in a remote, old-fashioned way; the third, the Coprifuoco, quiet and reflective in the twentieth-century manner. (The Coprifuoco, by the way, is said to correspond to the Curfew, and the composer's use of a solo 'cello suggests loneliness and the sentiment of the twilight most successfully. The fifth movement, the Serenatina, is the best, principally because it is the shortest, although the Burlesca, which comes last, is more likely to win popular favour on account of its tempestuous nonsense. A detailed analysis of the work is impossible here, but one will be glad to hear it again—in bits. Its performance on Thursday at the Promenade Concerts was by no means a credit to the Queen's Hall Orchestra. A finer performance was given on the same evening was given of Elgar's "Enigma" Variations, which work seems to grow in beauty and power every time it is played.

Last night Mr. Fritz Steinbach's arrangement of eight little dances, written by Mozart in his salad days, was the principal event in an excellent programme. These are exquisite th ngs, and arranged as only a great-hearted artist could arrange them. With the exceptions of the fifth, sixth, and eighth, the dances may be described vaguely as "abstract"—that is to say, there is no "programme" provided. and they have to be taken on their merits as exercises in simple dance rhythms. The exceptions named are respectively labelled "The Canary Bird," "The Hurdy-gurdy Player," and "The Sledge Ride," each occurring in the Trio section of its own movement. But really it does not matter much what the movements are called; it is the old case of the rose smelling as sweet, an dMozart's roses had always a lovely fragrance. The only objection one can raise against Mr. Steinbach's orchestration is in the last (eighth) movement, where he has, in a horrible aberration, employed bells, tuned to different notes, to give colour to the idea of the "sledge ride." One trembles to think what Mozart would say of the innovation. Miss Marjorie Hayward added to her reputation by a most sympathetic performance of the solo violin part in Bach's E major Concerto for Violin, Organ, and Strings.

1912 PROMENADE CONCERTS Sept. 24

This evening a new work by Mr. Frank Bridge, a suite for orchestra entitled "The Sea," will be given for the first time in public. Mr. Ernest Austin's Variations for stringed orchestra on *The Vicar of Bray* will be played, and also Sibelius's symphonic poem "En Saga." To-morrow the symphony will be Mozart's in E flat. The novelty of the evening is a concert piece for organ and orchestra by Mr. B. J. Dale. Brahms's Serenade in A and Cowen's Four Old English Dances are also included in the scheme. On Thursday evening there will be the first performance of a suite from the fairy-play *Where the Rainbow ends*, by Mr. Roger Quilter. Among other orchestral items are the waltz from Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* and Borodin's "In the Steppes of Central Asia." Friday brings the sixth of Beethoven's symphonies "The Pastoral." Mr. F. S. Kelly will play a Mozart Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra. The Alexandra Quartet will be heard in four songs for female voices (with two horns and harp), by Brahms; and Mr. Campbell McInnes will sing Bach's cantata "Mark, O my heart."

SEA MUSIC AT THE P..O ENAD..S.

New British Work of Four Movements.

Sept. 25-1912

A new suite of sea-music by Mr. Frank Bridge was produced at last night's promenade concert. In spite of our national fondness for the sea, comparatively few British musicians have found in it any source of inspiration. Of recent years the only production of note in this direction has been Elgar's "Sea-Pictures."

Mr. Bridge's work is of genuine interest, although of varying merit. There are four movements in the suite—Seascape, Sea-foam, Moonlight, and Storm—the first and second of these being the most individual and effective. It is all very brilliantly written and scored with quite unusual cleverness, the composer being remarkably gifted in this respect.

The opening movement has some beautiful effects of broad character, and really does suggest the broad expanse of the sunlit sea which the music aims at depicting. So, too, the second movement has some very charming and delicate effects of orchestral colour and rhythm, suggestive of sea-foam amongst the rocks and pools of a shore.

In the third movement—"Moonlight"—the opportunity of writing a charming nocturne has been scarcely taken full advantage of, and the storm of the finale does not quite "come off" in its intended effects.

The music was excellently played, under Sir Henry Wood, and met with an excellent reception.

THE QUEEN'S HALL.

MR. FRANK BRIDGE'S NEW SUITE.

Sept. 25. 1912

Mr. Frank Bridge has got an unusual command over orchestral writing; not only is everything he expresses effective to the utmost degree, but the colour is so rich and varied. If this were enough he would easily take a foremost place among the British school of composers. Indeed, he may yet be noted if only he can succeed in bringing to light more of his real self in his music and less of this perfectly-acquired technique. In his new suite, "The Sea," produced at the Promenade Concert last night, one had four movements purporting to represent the ocean under differing aspects, but the effect was so objective that very soon the ear began to tire of the colouring and "illustration," skilful and sensuous as it was. The missing quality was, of course, the personal element. Did Mr. Bridge really mean to give us his personal impressions of the sea, or, as indeed it seemed, was he only endeavouring to paint four music pictures? If the latter, then the music failed, not because the painting was not good of its kind, but because the pieces were structurally uninteresting and thematically dull. After all, one cannot get away from the hard fact that the tone-poem must stand or fall as a piece of "pure" music. Its themes must be intrinsically good, and the working out logical and strong. Mr. Bridge is too good a musician to give up his talents exclusively to the display of orchestral technique. We expect from him something a little more vital, more human, more emotional. He must, in fact, strengthen his drawing. The colour will take care of itself.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

MOZART AND DEBUSSY.

Last night's programme contained the "Hebrides" Overture, Elgar's Meditation from "Lux Christi," Tchaikovsky's *Casse Noisette*, a Concert Piece for organ and orchestra by B. J. Dale, Debussy's "L'après-midi d'un Faune," and Mozart's Symphony in E flat. Sept. 26. 1912

One of the interesting things in a programme is the light one composer throws on another by suggesting points they have in common which in other contexts pass unnoticed. One does not usually think of Mozart and Debussy together. In fact, in most respects they are entirely different people. But they are alike in this—that they both take hold of music on its poetical side, the side of fancy and elusive suggestion, the side of under as opposed to over statement, and of leaving something to the hearer's imagination. And the means by which they do this seem to be economy of forces. If they write a passage for an instrument, they intend it to be heard and to be of real value. They do not confuse the mind with too much comment. They sketch with a pointed but light pencil. And this likeness was set in relief by their unlikeness to Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky, who revel in illustrative and illuminating comment, and who like to extract the last drop of meaning out of their melodies, but who are not altogether free from a certain prettiness incompatible with the highest ideals of the artist.

The *Casse Noisette* Suite was played with great precision—indeed, this orchestra could probably play much of it blindfold by now—and the contrast of its trenchant rhythms with the melodies of "L'après-midi" which immediately preceded it—melodies which seem to live in eternity rather than time—was refreshing. The crispness of the overture was delightful to hear, but the performance of the symphony was a more real and solid thing; there was much more the feeling of this or that phrase being worth its weight in gold.

Mr. Dale's Concert Piece is an early work, now ten years old. If it were not a little late in the day it might be called a "most promising" work. As things are, however, the composer has gone further, and we shall hope to hear some of his later work. The treatment of the orchestra struck us as considerably better than that of the organ. Both imitated, as all early works do and no doubt should, models; the orchestra the inevitable *Tristan*, and the organ the unnecessary Merkel. But there were passages for the former which were real and confident and which led somewhere. But there are two things the organ cannot do: one is to compete with wind instruments in *staccato* runs and the other is to vie in quality, on any stop, with a lip-blown note. The organ part was chiefly noticeable for Mr. Kiddle's ingenuity in covering up, as far as it was possible, those terrible moments when the organ leaves off and the orchestra begins.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Sept 26 — 1912

Another new work was heard at last night's Promenade concert—a Concert Piece for organ and orchestra by Mr. Benjamin Dale. It is not new in the sense of being recent, as it dates from 1902-3, but this was the occasion of its first public performance. Mr. Dale must have been about eighteen when he wrote this work, and, taking that into consideration, it is a rather remarkable effort. That is to say, the workmanship is of excellent quality, although perhaps the organ part is not quite in the true organ style, nor the combination with the orchestra always well managed. The best features are the instrumentation, the interesting texture, and the feeling for climax. But as a whole the composition is immature in its expression, and wanting in individuality. One would like to hear some later work from Mr. Dale's pen. A composer who can start with this technical equipment while still in his teens is surely in a fortunate position. The advantage of this performance therefore may be said to lie less in the presentment of a work of great intrinsic value, than in the calling of attention to the powers of a young composer in our midst who surely ought to be better known. We fancy he has not been represented in recent years by much more than a pianoforte sonata.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Sept 27 1912

FAIRIES.

There was not one dull item in the programme of the Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall last night, whether the pieces were old favourites like Järnefeldt's Præludium, Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole, and the Waltz from the *Rosenkavalier*, or an interesting novelty like Roger Quilter's new Suite from *Where the Rainbow Ends*. This is the lightest and most unsophisticated glimpse of fairyland—the artless fancies of children when they are left to people their own world without too much assistance from their elders. The melodies are of the simplest sort, round which everyone may weave his story, and each will be true because the tunes are so natural and easy to understand. Another sort of fairy appeared later on in Elgar's "Wand of Youth"—a grander sort, filling the scene with greater splendour and more circumstance, more the kind that grown people like to remember having known intimately long ago when Christmas was properly kept in the old-fashioned way and games were merrier and houses fuller of dark corners than they are now. But they were no truer fairies than Mr. Roger Quilter's.

QUEEN'S HALL.

1912

MR. QUILTER'S NEW SUITE.

Sept. 27.

Mr. Roger Quilter, it will be remembered, was responsible for the incidental music to the fairy play, "Where the Rainbow Ends," and it was quite a good idea to turn it into a suite for orchestra. This was the novelty at the Promenade Concert last night, and it found much favour with the audience, the composer being warmly applauded.

Of the four movements, the first and third are the best. They are the most free from certain commonplaces of melodic outline, which are difficult enough to avoid, especially in music such as this, light in character. "Will o' the Wisp" is quite a graceful valse measure, and the mood of "Moonlight on the Lake" has decided charm. In "Goblin Forest" one feels the want of individuality, while something of Edward German crops up in the "Fairy Revels." All the same, the suite pleases by means of its clarity and the very dainty scoring.

The programme was all in a lighter vein, with Järnefelt's neat little "Præludium" (which was encored), Elgar's "Wand of Youth" Suite, the "Rosenkavalier" Waltz, and other things, while the concerto, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," was not out of the picture. The solo part of this was played artistically, though with no great amount of verve, by Miss Dorothy de Vin. Miss Muriel Terry put plenty of life into her singing of the well-known aria from "Don Carlos," although it seems to lie rather high for her to deliver without a sense of vocal effort. Mr. Peter Dawson was also down to sing a Verdi aria.

Referee Sept 29, 1912

That the sea should have a fascination for British composers seems quite in accord with the fitness of things, and remembering former works by Mr. Frank Bridge, the announcement that his new suite, "The Sea," would be produced at the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall on Tuesday last not unnaturally excited some pleasing anticipations. Probably many among the listeners on Tuesday had fresh recollections of the unstable element, and it is also probable that their experiences were sufficient to enable them to judge of the truth of Mr. Bridge's illustration of "Sea Scape," "Sea Foam," "Moonlight," and "A Storm," these being respectively the subjects of the four movements of the suite. Of course many composers other than English have been won by the call of the sea. The most valiant, perhaps, is Anton Rubinstein, who wrote a symphony which grew to eleven movements before its composer felt he had expressed all that the sea suggested to him.

* * * Sept 29 1912

Although the "vast ever-sounding sea" has exercised so potent an influence over composers, it cannot be said to have inspired any really great work. Generally speaking, it has drawn composers out of their depth and left them to flounder in inelegant movements more remarkable for strenuosity than for beauty. One reason why the efforts to depict the moods of the sea so often fail to give satisfaction may possibly be that it sings a different song to each person. There is easily read into the different phases of the sea an analogue of the ebb and flow of human emotions. In fact, unless one is told, it is impossible to decide whether a composer is striving to express a storm at sea or a mental struggle on terra firma. There is no musical device which would be appropriate to the one and inappropriate to the other, and, moreover, one of the most distinctive characteristics of the sea, the suggestion of illimitable space, is almost impossible to express in music. For these reasons it is extremely difficult to invent themes and to treat and score them in a way that shall suggest the "vast and ever-sounding sea." Consequently, if Mr. Bridge has failed to write convincingly, allowance must be made for the peculiarly exacting nature of his subject.

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The first movement is dignified, and if the melodic charm of the themes had been as interesting as their treatment, the music would have a distinction it now lacks. The most original portion of the work is the second movement. This is headed "Sea Foam," and partakes of the nature of a scherzo. The chief subject is quaint, and, albeit more suggestive of Puck on land than Puck at sea, has character not devoid of a suggestion of humour. The other themes have an affinity with the general spirit of the movement, and their development and scoring are extremely effective. The third section, having "Moonlight" for its subject, possesses a general poetic tendency, but the want of clearly-defined melody prevents the music inspiring the listener deeply. The finale deals with the inevitable storm. To the credit of the composer, conventional devices are avoided; and, although it cannot be said that the music suggests the awful power of a sea-storm, the number contains some highly effective passages, and most of these being judiciously arranged towards the close bring the work to a resounding termination. "The Sea" was well served by Sir Henry J. Wood, and the composer was heartily applauded on his appearance on the platform.

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The second novelty at the Promenade Concerts last week was a concert piece for organ and orchestra by Mr. Benjamin J. Dale. This combination is an extremely happy one. The strings supply the emotional warmth of tone which the organ can only imperfectly supply, and the tympani give an accentuation that compensates for a certain weakness in this particular inherent in the king of instruments. The combination, indeed, might be described as a marriage of which the orchestra is the bride. That in such unions the organ is at times overbearing and the orchestra is indiscreet or noisy, does not nullify the excellence of the idea. In nearly all cases regrettable consequences arise from one party interfering with the rights and privileges of the other. To drop metaphor, modern composers have fallen into the error of endeavouring to make the organ sound like an orchestra. To a certain extent this is justifiable when writing organ solos, but when in combination with an orchestra all imitations of other instruments should be studiously avoided in all passages in which the organ is prominent.

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This has been realised by Mr. Dale. He has written at times with virtuoso-like brilliancy for the solo instrument, but it is always organ music, and in other parts where sonority of ensemble was required the organ tones are so cleverly mingled with those of the orchestra that now and again it was difficult to decide if the latter were being played. Another feature of the piece was the masterly manner in which crescendos were built up to tremendous climaxes. In these the advantages of the combination of organ and orchestra became specially obvious. It seems to me that there is so much that is in consonance between the tones of the organ and our national temperament that our younger composers should find a sympathetic medium for expression in the combination so successfully adopted by Mr. Dale. Mr. Kiddle played the solo parts with great brilliancy and Sir Henry J. Wood secured full justice to the orchestral portion.

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Although headed "first performance," Mr. Roger Quilter's suite, "Where the Rainbow Ends," performed on Thursday, cannot strictly be called new music, for it was heard repeatedly, and, be it added, much enjoyed, allied to Messrs. Clifford Mills and John Ramsey's play of this name produced last Christmas at the Savoy Theatre. The composer would appear to have re-scored his music for the concert-room, but although he has done so with a generous use of the additional means at his command, he has preserved the simple charm of his music. These attractive attributes are chiefly owing to the grace and expressiveness of the melodies, and they are particularly prominent in the opening movement of the suite, which comprises the heroine's melody and the dance of the will-o'-the-wisps, presenting a combination of captivating tune and daintiness. The material for the second section of the suite is drawn from the strains which accompanied the children in their journey through the forest of the Dragon King, and includes the Dance of Elves, the result being an imaginative and exhilarating number. To this the third movement provides an effective contrast, the scene being "Moonlight on the Lake," and the music reflecting its tranquil beauty. The finale to the suite is "A Fairy Revel," in which the composer has fully realised that the little people are happy and frolicsome folk. On the same evening was played Elgar's delightful first "Wand of Youth" suite, and Miss Dorothy de Vin gave a tasteful and brilliant rendering of the solo part of Lalo's symphonic Espagnole for violin and orchestra.

London Times

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

1912

SIR EDWARD ELGAR'S NEW CANTATA.

BIRMINGHAM, Oct. 1.

The Triennial Musical Festival, which began to-day, will last for four days, and during that time a great variety of music—ranging from Handel's *Messiah* to the Finale of Richard Strauss's *Salome*; from an organ solo by Bach played by the city organist, Mr. C. W. Perkins, to a Humoresko for piano on waltz-themes by Johann Strauss, played by Herr Moritz Rosenthal—will exercise the activities of music lovers in every conceivable direction. So full is the programme that although the most modern work of all, Scriabin's *Prometheus*, has been taken out of the scheme, it has left no blank space to be filled up. Friday morning's programme, including Brahms's Requiem, the *Salome* scene, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and a motet by Bach, looks so full as it is that one can only wonder that there was ever any thought of sandwiching in a new and elaborate work among these things. By the time we reach Friday morning we shall have heard new works by Sibelius, Sir Edward Elgar, Walford Davies, and Granville Bantock; a number of already familiar choral masterpieces, orchestral works, concertos played by Señor Pablo Casals and Herr Rosenthal, and innumerable songs sung by well-known singers.

SIR HENRY WOOD'S METHODS.

To-day's programme began conventionally enough with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which occupied the whole morning performance. The chief events of the day—Sir Edward Elgar's new cantata *The Music-makers*, Sibelius's Fourth Symphony, and Herr Rosenthal's performance—were all reserved till late in the evening programme. But every one knows by now that *Elijah* under Sir Henry Wood is a very different thing from *Elijah* under any other conductor, and the fact that Sir Henry Wood is conducting the Birmingham Festival for the first time this year made this performance an event of special interest locally. It confirmed from a different side the opinion expressed in these columns, when writing of the recent festival at Hereford, that we cannot hope for the ideal performance of *Elijah* until we have put it aside for some time. Sir Henry Wood is determined to make the whole dramatically alive, and in order to stir his hearers from the complacent apathy which comes from knowing exactly what the next note will be he ensures that they shall never know what the next dynamic effect or the next *tempo* shall be. These things come not merely at haphazard. Every one who listens sympathetically must realize that they represent a carefully thought out scheme, taken in hand with the purpose of stirring the listener to feel the thrill of the dramatic situations. But here there are two things to be considered. First, that there is more in *Elijah* than the thrill of a modern drama in music; secondly, that in the present state of things neither performers nor audiences can be urged to the point of dramatic appreciation without being carried considerably beyond it. In the latter part of *Elijah* the drama is not the main interest, and after the Whirlwind chorus there is no drama. The prophecy of the coming of Christ is as purely contemplative as the chorus "Now, therefore, be patient" in Brahms's German Requiem. Much earlier, too, there are numbers where the human story drops for the moment into the background, and these require a broader kind of expression. The aria "Hear ye, Israel," and the chorus which follows upon it are together a typical case in point. Here Sir Henry Wood's white-hot intensity, which was splendid in the Mount Carmel scene before it and the Jezebel scene after it, became laboured. As the work progressed, too, one found that certain means of effect became mannerisms. The long-held *pianissimos* of the choir, which had a magnificent effect in "Hear and answer," reappeared with less appropriateness in "Behold, God the Lord passed by"; and the prolonged penultimate note of the cadence to the chorus "He, watching over Israel," seemed like a trick caught from Mr. McCormack, who did the same at the end of "If with all your hearts."

In short, Sir Henry Wood had to resort to exaggerations in order to stir his singers and his audience. Still, he did stir them beyond a doubt, and the choir in particular responded magnificently to his requirements. From "Help, Lord," to the last "Amen" the choral singers gave us fine and rich tone; they were fresh and ready to make vivid every contrast of colour. Sometimes the words were lost in mere tone—in "The fire descends," for example; but had Mendelssohn foreseen the coming of Sir Henry Wood to Birmingham in 1912 he would not have written for the brass as he did in order to support the chorus of 1846. At other times—"Let him perish," for example—the words had overpowering effect.

Mr. Clarence Whitehill was the Elijah, and his powerful voice and dramatic sense made the scenes in which he rebuked Ahab and mocked the priests of Baal peculiarly strong. Elsewhere one sometimes had to regret the use of heavy *portamenti*—the well-known sob in the voice and small effects of the stage which always cast a slur upon the sincerity of the artist when they appear on the concert platform. Nevertheless his was a fine performance, such as we get too rarely. Mr. John McCormack unfortunately brought the defects of a lower operatic tradition into his singing, and especially the tendency to make English words ridiculous by singing the vowels as though they were Italian ones. There were also Miss Carrie Tubb, who sang beautifully in the widow's scene, but was apt to be too dramatic in the reflective passages; Mme. Clara Butt, whose voice was supreme in the Jezebel scene; Miss Ada Forrest, who sang the youth's part with great purity; and Mr. Gwynne Davies, who as Ahab accused Elijah bravely. Other singers who contributed to the *ensemble* numbers, all of which had been carefully prepared, were Miss Margaret Balfour, Mr. Herbert Heyner, and Mr. W. Bennett. All the solo singers, like the choir and the orchestra, seemed to appreciate the necessity for taking their part in the scheme of the work as a whole, and the performance was singularly free from individual freaks. The audience, too, appreciated the standpoint. There was never any attempt to interrupt with applause, and consequently Sir Henry Wood was able to group the movements in a perfectly intelligible way.

THE EVENING PERFORMANCE.

The new works of the evening programme were preceded by Beethoven's *Coriolan* overture, Bach's Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3 in G, for strings, and Liszt's Piano Concerto in E flat, played by Herr Rosenthal. At the end of the first part came Sir Edward Elgar's cantata *The Music-makers*, set for contralto solo (Miss Muriel Foster), chorus, and orchestra, which was conducted by the composer. It is a setting of the ode by Arthur O'Shaughnessy beginning "We are the music-makers, and we are the dreamers of dreams," which extols the artist spirit as the motive power of human action. The words are of a kind to appeal strongly to such a mind as Elgar's and to bring from him music which makes a very direct appeal to the sympathy of his audience. The personal interpretation of the words given by the frequent quotations from his own earlier works no doubt heightens this appeal at the moment and serves to secure an immediate acceptance for the work. At the same time, their use seems open to just the same objection which has been urged against the "hero's works of peace" in *Ein Heldenleben*—that they pin the hearer to the personal standpoint of the composer. It is impossible, however, at the late hour of writing to discuss the point, or to attempt any detailed criticism of the work. Indeed, having regard to the arrangement of the programmes, it will be better to defer most of our discussion of the new works until the close of the Festival on Saturday. But it must be said that, in spite of its free quotation of old works, it is substantially a new work, as the writer of the programme analysis is careful to remind us—that is to say, it gives us Elgar's ideas upon a subject hitherto untouched by him, and the poem calls out new and characteristic music having many points of beautiful and intricate expression. But it is all characteristic of him as we know him; it does not place his creative powers in any new light. It reveals no

unsuspected possibilities in him, and so offers no obscurities to the listener at a first hearing. Consequently the lines—

> Oh, men, it must ever be
> That we dwell in our dreaming and singing
> A little apart from ye,

have a strange incongruity in their setting, for the whole is very much in the accepted idiom which has made Elgar the most popular composer of his time in his own country. Had the lines been taken as the motto for the Symphony in A minor by Sibelius, which its composer conducted in the second part of the programme, they would have been appropriate, for the whole has a newness of phrase and expression which marks it at once as the work of a man who in many respects stands apart from his generation.

Sir Edward Elgar secured a good performance of *The Music-makers*, though there were some passages where the choir is combined with the solo voice in which the choral leads were not clear. Miss Muriel Foster's singing of the solo, especially that to the words of the last stanza, was a thing of extraordinary beauty. The work was enthusiastically received by a large audience.

M. Sibelius's Symphony.

M. Sibelius's symphony, on the other hand, was received rather with courtesy towards a distinguished visitor than with any enthusiasm for the music itself. The hearers, indeed, could hardly be blamed if they failed to trace the logical sequence of its development, the way in which ideas dimly suggested at first blossom into greater fulness in the later movements. The music stands aloof, suggests where most composers would command, and seems to dream of old half-forgotten memories and new unrealized visions of the future. Its harmony and its orchestral colour are alike strange, yet really so simple that time must make their beauty clearer. For a modern work, quite a small orchestra is used, and every instrument in the score tells. It was not perfectly played. Some of the details which ought to come out were lost, and one often wanted greater distinction and delicacy of phrasing. Herr Rosenthal's playing of Liszt's concerto was as brilliant as ever, and his performance, as well as the orchestral pieces finely played under Sir Henry Wood's direction, were greatly enjoyed. Yet the real event of the concert was Sibelius's symphony, which so far stood apart that it will require many hearings before its value is fully appreciated.

AY, OCTOBER 3, 1912.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

FOUR NEW WORKS.

BIRMINGHAM, Oct. 2.

The account of Tuesday's evening performance requires some supplement in order to do justice to the important new works contained in the programme. In addition we have to discuss the activities of to-day, which have been many. Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* occupied the whole of the morning performance, and the miscellaneous programme of the evening contained two new productions, Dr. Walford Davies's setting of "The Song of St. Francis," for solo quartet, choir, and orchestra, and a large symphonic poem for orchestra by Mr. Granville Bantock on the subject of Browning's "Fifine at the Fair." With these were Señor Pablo Casals's playing of Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Haydn's Concerto for violoncello in D, the "Salce" song from Verdi's *Otello*, sung by Mme. Donalda; and the day ended with the Overture to *Tannhäuser*.

THE SIBELIUS SYMPHONY.

We have before us, therefore, the four new works of the Festival, two choral and two orchestral; three by English composers and one by a foreigner, and each conducted by its composer. Of the four, there can be no doubt that the most difficult to apprehend at once is the foreign work, the Symphony in A minor by Jean Sibelius, which came too late in the programme of Tuesday night for full discussion in its proper place. It was suggested that the moral of Elgar's cantata—

> O men, it must ever be
> That we dwell in our dreaming and singing
> A little apart from ye

might have been set at the head of the score as a motto to Sibelius's Symphony, for it is music which stands far apart from the common expression of the time. Yet it is not a self-conscious apartness, and the composer could not have used such a motto, because he lives so much in his own world, thinks his own thoughts, and translates them into sound so spontaneously, that he is under no temptation to measure himself against his hearers. The weak point in Elgar's work is that, while he proclaims the detachment of the artist from the multitude, he skilfully takes the most direct means of securing the suffrages of the people. When he is not quoting his earlier works he is writing music of a kind which appeals in exactly the same way in which the older works appealed. Indeed, so strong is the family likeness in all his themes that it is sometimes quite difficult to remember which are old and which are ostensibly new. The ease with which he glides from one to another has been noted, but the reality implies no unusual feat of technical mastery when all the material is so much of one kind. Sibelius brings a wealth of contrasted material; each instrument has a personality of its own; and that is why, although he uses an orchestra no bigger than that of Brahms's First Symphony the orchestration is almost disconcertingly new. He scarcely ever makes instruments of different colours do the same thing. Sometimes, therefore, their personalities clash in the most glaring way, because they are following different trains of thought independently.

One finds a certain parallel to this method of musical thinking in one movement of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* which has been heard to-day, the wonderful chorale, "O Mensch bewein'" which ends the first part. Here the wreathed semi-quaver passages of oboes, flutes, and strings move regardless of the quaver movement of the voices, but their independence is explained by the harmonic foundation on which both rest. With Sibelius, however, the harmony is not fundamental but incidental, like that of the early experimenters in polyphony before Bach's day.

THE "PASSION MUSIC."

The performance of the *Passion Music* was carried out according to Sir Henry Wood's version, which has been heard both at Sheffield and in London. His principles with regard to it have been very fully discussed in these columns, and it is unnecessary to recapitulate their merits and demerits. We are very grateful for one modification on this occasion, the fact that all the chorales were sung by the chorus instead of some being given to a solo quartet. It is a step in the direction of the simplicity which is the one quality lacking in Sir Henry Wood's interpretation of Bach. It must be said that the wheels of the mechanism did not run as smoothly as at the Sheffield performance of last year. With his own orchestra he could secure a far higher level of instrumental *ensemble* than with this one, which has been brought together from many quarters for the Festival. The solo singers, placed behind the orchestra close to the organ, seemed to have difficulty in hearing the players, or at any rate to be disconcerted by their position. It seems hardly worth while to endanger intonation and *ensemble* for the sake of a mere piece of stage effect. Whether for this cause or some other, Mme. Donalda constantly failed to do herself justice, and the *tempo* of the aria "Lord, to Thee my heart I offer" was inconsiderately fast. Even Miss Muriel Foster, whose singing of "Thy mercy show, O God," with Mr. Sons's violin *obbligato*, was one of the most deeply moving moments of the whole, was clearly disconcerted in the arioso "Ah, Golgatha!" with oboe *obbligati*. The accompaniment of the Evangelist's recitative was again shared by the organ and a quartet of violoncellos. Apart from the just objection to the use of strings at all, here the violoncellos were the more satisfactory of the two, for the organ chords often came in the wrong places and delayed the narrative. But when one has got used to a piano for this purpose both organ and violoncellos necessarily sound clumsy. Mr. Gervase Elwes sang the tenor music with fine feeling, though he often seemed disturbed by his accompaniment, and he was guilty of more than one serious mistake in the notes. The beautiful pair of movements for tenor voice, choir, and orchestra, which meditate upon the Agony in the Garden, were in all respects on a very high level. The choir here sang with exquisitely sympathetic tone, without any violent contrasts or the sudden emphasis of specific points which spoilt certain of the chorales, and which even invaded the last chorus to its hurt. Indeed, wherever Sir Henry Wood aimed at broad effects he secured them perfectly from the choir. The loss of pitch in some of the unaccompanied chorales was not a very serious fault, except when the organist attempted to correct it.

Mr. Wilfred Douthitt sang the part of Christ. He had not, of course, the benefit of long previous experience which most of the other solo singers had, and his treatment of it was inclined to be hard and inflexible. His voice is so fine that he might use much less of it without losing command of the situation. Mr. Clarence Whitehill did admirable work in the bass arias, particularly in "O Blessed Cross," which he gave with splendid conviction. The *obbligato* part of this aria, originally for viola da gamba, was arranged for violoncello solo, and was well played by Mr. Norman Salmond. Other singers of small parts were Miss Ada Forrest, Miss Pank, Mr. H. Heyner, and Mr. W. Evans.

"THE SO OF ST. FRANCIS."

The Song of Francis, by Dr. Walford Davies, which came at the beginning of the evening's concert, is built upon a large plan. Here, as in almost all his works except *Everyman*, Dr. Davies shows his preference for an abstract musical pattern as a framework to his ideas. In this instance, like Strauss in the case of *Don Quixote*, he has chosen the variation form as the framework, and each number, set to a stanza of St. Francis's "Canticle of the Sun," is in a certain degree a variation upon an orchestral prelude which represents the "Joculatores Domini," as St. Francis called his preaching Brothers. But, apart from this underlying feature of design, each number is descriptive music, often of a very forcible kind, of the forces of nature, each one of which is called up in turn to the praise of the Lord. We have first "Brother Sun, who doth bring in the Dawn." Then "Sister Moon and the Stars," followed by the Wind, the Water, the Fire, and "Sister Earth, our Mother." Then come two stanzas of a more intimate kind: "Of them that forgive" and "Of Sister Death," and before the last of these Dr. Davies has interpolated a short recitative telling how St. Francis called Brother Leo and Brother Angelo to his death-bed that they might sing the song of Sister Death. The work ends with a majestic choral epilogue, "Laudate et benedicite Dominum."

The theme on which the work is founded is an exquisite blend of whimsical humour and pathos. It is led by a viola solo and is one of the most delicate pieces of orchestral writing which Dr. Davies has done. The choral prologue which follows is less striking, and here, and sometimes later, the intricate writing for the voices seemed over-elaborated for what it had to say, but with the picture of the Dawn the expression becomes more direct and the praise of Brother Sun is powerful. The two other big numbers are those of the Wind and the Fire. The latter, a brilliant scherzo for double choir, made by far the stronger impression. In the Wind movement the strange undulating phrases for baritone solo and chorus gave the impression either that the singers had not caught their meaning or that the composer had miscalculated the balance of effect. Between these come gentler movements. The Moon and the Stars, for three solo voices and female choir, had a curiously indeterminate effect. Sister Water, for contralto and chorus, and the tenor solo, "O, Sister Earth," were alike most beautiful. But the more human standpoint of the later stanzas has called out a deeper sympathy of expression, and although the work naturally becomes subdued towards the end this latter part is undoubtedly the core of the whole. The solo quartet were Mme. Donalda, Miss Doris Woodall, Mr. Gervase Elwes, and Mr. Thorpe Bates. They and the choir worked hard for the success of the work and secured for it an admirable first performance. It was warmly received by the audience.

AN ORCHESTRAL DRAMA.

A still more enthusiastic reception was given to Mr. Bantock's "Orchestral Drama," founded on Browning's "Fifine at the Fair." It is indeed a remarkably brilliant piece of work of its kind, and is one which it is easy to appreciate with the help of a few programme notes pointing out the lines on which the composer illustrates the poem. Fortunately, the notes were given in a succinct form. We have first a delicate prologue for strings which directly pictures the sensations described in Browning's "Amphibian," then a delightfully humorous scene of the Fair, then music intended to contrast the characters of Fifine and Elvire. It is here that one feels Mr. Bantock's method is scarcely subtle enough, and that the themes do not really carry the strong emotional significance which he assigns to them. Still, he never seems at a loss for a moment, and if his drama is apt to call up recollections of modern Italian opera, all the devices serve him well, because they convey certain ideas in a direct way to his audience. There was one small hitch in the performance, for which Mr. Bantock turned and apologized to the audience with such self-possession that, even if they had not already been in sympathy with him, their hearts must have been won there and then. Otherwise it was a capital performance.

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THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL

ELGAR'S "MUSIC MAKERS" AND SIBELIUS'S NEW SYMPHONY.

A great deal might be said about the performance of "Elijah," with which, in accordance with immemorial custom, the

Festival opened. Sir Henry Wood's methods of dealing with it are familiar to those who frequent Festivals, but are not so well known in London. They are original and highly controversial, and, to judge from remarks heard during the day, there is likely to be a good deal of heated argument about them at Birmingham. As to the soloists, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that Mr. Clarence Whitehill is *the* Elijah of the day. He is magnificently dramatic and nobly religious in the best sense, and vocally he was superb. Mr. John McCormack, Miss Carrie Tubb, and Mme. Clara Butt also sang beautifully.

The evening's programme contained two new works, the last of which was not finished till after ten—a very bad arrangement, as neither orchestra nor audience can come fresh to new music at such an hour, especially when the last of the two works is a composition so unusual and so bizarre as Sibelius' new Symphony.

Elgar's "Music-Makers" was received more warmly, perhaps, than any of Elgar's Festival works. The reason, probably, is that it is more direct in utterance and has moods more easy to grasp at once than most of his recent works, and that a great deal of the material is familiar. Like Strauss in "Ein Heldenleben," he has quoted himself, and more than that he has made the themes we know the basis of a good deal of development.

To a certain extent, too, the music is autobiographical, for he has explained that O'Shaughnessy's Ode—which has for its theme the power of the poet to shape the world, his aloofness from mankind, and the ultimate fate of the poet's work which must be displaced by that which follows—expressed the thoughts that he had when he was composing the Enigma Variations on the responsibility of the creative artist. That is why he quotes it and works it up into one of the most important climaxes of the work. He quotes the "Dream of Gerontius," too—first the opening phrase, when poets are spoken of "Dreamers of Dreams," and then the "Novissima Hora" phrase, when the poet speaks of "a dreamer who slumbers and a singer who sings no more." This is woven into the score with poignant effect and very moving in the use of the "Nimrod" motif from the Variations at the point when the author speaks of "the spoken word" which "kindles a flame" in another man's soul, for the "Nimrod" of the Variations was a trusted friend.

There is a quotation, too, from the First Symphony which is used with great effect. The new themes, however, are of more importance, and they are characteristic, and most important of all is the general atmosphere of lofty spirituality—which does not exclude a warm-hearted humanity—of the whole. Elgar has not devised more powerful and virile climaxes than those in "The Music Makers," and his fastidious imagination has not devised more subtle effects of orchestral colour. The curious rocking figure which accompanies the first occurrence of the enigma theme, and the descending whole-tone scale which speaks of the death of the past may be singled out for mention. The solo part is not of great importance, but there are some beautiful phrases in it, and to these Miss Muriel Foster gave the utmost effect. The whole performance was of a high order, and the intelligence of the choral singing was admirable.

Sibelius' Fourth Symphony is a puzzling work, and seems the outcome of a puzzled frame of mind. It is strangely vague; the composer seems purposely to avoid coming to any definite conclusions. Each movement seems to start nowhere and lead nowhere. There is probably no work of equal length (it is in four movements) which moves so persistently in the dark. Every movement ends suddenly when one thinks the development has just begun. Though the first and third are slow, and the two others are fast, the mood of all is the same. There is a passage of fine melody at the end of the third movement, and some finely imagined effects (obtained by long persistent rhythms) in the last, but just as we think something is going to result from it all the mists gather again, and the symphony is over. It may be unjust to speak of it in these terms, but the impression of vagueness and obscurity was so definite that it will be surprising if subsequent hearings, alter it.

Y, OCTOBER 5, 1912.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Times

THE FINAL DAY.

BIRMINGHAM, Oct. 4.

The last day of the Festival has held many interests, although since Scriabin's *Prometheus* was withdrawn it has contained no new music. As regards the standard of performance, the previous days foretold with fair accuracy what might be expected of the treatment of Brahms's *Requiem*. Some of its larger aspects were missed because of Sir Henry Wood's tendency to look upon momentary expression as the matter of prime importance, and his willingness to sacrifice rhythmic continuity to that end. Almost every one of the big choruses suffered from this at some point or other, and occasionally the *ensemble* between choir and solo soprano in "Ye now are sorrowful" was momentarily disordered. The worst misrepresentation came just before the chorus, "Worthy art thou," where long pauses were put in between the reiterations of the word "where," turning the phrase "Where is thy sting" from an exclamation of triumph into an appeal for an answer. It sounded like the "Hear and answer" of Mendelssohn's "Baal" choruses. On the other hand, there was an intimate sympathy and a perfection of detail in many places which few conductors outside Meiningen can give to Brahms. The orchestral playing was especially fine, except for the unnecessarily strident tone of the brass in the *fortissimos*. We cannot recall any recent performance of the *Requiem* in which the phrasing of the wonderful wood-wind passages in "Lord, make me to know" has been so completely eloquent, and this was undoubtedly due to the excellent principle on which Sir Henry Wood acts in the preparation of his festivals. He takes nothing for granted, but insists upon studying everything as though it were new. The choice of solo singers for the *Requiem* was peculiarly happy. Miss Carrie Tubb sang the soprano with admirable purity, yet without any of the conscious restraint in which less finished artists are apt to take refuge, and Mr. Thorpe Bates in the baritone part showed fine perfection.

STRAUSS'S "SALOME."

It seemed strange to come back after the interval to Strauss's *Salome*. One resents the performance in the concert-room of the music to "The dance of the seven veils," because it places the cheap and common-place side of Strauss's character in isolated prominence. The *finale* to the opera, however, when it is sung by Mme. Ackté, wipes out the poor impression which the dance music alone gives. She is so great an artist that she holds up Strauss's greatness above everything which tends to hide it, so that no matter from whatever side objection may be urged, there can be no doubt of the power of his utterance. Sir Henry Wood and the orchestra seconded her splendidly, and afterwards completed their activities together with a fine performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The effect of the eight horns requisitioned for *Salome* massed together in Beethoven's *finale* had almost the intensity of human voices.

To pass from this Symphony to Bach's unaccompanied *motet* for double choir, "Be not afraid," in the same key, A major, was like the fulfilment of the idea which Beethoven sought in the Choral Symphony It was as though the voices struggling for speech in the Symphony had suddenly become wholly articulate. They seemed to revel in their power. Every time and phrase were carried out with superb assurance, the body of tone was tremendous, and one realized that here the unexpected had happened.

Sir Henry Wood has reached out to the bigger and broader interpretation which one longed for in *Elijah*, *The Messiah*, *The St. Matthew Passion*, and Brahms's *Requiem*. He never checked the life threb for a moment or interfered between the music and the listener, and the result was a triumphant ending to the fine work which he has achieved in this Festival.

"THE APOSTLES."

The Apostles, conducted by Sir Edward Elgar, brought the Festival to a close in the evening, and it was a good ending. The orchestral playing deserves foremost praise, for in few performances can the sensitive suggestions of colour, of which the score is full, have been presented so sympathetically. Even at the end of such a week as this *The Apostles* stands out as a masterpiece of orchestration. The tendency to sing flat, which was a not unnatural result of fatigue, prevented the choral singing from coming up to the highest level of which the choir has shown itself capable, but in other respects the singing was sympathetic. The beautiful little chorus for women's voices, "He went out and wept bitterly," in which for a moment Elgar seems to reflect the spirit of Bach, was most delicately sung, and the short choral interjections among the solos were given with great tact. Amongst the solo singers it was to be expected that Miss Muriel Foster (Mary Magdalene) and Mr. Gervase Elwes (St. John) would stand out pre-eminently. Both have for so long been in such close sympathy with Elgar's art that their interpretations of his music have become authoritative. Mme. Donalda as well as Mr. Douthitt, who sang the difficult part of Christ, were both at a disadvantage in point of experience. Only in a few passages, at the words of the Virgin and at the conversion of the Magdalene, for example, did Mme. Donalda succeed in probing to the depths of expression; and Mr. Douthitt's singing in the *St. Matthew Passion* was inclined to mistake stiffness for dignity. In the small part of St. Peter Mr. Hoyner was admirable, but Mr. Thorpe Bates's singing of the music of Judas was more than admirable. The scene of the repentance is by far the finest in the oratorio, and his penetrating interpretation made one realize this fully.

VALUE OF THE FESTIVAL.

If the festivals are to live, and their artistic usefulness is continually being questioned, the first essential is that each one should be able to show that it has added some valuable acquisition by which the musical art of this country, and possibly of a wider area, may be enriched. It is generally recognized that other, and probably less expensive, measures may cultivate local taste for music more efficiently. Competitive festivals, amateur orchestras, and all the activities to which local musicians give themselves so assiduously can do far more in this respect than a highly organized festival once in three years, such as the one we have just enjoyed. But outside local interests these festivals still have their importance. In the last decade Birmingham gave us *The Dream of Gerontius*, *The Apostles*, and *The Kingdom*, which, without naming other good things, were a big enough product to justify its existence to society at large. Looking back over the new works of this week, two of them stand out with special significance. They are naturally the two which appeared less immediately successful than the others, just as the *Dream of Gerontius* was not immediately successful in 1900. Sibelius's Symphony has shown us that we shall have to consider him as a far more important factor in modern music than such compositions as *Finlandia* and *En Saga* gave any warrant for supposing. Dr. Walford Davies's *Song of St. Francis*, too, stands clearly in the main line of his own development in a way which neither Sir Edward Elgar's *The Music-Makers* nor Mr. Granville Bantock's *Fifine at the Fair* does. Whatever may be the attractions of these, and in the latter, at any rate, they are many, both are repetitions of former experiences. *Fifine at the Fair* deals with the subject much in the same way as *Dante and Beatrice* was treated, and *The Music-Makers* consciously revolves upon the pivots of Elgar's earlier work. But though one may find traces of *Everyman* and *Noble Numbers* and even of his forgotten oratorio *The Temple* in Dr. Davies's *Song of St. Francis*, it does not rest there. He has much less control of his means than either of the other two composers, because he is never content with the means which he used before. The fresh subject makes him start afresh, just as Sir Henry Wood starts afresh in preparing his festivals. To mention one instance in technique, the combinations of voices in *The Song of St. Francis* are so new that at first both performers and audiences, and possibly the composer himself, are apt to find them baffling. Every work which Dr. Davies writes is something of an experiment, but behind the experimental brain the musical impulse is strong, and it asserts itself vigorously in such movements as "Of Brother Fire" and the epilogue. It gives tender eloquence to the themes of the water and "Of Sister Death." None of these in any way repeat what he has said before. It is very possible that neither Sibelius's Symphony nor *The Song of St. Francis* will reach the wide popularity which Sir Edward Elgar's chain of festival works at Birmingham from 1900 to 1906 reached, but nevertheless the Festival which brought them forward has been exceedingly valuable from that fact alone.

LAST NIGHT AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

Oct. 4 — 1912

TCHAIKOWSKY AND RUBINSTEIN

The most important number in the programme of the Promenade Concert last night was the fourth Pianoforte Concerto in D minor (Op. 70) of Anton Rubinstein. Did it not provide such excellent opportunities for the soloist, it may be doubted whether the score would be taken from the shelf nowadays. The personality of a great executant can always infuse a degree of adventitious significance into inferior work, and a great many compositions owe their continued existence to this means.

The concerto in question has little inherent value of its own. There is a sense of restless

agitation in the opening movement that would seem to suggest great emotional stress to the casual hearer, but it always remains weak and diffused, and never gathers to any great crisis of feeling. The andante is poor and threadbare in subject-matter, and although the finale is interesting rhythmically, at times it fails to affect the impending critical verdict.

The concerto was followed by the work of another Russian, the Elegy from Tchaikovsky's Serenade for strings. Although a far greater genius than Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky was less the master of his craft. He only rarely found the perfect form for the expression of his ideas, and too often spoiled his effects by ill-judged construction. Thus the themes of the Elegy are better than the treatment, while in the Concerto it is just the reverse.

Dr. George Henschel conducted once more, Miss Christian Carpenter played the concerto with great address, and songs were supplied by Miss Carmen Hill and Mr. Charles Tree.

LAST NIGHT AT QUEEN'S HALL

Oct 5 1912

A BEETHOVEN PROGRAMME.

Beethoven came by his own at the Promenade Concert in the Queen's Hall last night, a full and appreciative house testifying how strong and sincere is the hold he has on the promenade public. Nor is it to be wondered at when we remember the extraordinary universality of his æsthetic outlook. No feeling, whether noble and intense, sunny and calm, exuberant and daring, or whimsical and gay, that has not found expression in his wonderful writings, while the Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens," that was played on this occasion, foreshadowed the wizard orchestral colouring of Hector Berlioz.

The seventh symphony in A was the pièce de résistance—"the dithyrambic seventh," with its jubilation of three movements in bold contrast to the solemn elegiac beauty of the allegretto, and a further welcome inclusion in the scheme was the stately and exultant overture, "The Dedication of the House."

Mention should also be made of the Trio in C for two oboes and cor anglais, three movements of which were quite admirably played by Messrs. Henri de Busscher, E. C. Dubrucq, and James McDonagh. Judging by the prolonged applause with which this work was received, the opening movement might safely be added next time, and the key-relationship of the adagio (really in the subdominant) be thereby made clear.

Miss Esta d'Argo sang "Ah, perfido" with plenty of spirit, and Mr. Hubert Eisdell gave a really fine performance of "Waft her, angels," out of Handel's "Jephtha." This young artist is one of our most promising light tenors, and his interpretation was no less polished than permeated with a flow of deep artistic feeling. Dr. George Henschel again conducted.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

BEETHOVEN.

The evening, or at least the first part of the programme, was, with one exception, devoted to Beethoven—the Overture "Weihe des Hauses," two marches from *The Ruins of Athens*, "Ah! perfido," the Trio in C for two oboes and a cor anglais, and the Seventh Symphony.

In few points does the grip of the master show itself so clearly as when he says the simple things that all the world have said before him. The tonic and dominant *tuttis* which had come with his predecessors to be the recognized vantage point from which the audience could look round and take their bearings, and possibly a *rendezvous* where the stragglers in the orchestra could come into line again, are in Beethoven's hands often the whole strength and backbone of the music, as the Overture last night showed. The secret lies no doubt, if any one could find it, in the wonderful sense of proportion, which allows page to follow page of these chords without any sense of iteration, but on the contrary creating the keenest sense of anticipation and excitement. In this overture there is hardly any other incident, except the passage for trumpets and bassoons, and yet the attention never flags.

Similarly the Trio for oboes and cor anglais looks so insignificant on paper that the writer in the Oxford History of Music has allowed himself the epithet "rather weak." But when one hears it, at any rate as played by Messrs. de Busscher, Dubrucq, and McDonagh, it is of enthralling interest throughout. The first movement was omitted, perhaps wisely; at least the Trio seemed of exactly the right length as it was—a little more and the monotony of the tone-quality might have made itself felt.

The performance of the Symphony was a splendid one. The difficult "dot and go two" triplets were delivered with commendable precision on every instrument in turn. The whole force of the first movement depends on this too often neglected point; it is so easy to play them nearly right, and such a very different thing when they are right. The success of this seemed also to set the mood of the whole symphony, which swept by like a great pageant.

The exception to Beethoven's music was "Waft her, angels," from *Jephtha*. Mr. Hubert Eisdell sang the recitative which precedes it with quiet, convincing declamation, quite above the usual level of such things, at any rate at these concerts, and the air itself with excellent management of breath and good phrasing. And very nearly as much can be said for Miss Esta d'Argo's singing of "Ah! perfido"; and at least a special word of thanks is due to her for having spared us tremolo of any kind.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Telegraph Oct. 7 1912

MELBA'S REAPPEARANCE.

No "conquering hero" returning from victories on the field of battle could be acclaimed with greater enthusiasm than was Madame Melba upon making her reappearance in our midst on Saturday afternoon on the conclusion of a prolonged tour in her native Australia. The Albert Hall has witnessed many such scenes, and that of Saturday proved not the least memorable of them. A "Melba concert" the programme called it. But it was that and something more. Time was when the attractiveness of one such star as Melba would have been reckoned more than sufficient for an occasion of this kind. And it is probable enough that the vast spaces of the concert hall would have been amply filled in any case on Saturday. For was this not the diva's return after a long absence? Nevertheless, the concert-givers, whoever they were, had determined to distribute their favours lavishly, and so make as wide an appeal as possible to a growingly exacting public. "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere" was clearly not their motto. Accordingly, side by side—actually so in one instance—with the prima donna on this occasion were such potent stars as Ysaye and Backhaus, both names to conjure with in any concert-room. And in one case, as we have hinted, the association of the three artists was very real, for, as the last item on her list, the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," Madame Melba had Mr. Backhaus to accompany her at the piano and Mr. Ysaye to play the violin obbligato. It is hardly to be wondered at, then, that the huge audience should have waited to the very end of an afternoon prolonged by high enthusiasm and frequent encores.

Need it be said that a great part of the music was of the most familiar kind? Surely there can have been no one present who had not, time and again, heard Melba sing the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia," and the Jewel Song from "Faust." But on that account the audience's cup of content was the fuller, and let us hasten to say that the artist gave them of her very best. Her voice, as it seemed to us, was in more perfect condition than when we heard her last—in the summer of 1911; the old magical beauty of tone was there; all the old ease and mastery in the execution of trills and roulades—the shake at the close of the Donizetti excerpt was quite wonderful—and all the old grace and finish of phrasing. As encores, we had, among other things, Landon Ronald's "Down in the Forest"—the composer accompanying the singer in this as in the rest—and Arditi's "Se Saran Rose," the latter sung with amazing brilliance and élan. Of the floral devices offered to the diva in the course of the afternoon one lost all count. No "Melba concert" would be complete without a rich abundance of such trophies, and in this matter custom was but repeating itself. But there was something decidedly novel in the appearance on the platform at one moment of a Boy Scout, who had come to "present" what looked from a distance like the effigy of a kangaroo. The meaning of such a strange "offering" must have been cryptic to anyone who had forgotten that the recipient hails from the Antipodes. And in any case, the precedent is one that should hardly be allowed to set a fashion in our concert-rooms.

Of the rest of the musical doings there is little that need be said. Apart from the prima donna, the only singer was Mr. Edmund Burke, and very well he sang the numbers of his choice, making his fine voice tell in every part of the building—or so, at least, one could easily imagine. Now would not be the time to sing afresh the praises of Mr. Ysaye. Enough that he played quite divinely in, among other things, Saint-Saëns's "Rondo Capriccioso" and Wilhelmj's arrangement of Wagner's "Preislied"—the latter given as an "encore." To this artist, and to Mr. Backhaus, who was in excellent form, fell tributes of the heartiest, and one should add that the audience found pleasure also in the contributions of Mr. Philippe Gaubert, a flautist of a rare order of talent. The accompaniments, other than those of Madame Melba, were played by Mr. Lapierre.

Oct 9 1912

QUEEN'S HALL.

COLERIDGE-TAYLOR'S VIOLIN CONCERTO.

There were two novelties in the programme of last night's Promenade Concert, the violin concerto of the late Coleridge-Taylor, and a Nocturne for orchestra by Mme. Poldowski. The concerto, the solo part of which was beautifully played by Mr. Arthur Catterall, is in the usual three movements, the whole reflecting one of the principal characteristics of the lamented composer—his strong rhythmical sense. It also shows a failing noticeable in other of his works, an inequality of invention. In a composition of a symphonic kind the need for complete homogeneity of style (besides that of mood) is great, and while all is in keeping as regards the atmosphere of the concerto, the ear is too frequently disappointed by the lapses into conventionalities, a phraseology which one feels could have so easily been refined and purified. There are not a few themes of strength and significance, but the general impression is of music not perfectly adapted to the form. It does not breathe the spirit of the violin as a solo instrument. Partly this is because of the rather strident orchestration, and partly on account of the too violently vigorous nature of the material. Even in the slow movement there is a restlessness of rhythm and a want of repose. The reader may imagine for a moment the essential differences in possibilities between the violin and pianoforte to see what we suggest is an inherent flaw in the conditioning of Coleridge-Taylor's work.

Mme. Poldowski's Nocturne seems to be a study à la Debussy's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faun." It is full of wood-wind instrumental delicacies, straight from the palette of colour and laid on by a hand well able to distinguish subtlety of tone. But the naiveté of the work as a symphonic poem, its attempts at making one hear sea-birds crying, rain falling, see stars shining (the scene is night on an island off the west coast of Scotland) and the like, suggests that the composer has not discovered the limitation of musical composition in this respect. By the time the hearer has located the theme (or patch of colour) with the right incident the effect of the whole is lost—one cannot see the wood for the trees. Really, should not composers rather aim at expressing, say, their feelings on the observance of some natural phenomena than attempt to paint these unemotional pictures?

In the afternoon at this hall, M. Mischa Elman gave a violin recital. He was in excellent form (somehow Elman does vary considerably), and in an early Beethoven sonata, with the tactful help of Mr. Percy Kahn, displayed his lovely tone, irreproachable execution, and neat style to very great advantage. The variations and the fresh-sounding rondo were especially well played. Later the tedium of Ernst's F sharp minor concerto was doubtless much modified by the exceeding skill shown in the performance, but no amount of brilliancy can turn brass into gold.

N. C. G.

see next page

Oct 10 1912 Times

PROMENADE CONCERT.

Mr. Cyril Scott's English Dance for orchestra (No. 1), which was brought out at one of Mr. Balfour Gardiner's concerts in the spring, was given for the first time at a Promenade Concert last night. It was pleasant to hear it again, if only for the sake of the fresh and vigorous theme with which it opens. But the pity is that with such good material at his disposal Mr. Scott has not made of the whole something more spirited and less monotonous. He has been content with stating and reiterating his subjects (the second is a good one, though less original than the first); the result is that the spirit of the marked rhythms evaporates owing to the insistence with which they are hammered into us, and it is not recaptured by the piquant but mannered scoring employed in the second half of the work.

Separated from this by the "Waldweben" from *Siegfried* and the dreadful "Meditation" from Massenet's *Thaïs* came Dvorák's "New World" Symphony. The writer of the programme notes expresses surprise that this has not taken a firmer hold on the public taste. It is true, no doubt, that it has not attained the popularity of the "C minor" or of Tchaikovsky's last two symphonies; but, on on the other hand, of all Dvorák's orchestral works on a large scale it is the most popular, and deservedly so, for it is more packed with beautiful themes and is treated with more varied and carefully finished orchestration than any of the others. It was admirably played last night under Sir. Henry Wood (who, with Richter, deserves the credit for winning for it the popularity it has acquired) · the softness and fulness of the wind in the slow movement in particular were noteworthy, and the players exactly caught the spirit of the Scherzo, where Dvorak reminds us, as he often does elsewhere, of that still greater musician whom he loved and for whom he once even ventured into print—we mean Schubert.

Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia for piano and orchestra is at its best a blatant piece of musical patriotism, not because of the nature of its tunes, several of which are in themselves superb, but because of the violent and theatrical use to which they are put. Miss Marie Novello's hard touch and summary fashion of treating the free declamation did little to bring out such musical qualities as are latent in the work, though it must be recorded that she was many times recalled. The singers were Miss Margaret Balfour, who sang Rossi's aria "Ah! rendimi quel core" with fairly good tone but with not quite true intonation, and Mr. Thorpe Bates, who made a great deal of effect in Strauss's "Filgers Morgenlied," though he sang the climax in the last bars as if he were feeling the strain of his recent work at the festivals.

Times Oct 1912

PROMENADE CONCERT.

The central feature of last night's programme was a performance by Señor Theodor Szántó of Mr. Delius's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, which was written originally 15 years ago and has recently been revised by the composer. Though less original than some of the composer's later choral and orchestral works, this concerto has a great deal of individual music in it, and is written throughout with a decision of purpose and firmness of touch that have helped to make the best use of the material, as far as the orchestra is concerned. The tunes of the opening movement are stated boldly and cleanly, and in the development section are enriched instead of being squeezed dry as tunes often are after they have once been allowed their say; and when they recur in the recapitulation after the intervening largo (for the concerto is in one extended movement) they do so with a conviction that keeps them fresh. Harmonically the music seems to be making its way towards what we associate with Mr. Delius's later style; it is less full and rich, and the rhythms, except incidentally, are also less varied; but the result is not tentative; it is only less vivid. The elaborate and not very gratefully written solo part is the least satisfactory feature of the concerto. Whether it has big handfuls of chords allotted to it, such as Tchaikovsky has written at the beginning of his Concerto in B flat minor, or glittering shakes and runs to keep the wind company, the piano sounds inexpressive; it helps the orchestration rather than adds an individual voice of its own, and even when it takes the lead it either repeats what the orchestra has already said better or gives it a chance of immediately doing so. Señor Szántó triumphed over the difficulties of his part most brilliantly, and both he and the composer were very warmly applauded by the audience. Oct. 11-1912

Three Celtic Sketches for Orchestra by Mr. Edgar Bainton were also given for the first time, under the direction of the composer. The first two are intended to suggest the sorrow and the joy of the sea respectively, and gain nothing by being called "Celtic"; the third gives the mood of the dead waiting for their comrades in the Celtic paradise. All three pieces are unpretentious and uninteresting; they are not exactly derivative—there is little that seems directly suggested by other works—but they have no character and sound almost as if they might have been written any time during the last 50 years.

MALL GAZETTE

YESTERDAY'S CONCERTS.

MR. BAINTON'S "CELTIC SKETCHES."

Oct 11 1912

Mr. E. L. Bainton's "Celtic Sketches" for orchestra were played for the first time in London at the Promenade Concert. Three in number, the movements represent definite poetic ideas, the first being entitled "Sea-Sorrow," and being a sort of dirge on the human toll of the sea; the second, "Sea-Rapture," a song of the exultation in fighting wind and wave; the third, "Pharais," an impression of the "Celtic Paradise" where the "souls of the departed await the coming of the elect to the isle where they would be." The composer displays a fair measure of the imaginative qualities necessary to create the atmosphere suggested by these descriptive titles, and evidently seeks to attain his effects more by means of thematic invention than by a too exclusive use of orchestral colour. The material is undoubtedly of the most distinctive quality in the last movement, where there is often real charm; in the second the feeling of exultation is scarcely achieved without a measure of the commonplace in the melodic outline, while in the first the expression of sadness seemed a little forced. There were some quite good moments of effective instrumental writing, if this was not, as a whole, a very decided feature of the composition. Mr. Bainton conducted the performance, and received a warm welcome from the large audience.

Afterwards M. Theodor Szántó played the solo part of the pianoforte concerto of Delius (which, by the way, he did some five years ago when the work was played in London, and at a Promenade). Notwithstanding some indebtedness to Dvorák, particularly in the slow movement, this concerto contains some strong and individual music. It gives the impression of over-elaboration for the form, that is to say, the solo part scarcely stands out with sufficient sharpness, and possibly, generally speaking, it might be urged that the constant harmonic changes—complex schemes altogether—involve a measure of restlessness of effect. Yet the work evidently made an impression on the audience, the pianist played in a really powerful manner, and he and the composer, who bowed his acknowledgments from the dress circle, were loudly applauded.

In the afternoon at the Queen's Hall a delightful joint recital was given by Herr Fritz Kreisler and Signor Busoni. They were heard together in a sonata of the pianist's composition and the beautiful late work of Beethoven in G, while separately Kreisler played Bach's sonata in B minor (unaccompanied), and Busoni, Franck's "Prélude, choral et fugue," and Chopin's C sharp minor scherzo as an encore. The Beethoven sonata was played in many respects quite perfectly. Although it does not always follow that two eminent men are heard at their best in a concerted work, there was no doubting the beauty of the violinist's phrasing and tone, while the pianist never for a moment allowed his share in the performance to sound too obtrusive. The latter gave a fine account of Franck's work, obtaining splendid effects of sonority and revealing well the inherent dignity of the music. Herr Kreisler plays Bach, as every one knows, to perfection, and the interpretation of the solo sonata, not one of the best-known, was delightful, especially charming being the playing of the Double of the Corrente and of the lovely Sarabande.

KREISLER AND BUSONI.

A DELIGHTFUL AFTERNOON AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Oct 15 1912

The second concert given jointly by Herr Fritz Kreisler and Signor Feruccio Busoni yesterday at the Queen's Hall was no less successful than the first. It had one or two remarkable features. There came first on the programme a Mozart sonata for the two instruments which was played in a most delightfully crisp style: but the performance was easily surpassed by that given of the "Devil's Trill" of Tartini. Here the violinist was at the very top of his powers, and the wonderful fire and enthusiasm which he infused into the closing movement made the interpretation quite superb, while the combined effect with the splendid tone of Signor Busoni at the pianoforte made the whole a thing to remember. To end with the two artists were heard in César Franck's fine sonata in A. Here the playing was so beautifully clear and the phrasing so clean that it had the result of displaying more than usual the unevenly contrived design of the music. While the performance was one of singular beauty, especially as regards the tone in the expression of the lovely melodies, it was just possible to feel that more fiery and passionate readings have been given. Perhaps Kreisler is at his best after all in the classical school. Another of his solos was the cavatina from the late B flat quartet of Beethoven. The purist might object to this arrangement on the score that the full beauty of the music was somewhat lost without the other strings. Nevertheless the perfect interpretation of its deeply poetic theme was a joy to hear. Signor Busoni introduced a Liszt "Figaro" fantasia which he has recently discovered and completed from the unfinished MS. It is a good enough example of Liszt's skill in remarkable pianistic effects, but the distortion and vulgarisation of "Voi che sapete" and Figaro's song were indeed melancholy. He also played his own rather dry sonatina, first produced in London, last season, by Mr. Richard Buhlig. Both artists met with a splendid reception and both were compelled to add encores.

"PAGLIACCI" AT THE HIPPODROME.

Signor Leoncavallo seems to have been rather disappointed at the demand for a revival of *Pagliacci* to replace his new opera *I Zingari*, which is his own favourite among his works. It is only natural, however, that London should be anxious to seize the opportunity of hearing the enormously popular *Pagliacci* conducted by its composer, while as an opera this work possesses dramatic and picturesque qualities which make it certain in its appeal to the mixed type of audience which gathers in the Hippodrome. The experiment was anyhow justified by the enthusiasm it produced at yesterday's representation.

The finest performance of the afternoon was beyond doubt that of Signor Cunego as Canio. He sang magnificently, and acted, especially in the final tableau, in a way which brought out all the passion and the pathos which the character suggests. Admirable, too, was Signor Caronna in the burlesque intensity of Tonio the clown, and in his rendering of the Prologue; while as Nedda, the columbine, Signorina Rinalda Pavoni sang very well indeed. The subordinate parts of Silvio and the Harlequin were filled by Signor Santolini and Signor Jancourt. The orchestra, under the direction of the composer, showed themselves remarkably efficient and displayed the high musical standard which has been reached on our variety stage.

MM. KREISLER AND BUSONI'S RECITAL.

The second recital of these artists given at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon was exceedingly interesting both for what they played and their manner, or manners, of interpretation. On the first score M. Busoni's own "Sonatina" and Liszt's Fantasia upon two themes from Mozart's *Figaro* were chief in importance. The "Sonatina" has been played publicly more than once in London before, but not by its composer. In his hands it is a very remarkable piece of music. His complete control over all dynamic values has a wonderfully simplifying effect to the ear. Everything, both in the writing and in the interpretation, appears to be calculated with the utmost care, so that the hearer may have the least possible difficulty in following the logic of the ideas. M. Busoni's playing of his own work shows up the irrelevance of the remark in the programme that "some of the passages in this Sonatina are as dissonant as any written by Schönberg or other musical revolutionaries." It is not the use of dissonance which bothers any intelligent musician in listening to Schönberg, but merely the fact that such composers have not yet succeeded in showing the relationship between their dissonances or their harmonies which gives the key to their point of view. Busoni's point of view is clearly defined in the progress of this work from the simple diatonic first theme to the intricate polyphony of the *fugato*. Whether it makes a very strong appeal is another matter, but at any rate it is easy to see what he has aimed at, and one appreciates the extraordinary skill with which he achieves his aim.

The fantasia by Liszt is new. It was found by Busoni among Liszt's unfinished manuscripts, and, being completed by the former, was played for the first time in London yesterday. Liszt generally required a theme by somebody else to set his mind working at its highest level. Here the hit of "Non più andrai" did him this service, and from the first announcement of the refrain, coming like a great trumpet call (and probably no one since Liszt himself has been able to make the piano speak with the voice of the trumpet so surely as Busoni can), one feels that here is Liszt writing in the white heat of enthusiasm. One brilliant development follows another; the interlude on "Voi che sapete," skilful as it is in calling into play innumerable resources of colour and backing them with a lutelike accompaniment, is less spontaneous. It seems to be brought in for the sake of an obvious contrast, and the audience, having had the contrast, interrupted the work before the resumption of the main idea with a round of applause. All unconsciously they had found out the weak point in the fantasia that it breaks into two where the composer turns from one idea to another.

The concerted works which MM. Kreisler and Busoni gave together were Mozart's Sonata in A and Franck's in the same key. Incidentally it should be mentioned that the pianist accompanied the violin solos, but that was not all an advantage in Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo" Sonata, for his ideas about the music were so positive as to clash with Kreisler's very rhapsodic treatment of it. In the concerted Sonatas some differences between the attitudes of the two interpreters made themselves felt. The downward scales ending on the leading-note in Mozart's first movement pointed the difference clearly, for Busoni's accent on the last note was always much more definite than Kreisler's. The violinist often suggested where the pianist asserted. When they were absolutely at one, as in the playing of the beautiful chief melody of Mozart's slow movement, their playing gave perfect satisfaction. In Franck's Sonata there were many things to enjoy, but if they were mostly in the violin music it was because Busoni seemed constantly to be absorbed in what Franck thought rather than how Franck felt. Neither player seemed to yield himself up completely to the impulse of Franck's rhythm, and one missed the gentle sway, the feeling of being blown hither and thither by a light breeze which is the subtle charm of the first theme from which the Sonata is evolved.

Oct 9 1912

QUEEN'S HALL.

In no way has that wonderful violinist, Mr. Mischa Elman, grown in musical wisdom and stature more than in breadth of style. Many of us can remember without a very great strain upon the memory his first appearances, and how we rejoiced in the strength of the young lion. But now it appears that he has gone from strength to strength, and while his technique is at least as polished as ever, and the fire as burning, there has come to him a breadth of style that formerly was to seek. Now he can play Beethoven as Beethoven demands, not, as formerly, with a mere technical perfection. At his recital—the only one of the season—in Queen's Hall, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Elman testified abundantly to the ripeness of his style by a wholly admirable performance of Beethoven's Violin Sonata in D; wholly admirable because of the breadth already referred to. But why does a player of Mr. Elman's calibre have recourse to the "arrangements" by others of such a work as Tartini's "Trille du Diable"? May no composer, however distinguished, have his own say, his own way nowadays? Mr. Kahn was admirable, too, as accompanist, but something more than an accompanist is required in the right rendering of Beethoven's sonatas. In other words, Mr. Kahn was a little too much of an accompanist and too little of a coadjutor. May it be asked if "Zigeunerweisen," by Sarasate, is correctly translated "literally" by the expression "In the gipsy manner," as stated in the programme?

Oct 16. 1912

YESTERDAY'S CONCERTS.

M. BEMBERG AND MME. DORIS WOODALL.

It is not every composer whose music is sufficiently varied, either in the application of technique or in mood to form a satisfactory whole concert programme. Certainly one found yesterday afternoon that a little of M. Henri Bemberg's method went rather a long way. He gave a concert of songs and opera excerpts at the Queen's Hall, appearing himself in the rôle of accompanist. Some of his songs have won popularity in this country, although the opera, "Elaine," given at Covent Garden some years ago, did not succeed. The truth is his powers are distinctly limited, while his style is not marked by a strong individuality of expression. It is more or less akin to Massenet, without that composer's greater dexterity of workmanship and simple directness. The vein of sentimentality M. Bemberg works in a facile manner has, of course, its pleasing moments, but it tends quickly enough to exhaustion of effect, and certain evidences of a wish to obtain harmonic width have some artificiality which does not help to continue the interest. The opera excerpts performed were from "Elaine," "Leilah," in which the composer had been associated with M. E. de Lorey, and "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc." Some single songs and a duet completed the scheme. Miss Maggie Teyte, Mr. John McCormack, and Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt were the chief exponents, and it need hardly be said they sang in an accomplished enough manner, if at the same time without a very great measure of conviction.

The same afternoon Mme. Doris Woodall gave a vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall, and it was a real pleasure to hear this clever and talented artist once again. As at her recital last May she again brought forward a number of German songs, examples of Schubert, Brahms, Franz, and Wolf, forming an attractive scheme. Mme. Woodall was in excellent voice, and its lovely quality was finely shown in "Feldeinsamkeit" and "Von Ewiger Liebe," given with a full sense of its growth to climax. In "Der Tod und das Mädchen" the singer failed to get the best effect, because in the latter half she neglected to keep the rhythm steady. Freedom is not possible here as it is, for instance, in "Der Leiermann." This last was beautifully sung, while "Lachen und Weinen" was delivered with admirable spirit. Mme. Woodall, it may be added, easily kept the attention of her hearers, for she has a very strong gift of interpretation, with ideas of her own and the power to express them.

Telegraph Oct. 16. 1912

QUEEN'S HALL.

It was difficult to realise in Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon, at the concert devoted to Mr. H. Bemberg's compositions, that twenty years had flown since that composer's "Elaine" was seen at Covent Garden. Yet such, undeniably, is the case. But the composer himself—who played many of the accompaniments yesterday—hardly seems to have aged, and, as for his music, it sounds now very much the same as it did then—pleasant, suave, melodious, and very decidedly sentimental. Original you would not think of calling it, and now and again the sentiment—or sentimentality—of it may be rather too saccharine for your taste. But it is invariably refined and delicate, and grateful to the singers, and over most of it lies the easy grace of that French school to whose ideals the composer clings. It was Mr. Bemberg's good fortune yesterday, as before, to be admirably served by his interpreters. At Covent Garden such stars as Melba and Jean de Reszke helped to commend his opera to favour. Yesterday Miss Maggie Teyte, Mr. John McCormack, and Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt were the artists principally concerned, and all three contrived to get every possible ounce of effect out of the songs and duets entrusted to them. Quite pretty and pleasing in their kind were some of those things, but even the combined vocal graces of Miss Teyte and Mr. McCormack—aided incidentally by Miss Sara Melita, who warbled the part of the nightingale with musically Oriental leanings—could not save from dulness the duet from the second act of "Leilah," an opera, based upon a Persian subject, in the music of which Mr. Bemberg and Mr. Eustache de Lorey have collaborated. On the other hand, two separate numbers from the same work, "Vers l'Oasis" and "A la Rose," showed a pleasant fancy, and in them adroit and not oppressive use is made of an Eastern idiom. At the end of the programme, with Miss Teyte as the soloist and Madame Novello-Davies's choir to sing the chorus, came a so-called scène lyrique, "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc," wherein the Maid of Orleans expires to ultra-sentimental strains. Assistance was given during the afternoon, at the piano and organ respectively, by Mr. Sydney Stoeger and Mr. F. A. Sewell.

MUSIC.

CLASSICAL CONCERT SOCIETY.

The first of the series of ten concerts which this society is to give on Wednesdays during the autumn season took place at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was rich in its interests. With a vocal quartet organized by Dr. Henschel it was possible to make concerted vocal music the chief resource of the programme, and that fact in itself ensured freshness in the choice of music, for there is no form of art more neglected in London concert-rooms than vocal duets and quartets. On the instrumental side, too, we had music of a kind which is not too often heard. Miss Adila and Miss Jelly von Arányi played one of Spohr's duets for two violins, and, with Mr. Frank Bridge, Dvorák's Terzetto in C major for two violins and viola.

All the vocal music was by Brahms, except the cycle for vocal quartet and piano, Dr. Henschel's own "Serbisches Liederspiel," which came first. In a secondary sense Brahms is responsible for that too, for one can hardly imagine that it would have been written as it is without the example of the "Liebeslieder." This is natural enough, since it was written 34 years ago at a time when Brahms's personal influence upon Henschel was at its strongest, but it is seen more in the style of the workmanship than in the ideas, which are strong and possess a charm of their own. The quartet, consisting of Miss Lillie Wormald, Mme. Emily Thornfield, Mr. John Adams, and Dr. Henschel himself, who also played the piano, sang them with admirable feeling and well-finished *ensemble*. The balance was a little spoilt (at any rate for listeners in certain parts of the hall) by the fact that Dr. Henschel's position at the piano placed him apart from the other singers, and in the beautiful quartet "Unter dun Mandelbaum" the bass part was often lost. In Brahms's "Neue Liebeslieder Waltzer," at the end of the programme, the duet accompaniment of which was well played by Messrs. Frank Davey and Walter Wiltshire, this defect in the conditions was rectified. It is difficult to avoid a contest of strength between the piano duet and the vocal quartet in these songs, and the only way to avoid it is for all performers to be equally imbued with the waltz rhythm which is the foundation of the whole. Sometimes, in No. 8, for example, they seemed to be all involved equally in its impulse, but at others there was not the same unanimity, and wherever it failed the players and the singers were inclined to make up for its loss by more tone. On the whole, therefore, the effect was rather rough. Brahms's dialogue setting of "Edward" was sung by Mme. Thornfield and Mr. Adams with fine effect, save that Mr. Adams hardly rose to the intensity of its climax. Two of the duets from Op. 61, "Kloster Fräulein" and "Die Boten der Liebe," were sympathetically sung by the two ladies of the quartet. In addition to the mere mention of the instrumental part of the concert it must be recorded that the *ensemble* of the Misses Arányi in their interpretation of Spohr's duet was faultless, and that the three players excelled in the Scherzo of Dvorák's "Terzetto," which is its most characteristic number.

A TRIO CONCERT.

The second and last of the two concerts given by MM. Bauer, Thibaud, and Casals took place yesterday afternoon in the Queen's Hall.

The programme opened with the first of Beethoven's two pianoforte trios numbered Op. 70, the one in D, which owes to German romanticism its title of the "Ghost" trio. The slow movement which supplies the title undoubtedly dominates the trio, and, in spite of the gaiety of the last movement, casts its shadow over the whole work, which is thus in strong contrast to the other one in E flat from the same opus number, played last week, where there is uninterrupted sunshine from beginning to end. And yet this was precisely the movement which "told" best in the Queen's Hall. Dramatic as it is in conception, the music of this wonderful Largo is intimate in its appeal; the drama is not of the stage but of the soul, and needs closer contact between players and audience than it is possible to obtain in so large a hall. The listener's difficulty of concentrating on the musical thought under these conditions and the players' difficulty of communicating it without insisting on points were probably the cause of the momentary gaps in the chain of connexion between them and of the way in which the music in consequence seemed to drag. The same thing was noticeable in the slow movement of Brahms's horn trio, which followed the Beethoven; the music halted and one wondered at times if it were not being heard through closed doors. The quick movements, however, brought the players back into contact with the audience, and the wonderful finish of the playing was nowhere more striking than in the finale of the horn trio, which was rightly taken a trifle faster than would have been safe if the horn part had been played on the horn and not on the violoncello. The lid of the piano was open this time, and the tone of all three instrumentalists blended beautifully.

Mendelssohn's pianoforte trio in C minor brought the concert to a conclusion, and was played with such a light touch and refreshing absence of sentimentality that the music instead of sounding even emptier than it is (as Mendelssohn's music often does sound when it is taken too seriously) gained momentary conviction and appealed by its contents as well as by its form. It began and ended with the usual storm in a teacup, but on this occasion the tea had more flavour than usual.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The concert last night began with "Euryanthe," which was followed by a most careful performance of the "Rouet d'Omphale," in which Saint-Saëns's scholasticism gives place to light fancy and he throws in his lot for once with the romantic school. An effective contrast to this was found in Mozart's Concerto in D minor, the best and longest known of all. The way it was played by Mlle. Guiomar Novaës was something to remember. She has gained a good deal in stability of tone since last year, and lost none of the virtues she then displayed. She still has the smooth and beautifully graduated touch that charmed her audience before, and is enabled with a slightly increased tone to do more with it. But what made her performance last night so exceptionally good was the unerring sense of rhythm. It is as delightful as it is rare to hear living phrases like these that move without either ungainly stiffness or ill-judged sentiment, and that combine without flurry or display the performer's enthusiasm with respect for the composer.

If the Concerto was the most charming moment of the evening Strauss's Tone-poem was the most absorbing. The orchestra are to be sincerely congratulated on a thoroughly worthy performance of this, and our grateful thanks are due to the conductor for an exhausting effort crowned with success. As Paganini thought more of his bows than his bowing, and Wagner more of his poetry and his stage managing than of what he is living and will live by—his music; so, now that Strauss is more familiar to our ears, we begin to see that when all these fanciful pictures, which he insists that we shall fix our gaze upon, are put aside and forgotten, and we listen with the ear and eye of the mind to what he is saying, there is a power and coerciveness in his music which dwarfs most of his contemporaries, who are occupied mainly with the adjuncts of folk melody, or niceties of orchestration, and who seldom possess his strength of wing.

Oct. 8 1912

MUSIC.

MR. ARCHY ROSENTHAL'S RECITAL.

A pianoforte recital was given last night in the Æolian Hall by Mr. Archy Rosenthal with a programme which included Schumann's Etudes Symphouiques, Grieg's "Holberg" Suite, and a number of small miscellaneous pieces, amongst which were a mazurka by Glazounov, a study by Liadov, Cyril Scott's popular "Danse Nègre," and two valses by the concert-giver.

The player has acquired a somewhat more assured style and a firmer control of tone than he possessed a few years ago. At the same time his touch is not particularly interesting; it is clear and crisp and it served him well in the suite by Grieg and in some of the small pieces, but it was hardly warm enough for Chopin's Polonaise in E flat, nor was it sufficiently full for the finale of the Etudes Symphoniques. He was at his best in the quiet variations, which he played simply and without any attempt to force the sentiment. In the more vigorous ones he showed a tendency, which was also noticeable in the Chopin, to hold back notes in the middle of a phrase for the sake of obtaining emphasis which too often only broke the flow of the music and so made the emphasis meaningless when it came. The finale for this reason lost much of its fine impulse, and, curiously enough, one of the most emphatic moments of all, where the chord of B flat major breaks in instead of that of B flat minor, was passed over almost unnoticed. His methods were far more successful in the quite straightforward style of Grieg's Suite, the Rigaudon and Gavotte in which were given with vivacity and with a spontaneity which was wanting in the broader and deeper music of Schumann.

PROMENADE CONCERT.

The novelty at last night's concert consisted of a Schauspiel Overture by Erich Korugold, who has already been represented at this season's concerts by extracts from his Ballet-pantomime *Der Schneemann*. Like that work, it is written with unflagging vitality and with a lively sense for what is fresh and piquant, more especially in the way in which what looks as though it were going to be an obvious cadence resolves into an unexpected key. But these pleasant little surprises after frequent repetition begin to lose their savour, and the vitality in the present work is made to seem a little forced owing to the square-cut edges of the rhythms into which it is turned. These rhythms do not cross and blend as freely as they do in the pianoforte sonata, and the effect is often stiff, and near the end of the overture becomes even pompous. The chief subjects of the allegro and the general atmosphere of a good deal of it point to the influence of Strauss, which is as strong here as in the early pianoforte trio, though it has been better assimilated. The weakest feature of the work is the absence of conviction with which the composer writes in the Viennese mood; it had point in the ballet and was very charming in the scherzo of the sonata; here he only seems to have dropped into it when uncertain how to carry on the chief business of the overture. The scoring is generally effective, sometimes a little tentative, but, fortunately, not ambitious or startling. The whole thing is a striking composition for a small boy—one may say that of all he has published—but it does not tell us any more about him than we can find in what he has written before.

Miss Ellen Beck was the singer and Miss Johanne Stockmarr played César Franck's Symphonic Variations and Liszt's Fantasia on the "Ruins of Athens"—*absit omen*. The rest of the programme was made up of Debussy's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," played with beautiful finish, Sibelius's "Valse Triste," Svendsen's Legend for Orchestra, "Zorahayda," and the suite which has been compiled from Tchaikovsky's ballet *Le Lac des Cygnes*, and which, as the result of judicious compression and selection, manages to give a fairly favourable view of one of the composer's least inspired compositions.

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WONDERFUL BOY COMPOSER.

Mature and Original Musical Work at Fourteen.

Another amazing piece of music from the pen of the boy composer Erich Korngold was played at the Promenade Concert last night. We have now heard several of Korngold's works, during the past year, and one can only say that, if they are his unaided work, in construction and orchestration, he is certainly the most remarkable "prodigy" in musical history.

But listening to last night's work, it seemed impossible that music so modern and matured in feeling, and scored with a touch that seemed born of long experience; could have been produced by a boy of 14 after a few years of childhood study.

One hears it said that the instrumentation of this work has been "revised" by someone else and if this were so, of course, the value of it all would be somewhat discounted. But in the absence of any definite information on the point one is bound, of course, to assume that it is Korngold's own work.

The overture (which is dedicated to Nikisch) does not seem to have any definite poetic basis or emotional significance. It is simply described as an "Overture to a play," and varies between bright and grave moods, the former being most in evidence. The themes and their piquant harmonies, with many original rhythmic effects, are all clever and striking, and the whole construction of the music is exceedingly clever.

One would really like Erich Korngold to pay us a visit, so that we could see in the flesh this extraordinarily precocious composer, whose existence at present seems to us almost a myth.

Oct 21 1912

SOME VIOLIN MUSIC

Mr. Spalding Opens the Season at Carnegie Hall.

There is to be an extraordinary visitation of violin virtuosi in the United States during the approaching winter and next spring, and it was therefore appropriate that the season's formal opening should be made with a recital of violin music. Mr. Albert Spalding was the performer, and his concert took place in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. It was also Mr. Spalding's farewell to his native land for a time. He is a wise young man. There is much territory between the two great oceans, the British provinces, Mexico and its gulf, and many cities and towns therein have learned to give glad welcome to the peripatetic virtuoso; but the distances are large, the virtuosi many, and it is not right that Europe should be left an hungered while Ysaye, Kreisler, Elman, Zimbalist and others chase one another to and fro across the continent in pursuit of the American shekel. Mr. Spalding has won his way to the favor of his countrymen, has made his harvest, and could not show his appreciation of us better than by going to Europe to fill the void left by the exodus of his admirable fellows. Many good wishes go with him.

Mr. Spalding has played both better and worse in New York than he did yesterday. He did not play his classic pieces—a sonata in D by Corelli, Beethoven's Romance in G and the Bach chaconne—with the broad style, the consistent tone quality and the reposefulness which they exact, and his audience, flattering in numbers, did not find as much enjoyment in them as they did in the "Rondo Capriccioso" by Saint-Saëns, and especially the two bits of old-fashioned pattern work which he spun out of muted tones after the Saint-Saëns piece. The third part of his programme was made out of five pieces of his own and a Paganini caprice (the one which Brahms varied for the pianoforte). In all of them (the most satisfactory in structure was his "Musical Period" in C sharp minor) he sent his ideas very far afield in an effort to make them interesting, but they did not gather much beauty in their wanderings.

H. E. K.

MR. SPALDING'S RECITAL.

The First Offering of the Concert Season by the Young American Artist.

Mr. Albert Spalding, who was the first musician to present himself this season to the New York concert audiences, secured no very dense throng of listeners at his concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Nor could it be expected that he would, even though it were his "only New York recital," with October still so young and offering so alluring an aspect outside of concert halls. Mr. Spalding is still young; but in the few years since he returned to his native country he has shown a steady progress, a steady artistic ripening that has been a cause of gratification to those who have watched his progress. He is in earnest, and he has the root of the matter in him; and if he is not quite ready yet to read his title clear to being "the great American violinist," as the programme styled him, he is an artist who has already much to say for himself.

His playing yesterday showed refined and delicate musical feeling; and there were in it a greater warmth of tone and a greater technical security than have hitherto been noticeable in it. It showed, indeed, finish and delicacy and, especially in music of a lesser mold, fine taste and sense of proportion. It might be doubted whether these qualities did not predominate somewhat to the exclusion of force and vigor in certain places where they were needed; for the sonata in D by Corelli with which Mr. Spalding began might have had more breadth and amplitude, and Mr. Spalding still fails to reach and show forth all there is of Olympian grandeur and repose in the chaconne from Bach's D minor solo sonata. And yet in each of these there was much that was finely felt and truly musical in its exposition, as there was in Beethoven's Romance in G. Chausson's "Le Poème" Mr. Spalding did not succeed in making as interesting as it might be made. It needs, moreover, all the help it can get from the color and variety of the orchestral background, which loses much when set for the piano. The piece is baffling in its length and discursiveness, even to those who admire the beauty of its ballad-like opening, its eloquent harmony, its picturing of mood. Mr. Spalding caught a good deal, if not all, of the Gallic grace and elegance of Saint-Saëns's Rondo Capriccioso—if only there had been a little more spirit, a little more verve.

He claimed attention as a composer, a "Prelude," a "Scherzo Giocoso," a "Romance," a "Musical Period," a "Siciliano" were the titles of the pieces he put forward. They showed a more or less graceful fancy, intelligence in exploiting the technique of the violin, some skill in the treatment of diminutive musical ideas; but also a prevailing restlessness of harmony, and they did not seem to indicate that Mr. Spalding had anything musical of much significance to say for its own sake.

CONCERT IN IRVING PLACE

Russian Music Given at Old German Theatre.

The third popular afternoon concert at the Irving Place Theatre was given yesterday before a good sized audience. The programme consisted of Russian music. The performers were Miss Betty Askenas, pianist; Enrico Alessandro, tenor; Fedrick Vaska, 'cello, and Maurice Kaufmann, violinist. Miss Askenasy played Tschaikowsky's "Chant d'Automne" and Arensky's "Peons Andan Etude."

Mr. Allessandro sang an air from Eugen Onegin with a light voice of much natural beauty.

N.Y. Times Oct 27 1912

MISCHA ELMAN'S RECITAL.

A Large Audience Hears the Russian Violinist in Carnegie Hall.

Mischa Elman returns to New York in the van of the visiting violinists, still a youth, and a finer artist than he has shown himself heretofore; an artist that is to say whose purely musical fibre has strengthened and developed, and who has more and more put away the childish things of the mere virtuoso. He gave his first recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, which was filled with an audience deeply attentive and eagerly enthusiastic. It is needless to enlarge again on the remarkable technical accomplishments that have made Mr. Elman so much admired in his previous visits to this country. They are as brilliant, as perfectly under his control as they have been shown to be before. His wonderfully vigorous and elastic bowing, the precision and accuracy of his left hand in every sort of difficulty that can exist for the instrument, the certainty of his intonation in the most elaborate passages and double stoppings, are enough to certify a talent as a violinist as remarkable as any that has been heard here for a long time. He seemed to show yesterday an even nobler and more beautiful tone than he ever has before; a tone rich in all nuances, of power and quality, and subtly varied in the exposition of the various expression of the music upon his programme.

Mr. Elman's more serious musicianship was directed upon sonatas by Beethoven and Handel; the former being that in F, Op. 24; the latter in D major. Beethoven's sonata is ill-adapted for performance in a place so large as Carnegie Hall. Its spirit is intimate, its style that of chamber music; and so Mr. Elman played it, without an attempt to increase its sonorities or to force it to fit a larger frame than that for which it was conceived. There were tenderness and poesy in his performance of the first movement; there was also a little tendency to rythmical unrest, which might have been in some measure due to the disturbing effect of a slight misadventure with the printed notes suffered near the beginning of the piece by Mr. Kahn, the accompanist. The scherzo with the humorous misplacement of the rhythm between the violin and the piano was delightfully played. The performance of Handel's sonata was of splendid breadth, energy, and stateliness; its highest point was reached in the noble parghetto movement; and Mr. Elman scarcely surpassed this in artistic quality in anything he did in the concert. Between these two came, with an effect of incongruity, Ernst's concerto in F sharp minor, which Mr. Elman played with dazzling brilliancy and impetuosity.

It is a violinist's concerto, of the sort that the great virtuosos of the last century used to turn out in large numbers to display their own particular skill, and it has all the limitations that such music, written for such a purpose, almost inevitably shows. It is difficult to believe that Ernst himself could have given a performance of it more perfectly embodying all the qualities it is intended to show than Mr. Elman's.

To-day, instead of writing brilliant concertos of this sort, great virtuosos content themselves with making pleasing and effective little transcriptions of slight pieces written for omething else, usually the piano, and the number of these produced and performed is daily increasing. It may be a less ambitious undertaking, but its results are of greater value. Mr. Elman put on his programme several such transcriptions: Wilhelmj's arrangement of a nocturne by Chopin, Burmester's of a waltz by Hummel, a quaint piece of faded early nineteenth century sentiment, his own of a "love song" by Sammartini, and his master Joachim's of one of Brahms's Hungarian dances. He added a couple more of such pieces by Kreisler and Wilhemj. The last he filled with true Hungarian gusto. At the end he gave Pagannini's variations on Rossini's air, "Di Tanti Palpiti."

Mr. Elman was accompanied on the piano by Mr. Percy Kahn with a truly delightful and artistic skill.

N.Y. Trib. Oct 28 1912

A SUNDAY'S CONCERTS

Orchestral Music at Cheap Prices.

There were two orchestral concerts yesterday, a pianoforte recital, an entertainment in which there were pleasant echoes of Viennese life blended with efforts which evoked more ambitious work, but were less ingratiating, and a reading mixed with music, some of which was designed to illustrate the words spoken by the elocutionist. Rather a generous allowance, it might be said, for the second Sunday in the season; but concerts of larger scope and better quality will soon pre-empt the field, which fact may be accepted as an explanation of the somewhat unusual flurry.

The orchestral concerts were given by the People's Symphony Society at Carnegie Hall in the afternoon and the Russian Symphony Society at Madison Square Garden in the evening, and were both designed for the edification of that portion of the city's population which is excluded by their small means from the enjoyment of the concerts given by such organizations as the Philharmonic and Symphony societies and the Boston Orchestra. That in the afternoon took on something of a memorial character, Mr. F. X. Arens, the director of the People's Symphony, producing some of Massenet's music (the overture to "Phèdre" and the so-called "Meditation," from "Thaïs") in memory of the composer, who died recently, and playing also the dirge from MacDowell's "Indian Suite" as a tribute to Alfred L. Seligman, who was one of the society's generous patrons. Other numbers were Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, MacDowell's pianoforte concerto in D minor (the solo part played by Miss Laeta Hartley) and Elgar's march "Pomp and Circumstance."

The pianoforte recital was given in the afternoon in the Republic Theatre—a room whose acoustical properties proved to be admirably adapted to such an entertainment. The player was David Sapirstein, who as a lad some years ago appeared before the public and then went to Europe to continue his studies. To judge by his programme one must conclude that he feels himself entitled to a place among the foremost virtuosi, for only the best, or at least the most venturesome, would dare invite critical judgment on their playing of Brahms's variations on a theme by Handel, Beethoven's stupendous sonata in B flat, Op. 106; all the preludes by Chopin and Liszt's fantasia on themes from "Don Giovanni." Mr. Sapirstein would have been deserving of praise had he not issued so loud a challenge, for in all of this music a great deal more is required than a good technical equipment—even so good an outfit as Mr. Sapirstein possesses. There were too many moments in the long afternoon when attention flagged because there was a proclamation of the literal text of the works only, uninspired by fancy, unwarmed even by beauty of tone and disappointing in its absence of good legato playing.

The meeting in Madison Square Garden was an extraordinary demonstration, the audience numbering no fewer than five thousand persons, the vast majority of them plainly working people from the East Side. The conditions did not invite discussion of the artistic side of the affair, the place being far too large to justify anything except music of a simple and popular character. The most effective number of the programme, therefore, was a group of Russian folksongs arranged by Glazounow, Rimsky-Korsakow, Spendiarow and Rubinstein, which with their Oriental intervals and rhythm gave obvious pleasure.

H. E. K.

N.Y. Sun

David Sapirstein, an American pianist gave a recital yesterday afternoon in the Republic Theatre. Mr Sapirstein was last heard here in December, 1905, when he was 16 years of age. He had then come to the end of a course of study under Angus Spanuth, now the editor of the *Signale fu die Musik Welt*, published in Leipsic. Mr Sapirstein at the age of 16 made an impression such as might have been expected of a mature pianist and his recital raised warm expectations.

It cannot be said that these were altogether realized at yesterday's concert Certain striking qualities of the player's equipment which were in evidence seven years ago were nevertheless again prominent yesterday. There was the same delightful clearness of enunciation and the sparkling crispness of the boy's finger technic was yet more brilliant in that of the man. The boy showed uncommonly strong and agile fingers, and so did the young man. The range of dynamics was not appreciably greater and the idiosyncrasies of tone were the same.

When Mr. Sapirstein was a boy his tone was good, but narrow in its range of tints. This was again the case yesterday. He seemed to lean voluntarily to the side of continence, indeed almost to the verge of repression. The supreme tests of his musicianship were the first two numbers on his programme, namely the Brahms variations on a theme by Handel and Beethoven's sonata, opus 106.

The Brahms variations call for a remarkable scope of tonal quality, for the most brilliant finger technic, for swiftly altered points of view, for elusive and fitful moods. Through the series of musical miniatures made of the Handel subject by the Viennese artist Mr. Sapirstein waded with unflagging zeal and with a clarity of touch altogether pleasing. But there was little in the performance beyond this. The reading of the variations was unfortunately lacking in breadth and insight. There was a deal of musical monotony in it, and this is the unpardonable sin.

The interpretation of the Beethoven sonata was of much the same character as that of the variations. It was a serious and honest attempt at the great composition, but it cannot be said to have been enlightening. The other numbers on the programme were twenty-five preludes of Chopin and Liszt's "Don Juan" fantasia beloved of Moritz Rosenthal in his early years.

WAGE EARNERS AT CONCER[T]

Russian Symphony Orchestra Offe[rs] an Interesting Programme.

The R[illegible]an Symphony Orchestra ga[ve] a po[illegible] con[illegible]t at Madison Squa[re] Garden [illegible] evening under the directi[on] of i[illegible] conductor, Modest Altschuler. T[he] concert [illegible] one of a proposed series a[rranged] by Julius Hopp for the Wa[ge] Earners' Theatre League. The seats we[re] [illegible] at popular prices and at reduc[ed] [illegible] for the members of the league.

The programme included two mov[e]ments from Tschaikowsky's fourth sym[phony], several Russian folk-songs, a[r]ranged by Russian composers; the ove[r]ture to "Tannhäuser," the bacchana[le] from "Samson et Dalila," the dance [of] the hours from "Gioconda," Liszt's se[c]ond rhapsodie, a berceuse of Jaernfel[t], [illegible] Entrance of the Bojar[s] and Tschaikowsky's overture, "1812."

Herma Menth Heard at Concert.

Herma Menth, a Hungarian pianist, who was heard in New York several times last Winter, was the feature of the concert at the Irving Place Theatre yesterday afternoon. The programme was devoted to Hungarian music, and Miss Menth played Liszt's Second Legend, Eighth Rhapsodie, a "Liebestraum," and the "Faust" waltz. Dora de Phillipe, soprano, and the Vienna quartet also appeared at the concert.

Oct 29 1912

Welsh Choir and Girl Violinist Give Concert

Singers Produce Admirable Results with Disappointing Programme—Senorita Goni Bold, but Immature.

A Welsh choir and a Spanish violinist joined hands last evening at Carnegie Hall and bowed to an American audience. The choir was composed of the Gwent Male Glee Singers under the conduct of George Davies, and the instrumentalist was Senorita Cristeta Goni, a fifteen-year-old miss, who has been heralded as a countrywoman of the great Sarasate and one worthy to follow in his footsteps.

There are twenty voices in the choir and while it must be admitted that they managed to convey some admirable effects and emphasis, it was disappointing that the programme was not "of the soil." Barring "Scots wha hae," which was sung from behind the curtain, the members represented no particular country or nation, and in

led a spirited version of the "Sol-
s' Chorus" from "Faust."
norita Goni first essayed Men-
sohn's Concerto, a work which on-
trily causes older and more profi-
t musicians to hesitate before
ring it to a critical audience, but
e was no noticeable hesitancy in
young Spanish lady's attitude. Her
, however, is quite immature and
enthusiasm was greater than her
racy.

London. Pall Mall? Oct 18/ 1912

ST NIGHT'S CONCERTS

A BOY COMPOSER.

oung Erich Korngold's "Schauspiel
erture" was given its first performance
England at the Promenade Concert last
t. Several of this fourteen-year-old com-
r's works have now been played in Lon-
and one and all show considerable pro-
. He undoubtedly has ideas, but his
ic suffers as yet from crudity, an un-
ed critical judgment, and, most of all,
the evidences of bad training. He has
forced to attempt to run before he can
k, and in the result one has not only a good
of scrappiness of treatment and hetero-
eity of style, but, worst of all, perhaps pre-
iousness. It is all very well to say how
arkable in one so young, but one rather
the pity of such misdirected energy.
themes in this overture were not specially
king in themselves, and in this respect the
sic compares unfavourably with that of
pantomime, "Der Schneemann." Yet
re is much that suggests character and
viduality, which it is to be hoped will one
bear good fruit. When that time comes
fancies Korngold will be the first to look
ance upon these early works.

Music for two pianofortes is rather un-
isfactory; sometimes one thinks of the
le about the pig squealing under a gate;
the other hand, there are a few effects
ich are pleasing and quite unobtainable in
other way. The Misses Sutro presented
programme of music of the kind at the
Steinway Hall last night, displaying very
r skill therein, both in individual tech-
ue and in the ensemble. There were one
two slips, and it seemed a pity that music
s dispensed with, as they were evidently
to lapses of memory. Bach, who suc-
ded in every form he attempted, was re-
sented by the double concerto in C;
Chopin, by his dull little rondo; E. Schütt
Algernon Ashton, whose Toccata was
yed for the first time, were familiar
mes; not so E. Rudorff, J. B. Duvernoy,
Thern, and Alexis Hollaender. The re-
tory, indeed, is one of some limitations.

Oct 12 1912

MISS MARIE BREMA'S CONCERTS.

he first of a new series—the third series—of Miss
ma's fortnightly Friday evenings took place last
ht. These are now held at the Lindsey Hall,
to Notting-hill-gate Station, instead of, as
erly, in Cromwell-road. The six concerts will
prise vocal and instrumental music, recitations,
ing, operatic and dramatic scenes. The concert
night comprised pianoforte pieces of Brahms
ed by Miss Marjorie Adam, songs of Wolf (Mr.
ert Maitland), songs of Schubert and German
ongs (Miss Brema), recitations by Miss Tita
nd, and an interpretation of music in dance by
Allan Glen.

he hall, not long built, is a grateful one for the
er, and did full justice to the dramatic qualities
iss Brema's song. The contrasts of tone were,
ed, a little startling at times, and there were
ents when the composer was not allowed quite
liver his own message in his own way. But it
no means a common thing to hear such genuine
of music combined with real sincerity of style,
nterspersed with passages of real vocal beauty.
. Maitland's style was the reverse of this, and
lementary to it. His strength lay in the
ss of the middle and lower tones and in the
phrasing which welded them together, rather
in any forcible and dramatic conception of his
His voice improved with use and some slight
s of intonation disappeared as the evening went
that "Verborgenheit" and "Coptisches Lied"
delivered with a sustained power quite above
verage.

Oct 19, 1912

MR. VIVIAN BURROWS'S RECITAL.

The most conspicuous feature in the playing of the
ung violinist who was heard at Bechstein Hall
sterday afternoon was the rich and full quality of
tone. In other directions his technique is well
tivated, his playing of chords was generally
mirable in its decision, for example, but the tone
s never failing. He seemed to be able to take it
granted while in some other respects he was not
certain. Mr. Burrows began with Tartini's
'rillo del Diavolo" Sonata, which just lately has been heard almost whenever a violinist has given a recital, and which gave excellent opportunity for the display of fine tone; later he gave Max Bruch's Concerto in G minor, another popular work with violinists of the broad type, and some of Kreisler's pieces and arrangements. Such a trifle as the latter's "Caprice Viennois" is a greater test of a player's stylo than the more solid works which, given fair technique and intelligence, play themselves. In the "Caprice Viennois" the difference between the first-rate and the stage which comes next to it shows at once, for a trifle of over-emphasis here, of too much *rallentando* there, or a little weakness of rhythm turns it at once into a commonplace show piece. Such little defects showed where Mr. Burrows is still unfinished in his artistic equipment. A short "Romance" of his own was so like a hundred other violinists' pieces as to require no further comment. Miss Alexia Bassian sang several songs, including the cycle "Les Heures" by Augusta Holmès. It was a pity that in Tchaikovsky's "An dem Schlummernden Strom" she spoilt an effective interpretation by just over-impressing the refrain upon her hearers.

Oct 21 1912

MR. GRAINGER'S "GREEN BUSHES."

SATURDAY'S PERFORMANCE AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

An interesting feature of the Queen's Hall Orchestra's first symphony concert of the season given on Saturday afternoon was the first performance in England of Mr. Percy Grainger's Passacaglia "Green Bushes." The composer is specialising in folksong settings, and certainly has invented a way of treating them which is full of possibilities. In the present case he has again developed the device adopted in his "Mock Morris" and his "Faeroese Dance-ballad," which, roughly, consists of frequent repetition of the theme accompanied by various kinds of embellishment. The justification for the treatment in "Green Bushes" lies in the composer's desire to suggest a picture of rural dancing, where, of course, the playing of the dance-tune over and over again would be a natural and necessary thing. For the cleverness of the treatment, the pleasing freedom and even exhilaration of the polyphonic effect, the greatest praise is due. It is only when one considers the work as a whole that criticism arises in respect of purely musical achievement. That the work was felt to be too long really meant that the exigencies of musical form cannot be ignored; the idea must be made subject to the considerations which apply to symphonic music just as they do to the "programme." Hence, not having a visual representation, say, of a group of village-folk of bygone days dancing on the green to the point of physical exhaustion, it was impossible to avoid the reflection that the form, to be artistically successful, needs a little more of the truer type of variation writing so that the purely musical sense could feel more satisfied. Mr. Grainger conducted himself, and with all his accustomed vigour.

The soloist of the afternoon was Señor Casals, who was heard in concertos of Saint-Saëns and Tartini. The latter work was rather uninspiring, and, though some beautiful playing was heard, the violoncellist scarcely seemed to be quite in his best form. Dvorák's symphony "From the New World" gave one a good opportunity of realising the benefit to the orchestra by its enlargement, especially in the number of double basses, for these symphony concerts.

HERR MAX PAUER'S RECITAL.

At the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon a recital was given by that fine pianist Herr Max Pauer. His principal solo was Brahms's sonata in F minor. It was played in superb style. The technical grip, splendid rhythm, and beautiful tone gave to the performance just the very qualities the music most needs, while in respect of feeling the pianist had no difficulty in throwing into a high light the many emotional climaxes in which the sonata abounds, and which make it so remarkable an early work. Faults it may have, and also the limitations of a not yet completely formed individuality of style, but it breathes genius in every movement. This Herr Pauer thoroughly understands, and has the power to reflect in his performance. Oct 21 1912

MR. BORWICK AND DR. HENSCHEL AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

Oct 22 — 1912

If one does not write at length of the joint recital given at the Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon by Mr. Leonard Borwick and Dr. George Henschel, it is only because the style and methods of both artists are, happily, so familiar. The concert was artistically very successful, although there was some doubt as to whether the programme had been drawn up in the most engaging way. The pianist's sonata was that of Weber in A flat, and it took all his skill, his delicacy of tone, his flexibility of touch and constructive grip to flog life into its somewhat jaded limbs. Later some well-known Chopin pieces were played beautifully, especially noteworthy being the treatment of the octave passages which lead to the return of the chief theme in the C minor nocturne (made to sound, these, as part of the whole, and not merely a moment for technical display) and the striking effects of tonal shading at the close of the A flat prelude from Op. 28.

Dr. Henschel sang songs of Dvorák, Franz, Wolf, Brahms, Loewe, Schubert, and Schumann. He was in capital form, and delighted one yet again by the range of his interpretative powers. Two songs of Schumann were especially well given, the strongly rhythmical, in both cases, "Husaren-Abzug" and "Lied eines Schmiedes." The singer has a way of getting an irresistible swing into such rhythms of marked character.

Oct 23 1912

PROMENADE CONCERT.

The programme last night contained the *Rosamunde* Overture, Elgar's "Dream Children," a Suite of Purcell's orchestrated by Sir Henry Wood, and some new Variations on "Down among the Dead Men" by Julius Harrison.

The most striking thing about the latter is its melodious quality as soon as it gets at all free of the conventional and not inspiring phrases of the 18th century song. This song is not merely a text on which to hang a discourse about things in general, but is most cleverly handled and thoroughly exploited. Still, those parts of the music which are more or less independent of it are decidedly the more attractive. The first five sections are strictly variational, though in the modern sense—each growing naturally out of and inheriting something from its predecessor, not merely with a sort of cousinly likeness. The sixth variation is a whole movement, and so is the epilogue, and it is in these that the main interest lies. In spite of a slight tendency to be cut into lengths and punctuated with over-dramatic climax, they succeed in drawing a picture on a large scale sufficiently to form a satisfactory contrast with the patchy effect which the variation form commonly produces. The orchestration had not the fulness of Elgar's nor the taste of Sullivan's, but such shortcomings as there may have been would no doubt disappear with more experience. Meanwhile, if Mr. Harrison is in search of a thoroughly English tune we would commend to him "Hegbogs, up go we" (the common time version) in Chappell's Old English Music, which craves a setting such as he could give it.

MISS GUIOMAR NOVAES'S RECITAL.

Miss Guiomar Novaes, after her successful appearance at a Promenade Concert a few days ago, gave a pianoforte recital last night in the Bechstein Hall, with a programme which opened with Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D and Beethoven's Sonata in E flat major, known as "Les Adieux," though as M. Vincent d'Indy has recently pointed out "L'Adieu" would be a more accurate translation of "Das Lebewohl." Times Oct. 23. 1912

In this sonata and in the Ballade in F which came in a group of pieces by Chopin, Miss Novaes showed how much wider her range of tone has lately become. Her *fortes* and *fortissimos* are fuller and rounder than they were a year ago, though they are never noisy, and her delicate *pianissimos* are even purer and more crystalline from the slightly increased volume and the firmer control which the pianist has over her touch. In the ballade, as also in the Valse in C sharp minor and the Prelude in the same key (the one which contains an echo of the central phrase of "Emer's farewell") her use of *rubato* was as admirable as in the sonata. There was no forcing of the pace and no undue holding back, nothing in fact was done for mere effect, for details both of tone and time were controlled with a view to structure and not merely to obtain variety. The result was that in spite of occasional wrong notes all the Chopin was exceedingly fresh, while the performance of Beethoven's Sonata was one of the best that we have recently heard. In the last group, which began with Brahms's Capriccio in B minor and included one of the quiet movements from Albeniz's "Iberia," there was the same spontaneity and vitality which kept everything fresh and interesting without effort and by purely musical means. The audience was warm in its applause throughout the concert.

MME. SEMBRICH SINGS

Oct. 30 1912

A Recital and an Ovation.

It has been lauded as an admirable trait in the English people that they are stanch in their allegiance to the musical artists who have once won their favor, and it has also been deplored. It has been lauded because it betokens an amiable quality of gratefulness, and deplored because it makes the road to appreciation and success difficult to the newcomer. The trait is also a marked one in the people of Germany, who are prone to cling to their old singers—especially those of the opera—not because of the present pleasure they afford, but because of the pleasures of memory which they awaken. When the younger generation speaks of disappointment its voice is silenced with the remark, "Ah! but you should have heard him!" Strangely enough, it is nearly always a man who calls out the remark in Germany, "Twenty years ago—ach!" for the German matron is just as sentimental as the German maiden, and the case of Schiller versus Goethe will never belong to res judicata. American audiences, for reasons more or less inscrutable, since in opera house and concert room they have heard the best that the world has afforded for nearly a century, have not attained that position. Perhaps it is because the great artist is here still a bird of passage, giving us of his song when it is at its best, and returning to his native home when he feels that something besides his art is necessary to keep him warm in the popular heart. But an experience of more than a generation brings the conviction that familiar and long acquaintance does not diminish the admiration of the American people for lofty manifestations of genuine art or their love for its exemplars, so long as they remain such.

There was a striking illustration of this fact at the song recital which Mme. Sembrich gave in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The audience gathered to hear her was like the audiences of more years past than it would be courteous to mention, were not the circumstance itself an eloquent tribute to this marvellous artist. It was an audience of teachers, students, singers (professional and amateur), music lovers and knowers of music. Some had come for spiritual refreshment, some for artistic edification. Conspicuously absent were the merely curious and the seekers after superficial entertainment. The great room was crowded and over everything brooded a spirit of refinement and gentle love for the art of song and its eloquent votary. And yet its attitude, with all its kindliness, was critical. Mme. Sembrich was most cordially greeted on her entrance. Round after round of applause, each heartier, warmer than its predecessor, made proclamation of the affectionate sympathy which the thousands felt for the woman who had given happiness and delight on so many similar occasions in years that are past. But the spontaneous welcome over, the audience relapsed into a characteristic mood of receptivity to whatever impressions the artist might compel. The impressions were many and varied and the expressions of approval fluctuated from a perfunctory recognition of a painstaking desire to interpret a song to thunderous plaudits and a demand for a repetition when the desire found such fruition as only Mme. Sembrich's voice and art can give. This glad mood grew as the minutes passed and culminated at last in the familiar demonstration of almost frantic delight, but in its development it was marked by keen discrimination.

Mme. Sembrich is not a music box, but a woman of deep feeling and fine sensibilities. She is in the truest sense of the words a recreative artist. With the product of the poet and composer she mixes something of her own exquisite emotional nature, as well as her infallible sense of beauty of tone and perfection of artistic utterance. It is the soul of the song which is exhaled in her singing—its poetical and musical essence. Her nature is gentle and not attuned to violent dramatic utterance, and neither her voice nor her manner adapts itself to the portrayal of hot passions. Her gamut stops short of the extremes in both directions, but within its native compass it has infinite gradations. Its jubilation as well as its lamentation is that of a maiden gazing wide-eyed upon the mysteries of nature and love, rather than that of a woman taught and torn by life's experiences. Her joy is gladness sublimated—an ecstasy; her sorrow, a timid apprehension of something unknown. Such songs as the second of Schumann's "Songs of a Bride" and "Röselein" and Brahms's "Nachtigall," which, with Schumann's dainty "Sandmann" and Grieg's "Im Kahne" (the last song after the songs which made up the second part of her programme), are the finest vehicles for her art. In them her voice and her style are transfigured, and yesterday they marked the climax of two hours of unalloyed pleasure. Such singing could not be listened to with critical consciousness; it penetrated sense and soul like a breath of the sweet South, perfume laden.

The first part of Mme. Sembrich's list was made up of six songs by Robert Franz, two songs by Peter Cornelius, eight by Schumann and ten by Brahms. The oppression which has always weighted her singing at the beginning of a recital rested upon it a little longer than usual yesterday; it was not wholly dissipated, in fact, until she reached Cornelius's delightful "Komm, wie Wandein." It showed itself chiefly in scantness of breath and a lack of resonance in the voice. When Schumann's songs were reached, she was all her old self. Her voice, pure, fresh and clear as a dewdrop, floated to the farthest distance of the vast room, teaching hundreds of eager listeners how much more efficient vocal quality is than vocal force, demonstrating convincingly the superiority of timbre to dynamics. In addition to her set list she sang Schubert's "Hark! hark! the Lark!" after the first part, Grieg's "Im Kahne" after the second (in which she repeated Schumann's "Röselein" and "Der Sandmann"), "The Lass with the Delicate Air," Massenet's "Ouvre tes yeux bleus" and Chopin's "Maiden's Wish" at the end.

The accompaniments which Mr. La Forge provided were wholly worthy of the singing, which means that they, too, were perfect.

Mme. Sembrich will give a second recital on January 2. H. E. K.

Oct 31 1912

A JOINT SONG RECITAL.

Miss Staiger, Soprano, and Mr. Schlegel, Baritone, Sing in Carnegie.

Neither Miss Elsa Staiger nor Carl Schlegel, who jointly gave a song recital last evening in the Carnegie Lyceum, is known in New York concert halls; but that they have friends was shown by the size of the audience which nearly filled the auditorium. Mr. Schlegel has qualifications that ought to make him better known: a baritone voice of unusually good, even beautiful, quality; an excellent production of the same, free, full and sonorous; good diction, and a straightforward, spontaneous and unaffected style of singing. A group of songs by Schubert and Schumann he sang with excellent taste; among them were some that are not widely known, as Schumann's "Dem Helden," and Schubert's "Marinstück." Other numbers of his list were by Richard Trunk, Fritz Jürgens, Arthur Claassen, and Pietro A. Yon. He needs still a little deeper feeling, a keener sense of the underlying sentiment of the songs he sings, and a greater potency in interpreting and vitalizing it; but he has now admirable and altogether unusual resources for achieving this when the impulse comes to him.

Miss Staiger is not highly gifted in her voice; it is a light soprano, which leaves something to be desired in its quality, as does her manner of singing, which is faulty. And not the least of her faults is a continual tendency to sink from the pitch. She undertook a charming air from Mozart's opera, "Die Entführung Aus dem Serail," "Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln," and his song, "Dot Vellchen," for both of which are required more skill in vocalization, more style, more charm, and, above all, more beauty of voice than Miss Staiger seems to possess. She sang, also, songs by Schubert, Brahms, Frank Moir, Georg Henschel, Arthur Claassen, and Dell' Aqua.

OPERA IN PHILADELPHIA

Season Opens with "Aida"—New Singers Heard.

By Telegraph to The Tribune.

Philadelphia, Oct. 31.—The opera season opened here to-night with the performance of "Aida" by the Philadelphia-Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Metropolitan Opera House. Every seat in the house was taken. N. Y. Tribune

The performance of "Aida" proved to be popular with the boxholders, and especially were they well pleased with the opportunity to hear some of the new talent of the company. This marked the first appearance of Mme. Cecilia Gagliardi, soprano, and Icilio Calleja, a Spanish tenor. Of the old favorites, there were Mario Sammarco, Henri Scott, Eleanora Cisneros, Mabel Riegelman and Gustav Huberdeau. Nov. 1. 1912

Though the house was filled to capacity, the occasion was not so gay as some of the presentations will be later in the season, as the boxes were largely occupied by the younger members of the social set, and they were not dressed with the brilliance of their elders. Notwithstanding this fact, the hotel dining rooms were filled after the performance. The boxes held by the Widener and Elkins families were not let out until to-day, and it was thought that they would probably remain empty throughout the early part of the season because of the death of George D. Widener and Harry Elkins Widener, his son, in the Titanic disaster.

A WIND ORCHESTRA.

At the Alhambra Theatre last night, under the auspices of the National Sunday League, Mr. Thomas Beecham's new orchestra of wind instruments made its appearance before the public and gave a programme which contained a march written by Emile Gilmer for the occasion, and such pieces as Dvorák's "Carneval" Overture, Jarnefeldt's "Praludium," one of Brahms's Hungarian Dances, a selection from *Die Walküre*, and Liszt's Rhapsody in F. The experiment is an interesting one, partly because the purposes to be served by such an organization are not immediately palpable to the amateur of music. It is admitted that no music of any importance has been written for this particular combination of instruments, that there is no special demand for such music, and that the average standard of performance in it is rather low. These are the arguments in a far more cogent form which are urged against the foundation of a National Opera House, and they are used by Mr. Beecham, quite justifiably, we think, in favour of the formation of this orchestra. Given the orchestra playing good arrangements well, the original music for it may come, as well as the taste of the public and the higher proficiency of the performers. That is exactly what is urged for the National Opera scheme, but there are two important differences. The wind orchestra has much less evidence to show for its case, but it has now in the formation of this band the practical opportunity of proving it. Would that the other and more vital scheme had the same opportunity! Times Oct. 21. 1912

This orchestra has a good way to go before its existence is justified. Though the players played well together last night, the performance of Dvorák's overture was rather tame and the balance seemed wrong. The wood reed instruments were weak, giving too little middle quality of tone between the shrill flutes and piccolos and the heavy weights of the brass. Moreover, the piece specially written for them by their conductor, Mr. Gilmer, proved to be the commonplace jerky type of march of which military bands possess too many already. Still, the very essence of such experiment is that it should have time to develop, and its development should be watched with interest. There was a large but rather apathetic audience.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

There is no pianist to whom London should extend a readier welcome than to Mr. Max Pauer, who gave a recital at the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon. For playing so sane and so healthy, so free from eccentricity, and, at the same time, so rich in those qualities which make for greatness is only too rarely to be heard, and the pianist who can give us this is a man to be valued highly. On Saturday he headed his programme with Brahms' F minor Sonata, evidently a favourite of his, for he played it here not long ago, when the surpassing excellence of his interpretation was fully discussed in these columns. No less perfect was his playing of Schumann's "Papillons" and of a group of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words"; but perhaps his chief triumph was won in Max Reger's inordinately difficult "Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Bach." To master the notes alone is a feat which would tax the powers of most pianists to the utmost, but under Mr. Pauer's fingers the difficulties vanish, and each elaborate variation becomes a little poem of rare beauty and charm. It was, indeed, an achievement of the highest rank, a veritable tour-de-force on the part of a great artist, and it is pleasant to be able to record that the audience appreciated it at its true worth.

MESSRS. BORWICK AND HENSCHEL.

The recital which these two artists gave together at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon was very enjoyable, but it would have been still more enjoyable if it had been given anywhere else. The audience was just large enough to have filled one of the smaller halls comfortably, and the programme was of the kind which suits them far better than Queen's Hall. Mr. Borwick indeed seemed to have specially designed his share in it to prove this point. Weber's Sonata in A flat, like most of Weber's piano music, is not dominated by any big musical idea; it opens in a quiet and rather unpromising way; it makes an equally unpretentious ending, and all its charm comes from the wealth of ornament which is worked into the texture of the first movement, the romantic feeling of the slow movement, the gaiety of the *Menuetto Capriccioso*, and the gentle grace of the rondo. Mr. Borwick played it with a sympathy which never attempted to force the music beyond its natural limits. This sonata came first, a group of domestic favourites by Chopin, Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" Variations in a concert version by Mr. Borwick (which, granted that the variations are wanted in the concert-room at all, is all that a concert version should be), and Debussy's "Jardins sous la pluie" followed. The last was a charming study in delicately blended tone colours; but it was not until his last

, Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody, that Mr. Borwick's
e fell upon a work specially calculated to hit
ng range.

. Henschel's programme was drawn mostly
the things which he has frequently given of late,
always to the delight of his hearers; but he began
Schubert's "Der entsühnte Orest," which, we
, has not been much in his recent programmes,
which certainly very few other singers sing.
though his voice has lost some of the glow
h it retained till quite recently Mr. Henschel's
r of creating the visionary atmosphere of such
g as this is unfailing. Though he may stir
carers with the rhythm of Schubert's "Der
nde Barde," or Schumann's "Husaren Abzug,"
kle their fancy with Schubert's "Der Schmet-
g" (which he had to sing twice yesterday),
hen he makes his audience see visions and dream
s with him that he moves them most. This
was exerted in the first song already mentioned,
o of Dvorák's Biblical songs, and in Franz's
iful "Herbstsorge." Brahms's "Wie froh und
," from the "Magelonlieder," and two of
e's ballads at the end of the programme gave
y of contrast by the expression of physical
y and action.

MR. MAX PAUER'S RECITAL.

Max Pauer gave a pianoforte recital on Satur-
fternoon in the Bechstein Hall with a programme
opened with Brahms's Sonata in F minor and
with Max Reger's Variations and Fugue on a
e by Bach. Both of these works have to
yed with a very fully developed technique
ything worthy of the name of interpretation
be given of them; and Mr. Pauer's technique
e have had occasion before now to remark
disputably of the highest order. His touch
der the fullest control; it was never noisy
even at the opening of the sonata or in
Reger variations; and when it was used with
reatest delicacy, as it was in the Intermezz
Schumann's Papillons, which followed the
a, it was always firm as well as delicate. Only
eature in his playing suggested room for improve
, and that was his use of the pedal, which slightly
ed the outlines of phrases in the beginning of
movements of the sonata (the first, the Scherzo,
the last), and also made some places (also near
pening) of Schumann's Toccata a little confused.
as in the musical thought, however, rather than
e framework that one was conscious of momentary
urity; for throughout the recital the playing was
nobtrusive and unaffected that one seemed to be
rect contact with the music the whole time. One
forgot that Reger's variations and Schumann's
ata are exacting things even to a fine pianist;
the smaller pieces by Schumann and a group of
delssohn's Songs without Words were given with
uch sympathy and care in all the details as the
er works.

N.Y. Times NOV 3. 1912

GOTTFRIED GALSTON

Mr. Gottfried Galston, a pianist of whom
ood reports had reached this country
rom Germany, where he now lives,
hough he is of Polish origin, made his
rst appearance in New York yesterday.
e played in the new Aeolian Hall, the
west of New York's concert halls,
hich was then employed for the first
me. Both the pianist and the new hall
quitted themselves honorably. It was
mething of an ordeal to make a first
ppearance before a strange public in a
w hall whose acoustic properties and
ltability for music were untested and
erefore necessarily uncertain; but the
anist must speedily have found that he
s in surroundings highly favorable to
m and his instrument.

He showed himself to be an artist of
rong and vigorous fibre, of excellent
usicianship that goes deeper than the
ternals of his art, of fine musical feel-
g. It cannot be said that his is a pro-
undly poetical spirit, so far as he re-
aled it at this first recital, nor one that
deeply touched either by the subtler
ntiments, by kindling romantic fervor,
by flaming passion. If the gamut of
s emotional expression is not wide, there
nevertheless a sympathetic quality in
ch of his playing, and in much of it a
endidly sane and manly vigor. It is
ways far from display, or from any ap-
al to unworthy sensation, and Mr. Gal-
n follows a high ideal line that he has
rked out for his own.

His command of tonal effects upon the
no is unusually fine, and he employed
his playing a wide variety of such ef-
ts, amplified by an intelligent and
ifful use of the pedal. This, while it
y at times have seemed excessive, was
so through carelessness or confusion,
d almost always had in view the ex-
itation of some of the most character-
c effects of the instrument. Mr. Gal-
n's technique is of modern expertness;
it was not yesterday of impeccable ac-
racy. Perhaps the circumstances of his
st appearance may have accounted for
nething of this; and, likewise, it is
rdly to be expected that any given pian-
will compass all the notes of Beetho-
n's "Hammerklavier" sonata, which
zes the very possibilities of the instru-
nt.

esides this sonata, Op. 106, which
med the central point of his recital, he
yed at the beginning transcriptions of
h: Busoni's arrangements of the cho-
preludes for organ on "Wachet Auf"
and "Nun Freet Euch," and of the D
major prelude and fugue; and Mr. Gal-
ston's own arrangement of the Siciliano
from the second sonata for flute and cla-
vier. In the first of the preludes there
was an admirable clearness of structure,
and not only of dynamic differentiation,
but also an exquisite tonal variety in the
exposition of the efflorescent counter-
point that surrounds the choral melody.
The second lost something through the
speed at which Mr. Galston took it. His
performance of the fugue, also clear and
well proportioned, had all the thunderous
might that pianists are wont to put into
transcriptions of Bach's organ works.
There was more real enjoyment to be de-
rived from Mr. Galston's arrangement of
the exquisite little flute piece.

Only the most daring undertake Beetho-
ven's sonata, Op. 106; and only the great-
est can bring to realization all that the
master intended—and perhaps not they.
Mr. Galston gave a performance that was
conceived in a large style, full of impet-
uosity and energy; a performance in
which there were understanding and sym-
pathy, many fine and effective details;
and in the extraordinary technical compli-
cations of the music, remarkable clear-
ness. And the details and the technical
complications were not allowed to obscure
the larger proportions of the work. He
employed in the sonata a great freedom
of tempo; the stormy fugue in the last
movement he took at a rapid pace. To
reach the summit of the wonderful adagio
of this sonata, one of those slow move-
ments of Beethoven's later life that pub-
lish his highest aspirations, griefs, resig-
nations, is the task of a musician richer
in emotional gifts than Mr. Galston. But
if he did not achieve everything that it
offers to its interpreter, he played it in a
way that showed much nobility. His per-
formance of the sonata on the whole was
a truly engrossing one.

Mr. Galston played twelve etudes of
Chopin, his Berceuse and polonaise in A
flat, with brilliancy and power rather
than with deep poetic feeling.

The new hall, so far as could be discov-
ered from this recital, possesses acoustic
properties of the most excellent. The
tone carried freely and fully in all
ranges of dynamics, and there appeared
to be a rich and ample resonance. Fur-
ther experience soon to be gained will
test its capacity for the voice, the string
quartet, and the orchestra. Its promise is
of the best. It seems at first sight small-
er than its stated capacity of 1,800. The
ceiling looks low and the gallery and
boxes small. It has a suggestion of inti-
macy that many have hoped for and will
welcome. Some may not think that the
new hall meets the most exacting archi-
tectural taste in its proportions and deco-
rations, which latter show a strange mix-
ture of styles and colors.

Alma Gluck's Recital.

Miss Alma Gluck once more proved her popularity at her Carnegie Hall recital, on Saturday afternoon. A large and friendly audience listened with pleasure to her fresh young voice, which has undoubtedly been improved by suggestions from the great Jean, with whom Miss Gluck spent some time this past summer. Unless she forgets herself, she sings her upper tones with greater freedom and a looser jaw than she did, these, after proper breathing, being Jean de Reszke's special points to all singers. They are difficult to acquire, but pay for the trouble in the unveiling of the head tones.

Po St. NOV. 4. 1912

Miss Gluck had the wisdom to sing an almost entirely new programme, which is also a step in the right direction of correct voice emission, entirely apart from its interest to an audience. Bad habits are so much less easily detected in familiar songs. Many of the songs she repeated, and she also added several encores.

In the German group, Richard Strauss's "Einkehr" and Arthur Rosenstein's pretty little song, "Mit einem gemalten Band," were repeated. It hardly seemed worth while to sing Gustav Mahler's forlorn and strange song, "Das Irdische Leben." The most interesting group was that of the Russians, and in this, by right of its Oriental intervals and rhythms, Ravel's "Chant Hébraïque" really belonged. Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Chanson Indoue," full of fascinating changes from major to minor and of Oriental color; Rachmaninoff's "Peasant Song," with its interesting prelude—Miss Gluck sang it in Russian—and Efrem Zimbalist's simple and pathetic "Chanson Triste" were all worth hearing twice, which was hardly the case with John A. Carpenter's "Green River," an unmelodic, rambling song, totally different from the same composer's "The Cock Shall Crow," which contained a definite, plain tune—such a relief. Miss Gluck sang Chadwick's "Allah," one of the best of all American songs, exceedingly well, although she somewhat missed the deep pathos of the final line: "There shall my eyes have light."

Arthur Rosenstein played the accompaniments well, as he always does.

MR. HAMLIN'S RECITAL.

N. Y. Times. NOV. 4

Chicago Tenor Shows Artistic Method and Individual Style.

1912

Mr. George Hamlin, tenor, is always one of the most welcome of those who give song recitals in New York because of his wholly artistic method and point of view, and the individuality of his interpretations. These were all fully in evidence at his recital given yesterday afternoon in the new Aeolian Hall. Mr. Hamlin's singing has never been remarkable for sheer beauty of voice, and it is not more so now than it has been, but he has some of the qualities that give the musical listener a keen delight in the interpretation of songs. Mr. Hamlin has a fine musical taste and discrimination, and his singing embodies them in phrasing, diction, subtle nuance, and differentiation of tonal color. As a Lieder singer Mr. Hamlin's essentially dramatic temperament is an unceasingly vitalizing influence. Most of the interpretations of the songs on his programme yesterday were little masterpieces of characterization in many widely different veins.

He began with the air, "Total Eclipse," from Handel's oratorio of "Samson," sung with a truly noble breadth of style and tragic intensity. Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds" followed it, and he was equally fortunate in representing the gayety of its spirit. The songs that followed were by romantic and modern song writers, from Beethoven to Strauss and Wolf, with a group at the end including specimens of Elgar, Godard, Lie, a Norwegian, and Whelpley, an American. Many of these are little known compositions that are worth renewed hearing. Thus he sang with superb gusto Brahms's "Willst du dass ich geh'," a song overflowing with animal spirits and amorous impetuosity, and almost neglected by singers; and "Wenn ich mit Menschen," one of Brahms's "Four Serious Songs" that were his last publication, and, as it were, a forewarning of his death, with grave and tender eloquence. Of his two Strauss numbers, "Ach, weh mir, unglückhaften Mann," is a departure from the composer's earlier lyric vein, and needs precisely Mr. Hamlin's inimitably graphic touch, pointed with humor, such as he gave also in Hugo Wolf's "Der Tambour." Wolf's "Auf ein altes Bild," "Jaegerlied," and "Liebesglück" are also little known, and Mr. Hamlin's vivid and eloquent interpretations of them made a deep impression.

Schumann's chivalresque and spirited "Der Hidalgo" and Strauss's "Ach, weh mir" he had to repeat. His voice sounded with power and resonance in the new hall, which seemed to disclose then as much adaptability for the voice as it did the afternoon before, at Mr. Galston's recital, for the piano. Mr. Hamlin at a few points showed a slight tendency to depart downward from the pitch. Mr. Ellis Clark Hammann played the accompaniments, some of them exceedingly difficult, with great skill and sympathy.

BOHEMIANS GIVE CONCERT.

Trio and Soloists in Irving Place Theatre Successful with Their National Music.

That peculiar quality which is given to music when played or sung by persons of the same nationality as its composers was in evidence yesterday afternoon in the Irving Place Theatre, where the fifth of a series of popular concerts was given and the programme was exclusively Bohemian. Miss Margaret Volavy, pianist; Miss Josephine Burian, soprano, and Messrs. Alois Trnka and Bedrich Vaska, violinist and 'cellist, appeared.

Particularly in the last number, the "Dumky Trio," by Dvorak, did Miss Valavy and Messrs. Trnka and Vaska show how well they had caught the feeling of their countryman, the composer. Throughout the afternoon they were applauded many times.

Miss de Treville in Concert.

Miss Yvonne de Treville was the chief singer at the entertainment of the New York Mozart Society in the Hotel Astor ballroom Saturday afternoon. She is of American birth, but has not recently sung here. Her selections were the bell song from "Lakme," and the duet from "Romeo and Juliette," with Mr. Dan Beddoe, and she also took part in the famous quartette from "Rigoletto," with Miss Marianne Flahaut, Mr. Beddoe and Mr. Hipshaw.

NOV 2.

NOV 5. 1912

MME. ARRAL'S RECITAL

N. Y. Tribune

Large Audience Well Pleased with Her Singing.

Mme. Blanche Arral gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in the new Aeolian Hall, before an audience of goodly size. Mme. Arral's programme was most operatic, and from a perusal of the printed announcement it might be inferred that the artist was to sing three complete operas: Verdi's "Jerusalem," Massenet's "Herodiade," and Saint-Saëns's "Le Timbre d'Argent." Such, however, was luckily not the case, as the singer contented herself with an air from each of these works. These airs she gave forth with true operatic fervor, disclosing a voice of some power and not a little natural beauty, but one that she used with little modulation, and too often forced into a tremolo in the upper register.

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Assisting Mme. Arral were E. Bronstein, 'cellist; Leonardo Stagliano, flutist, and Maurice Lafarge at the piano.

The second part of the programme consisted among other things of songs by Hollman, Bemberg, Chaminade, Costa and Gregori. The audience was warm in its manifestations of appreciation, and the encores were several, among them being Gounod's "Serenade."

In short, Mme. Arral's voice appeared to be a good one, and one that she used with ease and confidence, a confidence that stood her in good stead in the operatic character of the afternoon. But whether or not her programme was ideal in its artistic selection is another matter.

The acoustics of the hall again proved excellent, while the annoying draught only too evident at the previous recitals appeared to have been overcome and banished.

RUFFO SCORES AT DEBUT.

Philadelphia Pronounces Baritone's Voice a Wonder.

1912

(Special Dispatch to The Morning Telegraph.)

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4.—Titta Ruffo, the Italian baritone, to-night made his American debu as a member of the Chicago Grand Opera Company in the title role of Rigoletto. Of the 5,000 persons who packed the Metropolitan Opera House there was hardly one but what said, after the performance, that Ruffo's voice lived up to its reputation. His success was assured from the moment he appeared upon the stage in the guise of a jester. At the end of the third act he was applauded for nearly ten minutes and had to respond to numerous curtain calls.

Ruffo was brought to this country through the good offices of E. T. Stotesbury, who guaranteed the singer $2,000 a performance.

NOV 8 1912

Philadelphia, Nov. 7.—An audience that crowded the Metropolitan Opera House heard Carl Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth" rendered for the first time in America by the Chicago Grand Opera Company to-night. The opera was sung in English, and the popularity of this presentation was at once manifested by an enthusiastic audience.

Maggie Teyte, as Dot, made her first appearance this season, singing and acting the part most effectively. Helen Stanley, a Chicago girl, who has triumphed abroad, made her American debut as May. She and Miss Teyte were recalled many times. Riccardo Martin, as Edward Plummer, and Hector Dufranne, as John, were also the recipients of much applause, and Mabel Riegelman and Henri Scott shared in the honors.

The work was produced under the conductorship of Arnold Winternitz, who waxed his baton for the first time on this side of the Atlantic.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.
(Founded on the story by Charles Dickens.)
Opera in Three Acts.
German words by A. M. Willmer.
English singing words by Charles Henry Meltzer.

John	Hector Dufranne
Dot	Maggie Teyte
May	Helen Stanley
Edward Plummer	Riccardo Martin
Tackleton	Henri Scott
The Cricket	Mabel Riegelman
Musical Director	Arnold Winternitz
Stage Director	Fernand Almanz

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

"The Cricket on the Hearth," known on the German boards as "Das Heimchen am Herd," was sung last night and for the first time in this country, by the Chicago Opera Company. The production of the work took place at the Metropolitan, in Philadelphia.

Carl Goldmark, who composed "The Queen of Sheba," heard some years ago in New York, wrote the music. The German book, adapted from the favorite tale of Dickens, is from the pen of A. M. Willmer. For the new English words employed last night I take the credit—or, perhaps, discredit.

The production of "The Cricket" marks another step toward the adoption of our own tongue in "grand" opera. In some respects it is the most serious effort of the kind yet made here.

The work itself is not of vast significance. It is a pretty "volksoper," of the same pattern as "The Bartered Bride." It treats the Dickens story from a German standpoint, and, like "The Bartered Bride," abounds in melody.

Arias Hard to Sing.

The airs and duos and quartets and choruses of Goldmark have in most instances less value as pure music than Smetana's. But they are pleasing in their way and haunt the ear. In places they are very hard to sing, as they are written for the upper registers. Musically they are less important than the orchestral interludes.

Two characters of special interest are omitted from the libretto—the little blind girl and old Caleb Plummer. Without these two the story loses its pathetic charm. It is narrowed to a relation of the domestic ups and downs of Dot, the dainty, and her husband John the carrier; complicated by the loves of Edward Plummer and his sweetheart, May, whom he returns from foreign lands to claim for bride the day before she is to wed old, grasping Tackleton.

A cottage in a simple English village (seen through German eyes) serves as a

setting for the action in "The Cricket." The cricket in the case is a good fairy who keeps watch over kind people.

Story of the Plot.

1912

John Peerybingle, the bluff local carrier, loves little Dot. But, being older than his wife, he fears to lose her heart. He seems distressed because she has no children. Nor does he, like the Cricket and his Dot, know of "the secret wondrous sweet" which will ere long put all things right.

In the first act John brings a traveller home to tea. This traveller is no other than the Edward who had gone abroad, and left his sweetheart, May, to pine for him. He comes disguised and changed by time and by adventures which have brought him wealth. May (to whom the German librettist has attributed some experiences of the Dickens blind girl) is still true to Edward. But she is poor and now the wolf is at the door. So she has promised to become the bride of Tackleton.

With the assistance of the heroine Dot, her friend, and the good fairy, May weds Edward when, after learning that she has not forgotten him, in the last act he reveals himself in his true character.

Book Slight and Sentimental.

And Dot, in turn, sets John at ease by the disclosure of that "secret wondrous sweet" which is to bind them close.

Upon this "airy fairy tale" of trusting (and distrusting) lovers the librettist and Goldmark, the composer, have built up their rustic opera. The book is slight and "sentimental" to a fault. The lyrics here and there are rather pretty, both in German and English; and, as a rule, they seem to sing themselves. At points, however, partly through my inexpertness, but chiefly through Goldmark's fondness for high registers, the dramatic passages are not brought out so clearly as they should be.

Among the most tuneful episodes in the opera are the ditties which Goldmark has invented for the Cricket; the opening chorus of fairies; Dot's air in the first act, "There's a secret wondrous sweet," the spirited entrance song of John, the Carrier, which begins "As home I go"; the love duo of John and Dot, in the third act; the introduction to the opera, and an orchestral interlude.

More Rehearsals Needed.

With more rehearsals, the performance of "The Cricket" would have been very much more satisfying than it seemed to me.

Five of the six artists in the cast were of American or English birth. Of these, Maggie Teyte (as Dot), Mabel Riegelman (as the Cricket) and Henri Scott (as Tackleton) got nearly all their words over the footlights. The Dot of Mme. Teyte was dainty, but too dainty for rusticity. The Cricket of Miss Riegelman had charm and grace. The Tackleton of Mr. Scott lacked character.

The Belgian, Hector Dufranne, made a convincing John, acting roundly and singing with clearness and sonority, though, as was natural, with a slightly foreign accent.

Riccardo Martin, the Edward, and Helen Stanley (a new mezzo, with an agreeable voice), who appeared as May, were less intelligible. The foreign chorus sang their words quite plain.

The whole performance was directed with much tact and skill by Mr. Dippel's new German conductor, Mr. Winternitz, while Mr. Almanz distinguished himself in the stage management.

Nov 8 1912

KARL MUCK RETURNS

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first concert of its current season in this city at Carnegie Hall last night. Despite the uproarious misbehavior of Jupiter Pluvius there was an audience which stretched the walls of the building and there were all those manifestations of real pleasure which are customarily associated with the visits of this organization.

The interest of the evening was intensified by the reappearance in this city of Dr. Karl Muck, the distinguished conductor, who was formerly at the head of this orchestra, but was recalled to his post at the Berlin Opera by royal and imperial mandate.

Dr. Muck made his last previous appearances here at the concerts of March 19 and 21, 1909. At the former of these he conducted Frederick S. Converse's dramatic scenes entitled "Joan of Arc," Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" for orchestra, piano, English horn and three trumpets obligato, and Edward MacDowell's "Indian Suite." At the final matinée he directed Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" overture and Beethoven's Fourth symphony. Dr. Muck was succeeded in the following November by Max Fiedler, who retained the post till the end of last season.

The eminent master of the baton was received last evening in a manner which could have left him with no doubt as to New York's regard for him.

The programme which he offered for the pleasure of his admirers consisted of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Berlioz's "Carneval Romain" overture, Liszt's symphonic poem; "Mazeppa" and Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude. These four numbers formed a series which swept the opulent field of orchestral development from the last days of the purely classic to the full splendor of the modern romantic.

It was, however, not a programme in which perfect evenness of interest was present, for the two middle numbers fell considerably below the other two in merit. Liszt's "Mazeppa" can hardly be regarded as a work of heroic proportions and the wild horse was assuredly not a "Tartar of the Ukraine breed." It might therefore be wise to fall back on a learned discussion of the conductor's reading of the "Eroica." But to what end?

If a director makes of a Beethoven symphony a field for the parade of his idiosyncrasies or the exhibition of his especial feats in distortion of inner passages in order to disclose "hitherto unsuspected beauties," perhaps there would be excellent reason for an application of the whip of analysis. But when he respects the letter of the text and indulges only in a few characteristic accentuations, not at all revolutionary, the summary of the matter must be that he discharged his duties honorably.

Dr. Muck was never a sensationalist. Whatever he does bears the stamp of culture, of scholarly sincerity. His reading of the "Eroica" was above all things honest. He takes the funeral march very slowly and he dwells with affection on the broad phrases of the finale, but from beginning to end his reading is consistent and is subservient to the general plan of the composer.

The orchestra naturally lacked a trifle of its wonted brilliancy of tone last night, but on the other hand every melodic fragment in the score was brought out with perfect clearness. The finish, the elegance, the smooth certainty of the performance all brought delight to the hearts of music lovers. The audience was not slow to recognize the beauty of this symphonic song and there was an abundance of applause.

The "Roman Carnival" overture is one of the brilliant products of the pen of Berlioz and it was played admirably last evening. Most noticeable was the delicacy of the delivery of the string passages, while in the sonorous pages given to the brass there was a splendid resonance entirely free of blatancy. Similar qualities were found in the presentation of Liszt's pretentious and banal composition. It was treated much better than it deserved to be.

It was apparent that under the guidance of Dr. Muck the orchestra had set out toward a recovery of that peculiarly velvety quality of tone which it used to have and which was partly obscured under the ardent outreachings of the spirit of Mr. Fiedler. It will perhaps be needful to wait yet a little before we hear the old tone in all its nobility, but much of the exquisite finesse of the orchestra was already in evidence last night. The transparency of the tutti passages showed the presence of the hand of a great master.

It is good to have Dr. Muck back. He is one of the foremost musical minds of this time.

MR. GRANVILLE SINGS.

Heard in an Evening Recital in Aeolian Hall.

Charles Norman Granville, barytone, was heard last night in a song recital at Aeolian Hall. He is a singer who was favorably known here some years ago, and this occasion served for his reentry into the list of concert and oratorio singers after an interim of time spent in study with Victor Maurel.

Mr. Granville presented a programme which was liberal both in its variety of songs and in the names of composers it contained, but its plan was made harmonious through a good contrast of mood and effective continuity.

The opening group included four interesting old airs, two of which were "Giail sole dal Gange," by Scarlatti, and "Per la gloria d'adoravi," of Buononcini. Five German lieder were in the list, and among other numbers the "Chanson Bachique," from Thomas's "Hamlet," with a cadenza by Victor Maurel. "Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree," a new song of singularly forceful rhythm and melody, by Charles Gilbert Spross, who played Mr Granville's accompaniments, and a song, also new, by Jules Jordan of Providence, called "Here on the Brae."

It was commendable that Mr Granville entered at once with repose of manner into the spirit of the songs he sang and evinced both in thought and feeling a regard for their interpretation that was essentially artistic.

He has a voice of excellent barytone quality to which are added some notes, lovely in timbre, that belong to the range of a tenor. Moreover, he uses the voice with the skill that brings pleasing results in the polish of phrasing and clarity of delivery.

Charles Granville, Baritone, Evokes Praise for Excellent Singing—Miss Wainwright Somewhat Nervous.

Nov. 8. 1912

That portion of the public which prefers its music presented intimately, had a choice of two recitals yesterday. In the afternoon Miss Beatrice Wainright, a somewhat pleasing soprano, gave a recital at Carnegie Lyceum, and in the evening Aeolian Hall was crowded with those anxious to hear Charles Norman Granville, baritone, in a programme of unusual attractiveness.

Miss Wainright appeared to be a trifle nervous in the earlier part of the afternoon. She recovered her self-control, however, and the second half of the programme was sung in a satisfactory manner.

Mr. Granville's recital in the evening was of worthy commendation for vocal equipment, style, linguistic ability and faultless enunciation. Although he sang old Italian canzonettas, French operatic arias, German lieder, English ballads and negro dialect ditties, each one of these languages carried over the footlights with as much clearness as did the delightfully produced notes which accompanied them.

Oct. 25 '12

...L MALL GAZETT...

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON.

"ENGLISH DANCES" RECEIVED WITH ENTHUSIASM.

At the Promenade Concert last night an orchestral version of Mr. Algernon Ashton's "Three English Dances," originally composed for pianoforte duet, was played for the first time. It is one of this writer's early works, though presumably the orchestration is of recent date. One would say that the music gains considerably by being transferred to a larger canvas, as there is a good deal of polyphonic writing and effects of cross-rhythm, which naturally the independence of tone colour the orchestra provides helps greatly to make clear. In themselves, perhaps, the dances are rather too much of a mixture in style, in that thematically lightness of touch is characteristic, while the treatment is elaborate enough for subject-matter of much greater import. The movement which least shows this failing is the second, a 6—8 graceful dance, which last night so much took the fancy of the audience that it had to be repeated. Some delicate scoring was here in evidence. The first and last dance have not the same spontaneity of theme, but the working out is undeniably clever and effective in both cases. Mr. Ashton was very warmly received by a crowded house, bowing his acknowledgment first from the dress circle and then from the orchestra.

M. Gustave Ferrari gave a concert of his own compositions yesterday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall. They consisted of songs only, in which domain he has a facility for writing effectively for the voice, and yet maintaining independence and interest between it and the pianoforte accompaniment. The power of expression varies somewhat, but there is always present a refinement of style and a pleasing impression of sincerity of effort. He has also arranged a number of old French folk-songs (which Yvette Guilbert has made us well acquainted with), and some of these were sung yesterday in rather a novel way. Miss Florence von Etlinger's ladies' choir, in costume, appeared, and, with appropriate gesture, á la Mme. Guilbert, was either heard alone, as in the delightful "Cycle du Vin" and "Disons de Chapelet" (with its fine slow melody) or assisted various soloists. The whole result was very pleasing, and picturesque.

MISS STERLING MACKINLAY

RECITAL AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay gave another of her very pleasant afternoon recitals at the Little Theatre yesterday, when among the new pieces submitted were a group of Chinese and Japanese poems which had been set to music by Mr. Dalhousie Young, who accompanied them at the pianoforte. They proved delicate little things in every way, and, as Miss Mackinlay gave them in her most arch fashion, they quite captivated the audience. A setting by the same composer of a few verses from Mr. A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Lad" pleased us less. The ... seemed as penurious as a melody could ... A dozen other songs, the majority ... or less familiar, were in the programme, and Miss Mackinlay was at her best in m... of them. Mr. Harcourt Williams varied ... entertainment by reading a couple ... Browning's poems, "The Italian in England" and "Love Among the Ruins." ... read them very interestingly, but we should have enjoyed the former even more if ... had not rendered the couplet

Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,

as though it had been written:

Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's, Charles's, miserable end.

If Mr. Williams will consider the m... he will perhaps arrive at the conclusion ... the second line in his revised vers... scarcely scans. Mlle. Le Brun accompan... with her usual delicacy and discretion ... the songs except those of Mr. Young; a... there was a large audience. Indeed, ... small one would have been nothing short ... a scandal, for these Recitals are among t... most charming things of their kind ... London.

SYMPHONY AND SON...

N. Y. Tribune Nov. 9. 1912

A Day's Music in the New Ha...

Henceforth the days are to be fill... with music; and the nights, too. Orche... tral concerts will be almost continuous ... like the Keith vaudeville shows—and w... rub elbows several times a week with t... opera, which will pursue its relentle... course and leave few chinks to be filled with the recitals of the violinists, pianis... and singers whose name is legion. ... intervals, not frequent, beginning ne... Tuesday, the lovers of beauty for beaut... sake will close their ears to the eupho... ous din and permit themselves to ... wafted into the higher and purer regio... of chamber music. But they will be t... comparative few, the elect, the gracio... inner brotherhood. The serried orchest... ranks began their assault, after a cou... of insignificant skirmishes by ill train... troops, on Thursday evening. They co... tinued it yesterday afternoon, and w... march on to-day, to-morrow and thr... other days next week. The lover of sy... phony, symphonic poem and concert ov... ture will be insatiable indeed who w... yearn for more next April. Apollo sa... our ear drums and keep appreciati... fresh!

The more important of yesterday's t... offerings was the first concert of the Sy... phony Society, which took place in t... new Aeolian Hall in the afternoon. ... was so important that a flashlight pho... graph of the hall, the performers and t... backs of the heads of some of the l... teners was taken to perpetuate the me... ory of the occasion. A pity that t... picture will not preserve the amazing ... fect of the new concert room's co... scheme, with its startling plunge fr... old rose, or Pompeian red, or whatever ... may be, to the precious blue and go... or green and gold, which makes the org... background look like a boudoir edition ... Owen Meredith.

But that is a small matter compa... with the thought which was uppermost ... the minds of the confirmed concertgo... who had gathered to hear the Sympho... Orchestra. That thought concerned t... acoustical properties of the hall, wh... had been approved at a pianoforte a... vocal concert. Perhaps it was a bit ... fortunate for orchestra and hearers t... in many cases there lingered a mem... of the voice of the Boston orchestra ... it had sounded in Carnegie Hall eight... hours or so before. Compared with t... crystalline, translucent and iridesc... harmonies which Dr. Muck evoked fr... his instruments those which Mr. Wal... Damrosch conjured up sounded rat... rude and opaque. The new room invi... to intimacy, and if orchestral music is ... be heard there to best advantage it ... have to be brought back into the ser... of old ideals—its original ideals—th... best exemplified in true chamber mu... of which the symphony once forme... part. With Mr. Damrosch's excel... men this will be only a matter of exp... ment and experience, and it is easy ... imagine some of his future concerts m... ing a much more delightfully eleme... appeal than his past concerts have m... either in Carnegie Hall or the theatr... Central Park West. We could wish ... hear Beethoven's eighth symphony ... perfect work for such an experim... again in three months from now, wi... sweeter wedlock between the wind ... string instruments.

Mr. Damrosch gave his audience s... new French music, some illustrations ... they appear to the unaccountable Fr...

eye) of nursery stories, to which the precious name of Mother Goose has been affixed on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. It is in part pretty, impressionistic music, and some of it, notably the movement devoted to a delineation of the entertainment provided by the statuettes for their empress, would make an effective number for a children's concert illustrated by moving pictures.

Miss Maggie Teyte sang Cherubino's first air from "Le Nozze di Figaro" ("Vio che sapete," with the orchestra, and to Mr. Damrosch's delightful pianoforte accompaniment a group of four French songs by Dupare, Debussy and Hue. The singer's fine voice and nice art showed to best advantage in the songs, for in them the absence of a pure, unwavering tone worked less injury to the style of the music than it did in the Mozart air. There is ample vitality in Miss Teyte's voice without the persistent vibrato which so many singers and violoncellists think essential. It would have been a delight to hear a voice of such exquisite quality as hers roundly and firmly and reposefully emitted in some of the Mozartian phrases, which have the serene beauty of line of a Greek statue.

In the evening Miss Emma Loeffler gave a song recital in the same hall, singing a hodge-podge of German *Lieder*, French *melodies*, English ballads and French and German opera airs. The newcomer has a mezzo-soprano voice of great natural beauty and most commendable taste and feeling; a pity that she has not learned to equalize the registers of her voice—to preserve evenness and unity in its timbre.

H. E. K.

MUSICAL FAIRY TALES FROM MAURICE RAVEL

The first concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The programme consisted of Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 3; the air "Voi che sapete" from Mozart's opera "Le Nozze di Figaro," Beethoven's eighth symphony, four French songs, two by Debussy, one by Dupare and one by Hue, with pianoforte accompaniment, and Maurice Ravel's suite, "Ma mere l'Oye." The singer was Maggie Teyte of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company.

This was the first orchestral concert to be given in the new hall and served to give the acoustics a new test. It can be said at once for the information of all future conductors at the Aeolian that the acoustics have no mercy on an orchestra. They search out every rough utterance, every infinitesimal shade of false intonation, every scratch of the bow, every minute departure from absolutely perfect unanimity and disclose them to the attention of the ordinary listener.

This being the case, the finer and lighter the instrumentation the better the orchestra sounds. Thus in yesterday's entertainment Mr. Damrosch's body of players were most enjoyable in the Ravel music, which is scored with a hand of velvet. The symphony was surely well performed, but the boldness of Beethoven's orchestral methods made the delivery sound somewhat rough. Aside from this apparent want of finish, the standard work was excellently delivered to the audience which filled the house.

Mr. Ravel's composition was heard for the first time in this country. It is divided into five movements with these titles: "Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty," "Hop O' My Thumb," "Laideronette," "Beauty and the Beast" and "The Fairy Garden." It will be seen from these that the composer's purpose was to make tone pictures suggested by some of the immortal fairy tales which have fed the imaginations of a thousand generations of children.

The work is not an important one, but it has its significance as another manifestation of the peculiar and characteristic trend of contemporaneous music in France. For that reason it should not be set aside lightly. But it has further claims to consideration in its indisputable evidences of fancy and humor.

The shadow—or sunlight, according to your point of view—of the genius of Debussy lies over it all and the method of construction is precisely that of the inimitable sea sketches. The thematic material is almost naive in its simplicity, and this is quite as it should be in a set of miniatures for children. The work was originally written as a piano duet for two children, Mimi and Jean Godebski. Later it was amplified and orchestrated and served as a ballet at the Theatre des Arts last February.

When it was thus arranged the simple melodic ideas were dressed in a wonderful glory of orchestral tints. The rich, exotic harmonies, poignantly dissonant in themselves at times, lend themselves admirably to the composer's skilful instrumental treatment. There is not only depth of color but frequent piquancy in the orchestration, and on the whole the little suite leaves a pleasing impression.

The pavane is the slightest of the five movements; it is only a preface. The "Hop O' My Thumb", delineating the wanderings of the lost "Petit Poucet," is exquisitely done by means of an oboe solo with muted string accompaniment and twitterings of birds imitated conventionally. The dancing and playing of the statuettes around the bath of "Laideronette" are charmingly composed and the dialogue of Beauty and the Beast, a slow waltz, is excellent. We shall doubtless hear this pretty little suite again.

Maggie Teyte had sung *Dot* at the first performance of "The Cricket on the Hearth" in Philadelphia on Thursday night and was not quite at her best, but in the French songs she showed a comprehensive knowledge of style despite the fact that her voice was not warm enough to meet all her own purposes.

EMMA LOEFFLER'S RECITAL.

Programme of Great Variety with Some Operatic Airs in Aeolian Hall.

Emma Loeffler, soprano,—there was no clue given on the programme as to wether she should be spoken of as Miss or Mrs.—gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall that had some agreeable features. Her songs were chosen from a wide range of styles, but they were put together with small feeling for appropriateness and the fitness of things—German, Rusian, French, English, Italian and American composers were represented; and there were operatic airs from Massenet's "Le Cid," Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," and Weber's "Oberon."

The singer has a voice approaching a emzzo suprano, no longer in its first freshness, but of excellent quality in its middle and lower tones, often harsh in its upper ones. She sang with evidences of experience, and not without skill and understanding. Her manner of disposing of "Pleurez, mes yeux," from Massenet's opera "Le Lid," suggested a special experience in this style of music. Her treatment of songs showed an understanding of the variety of mood and the necessity of fully characterizing it; and her endeavors to this end weee laudahle and to a considerable degree successful. Of the refinements of vocal art her singing sometimes left something to be desired. There was a large audience present, disposed to friendly appreciation.

MISS LOEFFLER'S RECITAL.

A Voice of Good Natural Quality Marred by Technical Faults.

Emma Loeffler, mezzo soprano, gave a recital of songs last evening in Aeolian Hall. Her programme appeared to have been arranged with a view to including all her best songs but with very little regard for artistic cohereucy. She displayed a voice of excellent natural quality which might have yielded higher musical results. Sometimes her emission of tone was astonishingly faulty, and at others it was such as to give genuine pleasure.

There was no range of color in her tones, but in some of her songs she displayed dramatic instancts. In her delivery of "Pleurez mes yeux," from Massenet's "Le Cid" she showed that she had enjoyed some theatrical experience probably in a minor German city. Two other operatic excerpts figured on her list, while her songs ranged all the way from one by Mr. de Koven to "Traum durch die Dammerung" by Richard Strauss.

N.Y. Times NOV. 10 1912

BOSTON ORCHESTRA AGAIN.

Dr. Mack Repeats H. Bischoff's Long Symphony at His Second Concert.

Dr. Muck was fond of giving his New York listeners severe tests of their patienco when he was previously conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Onc of those tests was a symphony by Hermann Bischoff. Dr. Muck played it in New York on January 9, 1908: It took seventy minutes for performance. He made it yesterday the principal number of his first afternoon concert. The rest of the programme was Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" and the overture to Weber's "Euryanthe."

The symphony was not worth exhuming after its four years' rest. It is as long as ever it was, and its length is not commensurate with the value of the Ideas that are contained in it. Mr. Bischoff declared that his symphony has nothing to do with programme music, but in order not to be out of fashion, he then insisted that it presents programme music throughout, and proceeded to outline its programme—a suggestion of a dissipated young man who sees the ghosts of his misspent early years—dissolute nights, orgiastic masked balls, passionate love murmurings in gardens flooded with moonlight and vocal with the song of birds. Mr. Bischoff is a pupil of Strauss, and the fact appears in certain passages of his music; does it also appear in this proclamation?

He begins as if he were going to differentiate himself from many composers of the present day and starts to writing tunes. There is a strong rhythmic feeling in the first theme, though it is rather commonplace, which is also to be said of subsequent themes in this movement. But he loses himself speedily, now and in the subsequent movements, in a maze of elaboration that is by turns dry, bombastic and turgid. The slow movement, built on themes not without breadth and even nobility; the presto, with its slow trio—though the principal theme has a movement that strongly suggests the galumphing of the conqueror of the Snark—the final allegro, all offer undoubtedly something for the listener; there are pages of music deeply felt, then are passages of beauty. But Mr. Bischoff knows nothing of moderation, and his material is wrought over with fatuous prolixity. He is his own worst enemy in striving for depth and distinction by means of an elaboration that has brought to his work only dullness and weariness of the spirit.

In his orchestration he is equally immoderate; the first movement, especially is noisy to a degree that verges on vulgarity and blatancy. His effects are often hard and metallic and monotonous. For one thing, he needs to follow the advice of Sir Charles Stanford, who urges young composers to give their music a "chance to breathe through rests. The slow movement needs such a chance especially—for pages and pages everybody in the orchestra is playing industriously all the time. There is better scoring in some of the later movements.

Mr. Bischoff four years ago was thought of as one of Germany's promising young men; but he apparently has not been heard of again since he launched this symphony. Dr. Muck evidently believes in him. He conducted the symphoy with zeal and enthusiasm, and it was played with splendid spirit and power. All that the Boston Orchestra could do for it was done; and no more could be done.

MR. PERSINGER'S RECITAL.

An American Violinist Who Shows Talent and Some Excellent Qualities.

Louis Persinger is a talented young American violinists who has just returned to New York after experience abroad. He gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall that was heard by an audience of considerable size. His programme showed serious aims, and its performance no inconsiderable ability. He has a fine musical taste and a command of many of the most valuable qualities of violin playing; good bowing, a well-developed technique of the left hand, and vigorous an delastic bowing. He plays with delicacy, and often with intensity of feeling. Unfortunately, his tone is not always all that it might be; it is not large, and has a certain dryness and lack of expressiveness.

His programme showed artistic seriousness. Its numbers were a concert of Nardini's, Bach's prelude and fugue in G minor, unaccompanied; Bruch's concerto in G minor, and two groups of smaller pieces which in large part avoided the trivlality that many excellent violinists of this day do not shun when they come to this stage of their programmes.

T. Nov 25 1912

MR. MAX BEHRENS'S RECITAL.

A pianoforte recital was given on Saturday afternoon in the Bechstein Hall by Mr. Max Behrens with a programme which included Busoni's transcription of Bach's Chaconne, Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Handel, and Chopin's 24 Preludes.

The pianist was by no means heard to the best advantage in the chaconne, with which he opened his recital. He is not a virtuoso, but a quiet player with a leaning towards the romantic and the sentimental, and with a capacity for intimate expression on a small scale rather than for dramatic ideas on a large canvas. In the variations by Brahms (which would have been better placed after the preludes by Chopin instead of following immediately on the variations of Bach) he played those which were simple and quiet, as he played the smaller and lighter preludes, with conviction and with a pleasant *piano* or *mezzoforte* tone; the fugue, like the climaxes in the chaconne, lacked weight. There was insufficient volume, mainly in the right hand, and the tone was woolly where it should have been brilliant; one never heard a really ringing note; everything was more or less muffled. The player's rhythm, too, though serving him well in the quiet passages, was apt to be laboured in the attempt to give point to some of the more rhetorical phrases by slightly holding them back, and whereas the movement was carried along easily wherever the music flowed clearly and lightly, it halted too readily for the sake of sentiment in some of the heavier preludes and quite let the musical thread drop momentarily at the point in the chaconne where the minor variations return after the episode in the major. M. Behrens is, however, quite obviously a good musician, and it would be a pleasure to listen to him in a small room with a programme free from *bravura* pieces.

PROFESSOR MAX BEHRENS

RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

Oct 28 1912

The pianoforte recital given by Professor Max Behrens on Saturday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall was not exactly the occasion of specially distinguished playing. This artist, who was making a first appearance in London is best described, perhaps, as being one of those thoroughly capable and highly educated musicians who yet are lacking in the power of interpretation. Probably the professor knows all that is worth knowing about pianoforte technique. His own, in fact, is ample enough, while his style of performance proves his mental attitude to be essentially sincere and artistic. But the playing is more that of the study than the concert-hall. It reveals the shape rather than the emotional context of the music. Hence, while one could admire the extraordinary skill of Busoni's arrangement of Bach's "Chaconne," the work seemed far more unsatisfactory than usual in this guise. Brahms's "Handel" Variations, for once, sounded lengthy, and the wisdom of playing the twenty-four preludes of Chopin, Op. 28, straight through of as much doubt as ever. All this owing to the pianist's limits in the direction of personal expression. If his technical attainments have any shortcoming it is in respect of tone, which is neither very resonant nor brilliant in quality. The execution, however, was always facile and clear.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Oct 29 1912

THE SEASON'S OPENING CONCERT.

In spite of the inclement weather a large audience was present at the Queen's Hall last night on the occasion of the first symphony concert of the season given by the London Symphony Orchestra. The programme was classical throughout, but evidently none the less welcome for that or for its familiarity. Herr Fritz Steinbach was the conductor, a musician this whose method it is always interesting to hear, whether one agrees with his readings or not. That is to say, he is, indeed, a man of ideas, and with mastery over effect to ensure their being carried out in a forcible and telling style. Unfortunately, the tendency with these "star" conductors is seemingly to create an interpretation of their own with not always the happiest results from a purely musical point of view. One is beginning to feel the want of a strong personality who will prove to us once again that the true spirit of the music counts for more than the making of points and powerful climaxes. Great conducting surely means this. There were, of course, a good many beautiful moments in last night's performance of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony; but was realised. The programme was completed with Schumann's "Genoveva" overture and Brahm's first symphony, the latter a work with which Herr Steinbach is held to be especially in sympathy.

its lyrical grace and tender melancholy were attributes not sufficiently revealed in the interpretation as a whole. There was too much cleverness and not enough spontaneity.

The soloist was Herr Adolph Busch, who when he first appeared here last spring created so very favourable an impression. One was glad to hear this fine young violinist again and to find that the exacting nature of the Beethoven concerto did not lead to any disappointment. The playing in the first movement was really very beautiful, and particularly praiseworthy was the admirable way its serene, yet noble and lofty, mood

MME. JULIA CULP'S RECITAL.

A vocal recital was given last night in the Bechstein Hall by Mme. Julia Culp with a programme which was made up of seven of Schubert's "Müllerlieder," five from Schumann's "Liederkreis" set to words by Eichendorf, and a group by Brahms.

With her full, pure tone and her breathing firmly under control Mme. Culp was able to leave some wonderful impressions simply by the beauty of the actual sounds she produced. Her way of managing the *crescendos* on a single breath was in this respect particularly striking. At the same time, there were two features in her singing which showed that for all her gifts and skill Mme. Culp is beginning to develop mannerisms in two directions, which unless they are checked are likely to become stereotyped. The first is a tendency to drag any song which is slow to begin with and written in a sentimental mood. It was noticeable more especially in Schubert's "Der Neugierige," "Pause," "Der Müller und der Bach," and in Brahms's "In Waldeseinsamkeit." The other is a habit of taking some of the rapid songs with a half-speaking, *staccato* tone, and of then suddenly contrasting it with a long *legato* phrase given out with the full voice. She did this in Schubert's "Eifersucht und Stolz" and in "Ungeduld," in which the last two lines seemed quite detached from the rest of the song. The last line of Schumann's "Waldesgespräch" was also detached, but for a different reason; here it was over-emphatic *rubato* which broke the rhythm, which up till then had been continuous. Still, in spite of these weak points, there was, as usual at her recitals, much that was altogether admirable. Her phrasing throughout was strikingly clear, convincing, and free from any kind of exaggeration, and time after time she managed to convey the mood of her songs before the end of the first line had been reached. The pathos of Schumann's "In der Fremde" and Schubert's "Trockne Blumen," the suppressed passion of Brahms's "Nachtigall," and the simple joy of "Das Mädchen spricht" were indicated with ease and directness, and by purely musical means. Mr. Richard Epstein was the accompanist.

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS

THE PETERSBURG AND FLONZALEY QUARTETS.

The lovers of chamber music were well catered for yesterday, seeing that there were string quartet concerts at the Bechstein Hall in both the afternoon and evening. The St. Petersburg Quartet has often played in London, and its method is rightly greatly admired. The style is essentially strong and yet extremely finished. Perhaps MM. Grigorowitsch, Kranz, Bakalejnikoff, and Butkewitsch are not equally good in all schools; the performance of Debussy's work yesterday was not so convincing as that of Glazounov's in A, but their precision and rhythmic control would be hard to better. The French composer's music suffered a little in intonation at times, the chief failing, however, lying in the interpretation, which did not appear to present the right kind of wayward impulsiveness.

MM. Betti, Pochon, Ara, and d'Archambeau, who form the "Flonzaley" Quartet, play with splendid tone and impetuosity. Their programme also contained a modern French quartet, Ravel's clever work. It is an odd coincidence that in both this and the Debussy there should be found phrases strikingly similar to themes used by Puccini in "Madame Butterfly" and "The Girl of the Golden West" respectively. The resemblance can only be chance, unless in the latter case Puccini really was influenced owing to his evident recent study of the later French developments. A trio sonata of Giuseppe Sammartini was labelled "first time in London," which may or may not be the case. It is a cheery example of eighteenth-century chamber music and well worth reviving. The concert began with a delightful quartet of Mozart which was very crisply played, especially the invigorating finale. In the other movements there was a suspicion of heaviness of style in the playing not quite in keeping with the character of the music.

MME. DIMITRIEFF SINGS

Russian Soprano's Recital Pleases Large Audience.

Mme. Nina Dimitrieff, Russian soprano, gave a well attended song recital in Aeolian Hall last night. Her programme was varied, containing songs by no less than nineteen composers, including Richard Strauss, Massenet, Bizet, Tschaikowsky, Moussorgsky, Sibelius, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Schindler and Hadley.

Mme. Dimitrieff's natural voice is an unusually fine one, especially in the lower and middle tones, but her method of using it was often unfortunate in its results whenever her upper voice was called into play. She was best in such songs as Massenet's "Heure Vécue," where delicacy of treatment rather than dramatic power was required, and where her faulty tone production was minimized. Her French diction, too, was most admirable.

In Bienstock's "Die Bergstimme" her lower notes were splendidly round and resonant, but her upper ones were too often strident. Yet the excellent natural quality of the voice was always evident, and the applause was liberal and on the whole deserved.

Miss Bethune Grigor was a tasteful accompanist.

MR. GANZ'S RECITAL

A Juvenile Progressist in Music —Boy's Sonata Heard.

Mr. Rudolph Ganz, pianist, is far from being an unknown quantity in American musical life. He once made his domicile in Chicago and occasionally came to New York to give a concert and incidentally to illustrate the excellent standard of pianoforte playing which is maintained in the metropolis of the middle Northwest. Then he changed his abode to Europe, and, returning for concert purposes, has chosen to present himself as a Swiss pianist. Perhaps it is better so, for Mr. Ganz was a Helvetian before he was a Chicagoan, and it makes no difference, so far as his playing is concerned, whether he hails from the Alps or Lake Michigan. He appeared in still another capacity, however, yesterday afternoon when he gave a recital in Carnegie Hall—as a propagandist for the juvenile radical Erich Korngold, of Vienna. He played the lad's pianoforte sonata in E major, written two years ago, when the composer was thirteen years old. Other musicians have written sonatas when they were even younger than this precocious lad, but he is the first of record who began where the most radical of his elders left off, or at a point which they have not yet attained. Dr. Burney, who heard some orchestral music written by Mozart when he was already sixteen, thought that the future composer of the "Jupiter" symphony was an instance of "early fruit being more extraordinary than excellent." When young Korngold and his model, Arnold Schönberg, have educated popular taste to the enjoyment of their music, some of those who are rash enough to think now of the former what Burney thought of Mozart will probably be very much ashamed of themselves; but what they think now will be true just the same. The boy's music is more extraordinary than excellent, judged by nearly all the canons of musical art which still have validity. And it is in nothing so extraordinary as in its disregard of pregnant and plastic ideas, of euphonious integument, of logical sequence and of those pleasurable effects which result from symmetrical adjustment of ends and means, matter and manner, thought and expression. It would have been more than interesting, it would have been a real pleasure, to have heard the result had the lad's master constrained him to work along old-fashioned, conventional lines in the development of the promising themes of his last movement. A classroom exercise would have better filled the ears of the listeners and stirred their fancy than did the irritating starts and sidewise excursions which the audience had to take instead yesterday. But this is the age of progress, of unquestioning initiative and unbridled individual license. Let us be neo-Teutonic before it is too late.

Mr. Ganz played some other music, some of his own, which we wish he had left to clever drawing room artists (a fantastic march and a peasants' dance), and a prelude in G flat and serenade by a stranger to our lists named Blanchet (the former a striking harmonic study on a ground note), and though these things won the liking of his audience they dimmed somewhat the fine, strong, clear artistic light which went out from his performance of Schumann's symphonic studies, Beethoven's C sharp minor sonata and the pieces by Chopin and Liszt. Mr. Ganz's style has undergone a refining process since he was here last; he is a player whom now it is an unalloyed delight to hear.

H. E. K.

SOUSA AT THE HIPPODROME.

Large Audience Demands Many Encores—New Numbers Heard.

John Philip Sousa and his band came to the Hippodrome last night for the first concert of the season and attracted an audience that almost filled the big playhouse. The soloists with the organization this year are Herbert L. Clark, cornetist; Virginia Root, soprano, and Nicoline Zedeler, violinist. Each rendered one number and several encores. Mr. Sousa was particularly generous in encores; in fact, giving three to the first concerted number, Liszt's First Rhapsody.

The new numbers on the programme were Mr. Clark's "The Southern Cross," Mr. Sousa's suite, "Tales of a Traveler," a new Sousa march, "The Federal," dedicated to the Australians, and Jessel's "Parade of the Tin Soldiers."

The other programme numbers were the largo from Dvorak's "New World Symphony"; the entr'acte from Wolf-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna," and Fletcher's "Folies Bergère" caprice.

PUCCINI REVIVED FOR THE OPERA OPENING

Success of Señorita Bori in "Manon Lescaut."

There were several reasons why the social side of last night's opera opening overshadowed the artistic. Public expectation had been whetted by promises of a sumptuous revival of one of two works both calculated to make the pictures of the stage vie with those in the audience room. Either one, moreover, would have introduced the new member of the company from whom much is expected and upon whom will depend the success of all the operas calling for singing of the florid kind. But Mme. Hempel took ill, and neither "Les Huguenots" nor "The Magic Flute" was available for the first night. The best alternative which presented itself to Signor Gatti's mind was to produce a Puccini opera, in which Signor Caruso and another newcomer in his forces might take part. Such an opera was "Manon Lescaut." The work has never won a firm hold on the local public. When it was first performed in New York Puccini was practically an unknown quantity, and though Mr. Conried attempted to give it brilliancy by bringing over the composer to witness its first performance at the Metropolitan Opera House in January, 1907, it did not hold its own in the repertory after the succeeding season. But Signor Gatti's attempt to extend the Puccini list with "Le Villi" failed, and the recurrence to "Manon Lescaut" was natural, and even praiseworthy. There are respects in which its music is a refreshing relief after some of the popular works which succeeded it, "Tosca," for instance; it is a godsend after "La Fanciulla del West." Its passion has a more genuine ring. It is freere from mannerisms, and it has fewer futile strivings for effect. Moreover, it is the only one of Puccini's operas in which there is a touch of graceful comedy. It is impossible to avoid comparison between the Manon operas of Massenet and Puccini, and it is only the exquisite archaic touch in the boudoir music and the love scene which follows which enables the Italian work to hold its footing at all in the presence of the French masterpiece.

What Mme. Cavalieri failed to do for Signor Puccini's opera it seems very likely that Señorita Bori may succeed in doing. Not because of her acting, nor even because of her appearance (for is neither of these respects did she bear comparison with her predecessor), but because of her fine vocal skill, displayed at crucial moments. In the first act she was distinctly disappointing. Mixed with the rich organ tones of Signor Caruso, her voice seemed pallid and infantile. It could not assert itself at all, and the little vitality given it by the purity of its timbre was crushed out of it by the rude playing of the orchestra, over which the new conductor, Signor Polacco, exercised in sufficient restraint. But when her opportunity came in the second act, she surprised the audience, critical and uncritical alike, by the real fineness of her vocal art—by an exquisite exhibition of legato singing, by exquisite diction, impeccable intonation and moving pathos. There it was found, too, that the quality of the voice, and its perfect mission gave it ample carrying quality, though Signor Polacco succeeded in drowning is subsequently in the dust with Caruso, who seemed purposely to have modified his own glorious tones for her sake. The new conductor displayed an admirable desire and commensurate ability to imbue the score with life and elasticity, but Puccini's orchestral voice is tre blatant and needs a great deal of Bottom's "aggravation" to becom ceptable.

Little more need be said—all th orita Bori, Signor Caruso and Scotti, whose fine characterizations part of Lescaut has always been stand their companions could do to tate the opera was done. There ha been more brilliant operas from a point of view but the opportunities tho opera affords were amply utiliz the reception was enthusiastic.

H. E.

The regular season of opera at Metropolitan Opera House began evening. The scenes attendant this important opening were alt familiar, for nowhere does history peat itself more exactly than in the ginning of New York's most glitte musical and social function. New f to be sure, were seen in some of boxes, and other faces, long known admired, were absent, for the re finds his way even into the seats of mighty.

But to the eye the picture was same and the atmosphere of plea excitement which always attends first public display of society wa evidence. There was a great crus the entrance in Broadway early in evening, for it was well known that were no longer to be had and t eager to secure favorable stan places hastened to the gates. T are always plenty of standers when Caruso sings, but when he sings or opening night there are more wou standers than the law allows.

It was a great audience, filling house from orchestra to the top gallery, where the people almost over the rail in their hunger to and see everything. Mr. Caruso welcomed with glad acclamations the new prima donna, Lucrezia was received with that cordiality w is always shown to newcomers on Metropolitan stage. There was al new conductor, Mr. Polacco, and he learned what the kindly temper New York audience could be.

The opera selected for the evenin Mr. Gatti-Casazza, the general dir of the house, was Puccini's "Manon caut." The original intention had to give "Les Huguenots," but the ness of Mme. Frieda Hempel, the n engaged German soprano, made this possible. The change, however, pr to be one quite acceptable to the ence, which, like all local opera ences, was well disposed toward work of Puccini's.

"Manon Lescaut" was produce the Metropolitan Opera House u the management of Heinrich Co on January 18, 1907. It had been p by a wandering Italian compan Wallack's Theatre in 1898, but to real operatic public it was a nov Mr. Puccini was present at Mr. ried's production and doubtless the pression made upon him by the atre, the performance and the p was the first incentive toward the position of an opera on an Ame story. "Manon Lescaut" was give times in the season of 1908-09, the of Mr. Conried's direction. The cipal singers were Lina Cavalier *Manon*, Mr. Caruso as *Des Grieux*, Scotti as *Lescaut*, Mr. Rossi as *Ge* and Mr. Bars as *Edmond*. The performance previous to last ni took place on Saturday evening, M 14, 1908, with the same cast except Mr. Martin sang *Des Grieux*. Mr. G Casazza dropped "Manon Lescaut" his repertory when he assumed direction of the Metropolitan. He other irons in his Italian fire, novelties were the order of his day the course of seasons, however, a opera, fallen into disuse, becom novelty to many operagoers, and d less some of those present last eve had never enjoyed the dainty s and seductive music of this Italian sion of the French story.

In recent seasons Massenet's "Ma a quite different treatment of the Prevost's story, has held the stag the Metropolitan. For some reason restoration of the Puccini work i vantageous to the repertoire. O these reasons is that we are pro with an opportunity to observe charms of some other prima d than Miss Farrar in the title role another is that the Italian ope much better suited than the Frenc to the vocal style of Mr. Caruso.

The libretto of Puccini's work is more episodic and disjointed than Massenet's, but the composer has reached a high level of dramatic excellence in his music. He has rested his fundamental thematic ideas on the elemental feelings of his characters, and in some cases has found for them an expression melodious and poignant.

He has been highly successful in creating contrasts of mood, as in that between the first and the second act. In the first we recognize that swift and unerring lightness of touch which also characterizes the first act of "La Boheme." This lightness pervades part of the second act, but the duet is passionate, virile and eloquent. The strong melodic phrase which is heard at its close and which returns in subsequent scenes will dwell in the memory of the hearer.

In the third act the composer has displayed his uncommon theatrical skill in handling the various elements. Here he makes his chorus an actor in the drama, and the comments of the filles de joie as they are led out are masterly. fele" differs from Gounod's "Faust." from Massenet's as Boito's "Mefisto-

fele" differs from Gounod's "Faust.' This might be construed as meaning simply that one is Italian and the other French. But possibly some opera lovers will believe that the Italian has shown a larger and more passionately human view of the story than the Frenchman, even if he has not achieved the same refinement. At any rate the large skill of Puccini in the craft of the theatre seems in this work to overmatch that of Massenet, which itself was by no means inconsiderable.

The performance of the opera last evening was one which will be remembered to the credit of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's administration. It had many striking merits, and its defects were so few and unimportant that they may be passed without comment. Perhaps some features of the representation which instantly appealed to the eye will be most swiftly recalled by those who were present. These were the diminution of the shadows of Messrs. Caruso and Scotti, both of which covered too much of the map of Europe when these singers went home last spring. Whether they discovered Mme. Nordica's new fountain of perpetual slimness or not has not been disclosed, but they have both trained down and they look better and younger.

Another pictorial feature of the performance was the youthful beauty of Audrezla Bori, the new prima donna, who appeared as *Manon*. This young woman has been heard at La Scala, Milan, and she was a temporary member of the Metropolitan company when visited Paris. She is a really very pretty and attractive young woman, and her smile might cover a tolerable number of vocal deficiencies.

Her voice is a light lyric soprano of very moderate power, but it is quite large enough for such a role as *Manon*. Miss Bori is not a consummate vocal artist. Sometimes last night she sang a phrase of two with perfect placing of tone. This was naturally the case chiefly in the medium register. When she placed the tones properly they were indeed beautiful. But too frequently she used the white color, and often in the upper register she was strident. Her the scale in the second act was very rough and unequal.

But it was a first appearance, and on the whole successful. Some passages Miss Bori sang with feeling and the audience rewarded her with abundant applause. She will doubtless become popular in juvenile roles, if she looks as pretty and sings well as often as she did last evening.

Mr. Caruso as *Des Grieux* was in excellent vocal condition. His singing in the first act was perfect in its fine lyric elegance. It gave genuine pleasure to all his admirers; at times it evoked thoroughly deserved enthusiasm. In the second act he yielded to the temptations offered by the music to indulge in expressive declamation, and this can never give delight to those who cherish a real love for the unique tenor voice of our time.

Mr. Scotti as *Lescaut* was excellent. He is such a good actor that in a sharply drawn character part he always gives pleasure. Mr. de Segurola's theatrical skill was displayed to advantage in *Tironte*. Giorgio Polacco, a newly engaged conductor, directed the performance. There were times when he allowed the orchestra to play too loudly, but on the whole he gave the score a reading which had much color and elasticity. The orchestra played very well indeed.

The opera was most liberally mounted. The scenery and costumes were worthy of the house, the small parts were in fairly good hands and the chorus sang unusually well. On the whole, it was most agreeable opening of a season which will be long and, as every one certainly hopes, of high artistic quality.

SINGS RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS.

N. Y. Herald

All the color and the note of depression that lies in the folk songs of Russia were brought out by Mme. Nina Dimitrieff at her recital in Aeolian Hall last night, and the audience, which was for the most part composed of persons of Russian birth or extraction, was highly enthusiastic. There were few except Russian folk songs on it, and she had been careful to select the best of Tschaikowsky, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff to sing. N.Y. Herald. 1912

Mme. Dimitrieff sang with the Russian Symphony Orchestra last season, and this was her first appearance here in recital. She sings with a remarkably clear, true soprano voice, and the reality with which she brought out every beauty of her songs was best attested by the vigorous applause that followed each number.

THE ST. PETERSBURG QUARTET.

Three quartets—Glazounow in A, Debussy in G minor, and the first of the Rasoumoffsky Quartets—were played yesterday afternoon at Bechstein Hall. Times. Oct. 30. 1912

If the individual players are the same as those who made such good music here last November we regret to have to note that yesterday's performance showed a decided falling off. Glazounow's Quartet, especially the beautiful first movement, was all that could be wished. In that, and indeed throughout the concert, there was a certainty and definition in the rhythm, and a unanimity in the light and shade which made the whole clear and intelligible. But in the later movements and in much of the Debussy a defective intonation sadly marred the effect of an otherwise musical performance. It occurred chiefly in scale passages where major and minor tones were transposed too often by the violoncello and occasionally by the first violin. Beethoven's Quartet received no better treatment, or else the defect was more apparent there. It is, moreover, seldom wise to depart from the historical order in a programme, except for some special reason; not only does it disturb the natural sequence of thought for the listener, but the performer, too, experiences a difficulty in passing from the turmoil of ideas still in the making to the passionlessness of achieved beauty.

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

Times

The Flonzaley Quartet, who have not been heard in London this year, gave the first of two chamber concerts last night in the Bechstein Hall, with a programme made up of Mozart's String Quartet in D (K. 499), Ravel's Quartet in F, and a Sonata for two violins and violoncello by Giuseppe Sammartini.

The last composer came over from Milan towards the middle of the 18th century and spent 13 years in London, holding a post at Court under the Prince of Wales, and playing the oboe in the orchestra at the Opera. He wrote a great deal of chamber music, of which practically none is heard at the present day. If it is all on the same level as the trio played last night it will be imperative for somebody to unearth and play some more. It opened with a few dignified introductory bars which led into a lively and vigorous dance tune, recalling the English style in its rhythm and its melodies. The Andante, too, which followed a short lament, sounded as though it had been written after the composer had been listening to some of the more inspired of his friend Maurice Greene's cathedral anthems; while the last, like the first, was couched in the rhythm of the dance. It was played with wonderful delicacy by the Quartet and with a thorough sympathy for 18th century idiom, which was also apparent in their playing of the Mozart. The variety of thought and intensity of feeling underlying the formal phraseology was brought out as though the music had been written by a contemporary; its continuity, too, was maintained with great skill, one noticeable passage being the return to the minuet after the trio. This capacity for holding the thread of the music was particularly valuable in the quartet by Ravel, for without it the sections of the movements disintegrate too readily. The players' fine sense of rhythm and the variety of their tone also helped them to give a very vivid and yet unforced performance of this beautiful work. Oct. 30. 1912

A GRIEG RECITAL.

Times, Oct. 31. 1912

Too few of Grieg's songs are commonly sung in public, and as a consequence the few which are sung are apt to be heard too often. The recital at Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon would have been welcome if only because of the fact that being devoted entirely to Grieg it gave a larger view of his songs than can often be had in a concert room. But it was still more remarkable for the interpretation of the programme than for the programme itself. The songs were sung by Miss Ellen Beck, and accompanied by Mme. Grieg. It is scarcely necessary to speak of the intimate sympathy which was the main characteristic of the whole performance, for Mme. Grieg has been a lifelong exponent of her husband's art, singing the songs herself formerly with rare distinction, and Miss Ellen Beck has studied them with her and has fitted herself to interpret the composer's mind as few singers have done. Grieg's lyrical capacity is at its height in his songs. The words raised his melodic gift to a higher power and enabled him to rise above the mannerisms which so often put a check upon even his most charming lyrical pieces for the piano. The dozen songs of this programme showed a variety of conception which it would be difficult to match with a dozen of his piano pieces.

The songs were divided into three groups. The first, sung in the original languages, Danish and Norwegian, began with the rarely-heard "Your servant, fair ladies," and contained "The Swan," which is among the most popular of all. The second group, sung in German, contained the beautiful "Ausfahrt," which combines delicate tone painting with drama in the most perfect balance, and which, as Miss Beck sang it, seemed to be the most far-reaching of all the series. The last group was given in English, which one regretted a little because some of the translations are far from being ideal, but it contained five beautiful songs ranging from the simple pathos of "A mother's grief" to "Eros," which, fine though it is, shows Grieg trying for and just failing to reach the expression of passion, the one quality which he lacked as a song-writer. Between the songs there were groups of piano solos well played by Mme. Johanne Stockmarr, who is as sympathetic to Grieg's piano music as Miss Beck is to his songs. Her playing of the suite "Aus Holberg's Zeit," however, was a little disappointing because she seemed too anxious to make the music tell, whereas more restraint in *rubato* and in tone would have shown the quaint and crisp forms of the pieces more clearly. In a later group, including the "Berceuse," the "Norwegian Bridal Procession," and "From the Carnival," her playing was unfailingly successful and delightful.

LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY.

Times

Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" was performed by this society, with the assistance of the London Symphony Orchestra, last night at Queen's Hall. In a work so full of quick and ready resource, with more ideas tumbling over one another than would fit out a whole tetralogy, and with completely independent motion of all the parts, a choir has to keep its wits about it. There is all possible scope for musicianship on the part of the singers, and this they displayed to a high degree. There was plenty to marvel at in the certainty with which extremely difficult intervals were hit and awkward cross-rhythms maintained. On the other hand, there is not much opportunity for vocalization, and accordingly it was difficult to judge of the quality of the voices, even in the few unaccompanied passages; but the sopranos appeared to sing their part without forcing and with pure and round tone; the contraltos were a little weak, but otherwise the voices seemed to be well balanced. Such very dramatic music must be rather demoralizing to sing, since the unaccented notes can afford to be slurred over, and not necessarily even to be in tune, provided the accented ones are clear and tune; and to say the truth there were places in the score which seemed rather to lower the true function of the voice. It would be surprising if a choir after a season of such treatment should be in a position to do justice to any music such as a madrigal which required sustained tone. Oct. 31. 1912

The soloists, on the other hand—Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. Alfred Heather (Poet) and Mr. Frederic Austin (Philosopher)—had plenty of vocal passages to sing. The rich tones of Miss Lett's voice combined well with the smooth style of Mr. Heather, and both contrasted with the keener feeling for drama of Mr. Austin. They may all of them have felt some little doubt towards the end of the evening of their personal identity; the Philosopher sang a good deal of poetry, the Poet chiefly philosophy, and the Beloved a good deal of both.

STEINWAY HALL.

Oct. 31. 1912. Telegraph

No little success has fallen to Miss Dorothy Forster as a writer of "drawing-room" ballads, her efforts in this still extensive domain having been found to possess just those qualities of conventional tunefulness that are essential to the popularity of songs of this unpretentious order. It was only to be expected that the composer's name would figure conspicuously in the programme of the concert she gave at Steinway Hall last evening, and in this her supporters were not disappointed, although it is only right to mention that Rossini, Saint-Saëns, and one or two other composers not altogether unknown to fame were allowed a "look-in." But are we mistaken in supposing that it was Miss Forster's songs—which the composer herself accompanied—that the audience really relished the most? Many of the examples heard long since won their way to the hearts of ballad-lovers, but a few novelties appeared in the list, and of these perhaps the most noteworthy was "I've a Home in the South," a quite pretty thing of its kind, with which Miss Carmen Hill made a decided success. So, too, did Miss Palgrave Turner with "A Balm of Life," of which, indeed, the stereotyped phrases so greatly pleased the audience that an encore was inevitable. But, however familiar the pattern of Miss Forster's songs, there is no denying that all are eminently "singable," and, besides the artists already mentioned, Miss Phyllis Holman, Mr. Ian MacRobert, and Mr. Carlton Brough won applause in characteristic examples from her pen. Mr. Rowsby Woof varied the programme with some violin solos, and Mr. Stanley Hawley assisted at the piano and organ.

THE NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

N.Y. Herald 1912

The first of a new series of symphony concerts was given by this orchestra under Mr. Landon Ronald yesterday afternoon in the Queen's Hall. The orchestral part of the programme was made up of Sir Edward Elgar's First Symphony in A flat, Richard Strauss's *Don Juan*, and an arrangement by the conductor of a series of movements from Bizet's incidental music to *L'Arlesienne*. With two suites already in existence in Bizet's own arrangement, one might have supposed that people could do without a third. Especially as many conductors are in the habit of making a composite suite out of the two by selecting only the best movements of each. This is just what Mr. Ronald has not done, for the little minuet in E flat which plays a large part early in his suite is one of the least individual things Bizet wrote, and sounds more trivial than ever with the new and heavy orchestration with which everything has been clothed. The

TENTH PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

New York Herald 1912

The tenth season of the People's Symphony Club, which is devoted to chamber music, was opened last evening by the Marguies Trio, assisted by Wyatt A. Moor, flutist. In arranging music programmes for the masses at popular prices this branch of the People's Institute never misses an opportunity to appeal to the taste of lovers of good music, at the same time keeping up with the latest compositions by modern music writers. 1912

At last evening's concert a trio by John Adam Hugo, played from manuscript, was a worthy vehicle for the three excellent musicians. Beethoven's trio in B-flat and two movements from Verney's Concerto, Opus 22, formed the balance of the programme. NOV. 12

andole too is less happy than one hopes from e material that it is going to be. However, the old ovençal theme with which Bizet's first suite opens used, and both this and the broad tune of the ermezzo in C minor wear their new clothes fairly mfortably. We may be thankful to be spared the pular cantabile tune in E flat which Bizet's audices liked so much that he used it again both as a anoforte piece and a song. That, with heavier chestration, would have been intolerable.

It was pleasant to renew acquaintance with Elgar's st symphony, which has been somewhat neglected late owing to the numerous performances of the cond. We are never likely to bear the one in A flat ite so often, for, with whatever good will one is epared to listen to what the composer writes, the eat length to which the first and last movements e spun out, and the large tracks of barren ground hich have to be traversed before the journey's d is reached, militate against constant repetition hen there are many other works of his which say uch the same kind of thing more concisely. The chestra played the symphony admirably, and the one of the brass was much more refined than it was *Don Juan*.

Mme. Julia Culp was to have sung Clärchen's wo beautiful songs from *Egmont*, but as there was o rehearsal it was found that the orchestral parts were in too high a key for her, and she therefore substituted Schubert's "Der bist die Ruh" and his "Ständchen." Both of these and Brahms's "Botschaft" she sang with exquisitely pure tone and beautiful phrasing, but in Brahms's "Immer leiser" she displayed the same tendency to drag that we noticed at her recital a few nights ago.

A FRENCH PIANIST.

nov. 1. 1912 Telegraph

Mr. Henri Ethn, who was awarded the first prize at the Paris Conservatoire in 1907, is a young pianist of considerable attainments, an advanced technique, and a style not always quite disciplined as yet. But there is plenty of time for him to make it so. At his first London recital in Bechstein Hall last night the newcomer gave his audience a good deal of pleasure, and certainly his playing had some brilliant moments. We liked his reading of Chopin's B flat minor Sonata better in parts than as a whole, a tendency towards excessive contrasts of tone rather marring the general effect. The fortes were apt to be hard—though not noisy—while too often the pianos became pianissimos. And, in particular, the trio of the Funeral March section was very much over-sentimentalised and unduly dragged out. However, these were faults of style, due in a measure to temperament, and the pleasant fact remains that the pianist's best was very good indeed, and clearly showed that in him are the makings of a fine artist. His programme was well varied, as well as exacting, and his performance, notably of Saint-Saëns's "Etude en forme de Valse," was extraordinarily clever, rhythmically and otherwise. But why did he play Strauss's "Dance of the Seven Veils" from "Salome"? On the piano the excerpt sounds utterly futile, even when played as well as it was last night.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

nov. 1. 1912

The Royal Choral Society opened its autumn season with a performance last night of *Elijah*. Audiences in the Albert Hall like to be quite sure of what they are going to get and do not share the taste of some others that might be mentioned for new readings of old music. The Royal Choral Society under Sir Frederick Bridge was quite right, therefore, to give a thoroughly straightforward account of the oratorio. The chorus, though they produced rather too muffled a tone in quiet choruses like "Blessed are the men" and were inclined to drag the time, sang out well and produced a full volume in the more dramatic moments. Miss Ruth Vincent sang the soprano solos with strikingly pure quality of voice and with sincerity of feeling, and Mme. Ada Crossley, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Herbert Brown did full justice to music which must be as familiar to them as to the audience. The smaller parts in the concerted pieces were taken adequately by Miss Elsie Short, Miss Florence Taylor, Mr. David Ellis, and Mr. Jim Smart.

TWO CHAMBER CONCERTS.

Two sets of string quartet players were heard on Wednesday in the Bechstein Hall. In the afternoon the London Quartet played for the Classical Concert Society; in the evening the Wessely Quartet gave the first of a new winter series of four concerts.

nov. 1

The even balance, delicate tone, and minute attention to detail which characterize the London Quartet's playing produced strikingly beautiful results in the "Andante scherzoso, quasi Allegretto" movement of Beethoven's early work in C minor; and elsewhere too during the course of the quartet these qualities were of course useful. At the same time there were places (in the minuet, for instance, and the two outside movements) where one would gladly have sacrificed a little of the players' smoothness for more breadth and fulness. This absence of breadth was noticeable again in Schumann's pianoforte quintet at the end of the programme, and all the more so as Miss Adela Verne, who was responsible for the piano part, is essentially a robust player. She was far better in this concerted music than in Chopin's Barcarolle and well-known study in A minor, which she gave as her solos; here her touch was heavy and the music was played with a stolidity which had not even the merit of making weighty and dignified climaxes. The singer was Mme. Julia Hostater, who sang two groups of songs with keen intelligence and with a tone which was clear and steady, except in some of the longer phrases, where the breath showed signs of giving out before the last note had been reached. She was at her best in Brahms's "Wie komm' ich denn zur Thür herein," Schumann's "Sandmann," which had to be repeated, and Mozart's lovely song "An Chloe," which always sounds as though it had been written for Cherubino.

1912

The Wessely Quartet's programme was made up of Haydn's quartet in G from Op. 54, Debussy's well-known work, and one by Dr. Charles Wood in A minor, which was not actually played for the first time, as the programme stated, since it was brought out at one of Mr. Dunhill's concerts earlier in the year. We spoke of it in these columns at some length at the time, so that it is not necessary to say much more about it here than that it is a singularly pure example of diatonic chamber music which attracts on the whole less by its matter than by the way it is presented. It is something more than an admirable academic exercise, owing to the feeling which lies behind much of the writing, more particularly in the first and last movements; at the same time the Adagio is disappointing, if one remembers the best work of which Dr. Wood is capable, and even technically it fails to hold the interest after the brilliant scherzo which precedes it. The audience, it must be stated, was warm in applause, which the composer appeared on the platform to acknowledge. It was very sympathetically played by the quartet, who had just shown in the Haydn how crisp, rhythmical phrasing and precision could be combined with vitality and vigour. The best playing of the evening was, however, reserved for Debussy's work, in which the details were treated with wonderful *finesse* without in any way drawing attention to themselves and so interfering with the players' conception of each movement as a whole.

Times

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

nov. 2. 1912

The second concert of this quartet, held at Bechstein Hall last night, gave us a quartet by Haydn in G (Op. 76, No. 1) and Tchaikovsky's Op. 11, in D, with between them a sonata for two violins and violoncello by W. Friedmann Bach. The performance was intensely enjoyable as an example of perfect *ensemble*. It was wonderful to hear the violoncello taking up a descending arpeggio where the first violin left it and carrying it on with a precisely similar quality of tone, and the chords in such a passage as the beginning of Haydn's slow movement were so evenly balanced that they could only be compared to a perfectly voiced organ diapason. Indeed the Flonzaley Quartet makes one feel the string quartet to be a single instrument as scarcely any other party of players does. We could wish for no more delightful thing than this way of playing Haydn; in Tchaikovsky it was not quite so satisfying, because Tchaikovsky is apt to become a little tame when too high a polish is put upon his music. The sonata by W. F. Bach is well worth reviving, for it is more than merely a good example of the broad style of writing which the composer inherited from his father. One characteristic, for which no doubt the elder Bach was partly responsible, is W. F. Bach's skill in writing an interesting and living bass part. The two most distinctive movements are the beautifully expressive Larghetto and the vivid last movement in Gigue rhythm which the players made splendidly articulate in every detail.

Telegraph

MISS RITA NEVE'S RECITAL.

nov. 2. 1912. Telegraph

For her years, which are not yet sixteen, Miss Rita Neve is certainly a gifted pianist. At her recital yesterday afternoon, at Seaford House, this young English artist played through a programme of great variety, passing from Beethoven to Liszt, viâ Algernon Ashton, Ravel, Debussy, Coleridge-Taylor, Schumann, and Chopin—a tortuous journey enough. It did not trouble the young lady, however, who appeared as much at ease in the "Waldstein" Sonata as in "Le Gibet" of Maurice Ravel. A good deal has, of course, yet to be learned, one of the first things being the use of the loud pedal, which on more than one occasion yesterday was distinctly unruly—notably in the "Aufschwung" of Schumann and in the Coleridge-Taylor pieces. Variety of tone-colour is another thing, if Miss Neve is to make her playing interesting to listen to; lack of colour was the principal drawback to her rendering of "Reflets dans l'eau," and the superb Nocturne in D flat. A few years more of hard work will set these things right, for the young artist is well endowed with temperament. Miss Ivy Lush and Mr. Anton Bond assisted the recital giver, the former by singing a number of beautiful songs, and the latter by reciting several dainty poems.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

nov. 4. 1912. Telegraph

Had Miss Ethel Barns approached César Franck's Sonata at the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon with the same enthusiasm and enjoyment with which she attacked those little pieces of her own, the performance with which she and Mr. Percy Waller opened the first of the new series of Barns-Phillips chamber concerts would have been vastly more interesting than was actually the case. As it was their fluent but somewhat colourless interpretation conveyed the impression that they did not quite appreciate the grandeur and splendour of what is surely one of the noblest works ever written for the two instruments. César Franck's Sonata rarely leaves one unmoved, but Miss Barns and Mr. Waller, excellent artists though they have often proved themselves to be, scarcely did justice to its glories, and, for once in a way, it seemed flat and tame. At the same concert Mr. Phillips repeated the interesting experiment which he made some time ago of singing Schumann's "Dichter liebe" in English. With such success has Mr. R. H. Elkin accomplished the very difficult task of translating not merely the words, but also the beautiful simplicity, of Heine's poems that it is possible to enjoy the cycle as completely in English as in German, especially when it is as well sung as Mr. Phillips sang it on Saturday, to the excellent accompanying of Mr. German Reed.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.

1912

The Queen's Hall Orchestra gave its second symphony concert of the season on Saturday afternoon at the Queen's Hall. Sir Henry Wood rather disappointed us in his reading of Brahms's symphony in F, for, although some beautiful playing was heard from the orchestra, it was not always that the right spirit of the music was revealed. For instance, the main theme of the first movement is marked to be played "passionato," but the effect realised was more "giocoso," partly due to the rate of speed adopted and partly to a lack of breadth in the phrasing. It seems worth while to comment in this way because Brahms can be very easily misunderstood, and, therefore, not properly appreciated. The finale, again, was not taken in a sufficiently weighty style. For the performances of the andante and allegretto high praise is due save for the fact that one prefers the former to be played a shade more quickly. The magnificent polyphony of Bach's Brandenburg concerto for strings (in G) was very finely expressed by the orchestra and the advantage of the additional personnel well realised therein. The shortage hitherto in double-basses had undoubtedly affected the general quality of the string tone.

The rest of the programme consisted of Ravel's picturesque "Ma Mère l'Oye," a "Das Reingold" excerpt, and Tchaikovsky's violin concerto. This last was played by Miss Marie Hall, who made thus a welcome reappearance. Her style may not be marked by the greatest posible virility or power, but in respect of clarity and purity of tone it is irreproachable. The performance, indeed, was singularly beautiful and attractive in its elegance and in its execution, remarkable this for its quiet and unassuming mastery.

MISS MARGUERITE MELVILLE.

Miss Marguerite Melville, who gave a recital at the Bechstein Hall last night is undoubtedly a clever pianist. She created quite a favourable impression a year ago, and in some respects this was confirmed on the present occasion. One liked her tone and general sincerity of style. But the performance she gave of Brahms's F minor sonata was curiously lacking in an important respect, the rhythms were not held with sufficient steadiness, the phrasing was too interjectory, and, if the work was not very familiar, the hearer could hardly have guessed the grace and strength of its melodic lines. The quality of rubato is a valuable one in the obtaining of flexibility in the expression, but it must not be carried too far. Later, Miss Melville played Schumann's "Kreisleriana" with much skill, although here again there was some measure of the same defect noticeable.

MISS GLYN'S COMPOSITIONS.

nov. 5. 1912

The recital of Miss Margaret H. Glyn's compositions at the Æolian Hall last night struck a somewhat inconclusive note. It suggested a curiously inadequate sense of effect. Songs and organ works only were presented; Miss Glyn, judging by her opus-numbers, has written a good deal, and one wondered whether she had been wise to work in these two mediums so much. Song-writing, of the "at-song" type that is, is an exceedingly difficult form to master, while organ music is by no means the easiest. A fugue for the latter showed that Miss Glyn understands something of what the true organ style is capable, and her songs were marked by their seriousness of outlook. The verses were also from her own pen, her literary gifts being, as a matter of fact, quite as great as her musical, while the technique is better. Musically she has to learn to be more definite, to express herself with a greater concession to the more formal ranges of melody, harmony, and rhythm. One feels sure that her natural powers lie towards orthodoxy, and that her apparent striving after effects is only at bottom due to a want of knowledge of the infinite variations that are possible with the simplest means. Miss Glyn's point of view is attractive in its idealism, and it seems the greater pity that her technique does not as yet permit of her artistic strivings to make themselves felt. The songs were sung by Miss Florence Greenwood and Mr. William Waine, and the organ music played by Mr. E. Douglas-Smith.

THE TIVOLI.

nov. 5. 1912

The new attractions at the Tivoli this week are the Melodian Sextette and Miss Mildred Langley. The former are a company of musicians who go through their short programme of vocal and instrumental music with credit. The audience last night evidently was capable of appreciating vigour as well as feeling in the rendering of the four items that made up the programme contributed by this party, and loudly applauded a tenor solo sung in a powerful if not always too sympathetic voice.

Times

Miss Mildred Langley is a pianist of tender years who has not yet been spoiled by the glamour of her environment. She played three pieces, including Mendelssohn's "Spring-Song," sympathetically, and

HELLAS IN LONDON.

R. AND MRS. DUNCAN AT THE DORÉ GALLERY.

N.Y. 6 1912

At the Doré Gallery Mr. and Mrs. Duncan ade a bid for the publicity necessary to ake their proposed Hellenic University a ccess. Dressed in costumes woven by mselves, and seated on a quaint black-d-white striped settee, against a mauve ckcloth, they presented a domestic and iable picture which may, or may not, ve been reminiscent of Hellas. If the ntippe tradition be true, it certainly was t. However, perhaps a Xantippe does not ake a Hellas any more than a Socrates an Æschylus.

Mr. Duncan aims at founding a model eek city within the confines of London, d also at producing a Greek opera at vent Garden; but, while these projects still nebulous, he is busily engaged at plaining what strikes him as being best rth preserving in the culture of ancient eece. His gymnastic system claims to a reconstruction of the athletics of the ient Greeks, and to involve great econo-s in the expenditure of energy. Mr. ncan observed, as he illustrated it, that had danced before the ancient vases in ny museums while perfecting it—a pro-ding which must have brightened the dull s of the custodians.

Music of a traditional and sacred nature s illustrated by Mrs. Duncan, and this part the exposition of Hellenic culture was y pleasing, as the lady was both charm- to look at and to listen to. But Mr. ncan's sweeping statement of the re-blance between Chinese and Celtic music, l his announcement that Irishmen would ognise some of their own tunes among se of the Chinese need not be accepted by catechumens of the new culture.

Examples of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan's in-try in crafts and in the making of musical truments were on view in an outer hall. Duncan has a pretty gift for weaving, l showed some samples of seamless gar-nts and quaint curtains which were novel- in their way. Metal and woodwork and mples of printing were also on view, and cialisation—which, like idleness, is said to l to mischief—evidently has no place in new university.

ISS ANNIE GODFREY'S DEBUT

N.Y. 6 — 1912

The début of a new violinist, Miss Annie dfrey, at the Queen's Hall, where gave an orchestral concert, was attended th a good deal of success. True she is t yet a finished artist, but her method eady shows much real musical talent, and rtainly a natural aptitude for violin-play-g. Her technique is advanced, though it s not yet arrived at that pitch of com-ete command; it was noticeable that not ly were there some lapses from correct in-nation, but fatigue set in before the end Tchaikovsky's concerto had been reached. iss Godfrey must guard against a tendency forcing, to "pressing," as they say in olfing circles; power and firmness of con-ol will come with experience, as also the t of phrasing broadly. In matters of ex-ession, we liked Miss Godfrey's style, both the Tchaikovsky and in Tartini's "Trillo" mata. Her tone is sympathetic and quite ide in dynamic range. The New Sym-hony Orchestra was in attendance, con-cted by Mr. Landon Ronald, and vocal lief was afforded by Miss Maria Talesi, ho sang, amongst other things, "Una ce poco fa," an aria which hardly suited e natural characteristics of her voice.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET

N.Y. Tribune Nov. 13, 1912

hamber Music in the New Hall —Zimbalist and an American Concerto.

In the minds of the elect among New ork music lovers the new concert room East 43d street did not receive its real nsecration until last night, when the neisel Quartet gave the first concert of s twenty-first New York season. It was e need of a room adapted for chamber usic which in the first instance called r a successor to Mendelssohn Hall. arnegie Hall was too large, not only for e company of chamber music lovers, hich the world over is small compared ith the frequenters of the opera and e patrons of orchestral concerts, but also for the proper hearing of the highest form of musical art, which demands a peculiar intimacy between composer, performer and listener. Other rooms in the city well fitted otherwise were too small to accommodate the inner brotherhood which Mr. Kneisel has gathered about him. So a hall like the new Aeolian was a crying necessity. The only question which remained was whether or not its acoustical properties were of the right sort. The happy frame of mind, in which last night's audience left the room indicated that that question, too, had been settled in its affirmation. For the first time since the deplorable separation from Mendelssohn Hall the listeners found themselved seated to their satisfaction and by the time the first quartet had been played and the heavens accentuated themselves to their new surroundings, the happy expression of their faces seemed to indicate that all was over with chamber music, so far as its new home was concerned. Also that all was well, and more than well, with the admired coteries of artists which had also undergone a change. Mr. Hans Litz, the new member of the quartet (second violin) fitted into the company to perfection, the voice of his instrument sounded native to it and its player imbued with its delightful spirit. The programme was made up of pieces beloved of the elect, music which is admired the more it is heard. The list consisted of a Haydn Quartet in D, the second quartet of Beethoven's Rasonmowski set, and Schumann's piano-forte quintet, in which Miss Frieda Siemens aided Mr. Kneisel and his fellows, playing the pianoforte part with lovely appreciation of its beauty and in complete sympathy with her associates. The occasion was one of purest enjoyment.

In the afternoon the same rom echoed to the music of a pianoforte concerto composed and played by Mr. William Becker, who hails from Cleveland, but has spent much time of late in Germany. The composition does not show a master hand in either its solo part or its orchestral accompaniment, but it is at least healthy music and has elements of sterling merit. It won a sincere tribute of applause. Mr. Walter Damrosch and the orchestra of the Symphony Society took part in the concert, and Mr. Becker also played some solo pieces.

Eprem Zimbalist, whose energies upon the American musical horizon was one of the truly gratifying events of last year, gave his first violin recital of this season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. All who have heard Mr. Zimbalist have recognized him as an artist of mature powers, though one young in years, and an artist whose playing is informed with a sincerity of purpose not always to be found with the virtuosi of the violin. This impression was deepened yesterday, especially in his playing of the Brahm's Sonata in D minor, which he gave with a breadth and a nobility of treatment that aroused a sincere admiration and deserved it all. Mr. Zimbalist's tone was as large, warm and even as ever, a virtue that had marked proof in Vivaldi's Concerto in C minor, in which Frank S. Sealy helped at the organ, and Eugene Sutsky at the pianoforte. The shorter numbers, such as Mr. Zimbalist's own "Orientale" and Russian dance, gave play to his technical facility, his splendid dash and marvellous lightness.

The audience was a fine one, and both discriminate and warm in its tributes of admiration.

MR. BECKER PLAYS CONCERTO

N.Y. Times Nov. 13 1912

An American Musician Appears as Composer and Interpreter.

William A. Becker, an American musician, said to be from Cleveland, but not known to the New York public, is the author of a piano concerto; and in order to present it before a New York public, played it in a concert of his own yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, with the assistance of the New York Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Walter Damrosch. The concert was the dignified undertaking of a properly ambitious musician.

The concerto is in E minor. Mr. Becker is in no danger of ranking with any of the revolutionary modern and radical schools of musicians, who are supposed to be attempting an overturn of the hitherto accepted fundamentals of musical art. He follows accepted models in general, both in his structure and in the invention of musical ideas, and his development of them. His first movement is the strongest member of his concerto. Its themes have no great originality; but they have definite outline and the composer conducts them to a definite issue. The slow movement is melodious, sentimentally so, and in the last movement he has not gone very far toward stirring the pulses or even rousing the interest of his hearers with his six-eight rhythm and the abundant figuration with whic as as embroidered it for neither ventures far away from conventionality. Mr. Becker's writing for this piano is properly in according with the nature of the instrument, and has the brilliancy of effect that is expected of a concerto, even if much of his passage work is of well recognized and accepted types. In his orchestral accompaniment there is meritorious writing, and an understanding of the effects he was aiming at; nor is there lacking skill in obtaining them. But is is not, after all, difficult to understand why this concerto has not been eagerly taken up into the programme of symphony societies. The composer played it with spirit and, naturally, with conviction; and with a sufficient meeting of its demands upon the technical and intellectual resources of its interpreter. He afterward played pieces by Chopin and Rubinstein, and the orchestra contributed Goldmark's gay orchestral scherzo and arrangements for string orchestra of piano pieces by Fibich.

"TANNHAUSER" AT OPERA

N.Y. Tribune Nov. 14 1912

A Fine Performance of Wagner's Tragedy.

The social flutter of the first night of the opera season over and already all but forgotten, there was nothing to distract attention from the purely artistic side of last night's performance, which was devoted to German opera and Wagner's "Tannhäuser." It was a performance which could both endure and reward attention of the closest kind, directed, moreover, to the things which give dignity, beauty and value to the lyric drama as an art-form. Size and appearance of the audience were a negligible quantity, but not so its indications of enthusiastic approval, for they were signs of genuine culture. Best of all, it was a performance in which nearly all the things which smacked of the perfunctoriness and conventionality which are unavoidable in the routine of theatrical life were confined to comparatively inconsequential elements. The scenery was familiar, and so were the singers; but the things which appealed to the eye, though they would ordinarily be set down and brilliant and even alluring, never touched the imagination or warmed the emotions, while the music did both in an unusual degree.

In the singing, in all of it, there was not only sensuous beauty, but deep and fervent poetry, such an exposition of high art as one would seek long and vainly in the best lyric theatres of Germany, in which Wagnerism is exalted by its devotees into a moral and religious cult. It would have been easily possible to smile at the futile antics of the ballet, which its creator wished to see raised to a moving and beautiful spectacle, filled with poetic purpose, and to look with amused contempt on the tawdry reflections of significant symbolism in the tawdry picture of Europa's divine bull apparently following a wisp of electrically lighted hay suspended in front of his nose, but no one could listen to the singing of the principal people in the play without feeling that they were imbued with the spirit of Wagner's tragedy.

This spirit entered the performance with the first utterances of Mme. Fremstad as Venus; it was heightened by the splendid fire of Mr. Slezak's acting and singing. On this scene then rested the incubus of the imperfectly conceived and executed incidental spectacle; but this disappeared like the mist of morning with the transformation scene. Then Miss Sparkes, by her exquisite singing of the May song (an achievement as worthy of praise as anything done by the most eminent of her companions in the cast), plunged the audience at once into the lovely mood of the scene and attuned it to the fine revelations of Miss Destinn, Mr. Weil, and all the others. It was a representation marked by perfection of ensemble, one in which individual characterization was so unnecessary that to indulge it would be invidious. Mr. Hertz, with his orchestra, Mr. Setti, with his chorus, every one of the singers in the hunting scene after the hunt and the contest of song was a factor in a representation of almost ideal beauty and effectiveness. Let credit be understood as going with a reprint of the names of all concerned:

Landgraf Hermann	Herbert Witherspoon
Tannhäuser	Leo Slezak
Wolfram	Hermann Weil
Walther	Albert Reiss
Biterolf	William Hinshaw
Heinrich	Julius Bayer
Reinmar	Basil Ruysdael
Elisabeth	Emmy Destinn
Venus	Olive Fremstad
Ein Hirt	Leonora Sparkes
Pages	Louise Cox, Veni Warwick, Rosina Van Dyck, Stella De Mette

Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

H. E. K.

Sun Nov 14 1912

Perhaps the Wednesday night subscribers who sat in the Metropolitan Opera House last evening observing the second performance of the season were not altogether sorry that the first week's repertory had been changed. As it stood at first they would have had last night to be passionately thrilled by the woes of *Brunnhilde* in "Gotterdammerung" and would possibly have rejoiced in that *Siegfried* was slain and *Wotan* and his pestiferous brood were thoroughly roasted. But Mme Fremstad needed a little more time to recover from an ante-season indisposition, and so "Götterdammerung" was put over to Saturday afternoon and the matinée opera, "Tannhauser," was carried forward to last evening. This gave Mme. Fremstad a less onerous rôle that of *Venus*.

The ancient goddess, shut up in the Horselberg, waiting for the days of her power to come again, has a hard first scene and then a long rest before a brief final appearance in the last act. So this is why "Tannhauser" was sung last night and perhaps, to the real satisfaction of the subscribers, who may not yet be ready to be so serious as the final drama of the great tetralogy.

—Last night's performance of Wagner's third opera was one of great excellence. It had some defects, but the homogeneity of the presentation, its sincerity of spirit and fervency of utterance seemed to impress the audience deeply. It is seldom that a more quiet and attentive assemblage than that of last night is found in the Metropolitan. It was apparently an audience which had enjoyed German works in the past, for it accorded to Alfred Hertz, the conductor, a prolonged welcome, which must have given him great joy.

An earnest endeavor had been made to improve the presentation of the work. This was most readily noticed in the singing of the chorus of women behind the scenes in the first act. The new and artistic shading reflected credit on one of the unseen members of the organization, Giulio Setti, the chorus master.

There were no new members of the cast. Mme. Destinn's *Elizabeth* was probably less familiar to the audience than the other impersonations, but even that was not new. This impersonation was what might have been expected from an artist like Mme. Destinn equipped with the necessary training in a German opera house. Mme. Fremstad's *Venus* had to rely last night more on its plastic beauty and dramatic intelligence than on its plenitude of tone, for the effects of her indisposition had not quite worn off.

Leo Slezak, the Himalayan tenor, reappeared as *Tannhauser*. Mr. Slezak is Himalayan only in bulk and altitude. He is Czech by birth, Viennese by experience and partly French by training. In "Tannhäuser," however, he sings very much like a German. His impersonation of the wandering knight has already been recognized here as his best. It was not vocally at its best last night, but it was none the less worthy of much admiration.

N.Y. Sun Nov 15 1912

PHILHARMONIC OPENS ITS CONCERT SEASON

The seventy-first season of the Philharmonic Society of New York began with the concert given in Carnegie Hall last evening. The hall was occupied by a numerous audience and there was every evidence of delight in the proceedings. The programme offered by Conductor Josef Stransky consisted of Felix Weingartner's "Merry Overture," the Brahms violin concerto, Alexander Ritter's orchestral sketch entitled "Olaf's Wedding Dance" and Beethoven's seventh symphony. The solo violinist was Mischa Elman.

It is permissible to surmise that the inclusion of two novelties in the first programme of the season points toward a vigorous policy of exploration, but every one will trsut that the discoveries will be made more frequently under the smiling skies of the tropics than among the frosts of the polar regions. Both of the new compositions heard last evening had waltz movements, but Broadway dwells among Viennese rhythms of greater inspiration.

Mr. Weingartner does two things remarkably well. He conducts and he writes critical commentaries in finely considered German prose. These two achievements should content one man, but he reaches out into the field of original musical production. The overture heard last evening was his latest composition and Mr. Stransky gave to it the first performance on this side of the Atlantic. The work has several themes, of which the waltz already mentioned and a march melody are conspicuous. The scoring is effective and the overture serves to pass time. But nothing more serious can be said for it.

Alexander Ritter was one of the teachers of Richard Strauss and wrote the poem which is prefixed to that master's "Tod und Verklarung." The work heard last evening aspires to be taken as a symphonic poem and it has a programme. It appears that the daughter of King Olaf and a knight had fallen deeply in love. The King liked knights, but drew the line at having them marry his daughters.

But this one, Olaf, would not give way, and so the King allowed him to wed the daughter, but with the soothing condition that he should be executed at midnight. The wedding was followed by a grand fête

and the newly married couple waltzed together. At the fatal stroke of midnight they dropped dead on the ballroom floor, the cheating the axeman. The programme explains that "Ecstasy of longing and Death's horrors had taken them." This makes the denouement perfectly clear.

The principal rhythmic movement of the composition is the waltz. This is treated with some instrumental skill and finally is interrupted by a crash, which indicates the fatal moment. The work was once played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Muck in 1907 and since that has rested in the grave with the two extinct lovers.

It is a light and ephemeral composition and unless it is to be the policy of the present directors of the Philharmonic to lighten the character of these concerts it hardly deserved a place on last evening's programme. The Philharmonic Society used to stand for the best and most exclusive in musical art, but perhaps the time for that has passed and the amusement of the moment is occasionally to be sought.

Both of these new works were admirably played. The orchestra delivered itself of a fine sonorous body of tone, the strings in particular sounding vibrant and muscular. There was good precision in the playing, and the concert in these matters gave comforting promise for the season, while it brought immediate credit to Mr. Stransky.

Mischa Elman and the Brahms violin concerto stirred the house to genuine enthusiasm. When the general approval of the performance had ceased a few determined encore seekers kept up such a prolonged clatter that every sane music lover must have hoped that Elman would give them what they decidedly did not want by playing at least one movement of the concerto over. These so-called encore seekers do not desire encores; they wish to have the soloist play an additional number. They are never content to allow the impression of a fine performance to remain in the mind. The sure cure for their persistence is always to give them an actual encore.

Taking it by and large, as the sailors say, Mr. Elman's interpretation of the concerto was worthy of generous applause. While there were things in it with which a Brahms purist might properly quarrel, it had so much of the blood of life that one could forgive the lapses from justice. It was in the first movement that the thoughtful hearer could find the most to cause regret. Splendid as the gorgeous color of the performance was, inspiring as the breadth and dash and daring of the delivery was, there were moments when the Eastern lash of Tatar savagery whipped into shreds the austere and lofty poesy of Brahms.

In the second movement, however, Mr. Elman showed that he could be continent when he felt the absolute need of repose. His reading of this movement was unaffected in general style, lovely in tone, rich in delicate play of appropriate nuances and respectful of the spirit of the music. In the last movement there was again some lack of balance, but it was on the whole brilliantly played.

Mr. Elman is still a very young virtuoso and without doubt his artistic perceptions, which are unmistakable, will ripen. He will probably become a performer of the full blooded school, but he will almost surely polish off some rough edges which are now too often plain to every ear.

Tribune NOV 15 1912

The first of a long series of concerts to be given this season by the Philharmonic Society took place in Carnegie Hall last night. It was attended by a numerous audience, a small element of which gave annoying evidence of its want of knowledge of Philharmonic traditions by noisily insisting upon more music from the solo performer until hissed into silence by the listeners who felt that appreciation of a good performance of Brahm's violin concerto was both indicated by a courteous tribute to the performer than by a demand for something more and different—for it is scarcely to be thought that the hundred or more persons who exhibited their bad breeding last night wanted a repetition of the concerto or any part of it. The player was Mischa Elman, who played the first movement with a breadth of style and an opulence of tone which compelled amazement and no small degree of admiration, the second with an excess of sentimentalism which raised questions of his taste and intelligence and the finale with a considerable sacrifice of its dignity to a desire to cause astonishment. Brahm's concerto is not a show-piece. NOV. 15

The solo feature of the concert fell between two compositions new to the local public—compositions of the kind which, once heard, are likely to go into the lumber room and stay there till house cleaning day. They were a "Merry Overture," by Felix Weingartner (a new composition), and "Olaf's Wedding Dance," by Alexander Ritter. In both the waltz rhythm was predominant and in both the skill of the composers was expended chiefly in an effort to make inconsequential ideas attractive by the employment of devices of construction and instrumentation. Neither of them fitted into a scheme which embraced Brahms's concerto and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; neither did they lighten the programme or contribute anything profitable to know concerning the nature of modern music. "Highly unimportant if true" would have been the comment on their analogous manifestations in other fields by one of America's famous journalists of the generation just past. The orchestra, under Mr. Stransky, played with much zeal, no small degree of precision and some want of euphony in the wind choirs—characteristics of the band's playing long observed and often commented upon.

1912 H. E. K.

La Gioconda ..... Emmy Destinn
Laura Adorno ..... Louise Homer
Alvise Badoero ..... Andrea de Segurola
La Cieca ..... Maria Duchene
Enzo Grimaldo ..... Enrico Caruso
Barnaba ..... Pasquale Amato
Zuan ..... Bernard Begue
Un Cantore ..... Vincenzo Reschiglian
Isepo ..... Pietro Audisio
Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" was last night's opera, the third of the present season at the Metropolitan Opera House. Whatever may have been the condition in the past, this work has now taken its place beside "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" and the brood of Giacona Puccini as the sine quo non of a New York opera season, and its non-appearance in a company that numbers among its tenors Enrico Caruso would be as unthinkable as the sudden obliteration of the golden horseshoe itself. And the old opera, to be fair, has much to commend it, much that is lacking in its younger brethren.

"La Gioconda" is melodious, it is dramatic, it is of the theatre. Its action is swift, hot blooded, tumultuous, an action admirably suggested and supported by the music, by an orchestra that never for an instant allows the interest to flag. Abduction, murder and unlawful love form a triple union that is never without the strongest of popular appeal, and the wily old Italian made the most of it.

The story is brutal, the characters drawn in broad, well outlined strokes; there is little call upon the imagination of the hearers; the appeal is frankly to the senses; yet there is never the descent to the depths made by some of the younger Veritists. NOV. 15, 1912

Best of all when lyric expression is needed it arrives, naturally, spontaneously. Ponchielli came of a nation of singers; he was a child of the younger Verdi, and when he sang he sang full, throatedly and from the heart.

In modern opera there are few more beautiful arias than the song of Enzo from the deck of his silent ship moored to the wharf in the lagoon. The spirit of the sea, of the tranquil night are in it, and those who have heard it sung as it was sung last night by Mr. Caruso, heard something that is unforgettable; never had his voice been more lovely, more golden, never had he sung with an art more ravishingly beautiful.

The other artists participating were all old friends, though all but Mme. Destinn and Mr. De Segurola were making their first appearance of the season. Mme. Destinn was not, perhaps, in the best voice, having sung Elizabeth the night before, but Mrs. Homer came back to us in splendid vocal condition, and what was best of all, with her upper register, in former years her weakest, greatly strengthened.

A good word, too, should be said for the Cieca of Mme. Duchene, while Mr. Amato was superb as Barnabas.

Mr. Polacco conducted with vigor and authority, and, though there were moments when the orchestral surge rose dangerously high for the singers, he had evidently begun to guage the acousties of the house more perfectly than on the opening night. The audience was large and tumultuous in its applause.

"MADAMA BUTTERFLY"

N. Y. Evening Telegram NOV. 16. 1912

Return of Old Favorites in Puccini's Opera.

When all the adulatory phrases touching the charm of Miss Farrar as the pathetic Japanese maiden in Puccini's opera "Madama Butterfly" have been used and reused until the reviewer can save time for himself and the patience of his readers by referring to them in a numerical formula ("Miss Farrar 1, 8, 6, 3, etc.," or "the bewitching American prima donna, 2, 4, 5, 7, etc.") the time will perhaps be come for some new observations on the opera itself. The ethical sentimentalist has not yet said all that fills his soul at the contemplation of the heartless conduct of the scoundrelly Pinkerton, nor has the less emotional patriot defended his countrymen as vigorously as he might against the German critics, who have occasionally intimated that it was just like an American to spend his time drinking "milk punch and whiskey," marrying Japanese girls, deserting them and bringing a new wife from the States to see the pretty boy whom he had left fatherless. Of course, the defence would be easy enough if based on an appeal to Japanese customs, but to inquire thus would be to inquire too curiously when one has the beauty of Farrar, the skill in character acting of Scotti and splendid mettle of Martin's tenor to tell about it, even if it be for the fiftieth time. Yet it would be something of an intellectual refreshment if some ingenious person would take the trouble to make a study of Puccini's score to see how much of the compelling charm of "Madama Butterfly" is, after all, due to the new elements which Puccini introduced in the lyric drama; how deftly he wrote the phrases of dialogue which reveal so much of the lovely quality of Miss Farrar's voice without asking all the art which she employs in them. Also, what a large measure, not only of ingenuity but of real inspiration, the composer displayed in reshaping the angular music of Japan till they became things of beauty; in pouring emotion into them; in applying instrumental color to fragments of them, so that they give dramatic poignancy to the sensuous flow of the music, and especially in inventing such melodic caresses as makes so gracious an appeal at the beginning of the scene at the close of the first act and opens the way to the passionate outpouring of the love duet.

But this is not likely to be done when the simple announcement of a performance of the opera at the Metropolitan Opera House seems to call up all that is necessary for the New York public to know as to such happenings at took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Again there were Farrar, fascinating in appearance (rather more winsome than last season) and more than admirable in action and song; Signor Scotti, showing great improvement in voice and style; Mr. Martin, whose singing left only the old longing that he might employ more varied color and greater warmth and show a finer appreciation of the grace of melodic contour than he does, and capable people in all the other parts. Signor Sturani led the orchestra to unwonted eloquence of speech.

H. E. K.

N. Y. Sun NOV 16 1912

Mr. Puccini made his second appearance in the repertory of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The work selected for the occasion was "Madama Butterfly," the choice being undoubtedly influenced by the fact that Geraldine Farrar was to make her first appearance conjointly with the second of Mr. Puccini. The popular Italian composer opened the season on Monday evening with "Manon Lescaut," and already on Friday his slender list of operas had to provide another entertainment for a public which still hears his music with avidity.

It would be interesting to know which of his works is really the most popular, but there seems to be no way of determining this momentous question. Franz Rummel, the pianist, was once asked which of Beethoven's concertos he liked best, and he promptly answered "The one I am playing." The New York operagoing public might give a similar answer to a similar query anent Puccini's operas. But avoiding a discussion of this matter, it can at any rate be said with perfect safety that "Madama Butterfly" is one of the best loved works in the Metropolitan list and that Miss Farrar is accepted by the public as an adorable representative of the fifteen-year-old bride.

Last evening's performance was one of high merit. Mr. Sturani took up the conductor's baton for the first time this fall, and it is a great pleasure to make record of the fact that his reading of the score showed more elasticity, more color and more nuance than at any previous performance. With so good an instrumental support as he provided the opera could fail of its just effect only by reason of grievous shortcomings among the singers, and these were conspicuously absent.

Miss Farrar's great personal charm goes far toward making her *Cio-Cio-San* delightful and she has not in recent seasons looked more youthful and sinuous than she did last night. She was in better voice than she was during most of last season, and sang with no small amount of beauty. Her upper tones showed some signs of weariness, but her middle voice was in excellent condition.

Riccardo Martin was the representative of the false, fleeting, perjured *Pinkerton*. His singing of the music had familiar characteristics, to wit, much beauty of natural tone, freedom of emission and accuracy of intonation. But those who hear him often are forced to regret that there is not a larger variety of color in his voice and a deeper note of passion.

Mr. Scotti's *Sharpless* is always commendable, and last night it was especially so. He has, as the athletes say, trained down to what may be called singing weight, and nothing so becomes him as his taking off of flesh. His voice too has regained much of its earlier power and his tones last evening were pleasant to hear.

The minor parts in "Madama Butterfly" are of no great significance. *Suzuki* is prominent only in the duet of the second act, and there Miss Fornia discharged her duties creditably. The other secondary personages were acceptable, and the performance as a whole was enjoyable. This afternoon Mozart's "Magic Flute" will be revived, and an elaborate production is promised by Mr. Gatti-Casazza.

Cio-Cio-San ..... Geraldine Farrar
Suzuki ..... Rita Fornia
Kate Pinkerton ..... Helen Mapleson
B. F. Pinkerton ..... Riccardo Martin
Sharpless ..... Antonio Scotti
Goro ..... Angelo Bada
Yamadori ..... Pietro Audisio
Lo Zio Bonzo ..... Bernard Begue
Yakuside ..... Francesco Cerri
Il Commissario Imperiale ..... Giulio Romolo
Conductor, Giuseppe Sturani.

Times NOV 17 1912

'GOTTERDAMMERUNG' AT METROPOLITAN

Siegfried ..... Carl Burrian
Gunther ..... Hermann Weil
Hagen ..... Putnam Griswold
Alberich ..... Otto Goritz
Bruennhilde ..... Olive Fremstad
Gutrune ..... Rita Fornia
Waltraute ..... Louise Homer
Woglinde ..... Lenora Sparkes
Weilgunde ..... Bella Alten
Flosshilde ..... Louise Homer
Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

The performance of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" that had been intended for last Wednesday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House was postponed till yesterday's matinée because of the indisposition of Mme. Fremstad, who was the representative of Brünnhilde. It may be said that however fine was the performance of "Tannhäuser" that they missed, the matinée subscribers are to be congratulated for what they gained in its stead.

The last of the "Nibelung" dramas has not often been given a more profoundly impressive performance at the Metropolitan Opera House; more impressive performances of it are not common anywhere. And this was in spite of the fact that, if there were no traces in Mme. Fremstad's voice of her recent indisposition, she reserved something of her vocal power in the long first act, and that the voice of Mr. Burrian, the Siegfried, had not quite all the resonance and color in its upper tones that his hearers are accustomed to.

The audience that listened to "Götterdämmerung" was a very large one, and was profoundly impressed, especially after the second act, in which Mme. Fremstad rose to the loftiest heights of her eloquence in action and singing. Then it forgot the reserve of a matinée audience in the presence of Wagner, and applauded with prolonged enthusiasm, calling forth the singers many times.

The high merits of the performance, its excellence in ensemble, the absence in it of weak points, its dramatic power and essentially musical beauty were due in large measure to Mr. Hertz; and especially to him was due the excellence of the orchestral playing, which was unusually rich in tone, homogeneous in quality, and filled with a surging dramatic tide.

But the distinguishing feature of the afternoon was Mme. Fremstad's marvelous, thrice marvelous, impersonation of Brünnhilde. This was recognized last season as an achievement overtopping anything she has hitherto done, one to raise her still higher—if that were possible—in the admiration of those who love Wagner's lyric drama. At every successive appearance of Mme. Fremstad in the Wagnerian parts that in recent years she has made her own, she has risen to an ever loftier stature as an artist. It had seemed that the very summit had been attained in her impersonation of Isolde; but as Brünnhilde she has disclosed a still nobler, finer, and more searching art, a still greater dramatic power.

Mme. Fremsted's resources for the embodiment of all the sweep and storm of emotions that beset Brünnhilde's soul and of the majestic repose and dignity, the truly tragic grandeur, of her final proclamation over her dead hero's body, were inexhaustible. In voice she was indeed reserved in the first act; but her declamation had an intensity, her voice a carrying power in even the subtlest shades of its emotional coloring, that let nothing be lost in the sea of orchestral sound. In the later scenes in which she appears and especially in her conjuration upon the spear point, in her conspiracy with Hagen and Gunther and finally in her peroration over Siegfried's bier, she poured out a volume of voice.

And yet, in this impersonation, attention is not centred upon the voice; for all its beauty, its dramatic color, its noble declamation and phrasing seem indissolubly mingled with her action, gesture, pose, and facial play as essentially a part of one and the same expression. A more poignant and profoundly moving interpretation of that scene of tragic bewilderment and despair in the second act, where, conducted home by Gunther, she confronts Siegfried, is nto to be witnessed upon the operatic stage. It is a revelation of the subtlest and most potent resources of a great tragic actress's art.

An extraordinarily fine impersonation of Hagen was given by Mr. Putnam Griswold; as beautiful and sonorous in voice as it was powerful and vivid in action. The Siegfried of Mr. Burrian is a familiar interpretation; except for the want of

sonance and power in his upper tones had all the excellences that have so ten been gratefully recognized in it. me. Homer, as Waltraute, gives an ad-irable representation of the scene of r embassy to Brünnhilde, and likewise lorned the singing of the trio of Rhine aidens. Mr. Weil's dramatically in-lligent and finely conceived Gunther as made known here last year; and ere are words of praise to be said of me. Fornia's sympathetic Gutrune and r. Goritz's sinister Alberich.

THE MARGULIES TRIO.

:ethoven, Saint-Saens, and Dvorak at Their First Concert.

Beethoven's B-flat trio made an auspi-ous beginning for the season of the lele Margulies Trio, the first concert of hich was given last evening in Aeolian ill. Miss Margulies, Mr. Lichtenberg, d Mr. Schulz maintain the high artistic andard of their performance of trios, a anch of chamber music which they ve made their own. The interest in eir performance was attested by the ge audience that listened to them last ening. Their performance of Bee-oven's trio, if not charged with emo-on, was well balanced, well finished, d animated; it would have been well if ere had been somewhat more of the soaring exuberance" in the first move-ent that the programme annotator stly found there, and a deeper feeling the andante But it was a welcome ing to hear this trio and to hear it per-rmed so well as it was.

The rest of the programme was Saint-iëns's sonata for violin and piano, in D inor, Op. 75, and Dvorak's piano quar-t in E flat, Op. 87, in which latter osef Kovarik played the viola. Saint-iëns's sonata can interest if it cannot harm. It has the French clarity and gic of structure and development, if not ie French elegance; nor is there any-hing in it that would incite the listener indecorous thought or action. Miss largulies and Mr. Lichtenberg played it ith scholarly precision.

MUSIC OF A SUNDAY

N. Y. Tribune Nov. 18. 1912

our Orchestras, Three Tenors and Much Music of Different Nations.

No seeker after Sunday entertainment uld honestly complain of a dearth of sic yesterday, either in the afternoon evening, least of all those who find oyment in listening to an orchestra. ır of these organizations were heard concerts and one of them gave a sort continuous entertainment, playing at a atre in the afternoon and at Aeolian l in the evening. This was the Volpe hestra, one of the lesser factors in v York's musical life, despite its un-al display of vigor yesterday. The er bands were of first class importance, ıgh in deference to the taste which es over the public on the first day of week their programmes were of a ter and more varied order than is cus-ary at their regular weekday subscrip-concerts. Aiding and abetting the iestras in their efforts to divert the ds of tired business men were three rs, two sopranos and two violinists. re was what might be called an ethno-al interest in the participation of the rs in the day's activities. John Mc-nack sang at the first Sunday con-of the Philharmonic Society at Car-e Hall. He is an Irishman, and ıgh he did not specialize in Irish ic, the local color which he gave to concert was emphasized by the per-nance of a splendid Irishman's fine ı symphony, Sir Charles Villiers ford's, in F minor, which is not only ribed to his native land, but employs of its admirable song melodies and ks its musical idiom also in its hop-iocose movement. Mr. McCormack some songs to pianoforte accompani-t, but chose for his more ambitious 't an Anglo-African's setting of an rican's poem—"Onaway, awake be-l," from "Hiawatha," composed by late Coleridge Taylor. Mr. McCor-k was once a member of Mr. Ham-tein's Manhattan Opera Company, his fine voice and equally fine art favor then as it did yesterday. The estral music in the Philharmonic So-'s list besides the Irish symphony an overture, "In Bohemia" (Ameri-music, not Czechish, composed by y K. Hadley, and its title was a te to the Bohemian Club of San cisco), and Grieg's Norwegian music Peer Gynt." The overture was new and proved to be a spirited and alto-er excellent piece of music, direct in ppeal to people of normal taste, i, stirring and pleasant to hear.

French tenor was Edmond Clément, sang at the second Sunday concert Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall, the afternoon. After playing Mo-zart's symphony in E flat to preserve the gravity of the name of his organization, Mr. Walter Damrosch made of the rest of his concert a tribute to the memory of Massenet. In this portion of the list M. Clément, whose refined art has delighted our opera lovers, sang airs from "Manon" and "Werther"—sang them with such finished art, such exquisite diction, that he was called upon to repeat them both. The rest of the Massenet music was the overture to "Phédre," the "Meditation" from "Thaïs" (solo by Mr. Saslavsky) and the suite entitled "Scènes pittoresques," which used to be heard along with the "Scènes Napolitaines" in our popular concerts a quarter of a century ago, but have been neglected since; needlessly, for they make better concert pieces than the operatic fragments torn out of their proper setting.

To the delight of an audience as numerous as the great room would hold, the space usually occupied by the orchestra also utilized by listeners, Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, played the Russian concerto by Tschaikowsky in the first of the Sunday night popular Metropolitan concerts. The great artist was oppressed by his surroundings, especially in this number (he added some popular pieces with pianoforte accompaniment later), but his playing aroused great enthusiasm, as did all of the solo music of the evening. The American tenor, Martin, sang an aria from Puccini's "Tosca" twice and then some songs, and received a typical Sunday night reception. So did Mme. Rappold, who sang Micaela's second air from "Carmen" and some songs. The orchestra, under Signor Polacco, played the overture to "Euryanthe," Saint-Saëns's symphonic poem "Le Rouet d'Omphale" and the Rakoczy march from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust."

Mr. Volpe tried the experiment of a popular Sunday night concert in Aeolian Hall, and introduced as his solo attractions Miss Vera Barstow, violinist, who played the first movement of Tchaikowsky's concerto, and Miss Charlotte Lund who sang an air from "Madama Butterfly.". A fair estimate would place the Carnegie Hall audience at 2,000, the afternoon Aeolian Hall audience at 1,200, the evening audience at 1,000 and the Metropolitan audience at 3,500; total, 7,700 persons who listened to orchestral music at these four concerts. H. E. K.

Two Volpe Concerts Draw Big Audiences

Mme. Rider-Possart, Mme Lund and Miss Barstow Are Featured as the Soloists.

Nov. 19. 1912

The Volpe Symphony Orchestra was unusually busy yesterday, when out of five concerts, which was the day's musical activity, this band of musicians was heard in two events. In the afternoon, with the assistance of Mme Cornelia Rider-Possart, the Volpe Orchestra gave a concert at the Republic Theatre, and in the evening, assisted by Mme. Charlotte Lund, soprano, and Vera Barstow, violinist, it entertained a large audience at Aeolian Hall.

In the afternoon concert Mme. Rider-Possart made a considerable success by her performance of a new piano concerto by Hugo Kaun. Her work reminds one of the magnificent qualities which mark the piano playing of Mme. Carreno; her colorful emphases, her tonal power and accurate touch were similar to those of the celebrated South American musician.

Mme. Charlotte Lund and Miss Barstow divided the honors of the evening concert. The former's well-trained voice was heard to good advantage in an aria from Charpentier's "Louise" and other pieces, while the latter played with ability the difficult first movement from Tschaikowsky's violin concerto.

NEW HADLEY OVERTURE BY THE PHILHARMONIC

The Philharmonic Society has a liberal schedule for the current season in which is included no less than eight Sunday afternoon concerts. The first of these took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall.

The programme was one of interesting character. It consisted of Henry Hadley's overture, "In Bohemia"; Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite No. 1, Stanford's "Irish" symphony and songs sung by John McCormack, the Irish tenor identified with the former glories of the Manhattan Opera House.

Of this list only the first number should require special comment. Henry Hadley only a few years ago was in charge of the department of music at St. Paul's School, Garden City. Since that time he has been a conductor of opera in Hamburg and Mayence, and has directed and established on a firm basis the Seattle Symphony Orchestra. He is now the conductor of the San Francisco Orchestra. He has written numerous successful works and has won several prizes in national competitions in composition.

For such reasons his overture, heard here for the first time yesterday, must receive some consideration. The overture is designed for concert purposes and it is intended to celebrate the spirit of that fanciful country peopled by artists, authors, composers and other human curiosities. It is dedicated to both Victor Herbert and the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

It is a bright and spirited composition, not strikingly fecund in thematic material but in pure orchestral idiom and happy in its rhythmic effects. The best melodic idea is the opening theme which is inspiriting and which "sounds," as the musicians say. The principal slow theme is less spontaneous, but it is ingeniously treated. The overture as a whole shows that Mr. Hadley has made distinct progress in orchestral style.

Mr. McCormack's first contribution to the concert was the song, "Onaway, Awake Beloved," from Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast." The best feature of the tenor's singing of this number was his enunciation, which was clear. But it cannot be said that he discovered much of the emotional significance of the composer's music. His other songs were Esposito's "The lark in the clear air," Spencer Clay's "The foggy dew" and Marshall's "I hear you calling me."

'KONIGSKINDER' AT OPERA

N. Y. Tribune Nov. 19. 1912

Opening of the Second Week by Miss Farrar.

The second week of the opera was opened last night with a German work. Perhaps the fact would be more significant if dissociated from the other, that the system of repertory making at the establishment calls for an equal distribution through the subscription nights of favorite singers, regardless of the works in which they appear. It was Signor Caruso's opera last Monday, and therefore Miss Farrar's last night. But it is noteworthy that Miss Farrar could take part in something other than a threadbare Italian opera or one of the Wagnerian tragedies, in which German opera is almost summed up in America. The Metropolitan administration has shown a commendable effort to enlarge the German list during the last twenty years, but having no Puccini to help it the result has not been imposing. Goldmark's "Königin von Saba," a relic of the old German régime, could not maintain itself. "Salome" fell by the wayside, owing to circumstances beyond the control of the director—to use a well worn phrase. "Tiefland," "Versiegelt," "Lobetanz" and "Pique Dame" (drafted from the Russian) were all victims of the same conditions which prevail at an institution in which art cannot be considered for its own sake. There remain "Parsifal," which will pursue its dignified course here, while causing a seething excitement throughout Europe, as soon as it is emancipated from the restrictions of copyright; also the two operas of Wagner's lonely successor, Humperdinck—"Hänsel und Gretel" and "Königskinder"—and the Teutonized contribution of the Bohemian composer, Smetana, "Die Verkaufte Braut."

It was "Königskinder" which was performed last night in all the attractiveness which it exerted on former occasions, with a new interest contributed by the advent of a newcomer in the cast—Miss Lila Robeson—who effected her debut on the New York stage in the character of the witch. In her singing, as well as acting, there was promise of excellent efficiency. More is scarcely called for. It is more than likely that she has a voice of good quality and unusual power, but she sacrificed it largely to her desire for dramatic declamation, and, like a novice (though one amply endowed with confidence), she lessended the effect of her work by overaccentuation. An atmosphere of poetry surrounded Miss Farrar's impersonation of the Goose Girl, and Messrs. Goritz, Didur and Reiss supplied the comedy element, of which they have been excellent exponents since the opera first appeared in the local list. Following was the cast:

The King's Son	Carl Jörn
The Goose Girl	Geraldine Farrar
The Fiddler	Otto Goritz
The Witch	Lila Robeson
The Woodcutter	Adamo Didur
The Broom Maker	Albert Reiss
A Child	Cleo Gascoigne
The Senior Councillor	Marcel Reiner
The Innkeeper	Antonio Pini-Corsi
The Innkeeper's Daughter	Rita Fornia
The Tailor	Julius Bayer
The Stable Maid	Marie Mattfeld

Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

H. E. K.

"KONIGSKINDER" AT THE OPERA.

N. Y. Star

Lila Robeson's Debut Successful in Difficult Role.

Nov. 19 1912

Engelbert Humperdinck's opera "Königskinder" was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The audience was not one of remarkable brilliancy. Not even Humperdinck's flock of geese, golden crown and delectable Besenbinder could induce people to forego the pleasure of observing horses showing their paces in the Garden.

It was a good sized audience, but it wanted the familiar Monday night brilliancy. However, those who were present indicated by abundant applause that they enjoyed the evening's entertainment.

There is no novelty in "Königskinder" and comment on it has been exhausted. It may be said, however, that the music wears well. The performance last night offered no new features except the début of Lila Robeson as a member of the company.

This singer is an American and was formerly with the Chicago opera. She was heard last night as *The Witch*. This is hardly a rôle to exhibit the vocal skill of a singer to the best advantage, because in order to do justice to the character she must make many disagreeable tones, try to sound like an old woman, and bring out the points of the text with a staccato effect. Miss Robeson acquitted herself creditably of this task and when she had opportunity sang some large and powerful tones.

Miss Farrar's *Goose Girl* is one of her most artistic achievements. It was as full of charm last night as it was when it was observed last season. Mr. Jörn was the representation of the *King's Son*. His singing was phlegmatic in manner and by no means beautiful in tone. Furthermore it must be said that the tenor did not surround himself with an atmosphere of romance. Mr. Goritz repeated his capital impersonation of the *Spielmann* and was ably aided by Mr. Didur as the *Woodcutter* and Mr. Reiss as the *Broombinder*.

The vivacious chorus and the efficient orchestra contributed their share to the representation. And then there were the geese. They do not have to be romantic. All they have to do is to be geese, and, of course, they do this without losing a feather. One has to be romantic and wear a gold crown around his neck, but this one is a stuffed goose, one from which no paté de foie gras could be obtained. He may be romantic, but he is not realistic, a goose of sawdust content, the very image and eidolon of a goose, as Carlyle would say, but not a goose after all.

One thing can be said of the geese to-day. They did not attempt to sing. Sometimes they do, and then all the symbolism of the first scene is lost in cacophonous ruin.

The Volpe Orchestra.

There were not enough concert halls to go round yesterday, and so the Volpe Orchestra, which gave a concert in the afternoon, was obliged to do the best it could with the Republic Theatre. The full number of players was not used in so small a house, of course, but the disadvantage was none the less great, as the acoustics of the place are unfavorable to musical performances of any kind. Taking this handicap into account the work of the orchestra in Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" and in Dvořák's "New World" Symphony was commendable enough. The "Meistersinger" overture, however, was disappointing through lack of breadth in its interpretation. Nov. 18 '12

There was as soloist an American pianist, Corne[illegible] Rider Pessart, who has played in this city before. She burdened herself with a thankless task, though, when she elected to play Hugo Kaun's Concerto, op. 50. Kaun, who comes from Milwaukee, but is now living in Germany, is a prolific writer, though he has apparently turned out nothing up to the present that will insure him the distinction of being regarded as a composer of particularly high importance. This concerto will hardly suffice to establish him as a greater musical personage than he has hitherto been. It is mere "kapellmeistermusik," devoid of inspiration. The best things in it are the reminders of the piano concertos of Grieg and Schumann, which are liberally strewn throughout the second and the last movements. Mme. Possart played it with a good technic and rhythm, but her tone was generally hard and dry. With a better work and in a house of better acoustic qualities, she may prove a more poetic player than she appeared to be yesterday. She gave as an encore Grieg's enchanting "Nocturne."

Laura Graves's Recital.

nov. 15. 1912

Æolian Hall was very well filled Saturday afternoon when Miss Laura Graves, assisted by Samuel Chotzinoff, presented a programme of German, French, and English songs. In the foreign songs she paid so much attention to her diction neither her voice nor the meanings of the songs had a fair chance, although Debussy's Mandoline was demanded a second time, but when the English group was given one realized what a beautiful voice she has. The change was so great that it seemed as though another singer had appeared. What had been an exaggeration in German and French became good enunciation and clean articulation in English, and she also showed herself possessed of temperament.

The singer and accompanist were not together at all times in the Schubert songs but the remainder of the programme was beautifully played by Mr. Chotzinoff.

MISS VERA BROCK'S RECITAL.

nov. 6. 1912. Times

There is generally an individuality of choice in the programmes of Miss Vera Brock's piano recitals which gives them a musical interest stronger than that which attaches merely to the opportunity for hearing accomplished piano playing. That opportunity is in itself of such frequent occurrence that it is a constant matter for wonder that so few pianists attempt, as Miss Brock does, to abandon tradition and to make their programmes for themselves.

The recital which she gave at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon began with a Sonata by Mozart in D (Peter's Edition No. 3), followed by Brahms's Second Sonata (F sharp minor), which is almost as rarely played in public as the first. An Impromptu by Scriabine (Op. 10, No. 2) in A major and his six little Preludes (Op. 11) came next, and were followed by Glazounov's Theme and Variations in F sharp minor (Op. 72). A group of pieces by Chopin completed the scheme. Miss Brock's technical ability was shown in the ease with which she played the whole of her exacting programme. Save for a few confused phrases where momentarily either her memory failed or her fingers did not quite answer to the helm of her mind, every outline was clear alike in the simple design of Mozart, the far more expansive one of Brahms, and the brilliant ornamentation of the Russian composers. Her sympathy with each was felt in the different styles of tone and phrasing which she used. The contrast between the delicate treatment of Mozart and the commanding breadth of the opening passages of Brahms's Sonata was exceedingly striking. At the same time Brahms was the least satisfactory part of her performance as a whole, partly because this sonata is one of the least satisfactory things which Brahms wrote for the piano. It is less like himself than either of the other two. The attempt to reconcile the characteristics of the Weimar school (characteristics of style which Brahms could not assimilate completely) with his own notions of sonata form produced an inconsistency which is baffling both to interpreter and listener. A pianist with big rhythmic control can co-ordinate the parts and bring out the fine impulse which underlies Brahms's conception, but Miss Brock has not quite enough rhythmic force to do this. In the exquisite little Preludes of Scriabine each one a single thought thrown out as it were at venture, her playing was quite delightful. It was equally so in the earlier numbers of Glazounov's Variations, and it was not her fault that the delight faded before the end. The little theme will not bear the load of ingenuity which the composer has expended upon it. The Variations are too many and too clever and consequently an unpleasant contrast to the spontaneous Preludes of Scriabine which preceded them.

MISS DOROTHEA WEBB'S RECITAL.

A recital was given last night in the Bechstein Hall by Miss Dorothea Webb, who sang a number of French and German songs, some British folk melodies, and a group of old Italian airs, among which the spurious "Pietà, Signore!" found a place.

Miss Webb has a small mezzo-soprano voice with a pleasant quality on its lower notes, but she has it too little under control at present to justify a public appearance. Her breathing was unsteady, and was particularly tried in a song like Falconieri's "Begli occhi lucenti," which needs broad phrasing, though in lighter songs it served her better. Her tone on her upper notes is still thin, and sounds as though it were forced; her *coloratura*, even on the small scale of Delibes's "Les Filles de Cadiz," was not sufficiently neat, and in the air "L'année en vain chasse l'année" she showed herself unable to interpret dramatic music. She ought, in fact, to continue studying hard if she wishes to do anything with her voice in the future. nov. 6. 1912. Times

The rest of the programme was supplied by Dr. Lierhammer, who sang amongst other things a group by Hugo Wolf with small volume and with an appearance of effort.

THE SMALLWOOD METCALFE CHOIR.

nov. 8. 1912

At the Queen's Hall last night this choir gave a varied programme, ranging in difficulty from a part song of 1250 through some madrigals and Coleridge Taylor's "Summer is Gone" up to Auguste Chapin's "Two Fiddlers," the test piece at the Paris Festival. Miss Edith Walton played some Chopin and Liszt, Mr. Eric Nicholson played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G minor, and Mr. Lane Wilson sang the *Erlkönig*.

The choral work was carefully done throughout, and the choir was better balanced than it was last season. The basses and contraltos have been strengthened, and the sound of the whole is solid and homogeneous. A lack of brilliancy showed itself among the basses owing to the presence of a certain number of voices who appeared to be "borne on the strength" of the regiment; and the sopranos have developed a tiresome *tremolo*, besides being not quite so certain of their notes as the rest; but with these exceptions there were many passages of sound singing and musicianship. The madrigals, "Sweet honeysucking bees" and Byrd's "Lullaby," needed smoother phrasing and more vocalization than they received, but Coleridge Taylor's song was a good performance and the dull and difficult test piece an amazing one; it wandered through so many keys that it was impossible to say whether they kept their pitch—by all the laws they ought to have lost it—but as they never dropped in the other pieces no doubt they held their own in this too. The pronunciation of the words was clear, though they succumbed to some of the stock difficulties such as "lady" and "tear," but when there is no difficulty in following most of the words without the book there cannot be much the matter.

STEINWAY HALL.

nov. 6. 1912. Telegraph

It is not every reciter who can vary a programme devoted mainly to recitations by contributing songs as well, but at Steinway Hall last evening Miss Nellie Sargent appeared in the dual capacity indicated, and, what is more, she played her own accompaniments at the piano. Her voice is of the slightest, but she used it with taste—except when she tried to strain it—both in some English folk songs and in a group of modern French numbers. It was as a reciter, however, that she made her chief effect, and in a selection, ranging from Shelley to Kipling, she showed intelligence and a ready adaptability to the varying moods of the pieces she gave. It was a dubious experiment, however, to recite Matthew Arnold's "The Forsaken Merman" to a double accompaniment of piano and violin. Music often tends to divert attention from a poem to which it is made to furnish, as it were, an "obbligato," and such an effect is inevitably produced when a violin is requisitioned in addition to a piano. But to say this is not to reflect on the unobtrusive character of the music supplied on this occasion by Miss Linda Chesterman and Miss Marjery Clemens.

CLASSICAL CONCERT SOCIETY.

The fourth concert given last night at Bechstein Hall was the most eventful so far of the present series, and every seat in the hall was filled. This was chiefly due to the fact that Herr von Dohnányi, who has not been heard in London for some time, reappeared at this concert and played Beethoven's piano Sonata in A flat, op. 110, and took part with members of the London String Quartet in a performance of Brahms's Quartet for piano and strings in C minor. At the beginning of the programme the London String Quartet played Dohnányi's beautiful work in D flat, the best known of his pieces of chamber music. Fine as it is as a whole the first movement overshadows what follows because of the strikingly original design and the skill with which it is carried out. The alternations of slow and quick *tempi* with the sharp contrasts of mood which they present are perfectly poised, and the ideas themselves have that distinction which always goes hand-in-hand with simplicity. The *scherzo* occasionally reminds one of something else, but every note in the first movement expresses a clear individuality. Since the *finale* carries on the peculiar poise of the first movement by the same device of alternating *tempi*, and uses some of its material again, weaving it into the new matter, it runs the risk of losing the freshness which charmed one at first, and as one becomes more familiar with the work this movement sounds a little conscious, whereas the spontaneity of the first cannot be doubted. It was admirably played, and the beauty of tone in the quiet passages, a quality for which the London String Quartet is becoming famous, had wonderful effect. The players, too, seem to be gaining considerably in breadth of style, although the *scherzo* might have been treated still more boldly. nov. 7. 1912

Nothing, one imagines, could help a body of young players to widen their range of expression more than the experience of playing Brahms with Herr Dohnányi at the piano. He does for Brahms's chamber music very much what Steinbach does for the symphonies. The opening of the first movement of the C minor quartet was arresting, and the whole development of that movement, which represents Brahms in his mood of abstruse thought rather than of obvious beauty, was splendidly moulded. We get the serene and lyrical Brahms in the slow movement, and here the strings were at their best, and the union of the two moods was finely expressed in the *finale*.

Herr Dohnányi's playing of Beethoven's sonata was like all his work, strongly cut, occasionally in the second movement rather roughly hewn, but thoroughly well thought out. His treatment of the *finale*, the union of the fugue (*allegro*) with the *adagio*, which suggests a certain parallel with the idea underlying his own quartet, was exceedingly well balanced. Between the instrumental works Miss Rhoda von Glehn sang songs; there were an Italian aria by Mozart, "Non temer, amato bene," with violin *obbligato* played by Mr. Sammons, which, however, did not suit her, and some small songs by Schumann and Brahms which she sang so charmingly that she was recalled, and added Schumann's "Wenn ich früh im Garten geh'."

MRS. MATTHAY'S CELTIC RECITAL.

The recital given by Mrs. Tobias Matthay at the Æolian Hall last night was not an absolutely faultless performance. Every now and then it was difficult to hear what she was saying; in the dialogue between the priest and the grasshopper from *John Bull's Other Island* and Lady Gregory's miracle play *The Travelling Man*, and in the old ballad "Hame cam' oor guidman at e'en," her Irish and her Scotch had not, or did not seem to have, the absolutely natural accent of the native; and her clear little explanatory notes on the subject of Ossian and the leprechaun and other Celtic obscurities were given in rather a detached and staccato manner which had not the charm of her actual recitations and songs. nov. 9. 1912

But about them, in spite of the occasional difficulty of following the sense of the words, there was no room for doubt, and she gave her audience a very delightful evening. In some of them, as in "The Song of Colma," the gruesome Hebridean folk-song "Sea Tangle," Synge's "Crossing the Sound," Ethna Carberry's "The Well of the World's End," the old Irish folk-song "Over here," and "Barbara Allan," she spoke and sang with striking dramatic force and pathos. Also there is an atmosphere of spirituality and a haunting Celtic sadness, together with many little human touches of humour, about her performance that lift it on to a plane that is out of the reach of the ordinary reciter. And above all she has the invaluable gift of a sympathetic personality, which last night brought her very close to the deeper feelings of her audience.

A specially interesting feature of the programme, which was throughout well chosen, was her singing and explanation of the Hebridean labour song "Ho ro botachan" (a *botachan* is a little old man who comes home late and wants to eat everything in the house), one of the chants which the Hebridean women sing when one of them has finished her piece of weaving and they are all pounding and beating it till it is properly shrunk—a process that takes about an hour and a half, and about five songs, which therefore have to be of considerable length.

MME. CARREÑO'S RECITAL.

nov. 7. 1912

Mme. Carreño celebrated the jubilee of her first public appearance by giving a piano recital at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a fairly large audience, though no larger than that which can usually be brought together whenever there is a chance of hearing Mme. Carreño's fine performance. The only sign that this was a special occasion was to be seen in the number of bouquets of flowers which were handed to her between the pieces and the huge laurel wreath which appeared at the end.

The real point of the jubilee lay in the fact that now, when Mme. Carreño is approaching her 59th birthday, she is still at the very height of her powers. Her extreme sensitiveness to the value of rhythm in every phase of interpretation is the quality which shows this most remarkably. She has all the exuberance and enthusiasm of youth as well as the wise judgment of experience. The Scherzo in Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 31, No. 3), which was the first work on her programme, showed this with peculiar force, and in her group of pieces by Chopin, the Nocturne (Op. 62, No. 1), the C sharp minor Valse, the Barcarolle, and the Tarantelle, she gave wonderful examples of how *rubato* may be made eloquent by being subjected to a keen perception of the fundamental rhythm.

These things, with the Etude in G flat, which was given as an extra, made a wholly delightful first part. In the second part her rhythmic power was put to a different use in MacDowell's "Keltic" Sonata, for it had to supply what is lacking in the work itself. She succeeded in giving to it a certain dignity, one might almost say majesty, by her strong phrasing, which counteracted the tendency to vagueness which is the bane of this kind of *quasi*-programme music. In the last ten minutes she devoted herself to popular pieces, and played Tchaikovsky's hackneyed "Chant sans paroles," which gains a certain distinction under her hands, and a Barcarolle by Rubinstein, which even she cannot make distinguished. Finally, she sent her hearers away feeling happy with Liszt's transcription of Paganini's "La Campanella," ringing its peals of silver bells in their ears.

ROYAL AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

At the winter concert of this society, given last night in Queen's Hall, the music was well chosen, and, with one exception perhaps, of the kind best suited to amateurs—pieces with marked rhythm and distinct character. Mendelssohn's *Meerestille* gives plenty of opportunity for intelligent phrasing, Sibelius's "Karelia" for combined effect, and Dvorák's "Slavische Rhapsodie" for contrasted rhythmic effect. In the latter the wind instruments played some concerted passages with skill, and in Walford Davies's "Solemn Melody" the broad tone of the strings was a pleasure to hear, although the organ was persistently late, and the whole thing was a little too slow to give the proper swing of it. In the Rhapsody, on the other hand, the various *tempi* were picked up with alacrity, and there was not a dull moment. nov. 7. 1912

Two Interludes from Massenet's *Don Quichotte* were not quite such a good choice as the others. The programme itself raised the question of what should be performed at the next concert by inviting suggestions from members. It will be interesting to see if this invitation produces good results. What an audience wishes to hear need not by any means be what amateurs can best play. An orchestra generally likes best, and therefore plays best, what its conductor likes, because he has a way of putting it to them which is not easily resisted. We may hope therefore that these will be no more than suggestions for Mr. Payne to continue to exercise his wise choice upon.

Mr. Ivor Foster, who was in particularly good voice, sang Verdi's "Eri Tu" and a song to Henry Newbolt's words; and Mme. Donalda "Voi che Sapete" and two very charming French songs by Baron d'Erlanger, with clean, penetrating tones. She is one of those who do not have recourse to a *tremolo* to bridge over difficulties, and who do not think that emotion is best exhibited in spasmodic gushes of tone.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The chief events in the first concert of this society's umn season, which Herr Mengelberg conducted Queen's Hall last night, were Brahms's Third nphony and Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." a curious coincidence, therefore, the symphony s been heard twice in one week, since Sir Henry Wood played it on Saturday, whereas often many onths pass without giving an opportunity of aring it at all. The months when it is absent are ally more difficult to account for than the coinci-ence which gives it to us twice just now, for of all rahms's symphonic works it is the one which refutes nost directly the charge which Hugo Wolf brought gainst Brahms, that he could not exult. The first novement throbs with exultation, and the two which e next to it are intensely happy in a quieter way. he finale works through the mists of the first subject the exultant mood again in the second, and passes eyond it in its coda to a serenity which is a parallel the end of the second movement of the *German equiem.*

Nov. 8. 1912

In Herr Mengelberg's performance there was emendous strength and vigour as there is in all his ork, but there were passages where the tight grip in hich he held his players checked the natural impulse. he quality which gives him such splendid command the tone poems of Strauss has its disadvantage in rahms and in Wagner, whose overture to *Die eistersinger* came at the end of the concert. He akes everything astonishingly clear, but he never sens the rein. So in the *allegretto* of Brahms and the Walther music of *Die Meistersinger* he forced e sentiment upon his hearers where Brahms and agner would leave them to discover it for themselves. e cannot revel in the exultation of the moment en its happiness is being pointed out to one in so sitive a fashion.

Times

Possibly the time will come when we shall feel with rauss, too, that he ought to be left to play himself; t at present, when his emotional appeal depends largely upon intellectual perception and the ellect still meets him with some difficulty, every-ng which serves to clear away obstacles is helpful. re Herr Mengelberg's decision and his power of ving out the details have the effect of relieving intellectual strain and setting the hearer free to oy the very opposite effect to that which his thod is apt to have in the perfectly familiar music the older masters. The performance of "Also rach Zarathustra" was therefore one of the finest ich has ever been heard in Queen's Hall. Special ntion must be made of Mr. John Saunders's nirable playing of the violin solo. Between the nphony and the Symphonic Poem Coleridge-rlor's Ballade in A minor, the work on which, t to *Hiawatha*, did most to found his early reputa-n, was played as a fitting tribute to his memory.

MR. AND MRS. YORK BOWEN.

A long programme at the Æolian Hall last night tained César Franck's Prelude, Chorale, and gue, Schumann's Fantasie, Op. 17, and Mr. York wen's Third Sonata; Mrs. York Bowen sang songs Brahms, Grieg, and Liszt, Cyril Scott and York wen.

Nov. 8. 1912 Times

Mr. Bowen's playing is well and favourably known London audiences. Its positive merits of dash and erprise resting upon a brilliant and inevitable cision lead the imagination captive; unless, ed, his enthusiasm gets the better of him at a ax, when some unlovely sounds are apt to be rd. He found the limits, however, of the piano-e's tone in the first piece, Balfour Gardiner's De fundis, and did not again seriously transgress n. But these merits are sometimes positive to the nt of being insistent, and then they defeat their pose by destroying illusion. His is the kind o ic which demands a well-lighted room for it ormance; it is the direct antithesis of all that is tic in the good as well as the bad sense o word. In Schumann's work he con tly found opportunity, as in his own h ted it, for using the language of music to municate ideas rather than to heighten emotion the formulation of these ideas chord-contras eals to him as a better vehicle than variety o thm or subtlety of curve. His flight too is rapi er than strong. A suite he played last year—the ical form of the 18th century filled with the nervou e of the 20th—seemed a better medium for wha has to say than sonata form now.

rs. Bowen's singing showed a curious and almos ful difficulty in the attack of a high note, as i quired a conscientious determination to brave al s and dangers or succumb in the attempt. Whe ast the note came, however, it proved to b aordinarily sweet and true; while a low note ha ggestion of strong and pure feeling about it which never quite destroyed by an all-pervading *tremolo* by a tendency, in the German songs, to alter th el in the progress of a long note. In her Englis gs, however, the first of these defects nearly and th nd quite disappeared; and she sang some attractiv ngs of her husband's with a straightforwardnes h added a good deal to their charm.

MISS JEAN NOLAN'S RECITAL.

Nov. 9. 1912. Times

A vocal recital was given yesterday afternoon in the Æolian Hall by Miss Jean Nolan, a young Irish singer who sang two groups of songs, and was assisted by Mr. Plunket Greene, who was also heard in two groups. The whole concert took little more than an hour, so that the audience must have been as little fatigued at the end of it as the singers.

Miss Nolan has a mezzo-soprano voice of not very large volume, but of agreeable quality, particularly on the lower and middle notes, which are round and full, while her top notes, though not actually hard, are somewhat thin and lacking in resonance. Her range of expression is not very wide, but her songs were chosen in such a way that she very seldom had to attempt anything that lay at all beyond it. Brahms's "Die Mainacht" proved her severest test, and the end was certainly not sufficiently broad; but, on the other hand, she husbanded her resources well and by not attempting too much, barely left the impression of weakness in the climax. Schumann's "Widmung," too, was sufficiently broad in expression on a small scale, and so were Tchaikovsky's "To the Forest" and the latter part of Rubinstein's "Es blinkt der Thau"; but the singer was undoubtedly at her best in Jensen's "Lehn' deine Wang," Brahms's "Sandmännchen," and the folk songs which she sang in her second group. Korbay's arrangement of "My brown boy" and "Who loves best" she sang with exactly the right kind of simplicity and with a good rhythmical lilt, and her diction in this group was clearer in the matter of consonants than it was in the German songs.

Mr. Plunket Greene began with the old "Floodes of Tears," which he sang with beautiful intimacy of feeling, and went on to Scarlatti's vigorous song about the Ganges, and three of the "Dichterliebe," which were given with his usual insight and with an impetus that one was glad to feel after Schubert's "Litanie," which at moments almost seemed to be standing still. His second group was made up mainly of Irish traditional songs and ended with "Quick! we have but a Second," the moral of which the audience at once proceeded to apply.

MISS VIVIEN HUGHES.

Nov. 9. 1912 Times

A whole evening devoted to the violin raises a mild misgiving in the concert-goer as he casts his eye down the programme, however catholic it may be, even when it contains old friends like Tartini's Sonata in G minor and Tchaikovsky's Concerto in D major, and old friends with new faces like Schubert's "Ave Maria," Chopin's Nocturne, or airs of Handel and Goldmark, or arrangements of Kreisler and Brahms. But after last night's concert at Æolian Hall he no doubt rose from his seat feeling that the evening had been none too long.

For Miss Hughes has, first and foremost, a rich and powerful tone which gives every one confidence at once. She plays with every nerve and fibre of her body, and is so obviously throwing herself into what she is doing, and knows so well what she wants to do, that a mistake of a careless kind seems impossible. Besides this she has that indescribable thing, the performer's instinct—a power by which the player feels the musical pulse of the listeners and gives them just that little more than they expect in the attack and finish of a note which makes it buoyant and convincing. And, as a corollary of this, there was that grip of the piece as a whole which draws the essential lines of it truly, leaving the hearer in no doubt as to what is vital and what subsidiary in the matter in hand, and giving it a character distinct from that of its neighbours in the programme.

It may be admitted that there was some stormy weather in Tchaikovsky's Allegro and some painful moments among the octaves of Schubert's "Ave Maria" which seemed to speak of want of practice. In the Tartini, which was played with beautiful intonation, the intermediate tones between loud and soft were hoarse and lacked resonance, and did not merge smoothly and naturally enough into the others, and this suggested that the more powerful tones were got in some not quite legitimate way. But the weaknesses of human nature are often quite as attractive as the virtues.

ROYAL ARTILLERY BAND.

Nov. 9. 1912

Yesterday afternoon Mr. E. C. Stretton conducted an excellent programme at Queen's Hall. The excellence consisted in the skill with which a great variety of music was brought together without on the one hand taxing the receptive capacities of the hearers too severely or on the other drawing only upon what is hackneyed and commonplace. Massenet's Overture, "Phèdre," made a brilliant opening, and the rest of the first part of the programme was given up to Glière's First Symphony in E flat. Later Coleridge-Taylor's Ballade, Humperdinck's "Humoreske," Mackenzie's Air de Ballet, "La Savannah," and the Overture to *Der Freischütz* were played.

Glière's early Symphony is one of those essays in fluent writing which most young composers attempt but which the Russians show peculiar facility in making effective. Glière's Symphony would stand comparison with the early ones which Tchaikovsky wrote before his personality began to dominate his technique. It is built up cleverly upon melodies which have clear rhythmic contour, and the effect is heightened by insisting on their rhythm and decking them in bright and contrasted colours. It is therefore a good symphony to play to a conversational audience, because it must attract attention without demanding more than they can give. The Royal Artillery Band played it with admirable attack and precision and good balance of tone.

Sun 9.9. NOV. 26 1912

TITTA RUFFO AT OPERA CHEERED FOR MINUTES

'Hamlet'—At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Hamlet	Titta Ruffo
Claudius	Gustave Huberdeau
The Ghost	Henri Scott
Polonius	Frank Preisch
Laertes	Emilio Venturini
Marcellus	Edward Warnery
Horatio	Constantin Nicolay
Gertrude	Eleanora De Cisneros
Ophelia	Alice Zeppilli

Ambroise Thomas's opera "Hamlet" made a triumphant reentry into the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It was presented by the Philadelphia-Chicago Company under the direction of Andreas Dippel and was made the medium for the introduction to this public of Titta Ruffo, who is regarded as the leading Italian barytone of to-day.

The new singer was received cordially by a large and brilliant audience, and after the drinking song was acclaimed with a tremendous outpour of enthusiasm, partly forced by fellow countrymen, but chiefly spontaneous.

A revival of Ambroise Thomas's opera is in itself not a matter of importance. For this the professional observer of musical doings must be devoutly thankful. The question to-day is not whether "Hamlet" is worth lifting down from the dusty shelf where it has so long reposed in blessed silence, but whether it furnishes proper scope for the unique powers of a celebrated barytone.

Since this is the happy situation, we may content ourselves with noting en passent that the writer of the excellent article on "Hamlet" in the dictionary of Clement and Larousse combines enthusiasm with modified rapture. In beginning he pronounces that this is the most remarkable work which has proceeded from the French school and been prepared for the Grand Opera since the lyric tragedies of Halévy.

He calls it a romantic drama and praises the librettists for setting aside a large number of episodes, for omitting the long monologues, the extended dialogues, and the "shocking scenes" found in the English play. Thus the spectator finds himself in the presence of a work strong and simple, and the situations become compatible with music.

The writer also bemoans the retention of the famous soliloquy, the scene of the grave diggers, "which will always be insupportable to the eyes of people of taste," and reproaches the librettists for not having punished *Polonius*, whose chastisement as an accomplice of the crime is the subject of the whole opera.

These comments of a French writer, whose admiration for the opera is large enough to sustain a national pride, may serve to give those unacquainted with the work an idea of the manner of its construction. But if excisions are made, there is new matter in plenty. The operatic climax of the title role is reached in the play scene, which is prefaced by a chorus of actors, a drinking song by *Hamlet* and a Marche Danoise. Here it is that the welkin is always shaken by the plaudits of the populace. The drinking song of *Hamlet*, not the play, is the thing.

In the fourth act there is a ballet, a fete of spring. Some people have thought that this ballet is too long. Even in France, where the ballet is almost a sacred function, there have been complaints that it was too "ennuyer." But a little judicious cutting has aided it in recent productions. This revival was made altogether for Ruffo, who is said to spend much of his life in the study of Shakespeare and who would therefore be expected to steep himself devotedly in the romantic drama concocted by Barbier, Carré and Thomas.

It was fortunate for later barytone that the grand opera had a Faure. Thomas wrote *Hamlet* for a tenor, but the national theatre did not have one capable of undertaking this part. It was therefore rewritten for a barytone and handed over to Faure. His success with it put the tenor version permanently out of existence. Mr. Ruffo's success with the public of to-day is such that any attempt to reconstruct Shakespeare's melancholy Dane as a tenor would result in dismal failure.

This Italian barytone has certain gifts which will ensure him popular favor while time spares him. His voice is a high barytone and like most voices of its kind, is hollow and cold in the low register. But in the middle and upper range it is a voice of magnificent power. It is not warm in quality but it has vitality and dramatic value. Mr. Ruffo sings with great freedom and without forcing. He has enormous breath support and his control is perfect. Some of the phrases he sang last night, as in the cadenza of the drinking song, were amazing in length and equability.

In the more lyric passages, such as the scene with *Ophelia* in the first act, Mr. Ruffo sang with great judgment and no little skill, but in the expression of tender sentiment the voice itself is not entirely happy. The recitatives were delivered with a good deal of dramatic insight but with an overworking of the parlando, which was unnecessary and ineffective. His best singing, as singing pure and simple, was that of the drinking song, a number perfectly adapted to his bold, aggressive, virile style. He was least successful when delicacy of musical finish was required, but this does not happen often in "Hamlet."

Mr. Ruffo dressed and made up the part traditionally and looked well. His action was seldom plastic in pose, nor was his face rich in expression. But nevertheless there were scenes in which his genuine earnestness and his skilful use of his voice produced powerful dramatic effect. In the scene with the *Ghost* the measure of his tragic interpretation was taken. He did that scene well, despite a limited range of pose and gesture. But it is altogether likely that in some other rôle he may show more variety in action. Only a very great actor, a speaking actor not hampered by the necessity of suiting the action to the tune, can preserve the key of *Hamlet* and yet make many modulations in pose.

That Mr. Ruffo is one of the foremost baritones of to-day may be gladly conceded. But he has undoubtedly been the victim of overpraise in his own country, where big voices count for more than exquisite art and where such broad phrasing and powerful tones as his are certain to stir the populace to high excitement.

After such a performance as that of last night there is no call for extended comment on the interpretations of the other artists. They were present chiefly to make Mr. Ruffo's *Hamlet* a possibility. But it may be said that all were acceptable, and that the general presentation of the opera was most creditable to Mr. Dippel, who was once hauled before the curtain by Mr. Ruffo. The principal singers were Alice Zeppilli as *Ophelia*, Eleanora de Cisneros as the *Queen*, Hector Dufranne as *King Claudius* and Gustave Huberdeau as the *Ghost*. The chorus sang very well indeed and the orchestra was admirable. Cleofonte Campanini conducted with his customary skill and authority.

"Hamlet," with Shakespeare Left Out, Last Night's Offering.

Tribune

Signor Caruso, beyond question the world's greatest tenor singer, sings two or three times a week for more than two score weeks in New York, and the musical waters flow on undisturbedly as has been their wont for many years past. He goes to Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London and other European cities in the interim, and the musical elements in those centres of culture are thrown into a ferment and prices are raised to a degree which is prohibitive to the regular patrons of the opera, newspaper critics are transformed into rhapsodists, and the solemn preachments about the reforms achieved in the lyric drama by the labors of Wagner, and Verdi and Bizet are forgotten. The world makes obeisance to the voice.

Two centuries ago, when men singers were sopranos and contraltos, the opera patrons of London were split into factions by singers, houses were divided, duels were fought by men, and women won the insignia of rival singers. Familiarity with the world's greatest vocalists for nearly a century has made New York more staid and less demonstrative, and fond students of the lyrico-dramatic art have tried to see in local activities something like at least an equal appreciation of the song and the singers. But scratch the musical Russian anywhere, even here, and you will find the Tartar. That Caruso is not the cause of social and domestic feuds is probably due only to the fact that he has come to be accepted as a matter of course, an everyday occurrence. It has even happened that he has failed to habilitate an opera which the local public voted uninteresting.

But even New York's opera goers love a sensation. That was disclosed last night at the Metropolitan Opera House when Titten Ruffo sang for the first time here. For his sake an opera was accepted which some of the finest artists of the last generation failed to fix in the local repertory. It was Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet." It is a "Hamlet" which is not only devoid of the melancholy Dane, but which is absolutely empty of anything which could remotely suggest Shakespeare.

Ever since it had its first production in Paris great singers have tried to win a liking for it, but have tried in vain. Mme. Nilsson, the original creator of the part of Ophelia, made the first essay in 1870; Mme. Gerster, Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Calvé (to name only the greatest of the women singers) tried and failed. Kaschmann, a fine, though an affected barytone, seconded the efforts Mme. Sembrich, and Lasalle, the great successor of Faure, the original French Hamlet, united his fine and manly art with the exquisitely poetical impersonation of Mme. Calvé, but all to no purpose. An Italian barytone comes now, and the bare announcement of his coming serves to crowd the great theatre to suffocation, and when he sings the drinking song hundreds of people grow frantic in their exhibition of delight, and the memories of the great achievements to which the walls of the Metropolitan have echoed for years vanish like mist before the sun and winds of the morning.

YSAYE PLAYS AGAIN.

N. Y. Sun

Shows Wonderful Improvement Over Earlier Performances.

Nov. 20. 1912

Eugene Ysaye, the violinist, reappeared yesterday afternoon in a recital at Carnegie Hall. He had not been heard in this city since the latter part of the season of 1904-05. At that time some sharp comments were made on his playing and many persons raised their brows inquiringly, for was not this one of the acknowledged masters of the violin and were not critics foolhardy to carp at him? But that was seven years ago, and every schoolboy know that in seven years a man is remade.

The recital of yesterday afternoon was attended by an audience which occupied all the seats in the hall and crowded the standing room. Its applause was loud and long and Mr. Ysaye won it fairly. It will be easy to forget the last previous appearances if he continues while here to play as he did yesterday.

In recent years the violinist has developed an affection for the old masters. Most violinists come to this when their taste matures and their understanding of their instrument ripens. The old masters wrote in a singularly happy style for the fiddle and their music has a faculty of keeping its freshness, whereas much of the modern writing is aged when it is born.

The first number on the programme was a sonata by Veracini—Francesco Veracini—known as the Florentine, who was a contemporary of Handel; and the second number was by Francesco Geminiani, who lived at the same time but was a much greater violin virtuoso than Veracini. Geminiani, indeed, wrote the first of all text books on the art of violin playing and handed down to us the principles of the school of Corelli.

In his writing for the violin and his playing he made free use of shifts of position and double stops, so that when he went to London he amazed the Britons and the good Dr. Burney declared that some of his sonatas were too difficult for any one to play. The larger freedom of treatment was brought in strong contrast by the juxtaposition of the two sonatas yesterday.

Mr. Ysaye played both very beautifully. His tone was clear and sweet, his intonation accurate, his bowing alive with all the varied nuances of the violin touch. His staccato bowing, for instance, was wonderfully crisp and his full stroke had power and brought out only richness of tone quality. His interpretation of these two sonatas was elegant in finish and well nigh flawless in taste.

Mozart's G major concerto was the third number. Here there were some few passages which lacked perfect clearness of enunciation, but on the whole it was the performance of a master. The slow movement was given with an unaffectedness of style which must have delighted all lovers of Mozart. The cadenzas introduced in the work were Ysaye's own and were naturally a little more modern in character than the music of the concerto itself, but they were admirable specimens of violin display and did not derange the general effect so much as to spoil it.

The next number was the chaconne of Vitali. Now there were Angelo Vitali, Filippo Vitali, Giovanni Battista Vitali and Tomaso Antonio Vitali. A programme might specify that the chaconne was by the last named. The other pieces were two by Ysaye and Saint-Saëns's "Rondo Capriccioso." It was a liberal and interesting programme.

YSAYE RETURNS

Nov. 20. 1912

An Extraordinary Concert at Carnegie Hall.

There was much to wonder at and much for the serious minded to be grateful for in the recital of violin music which Eugène Ysaye gave in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. For a series of years he was a familiar figure in our concert rooms and during that time he set an example which did a great deal to create an appreciation for the highest type of violin playing. In the course of time he forfeited a portion of the admiration he had won by occasional lapses into carelessness; but it was noticeable that the large, sincere artist soul within him always responded to great occasions, and he became again a representative of the highest type of the reproductive artist. Seventeen years ago, the present reviewer, trying to sum up the impressions made upon him by his first American concerts, recognized in him a puissant figure; a man of extraordinary physical attributes, a large, sound man; a normal man, in appearance, yet singularly engaging because of the expressive mobility of his face and the freedom from affectation which marked his bearing, a personification of sanity of body, mind and soul. He observed the extraordinary degree in which he illustrated the intimacy which must exist between the player and his instrument if we are to be told what violin music is. "He sets his bow to the strings; the hairs seem to bite them with human purpose; the tone as faint as a ghostly whisper, or ringing like a martial shout, fills the room and is saturated with feeling. There is an answering throb from the listeners; the chords of their hearts are swinging in unison." And again: "How brilliantly all technical difficulties seem to be overcome! Are they so? A thrust of the bow and a shower of glittering notes comes bursting from the strings—what was the passage? Alas, come to think of it, we know not. Standing out, bright, strong, self-reliant now, anon it is blurred and unrecognizable. It has been suggested, not played; yet so obvious was its musical purpose, so perfectly did it fit into the symmetry of the whole, that we failed to notice its imperfections. Our mind is only upon one thing—the music!"

These the impressions of seventeen years ago, and they were revived yesterday—revived and emphasized in their chief aspects. Mr. Ysaye rendered a great and timely service by playing such music as he did and playing it as he did. For years the public has been led more and more into sidewise excursions, into primrose paths, to loiter in pretty dalliance with fiddle trifles. Mr. Ysaye brought his audience back into the great classic highway and expounded for them the cardinal principles of artistic beauty. In tone and phrase and expressive melodic line he exemplified as no other violinist of our time exemplifies it, the supreme, the divine law of repose. His posture was firm, commanding, compelling, but inviting to glad obedience. His violin part of himself; his bow and right arm a single agency. The tone of his instrument pulsated with warm blood. No need of affected vibrato there. As when he first came, there were some technical obscurities in his playing, and, except in the noble chaconne by Vitali, with which he concluded the classical part of his scheme, there seemed to be a little less depth and solidity of tone than formerly; but this may have been to some extent a matter of personal equation in the hearer, due to the position of his seat in the concert room. But the deficiency, if deficiency it was, was all forgotten in the great lesson of style which he taught. He played a sonata in A by Veracini and one in B minor by Geminiani, men who were not altogether friendly rivals in London in the early years of the eighteenth century—splendid specimens of true violin music both of them, their archaism made ravishing by Ysaye's art. Then a Mozart concerto in G, in whose graceful beauties he revelled with the zest of the composer—"ever young and ever fair." After this came the climax of the chaconne by Vitali for which Mr. Gaston Dethier provided as masterly an organ accompaniment as the insufficient instrument in Carnegie Hall permitted. Finally, there were modern short pieces, a few by the player himself and Saint-Saëns. The hall was crowded and hundreds of would-be listeners were turned away. H. E. K.

N. Y. Herald

Philharmonic Gives First of Two Arranged After Receiving $500,000 by Publisher's Will.

To share in the $500,000 bequest in the will of the late Joseph Pulitzer the Philharmonic Society had to acquire 1,000 paying members. As soon as this became known the response was so ready that the membership was quickly filled, some joining from States as remote as Illinois. In recognition of this support the society gave the first of two private concerts in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel last night, at which Mme. Frances Alda was the soloist.

Admission was by invitation only and the members and their friends filled the great ballroom. About one thousand were present. Theirs was the pleasure of hearing the first American performance of a work of Mr. Max Reger and three songs by Mr. Richard Strauss which have only recently been orchestrated by the composer.

The new work by Mr. Reger is called a "Concerto in Old Style" and is written in three movements. It was the first number of the programme, and in the first movement the audience could detect certain characteristics of the methods of the old masters. Then the work became more modern until it rambled off into intricate orchestration and new effects that leave little room for melody or antiquity.

Mme. Alda first sang an aria from Massenet's "Le Cid," and sang it extremely well in spite of the fact that she had spent most of the day on a train. Then she sang the three songs by Mr. Strauss, and she earned the applause that followed. The second song, "Morgen," won special approval. Mr. Strauss has written into the score a virtual violin obbligato that is beautiful. "Cacilie" was a more stirring piece, and in the "Liebes Hymnus" the composer has assigned the difficult task of singing against the whole orchestra to the soloist. Mme. Alda rose to the demands of this song in a manner that brought out all the beauties of both the music and her voice.

The programme ended with Raff's Lenore symphony No. 5, which, with its romantic melodies and dramatic nature, served to offset the effect of Mr. Paul Graener's symphonietta for the strings and harp that was played earlier.

Post. Nov. 20. 1912

An Operatic Hamlet.

Lovers of French opera hoped last year that something would be done at our Metropolitan to commemorate the centenary of Ambroise Thomas, who was born in August, 1811. It would have been possible to give an almost ideal performance of "Mignon," one of the most melodious and charmingly colored operas ever composed in Paris. Nothing was done, however; but last night Thomas came to the fore with another of his operas, "Hamlet." This was not given, to be sure, for the sake of honoring its composer or of giving the public a chance to hear an old favorite once more; for, whereas "Mignon" is popular the world over, "Hamlet" has never been liked except in Paris, and even there it is sung far less frequently than "Mignon."

The sole object of producing "Hamlet" last night was to give the Italian baritone, Titta Ruffo, a chance to show his paces before the New York public. He is at present a member of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, and the announcement that this was to be his only appearance in New York, combined with the industriously circulated and entirely truthful reports of his successes in South America, Italy, France—and Philadelphia—resulted in an enormous audience. It was, moreover, an enthusiastic audience, "easily pleased," as a veteran opera-goer remarked. After the baritone's first number, in which he did nothing that was in any way remarkable, there was an outburst of frenzied applause which was positively comic, owing to the absence of all *raison d'être* for it. In later scenes there was much more reason for these frenzied outbursts, which were like those that greeted Tetrazzini and Bonci when they made their first appearances in this city.

Titta Ruffo is a medium-sized man, undistinguished in appearance. As a singer he belongs to the old Italian school of the high note for the high note's sake, a school which still appeals to a multitude. His highest five or six notes—which constitute what would be called in the West the "business end" of his voice—are, strange to say, not remarkable for beauty of timbre, nor are they, like Caruso's high tones, for example, thrilling; but they have a clarion splendor which makes them effective and draws applause. From a technical point of view fault might also be found not infrequently with his tone emission. He evidently needs an overhauling by a great teacher, such as leading artists occasionally subject themselves to, but when a singer is carried triumphantly on the wings of success he is apt to forget the need of those things that make for the highest artistic standard.

The climax of last night's enthusiasm came after the cheap drinking song which Titta Ruffo sang with an imposing volume of sound and a stentorian power recalling Tamagno in his most sensational outbursts. It was quite proper to raise the curtain and repeat this number. The audience was crazy to hear it again—and was it not for its sake that the stale, dull opera, a ludicrous travesty of Shakespeare's tragedy, was revived? The occasion made one think of the story told by Wagner of a Parisian audience sitting patiently through a long opera which bored everybody, just to hear Rubini sing his famous trill from A to B flat.

Titta Ruffo's acting, like his singing, recalls the good old times when standards were different from what they are now, and it was the fashion to tear a passion to tatters and split the ears of the groundlings. There were moments of convincing, realistic acting, in the scenes with the ghost and the guilty mother, but for subtle histrionic mirroring and interpretation this Italian baritone lacks the necessary facial expression and naturalness of gesture. He may be better in other operas; his Hamlet is as great a disappointment as the opera itself.

Thomas should have never written it, for, not only is the subject utterly unsuited to operatic treatment, but Thomas's own talent lay in a very different direction. He was

of nearly a dozen composers who
eved failure with this plot. The ghost
e, to be sure, would have inspired other
ers, from Mozart to Wagner, but even
nis, Thomas failed lamentably to rise to
height of the situation.
asmuch as "Hamlet" was so obviously
uced for the sake of the drinking song,
hardly worth while to enter into de-
as to the cast and the general results.
ce it to say that Alice Zeppilli was the
lia, Eleonora de Cisneros the Queen,
e the other parts were taken by Hu-
eau, Scott, Freisch, Venturini, Warnery,
lay—most of them of the Hammerstein
a Company of yore. So was the in-
parable Cleofonte Campanini, most ver-
e of Italian conductors, who did all
could possibly be done to infuse life
the dull score.

AT THE OPERA

N. Y. Tribune
Nov. 21, 1912

norita Bori's Second Performance—Amato's Success.

avalleria rusticana" and "Pagliacci"
double bill at the opera might best
elegated to the social statistician, who
it make at least an interesting state-
t from which to muse on the endur-
of the public and speculate upon the
ible continuance of its complacency.
they were born almost together so
bably will they die; for now they seem
e knit up in each other and to serve
utual and supplemental purpose. When
are separated they still have the
er aim in view. The former may be a
ain raiser for the latter, but if it is
reason is to be looked for in the
sence of Signor Caruso's name in the
ond cast. There is but one other opera
liminary to Caruso's Canio in the
ropolitan list, and that is the German
insel und Gretel," unloved of the
ianissimi, though still capable of hold-
its own in the popular heart on chil-
n's holidays. Signor Gatti needs an-
er short opera—"Il Segreto di Su-
na," for instance.
ll of which is preliminary to the
mal announcement that "Cavalleria
sticana" and "Pagliacci" composed the
tertainment offered at the Metropolitan
era House last night. In the former
era the always excellent Destinn, Mar-
and Gilly took part, and also the in-
nsequential Duchene and Maubourg—
d that story is told to all old Metro-
litan patrons. There were incidents
lling for mention in the representation
Leoncavallo's opera aside from the
stomary triumph of Signor Caruso's
ting and singing, of which it would al-
ays be easier to write with enthusiasm
ere he to rid his "Ridi Pagliacco" of
e overwhelming surge of sobbing, which
lms its climax for all healthy tastes.
he great tenor is a person of cheerful
isposition; strange that he should be de-
eloping more and more a love for wildly
nd foolishly extravagant demonstrations
f grief. His beginning in "Manon Les-
aut" last week was a marvel of beauti-
ul singing. Why did he make Des
rieux a crybaby in the second act? He
oo-hooed all unnecessarily like a big
ooby in the second act. But one must
ot ask too much intelligence of an opera
enor.
The other noteworthy incidents were
enorita Bori's impersonation of Nedda,
qually winning in song and action, and
he superb singing of Signor Amato in the
relude. Perhaps there was a haunting
memory of some voice and song of the
revious evening in some mind, wherefore
he audience took occasion to inform Sig-
nor Amato with great emphasis that there
was yet appreciation here for a more
ocautiful voice, one of richer timbre and
purer baritone calibre than that which
had evoked frenetic demonstrations of
the previous evening. Signor Amato wa
recalled five times after the prologue—b
a Metropolitan audience. H. E. K.

ETROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Cavalleria Rusticana," an Italian opera in one act. Music by Pietro Mascagni.

The Cast.

ntuzza ..... Emmy Destinn
la ..... Marie Duchene
riddu ..... Riccardo Martin
flo ..... Dinh Gilly
cia ..... Jeanne Maubourg
Conductor ..... Giorgio Polacco

agliacci," an Italian opera in one act and two scenes. Text and music by Leoncavallo.

The Cast.

da ..... Lucrezia Bori
nio ..... Enrico Caruso
nio ..... Pasquale Amato
pe ..... Angelo Bada
rio ..... Dinh Gilly
Conductor ..... Giorgio Polacco

CARUSO AGAIN LURES SOCIETY TO THE OPERA

N. Y. Sun
Nov. 21, 1912

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" Start Their Annual Course.

MISS BORI AS "NEDDA"

But It Needed No Variation in Old Favorites to Pack the House.

"Every year the roses bloom and every year men love," remarks Ouida in one of those tropical romances where all the people live in glass houses and the sun's rays are focussed on them. If she had lived in New York she would have written, "And every year the old double bill comes around at the opera." Already last night in the very middle of the second week of the season "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" were given at the Metropolitan. So the theme is announced. The first variation, "Hansel und Gretel" and "Pagliacci," is already to be played next week, and doubtless others will follow. They always do, for great are Caruso and "Pagliacci" in their unequalled act of drawing a packed house.

There was one last night. Every seat was sold and all the standing room was thronged with patient Lombards, Tuscans and Neapolitans waiting to hear the wild cry of "Ridi, Pagliacci!" Mr. Caruso was there to sing it in his own characteristic style. What more could be asked?

There is another way to make variations on the old theme and that is by changing the cast. Last night there was a new *Nedda* in Miss Bori. The other persons in this opera were Mr. Amato as *Tonio* and Mr. Gilly as *Silvio*. The singers in "Cavalleria Rusticana" were Mme. Destinn as *Santuzza*, Mme. Duchene as *Lola*, Mr. Gilly as *Alfio* and Mme. Maubourg as *Lucia*.

Mr. Amato, it may be imagined, did not keep his best to himself last night. In the prologue he demonstrated that long phrasing and high tones do not have to be imported from Philadelphia, and at the same time showed that there are still brilliant tone and power in the local company.

Miss Bori was heard again with pleasure, though perhaps not with rapture. She was nervous in the early part of the opera, and this condition militated against brilliancy of tone. But the pretty quality of her light voice was undisguisable. The faults noted in her singing at her first appearance were again manifest and so also were the merits.

ALWIN SCHROEDER IN CONCERT.

N. Y. Sun. Nov. 21. 1912

The Excellent 'Cellist Has His Daughter to Aid Him.

Alwin Schroeder, the 'cellist, gave a concert in Aeolian Hall last evening. There was also Hedwig Schroeder, pianist, but since she is the daughter of her father the first sentence may be permitted to stand as a succinct summary of the incident.

The proceedings began when the two played Rubinstein's sonata in D major. Afterward each was heard in groups of solo numbers. The composers thus represented were Bach, Chopin, Debussy, Bruch, Handel and Cossmann.

Miss Schroeder was palpably very nervous and there is no question that this caused some technical slips. It was easy to see that the young woman was quite equal to the difficulties of the music she essayed to play. As an ensemble player she showed a very pretty piano touch and a style which was undoubtedly the result of training under her father.

Mr. Schroeder is the same admirable artist who delighted us in other days as a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartet.

AMERICAN PIANIST PLAYS.

N. Y. Sun. Nov. 21, 1912

John Thompson's Work at His Debut Most Promising.

An American pianist, John Thompson by name, was heard for the first time here in a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Thompson judiciously elected to offer a programme which was designed to disclose his technical equipment rather than to enter the lists with the inevitable Beethoven sonata, Bach fugue or Schumann fantasia. He began with Liszt's characteristic fantasia on the four letters of Bach's name. This composition sounds as much like Bach as Carlyle sounds like Bunyan. But it is an excellent medium for the display of a large piano technic.

Mr. Thompson is a young player and a promising one. His delivery of the Liszt composition had dash, boldness, confident finger work and no little style to commend it. Certain passages were blurred by overuse of the "loud" pedal, and this in the course of the afternoon proved to be one of the chief defects of Mr. Thompson's art.

The Brahms rhapsody No. 1, the pianist played rather dryly, but with intelligent purpose. His shortcoming was in the distribution of tonal tinting. He erred on the side of continence in Schumann's "Das Ende vom Lied," the middle parts were not quite clearly brought out and there was a want of incisiveness in the rhythm, but it was not a bad performance. The good old rigaudon of Rameau as dressed up by Godowsky was deficient in mellowness and Henselt's toccatina was not worth playing.

But the E minor scherzo of Mendelssohn brought out most advantageously the pianist's accurate, swift and dainty finger work and Chopin's G minor ballade disclosed his best musical expressiveness. Mr. Thompson made a good début. He has plenty of time to grow and he may reach the stature of a virtuoso.

RUSSIAN MUSIC AGAIN.

N. Y. Sun

Their Symphony Society Opens Its Season Here.

The first subscription concert of the Russian Symphony Society took place last night at Aeolian Hall. This organization celebrates its tenth anniversary this year. It came into existence at Cooper Union nine years ago. From there it moved up to Carnegie Hall where for eight seasons its concerts took place. The society has been gaining ground for its activities in other directions so that now in order to meet the increasing demand throughout the country for touring engagements, it is forced to reduce the number of its regular New York concerts from five to three. Nov 22 1912

The aim from the start of Modest Altschuler, the orchestra's conductor, has been to bring forward new music, as also older orchestral works of Russian composer. Mr. Altschuler has steadfastly maintained this purpose and his efforts have met with success. He has not only largely increased a general knowledge of what Russian music has to offer, but likewise the demand for hearing it. Furthermore, he has frequently brought forward as soloists Russian artists, one of the foremost of these being Alexander Nicolaievitch Scriabine, the distinguished composer and pianist, who appeared in both these capacities with the Russian orchestra some years ago at Carnegie Hall. The work chosen to open last night's programme was Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic," symphony. Mr. Altschuler entered into the spirit of the music with much sympathetic affection; he was followed in this by his men who played well, and gave on the whole a performance which could be followed throughout with the closest attention on the part of the many listeners.

Other orchestra numbers on the programme were a new "Armenian Rhapsody," with violin obligato, by Ippolitow-Ivanow, a "Musette," by Sibelius; Mussorgski's "Turkish March" and the closing number, Tschaikowsky's overture "1812," to commemorate the one hundreth anniversary of the year 1812.

After the symphony Gerta Schlosser, a very youthful violinist, played Mozart's violin concerto in E flat. Her additional pieces were Tschaikowsky's melody in E flat and a mazurka by the Polish composer Zarzieki.

GRACIA RICCARDO SINGS.

N. Y. Sun

Her Voice Not Very Cheerful, but the Audience Is Pleased.

Nov. 22, 1912

Mme. Gracia Riccardo gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her programme began with two old Italian numbers and then leaped forward into the era of Schubert and Schumann. Later it entered the present and included eight children's songs by Arenson dedicated to Mme. Riccardo. The audience which listened to the singer was one of good size and its applause was very kindly.

Mme. Riccardo sang yesterday with a voice which sounded as if it had passed through much honorable usage and its quality was not aided by the singer's addiction to the employment of sombre coloring. "Come raggio di sol" has seldom sounded so lugubrious and even good old Galuppi's cheerful "Chi vuol comprar" became a rather melancholy essay at badinage. A similar fate overtook Schumann's "Der Knabe mit dem Wunderhorn."

On the whole Mme. Riccardo made a dispiriting impression on those who appreciate the beauty of clear and vibrant tone and vitality of style. She sang in tune, and for that at least she may be praised, though it is one of the things which ought to come as a matter of course.

"FAUST" SUNG AT THE OPERA.

N. Y. Times
Nov. 22, 1912

Geraldine Farrar the Marguerite and Mr. Gilly, Valentin.

Faust ..... Carl Jorn
Mephistopheles ..... Leon Rothier
Valentin ..... Dinh Gilly
Wagner ..... Bernard Begue
Marguerite ..... Geraldine Farrar
Siebel ..... Jeanne Maubourg
Marthe ..... Marie Mattfeld
Conductor, Giuseppe Sturani.

A larger audience than might have been expected, though a small one is now impossible on a subscription night, gathered at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first performance this season of "Faust." Its size testifies, no doubt, to the popularity of Miss Farrar, and her impersonation of Marguerite, it must be admitted, always offers food for thought, whether one agrees with it or not.

Aside from the contribution, the feature of the evening was the Valentia of Mr. Gilly, who was in particularly good voice and sang and acted very effectively.

Mr. Rothier showed once more that he knows the traditions of Mephistopheles, and course he had the advantage of singing in his own langue, as did Mme. Maubourg, who appeared as Siebel. Mr. Jörn as Faust lacked that advantage. Mr. Sturani conducted.

FARRAR IN "FAUST."

N. Y. Sun

But Such Honors as There Are Go to Leon Rothier.

Nov. 22, 1912

There was a time when Gounod's "Faust" held a special and peculiar place in the esteem of operagoers. Connoisseurs were never willing to accord it a place among the foremost creations of the lyric stage, but the public dearly loved its unceasing flow of pretty tunes. All that was necessary to raise it to a position such as no other opera could hope to occupy was the offices of a genuine "star" cast. In the consulate of Maurice Grau such a cast could readily be supplied.

People travelled miles to hear Jean and Edouard de Reszke and Melba sing that extraordinary trio which is the climax of the final scene. There were matinées when the women stood four deep behind the orchestra rail and those singers were called and recalled till the ushers had actually to drive the audience out of the house.

"Faust" cannot find such a cast to-day, but it still has its special followers. Hundreds of people will rush to get seats for "Faust," yet never think of going to the opera at any other occasion. People who never went to the opera before go to this one. It is always a profitable night for the libretto man when "Faust" is given. So last evening when the suave measures of Gounod's introduction floated out from the orchestra pit there was a goodly assemblage, and it was much larger by the time the garden scene was reached.

The cast offered by Mr. Gatti-Casazza is far from being ideal, but it serves its purpose, which is to make this particular work possible. Those who officiated in the presentation of last evening have all been heard in the same rôles before. Candid criticism gladly draws the veil over most of their doings. The artistic honors of this performance belong to Leon Rothier. His *Mephistopheles* is not large, imposing or sublte, but it is planned in accordance with the traditions of the French stage and is correct in style.

As *Faust*, Mr. Jörn is far at sea and as *Marguerite* the only Geraldine Farrar pays scant respect to tradition or to good taste. Not infrequently she shows also an objectional opposition to the pitch. Mr. Gilly is a tolerable *Valentin* and Miss Maubourg a colorless *Siebel*. But nevertheless the audience of last evening seemed to be pleased.

N. Y. Herald

Little Miss Gertrude Schlosser Plays at First Concert of Russian Symphony Society.

Nov. 22, 1912

The Russian Symphony Society opened its tenth season in New York with a concert in Aeolian Hall last night and an enthusiastic audience, one which filled the hall, was on hand to give the orchestra a rousing welcome.

At first it did not seem that the welcome would be a rousing one, but that may be explained by simply stating that Tschaikowsky's symphony "Pathetique" was the work which Mr. Modest Altschuler had chosen to open his programme. The manner in which it was played left the audience silent, for none of the absolute misery of the last movement was lost under Mr. Altschuler's conducting and the orchestra's inspired support. As the desolate rumbling of the double basses died away there was a stillness in the hall that spoke a higher praise that any amount of applause could have done. In the second and third movements the orchestra was equally excellent and the precision of the violons was such as to call forth comment in the long intermission before Miss Gerta Schlosser, the juvenile violinist, appeared.

When she walked out on the stage to play Mozart's concerto in E flat the audience saw a plump little girl with her black hair cut Dutch fashion and a big white bow tied in it. When she played the audience looked no more, but listened. Her tone was a trifle fuller than one would expect from one of her years, and only once or twice did she make mistakes or was uncertin of her notes. Although she did not play with any degree of brilliancy, there was a certain feeling and a sentiment that won her audience before she had finished the see-

Times

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

Dufranne Appears Instead of Sammarco—A Concerto Grosso by Handel, and Rachmaninoff's Symphony.

At the second concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon a hasty change in the programme was made necessary by the illness of Mario Sammarco. In place of the distinguished Italian baritone of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, Hector Dufranne, the equally distinguished French member of the same company, appeared. The notice of the change was evidently so short that there was no time to inform the audience of it. Everybody cannot be expected to know the diference in personal appearance, or even in voice, between Messrs. Sammarco and Dufranne; but it is seriously to be hoped that when the latter began his singing, in French, of the "Legend of the Sage Bush," from Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame," not a single person in the audience thought it was "Non piu Andrai," in Italian, from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." There is a considerable margin of difference in the styles.

Mr. Dufranne's singing of this singularly successful inspiration of Massenet's is familiar in New York. His powerful baritone, not wholly free from some roughness of quality, resounded vigorously in Aeolian Hall; his singing of the air had nobility as well as tenderness and pathos. Later in the afternoon he sang three songs with piano accompaniment, to the manifest pleasure of his listeners.

The orchestral numbers consisted of Handel's concerto grosso in the version of Max Reger; Goldmark's orchestral scherzo in A, Op. 45, and Rachmaninoff's second symphony in E minor. Handel's concerto grosso is like one of the large utterances of the early gods: music of the stoutest structure and amplest expression. The contrasting sections between the "concertino" and the full orchestra are of fascinating interest. The orchestra never sounded of greater muscularity and solidity than it did in this music of the truly grand style; and the strings had an especial power. The performance was superb.

In Goldmark's scherzo, already played this season by the orchestra, there is much brilliancy, lightness, and buoyancy; and these qualities were successfully reproduced. It was agreeable to hear the full-bodied tone of the players and the nicety and finish, especially, of the wood wind players.

The symphony by Rachmaninoff may now be called the most successful of all recent works in the symphonic form, at least so far as New York is concerned. It has indeed made a new record in the country in the course of the last three years that would entitle it to such a rank. It had been heard in New York already six or seven times before Mr. Damrosch repeated it yesterday, but always with a fuller detail. A rehearing of it makes it a little difficult to understand quite the whole extent of its popularity. It always sounds unduly long—that is, the composer has said what he had to say at much greater length than was needed. It is one of the times when by saying less he would have said more. The work suffers also to a certain extent by its lack of points of repose and contrast. The composer for a large part of the time is speaking through the full voice of the orchestra. There are not many "breathing spaces" in his orchestration, and the effect is one of undue solidity and thickness.

Beyond and above all this, there is much to please in the melodious beauty of many of the themes—nor is it always an obvious beauty—and especially the rhythmic vigor of the music and the pulsing animation and intensity of the composer's expression. Rachmaninoff, though a Russian, has not allied himself with the Russian school that claims to represent the true Russian inspiration in music. That is to say, he has refrained from using Russian idioms, or native folk song and dance rhythms as constituent elements of his music. It may also be said that he is not a salon musician; and in this respect also is differentiated from certain other Russian composers. The symphony was played with spirit, and was much enjoyed.

MOZART'S MAGIC FLUTE FINE STAGE SPECTACLE

N.Y. 24 — 1912

"The Magic Flute"—At the Metropolitan.

Sarastro .....Edward Lankow (debut)
Astriflammante.....Ethel Parks (debut)
Pamina.....Emmy Destinn
Erste Dame.....Vera Curtis (debut)
Zweite Dame.....Florence Mulford
Dritte Dame.....Louise Homer
Erster Knabe.....Lenora Sparkes
Zweiter Knabe.....Anna Case
Dritter Knabe.....Marie Mattfeld
Tamino.....Leo Slezak
Sprecher.....Putnam Griswold
Erster Priester.....Lambert Murphy
Zweiter Priester.....Basil Ruysdael
Papageno.....Otto Goritz
Papagena.....Bella Alten
Monostatos.....Albert Reiss
Conductor.....Alfred Hertz

and movement. It applauded vigorously and called her back several times.

The orchestra played one new work, Ippolitow-Ivanow's "Armenian Rhapsodie." It contains a violin obligato, which Miss Schlosser played. The work has nothing about it to excite undue interest, and in many ways, particularly in the opening phrases, it is reminiscent of some of Rimsky-Korsakoff's Oriental compositions.

Miss Sclosser ended her part of the programme with Tschaikowsky's Melodie in E flat and a mazurka by Zarzicky. In these she duplicated her previous success of the evening.

Tschaikowsky's overture, 1812, played to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of 1812, closed the concert, and as the audience passed out of the hall many expressions of regret that only three concerts are to be given by the orchestra this season were heard.

NY 22. 1912 Sun
Philharmonic

The broad shadow of Anton Bruckner fell across the field of local musical art last night. We have had an interval for rest and recreation since the industrious Josef Stransky, conductor of the Philharmonic Society, propelled into the troubled atmosphere of Carnegie Hall Bruckner's fifth symphony on December 14 of last year. It seems that this conductor believes in Bruckner and it may be that he purposes to play him at us till we like him.

At any rate at the second evening concert of the society, which took place in Carnegie Hall last evening, Mr. Stransky introduced to New York Bruckner's sixth symphony, which had not been heard here before. It may have seemed rather hard to light minded music lovers that they should have been asked to assimilate in one evening this important composition and Leopold Godowsky's interpretation of Brahms's B flat piano concerto, which is also of substantial texture.

It may interest historical minds to knew that last evening's was only the ninth performance of Bruckner's symphonic music in this city and the sixth since his death in 1896. The first took place in 1885 and was by the Symphony Society under Walter Damrosch. No one can predict when the last will be given, for Bruckner's slow growth in favor may presage a firm hold in the future. At any rate this is not the kind of music to be dismissed curtly. It may be prolix, ponderous and at times opaque, but it is the music of a genuine mind deeply absorbed in the contemplation of its own ideals.

The symphony heard last evening is in A major and has the customary four movements of which the order is that found in the classic compositions. The organic unity of the work is by no means clear at a first hearing, but this is something which might clarify itself with repetition. On the other hand the immediate interest and beauty of the middle movements stand in sharp contrast to the value of the first and last.

The first movement leans toward the episodic mannerism of much of Bruckner's art, and this militates against the achievement of an interesting impression in spite of the manifest excellence of much of the melodic material. The climaxes are reached abruptly and the ending of the movement is so awkward that it leaves the hearer in a state of suspended astonishment.

The slow movement which follows is much more closely and fluently written, and its thematic ideas are broad, beautiful and poetic. Here indeed Bruckner obliterates the feeling that he is a closet laborer, bent in profound reflection over his desk under the rays of the midnight lamp. Here for the time he becomes a singer of songs, and one reaches the end of this part of the symphony in a grateful mood.

The scherzo is more ingenious than inspired. Nevertheless it is effective by reason of its uncommon rhythms and its cleverly devised contrasts. The trio is exceedingly well conceived, but is again marred by those characteristic interruptions which Bruckner is so fond of introducing in his music. The last movement seems to have been written under the spur of necessity. There had to be a final allegro, and so there it is. But it contains little which can move the imaginative hearer. It is the work of a musical thinker, but it was not produced in a period of fecund fancy.

Not having seen the score of this imposing composition the writer is unable to say that Bruckner is to blame for the inordinate employment of inverted horns. But in the first movement "bells up" was a frequent direction, while in the last it became a positive nuisance. Such an assault upon the ears has not recently been made in Carnegie Hall. If Mr. Stransky was responsible for the turning up of the bells one can but pray him to spare us all in the future.

The solo performer of the concert was Leopold Godowsky, the pianist, who has not been heard in this country for some years. The medium of his reentry was the Brahms concerto in B flat. Mr. Godowsky was long ago famous for his extraordinary technic. He has swift and powerful fingers and he has a tremendous grasp of chords and octaves. In his performance last evening his mechanical equipment was once again in evidence.

His reading of the concerto was marked by vigor rather than reposeful nobility, such as the work demands. The passages in which Brahms has called for speed and big tone were thundered forth by Mr. Godowsky with great brilliancy, but there was plenty of cloudy playing in the tender parts. Hardness of touch and glassy quality of tone were too frequent and there were also places in which definiteness of enunciation was wanting.

On the whole, it was a pedagogic rather than a masterly performance. One sought in vain for manifestations of the creative fire of imagination. This concerto provides room for a display of the finest qualities of the pianist's art, but its possibilities were assuredly not all revealed by Mr. Godowsky. The most musical passage in it was the 'cello obligato in the slow movement, admirably played by Leo Schulz.

The concert was brought to its conclusion considerably after 10 o'clock with Liszt's "Les Preludes," which here appeared as the postlude to an entertainment overgenerous in its amplitude.

BRUCKNER AND BRAHMS

N. Y. Tribune Nov. 23. 1912

The Return of Godowsky, the Pianist.

Two features gave distinction to the second brace of concerts by the Philharmonic Society, which took place at Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and yesterday afternoon. They were the first performances in New York of Bruckner's symphony in A major (his sixth) and the reappearance of Leopold Godowsky, the pianist, after a number of years, which have added so much to his fame abroad that a great deal was expected of him here—a little more than was realized, though not entirely through his fault. Mr. Godowsky played Brahms's concerto in B flat, and thus the antagonistic Bs who served as rallying cries for the factions which kept Vienna in a turmoil for some decades were here brought into conjunction—a very peaceful conjunction, it might be remarked in passing. Vienna is never happy unless it is in a wrangle about a composer or the director of the opera; its people are not permitted to quarrel about their ruler, and music there takes the place of politics here as a means for satisfying the universal and natural disposition to fight. What is called civilization is after all not much more than a veneer overlying a natural and perhaps not altogether deplorable savagery. Since history began a periodical outbreak of barbarism has brought back health and strength to the body politic which had been sapped by excess of refinement or culture, so-called, and perhaps the saving salt for the world is contained in the tremendous peoples whom a wise Providence is holding back till the need of regeneration grows greater.

We have no musical warfare in New York and such precient philosophy may be foolishly irrelevant to a discussion of yesterday's concert; neither did it have anything to do with the quarrels of the Bruckner and Brahms factions, when it gave zest to the musical activities of the Viennese. It is only a passing thought called forth by the fact that the two names were linked in the Philharmonic programme and that the symphony of Bruckner was a novelty here, though composed nearly a generation ago. Perhaps it was a pious duty for the Philharmonic Society to perform it; it cannot be said of our Philharmonic audience that it showed itself possessed of a pious wish to admire it. But that is not a characteristic of any of our audiences. They live in the moment and, as a rule, court its pleasures only. The new symphony offered nothing to titillate its ear-drums, rasp its nerves or excite its curious wonder. It disclosed to the trained listeners the structural weaknesses of its composer's methods which performances of his third, fourth, fifth, seventh, eighth and ninth symphonies had made familiar—his lack of logical development, for instance; his substitution of mere repetition of idea, with dynamic change, in place of organic growth toward emotional climax—but it did not call up the picture of a cyclopean structure, reared by piling block upon block, as some of its companions did. And, as it also resembled all the others in paucity of fundamental and pregnant beauty of thought, it passed by without leaving an impression deep enough to be recorded. It was simply uninteresting music from the workshop of a master in his craft.

For the sake of the unique reputation which Mr. Godowsky enjoys as among the very first of pianoforte technicians of to-day, his choice of the Brahms concerto was not altogether a happy one. As a rule, virtuosi of his order like to bewilder and confound. He could do neither in the composition which he played, in which the most faultless manipulation of keys and pedals serves only to enhance the music in the estimation of the judicious, and is all but lost upon those insensible to the dignified charm of the composition. It would be difficult to conceive of a more lucid, better articulated performance of the text than Mr. Godowsky gave, but not at all difficult to imagine one with more emotional warmth, more poetical grace, bolder and stronger sweep of line, greater depth and tenderness of sentiment. Despite its incomparably greater beauty, the concerto was only slightly higher in its moving power than the symphony. The fault did not all rest with the pianist. An accompaniment, which frequently irritated apprehension had much to do with it. A concerto, which is more than half symphony, with obbligato pianoforte, must needs be heard with mind at rest touching the co-operating agencies if it is to give out its full measure of enjoyment. The crisp, crystalline passage work of Mr. Godowsky, his delightfully incisive rhythms, fell transparingly in the ear, especially in the last movement, but they were elements too largely confined to his part in the work of performance. There will be no clogs on his fingers or fancy at his recital next Wednesday.

H. E. K.

PUCCINI'S "MANON" IS AGAIN SUNG AT OPERA

N.Y. Sun

Notable Audience Out to Hear Caruso, but Not So Many Standees.

Nov. 23. 1912

ROLE FITS BIG TENOR

Style, Diction and Acting of Scotti Give a Good Deal of Pleasure.

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" had its second performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. There was an audience of good size, but perhaps not as many standing as is customary when Mr. Caruso sings. This is worthy of note only for the reason that *Des Grieux* in Puccini's musical version of the Abbe Prevost's tale is one of Caruso's good parts. It is certainly better suited to his style than the corresponding role in Massenet's opera.

Puccini's work ought to have greater favor with this public than it enjoys. It is an early work and it has a greater spontaneity than some of his later ones. It has a style of its own and is for the most part free from the melodic habits which repeat themselves so often in the operas heard more frequently at the Metropolitan. It may be that the newly prepared presentation of the work will increase the public appreciation of this really excellent opera.

Last night's performance was carried on by the singers heard in the previous representation. Miss Bori was heard again as the heroine, but there was nothing in her impersonation to demand new comment. Mr. Caruso sang with abundant tone, while Mr. Scotti gave renewed pleasure by his admirable assumption of the role of *Lescaut*. Mr. Scotti has not the brilliancy of voice which he brought to the Metropolitan some years ago, but he has an excellence of style and diction to which young singers may well give close attention. As an actor he continues to hold his place as one of the most satisfactory in the company.

Julio Gatti-Casazza's name stands by itself at the record of the production of Mozart's opera "Die Zauberflöte" at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The work had not been heard here since the reign of Conried, when it was put forward with an excellent cast, but with so little appreciation of its theatrical possibilities that it made little impression. Mr. Gatti-Casazza has accorded the work a production which will receive a page to itself in the annals of the New York stage. It is the only adequate presentation of this work that has ever been made in this city, and it is without question the best spectacle that the lyric drama has known in this country. Mr. Gatti-Casazza had not previously produced "Die Zauberflöte." He had no European experience upon which to rely. Yesterday's splendid realization of the strange poem of Schikaneder was Mr. Gatti-Casazza's latest achievement in the art of mounting opera. It was a triumph.

The time is not far behind us when a production of Mozart's "Magic Flute" depended chiefly on the inclusion in a company of a colorature soprano capable of singing the florid music of the *Queen of the Night*. The new presentation of the opera takes so little account of this nature that an unknown and comparatively insignificant singer is called upon to impersonate *Astrafiammante*.

We are now invited to consider what are indeed the larger and more important elements of the work, the strange dream pictures which surround the fantastic action, the matchless German music which in this work first uttered the royal command of pure Teutonism for a position in the forefront of lyric art, the noble and sonorous male choruses which roused the emotional response of a nation of Saennerchor singers, the grand and inspiring airs which are allotted to the various characters of the drama, and the most bucolic humor of the musical treatment of the farcical parts.

In this new presentation we are asked to observe how beautifully all the "arts tributary to the drama," so dear to the soul of Wagner, can be made to unite even in this old work in creating an atmosphere if not truly dramatic at any rate perfectly theatrical. Picture, action, declamation, music, all are brought together here in a harmonious and consistent whole. And in the accomplishment of this praiseworthy result the operagoer must return thanks to Mr. Hertz as well as to Mr. Gatti-Casazza, for the conductor has given a new and unexpected demonstration of sympathy with the delicacy and transparency of this music of the eighteenth century.

To-day offers opportunity for the perpetration of learned essays upon the significance of Mozart and his music, on the meaning of Schikaneder's astonishing libretto, upon Masonry in music, upon classic style and interpretation. But the reader of this journal shall be spared. Let us all hope that Schikaneder knew what he meant. We may retain our doubts about it, and bless Mr. Gatti-Casazza for omitting the triangles, the pyramids and the other Masonic emblems.

If, however, we are to sit in the presence of a play which offers swift and numerous changes of scene, which shifts its personages about in a manner almost perplexing, which cannot wholly conceal a certain symbolism, which grounds its story on fantastic legend and locates it in a country as fabulous as the coasts of Bohemia, then by all means let us have the drama performed in such a way that the many scenes shall succeed each other without undue suspension of the movement of the action and without once lapsing into the baldness of cheap preparation or conventional realism.

It is wholly unnecessary to publish a catalogue of the beautiful stage pictures made for this production. But it is imperative to note the ingenuity employed in giving variety to those which might easily become monotonous. The succession of views of the exterior and chambers of the temple in the rocks is striking, and, what is even more to the purpose, it fits into a general scheme which seems to have taken carefully into account the moods of Mozart's music.

Perhaps in the whole presentation nothing will make a stronger impression on the artistic observer than the scene in the temple in which the immortal chorus of men is heard. The distribution of light and shadow in this scene is imposing and the music and the picture seem to be parts of one inspiring whole.

The *Queen of the Night* makes her first appearance in a firmament which might have been designed by Whistler. It is as unreal as his famous peacock room in Detroit and fully as decorative in effect. Her second appearance is made in a sheeny expanse of moonlit garden alive with brilliant nocturnal greens. These two designs in themselves speak of the thought which has been bestowed upon the scenic attire of the work.

The smoothness and speed with which the scenes made their progress reflected the greatest credit on Mr. Siedle, the technical director. There was only one slip in the entire performance. The use of a black curtain to create the effect of dark stage changes was successful and when the drop curtains were closed in the course of an act the period of their stay was brief.

The treatment of Mozart's music in this production is on a very high plane. It is not needful that all the details of the musical interpretation be discussed this morning. In other times exclamation points followed the names of the world famous singers called together to make "star" casts for "Il Flauto Magico" or even "Die Zauberflöte."

Perhaps records of the wondrous doings of elder days will be unearthed. But whatever may be disclosed it is difficult to recall a cast of better balance or more general competency than that of yesterday.

Intelligent and adequate rehearsal had brought this cast to a similarity of style extremely comforting to those who have often heard the opera sung, as it were, in diverse tongues. Above the high plane of the general interpretation Mme. Destinn's superbly artistic singing of the music of *Pamina* rose to brilliant distinction. Of its excellence more may be said after future representations.

Mr. Slezak disclosed new and unsuspected mastery of elegant and expressive lyric style. He has done nothing else as truly musical as his *Tamino*. The new soprano heard as the *Queen of the Night* was Ethel Parks, who was to have sung at the Metropolitan last season, but was prevented by a gift of the gods.

Her *Queen* was a small one and was wholly lacking in the dramatic qualities which inhere in the rôle. Her voice wanted power and brilliancy and the only thoroughly good feature of her singing was her staccato, which was perfect. And this may perhaps help some people to realize that the staccato feats of more famous singers were not a complete foundation for their fame.

Edward Lankow made his début here as *Sarastro* and was most cordially welcomed. It is probable that he was nervous and not in good vocal condition. At any rate he seemed to be a little hoarse. But he introduced to local opera goers the first real basso profundo they have heard in many years. A noble voice, ranging down to the spaces under the bass clef and a smooth, artistic delivery were the charms of Mr. Lankow's singing. We could have wished for a little more incisiveness of style, but perhaps the lack of condition was at fault.

Other features of the representation which can receive only a passing mention at this time were the delicious *Papageno* of Mr. Goritz, alive with comic vitality and admirably sung, and the dignified *Orator* of Mr. Griswold. With the devotion and skill of a true artist he made a rôle which is too often slighted take its proper value in the musical scheme.

N. Y. Times

The revival of Mozart's masterpiece, "Die Zauberflö," which Mr. Gatti Cassazza has for some time been purposing to make at the Metropolitan Opera House, was accomplished at the matinee performance yesterday, with success in many ways. It can hardly be supposed that the vast audience, which crowded the theatre almost to suffocation, was drawn wholly by expectations of this revival, for the matinee audiences are always very large at the Metropolitan. But it was quite unmistakably delighted, amused, and even impressed with the performance; and there was reason to be, for it was one quite out of the common.

There has been so much said about the elaborate scenery provided for this production of "Die Zauberflöte" that some uneasiness was excusable lest the chief emphasis should be put upon this side of it; and all the more since it had been found necessary to give the opera without Mme. Frieda Hempel, the German coloratura singer, who was to take the difficult part of the Queen of the Night, and for whom a substitute had to be found in an untried singer, Mme. Ethel Parks. But with all the spectacular effects of scenery provided for the opera, a large measure of justice was done to the vocal side of it. Finer casts have, indeed, been heard in it here. But in some points the singing of the music was exceedingly fine; and there was evidence all through the performance of much care in its preparation. There have been few representations of "Die Zauberflöte" in which the ensemble was so well cared for as in this one.

Mozart's fairy opera had not been heard in New York for eight years. The last performances were four, in the season of 1903-4, under the direction of Felix Mottl, a much-tried man under Mr. Conried's management of the Opera House, and some of his trials were in these performances. Two of them were in German and two in Italian. German performances of "Der Zauberflöte" befor that, except one for a charity, in 1897, could hardly be recalled by the oldest musical inhabitant. The opera was composed by Mozart to a German text, and the restoration of that text is quite in accordance with the wise policy of the Metropolitan Opera House in regard to languages. The German version has much spoken dialogue which, in the Italian, is turned into musical recitative. Much of this was cut out yesterday, but what was left was in the main so well spoken that there was little difficulty in comprehending it. It is the great advantage of restoring this text that it helps the movement, and especially the comedy of the opera, to a considerable degree, although it would be too much to expect that its use would throw any appreciable light upon this incomprehensible farrago of nonsense. Its story has long been one of the chief puzzles of the operatic stage. But the opera contains much of Mozart's most beautiful and vitally fresh music, and its life has kept the opera alive.

Highest praise must go to Mme. Destinn and Mr. Slezak for the beauty of their singing of this music. To both of them it was an open book, and in voice, style, and technical finish they achieved the finest results of the performance. Mr. Slezak has not sung better since he has been a member of the company; his voice was beautiful, full, and rich; his emission of it spontaneous and without a trace of the constriction in the upper tones that has sometimes marred his singing. Mr. Slezak, in fact, by the exquisite refinement of his work showed that he is as much a lyrical as a heroic tenor. The aria "Diess Bildniss ist bezaubernd Schön" he sang with much grace; and especially beautiful was the duet with Mme. Destinn. Her beautiful pleasing, penetrating and moving voice and power of singing in a fine Ugata style, were constantly in evidence, and were a most important contribution to the success of the performance.

Mr. Goritz, who was the Papageno in the last German representation, was a capital representative of the part—filling it with humor and amusing touches of all sorts, with very little overdoing of it. And best of all was the unexpected beauty of his voice and style in his singing. He has had so much rough declamation to do that this may not have been remembered of him to his full credit. Miss Alten was a pleasing Papagena, and Mr. Reiss an amusing Monostatos. It was a pity that Mr. Griswold had no more to do than was offered him by the inconsiderable part of the Sprecher, for it was done with great mobility of voice.

Of the newcomers Mme. Ethel Parks had the most responsible and difficult assignment as the Queen of the Night. She has only two brief appearances, and two airs to sing; but those airs are among the most difficult in operatic literature, and generally dreaded by the greatest coloratura singers. Mme. Parks showed a light and delicate soprano that reaches the necessary high notes with sufficient ease, and that has sufficient flexibility controlled by skill, to overcome the difficulties of the music creditably. Mme. Parks made a pleasing but not an overpowering impression on this occasion; and the number of curtain calls she took to herself was distinctly out of proportion to her real importance in the performance.

Another newcomer in an important part was Edward Lankow, a singer who has been with the Boston Opera, as Sarastro. He, too, sang many things creditably, zut not in a way to efface memories of his predecessors. He slipped up in one of his very first phrases; and it was a pity that in his finest and most famous air, "In diesen heiligen Hallen," he sang certain phrases deplorably flat. Nevertheless, much of what he did otherwise was very well done.

The Three Ladies—Mmes. Curtis, Mulford, and Homer—sang well what they have to sing, except that Miss Vera Curtis, the First Lady, also a débutante, sang frequently too sharp. There had been careful training of the chorus, evidently.

The new scenery that has been provided for this revial of "Die Zamberflöte" is perhaps the finest spectacularly that has been seen at the Metropolitan in many years. It is so arranged that the continual changes of scene demanded in the opera can be made almost at once, with the lowering of a black curtain, sometimes of the drop curtain, for a few seconds only. Thus the opera can be given as Mozart write it, in two acts. There are no fewer than fourteen different scenes, four in the first act, ten in the second. Some of these are remarkable for their effectiveness in design, color, and solidity. Thus, the starlit sky in which the Queen of Night makes her descent is a notable piece of decoration. The several representations of temples are architecturally substantial, though it would be difficult to class them as to styles and orders. "The Temple of the Three Doors" in Act I. has a fine effect of spaciousness. Striking in a different way are the "Pass of Fire" and the "Pass of Water," through which Tamino and Pamina walk, with their vivid representation of streaming flames and a falling cataract. The management of all this complicated mas sof scenery and the promptness of the changes reflected great credit on the technical department. Picturesque and varied costumes and skillful massing of the crowds made for additional brilliancy of the scene.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE RESUMED

Sun.

The Symphony Concerts for Young People opened their fifteenth season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The large audience that always attends these entertainments had assembled, while the eager interest which aids to give them a field all their own was again obvious and duly expressed as occasion required.

It would be difficult to estimate even in part the influential scope, musically, that these concerts for young people fill, for they have been since their beginning a very large factor toward forming a cultured taste in music such as may be said generally now to prevail throughout this community.

Founded and firmly established by Frank Damrosch, they have been ably directed in later years by his brother Walter. The aims embodied in their educational basis have been to instruct and interest only in that which is to be treasured as best and loveliest in musical art. This feature has, moreover, happily received full recognition from New York's music loving public.

At the time these concerts began a subscription rate of 50 cents for six concerts or a charge of 10 cents for one, was offered to the teachers and pupils of the public schools. Later during the first season letters of protest were received by the management from some of these subscribers, who declared that the concerts were of a greater value, and they asked that the rates be increased from 10 to 25 cents for each concert. This was done and under these conditions it was a significant fact that the subscription list increased.

Each year it has been the society's custom to follow as programme topics some one or more specific subject, in musical history.

This season's study will illustrate as the important branches of music the symphony, opera, dance and song, the purpose of this scheme being, as announced, "to give the young subscribers a new realization of the breadth and significance of music as it has been developed in its various forms by the great masters."

The subject taken up for yesterday's programme was "Beethoven, Master of the Symphony," and the symphony drawn upon to illustrate was the eighth, "My Little Symphony," as Beethoven himself called it.

Walter Damrosch in an introductory talk made some remarks on the orchestra at the time of Beethoven. He said that as it then existed it forms practically the basis of the orchestra of to-day. As Beethoven received it from Haydn and Mozart, he had added instruments to express more adequately certain feelings. The design and spirit of classic works were perfectly fitted to each other with a view to then existing orchestral limitations as compared with those of to-day, and hence Mr. Damrosch wished to beg any young aspirants in the audience who hope to become conductors that if that time ever comes they should not mar the works of the old masters by any intended improvement through the means of modern orchestral devices.

Mr. Damrosch then gave, with the aid of the New York Symphony Orchestra and the piano, a lucid explanation of the eighth symphony, its themes and movements, after which it was performed as a whole.

Irma Seydel, a young violinist who comes from Boston, played with taste and skill the solo parts of the two romanzes for violin with orchestral accompaniment in G and F respectively, and the programme closed with the "Turkish March" from "The Ruins of Athens."

Ovation for Mr. Elman at Opera Concert

Herald Nov 2 '12

Statisticians kept count and found that 4,270 music lovers entered the Metropolitan Opera House early last evening and remained until the very end of a long programme, made very much longer by encores eagerly demanded and graciously granted. The entertainment might have lasted until well after midnight had not the limit of endurance on the part of the artists been reached before then.

Mr. Mischa Elman, the Russian violinist, was the chief artist of the night from outside the Metropolitan. After having played Lalo's Spanish Symphony he was obliged to give an encore. Then, in the second part, he did not quiet the applause to any appreciable extent until he had played three encores, so great was the outburst following the Schubert-Wilhemj Ave Maria and Wieniawsky's Airs Russes. The young violinist aroused a thunder of applause with Dvorak's Humoresque, but it was plain to be seen that the strain was telling on him then so the audience was merciful.

Nor was their greeting of Mrs. Olive Fremstad any less in volume or sincerity. She first sang an aria from "Tosca," and she was obliged to come out again and sing one from "Les Filles de Cadiz." Her voice was remarkably clear and Mr. Giorgio Polacco conducted the orchestra in a sympathetic accompaniment. Every light and shade he brought out delightfully.

The other singer of the evening was Mr. Dinh Gilly and he, too, felt the inspiration o fthe audience. An aria from "Il Balla in Maschera" was his first offering and since Mr. Titta Ruffo has set the fashion for sutained high notes, Mr. Gilly demonstrated that the former was not alone in this particular section of their common field of art. "Le Soir," by Gounod, and "Quand tu dors," by Liszt, were his songs in the second half of the programme and in them he displayed unusual power singing with a full resonant voice that, to judge from the applause, every person in the house appreciated.

The Wilhelm Tell overture and Mr. Felix Weingartner'e arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" were the selections for the orchestra, and Mr. Polacco, in rather vigorous manner, conducted them with a fine feeling and dashing spirit.

N.Y. Sun nov 26/12

PUCCINI MISSED CHANCE FOR WALTZ IN 'THE GIRL'

It has been said frequently that Giacomo Puccini was the cleverest theatrical craftsman laboring in the field of the lyric drama in the present time. But he failed to learn every o e of the devices of his art for all that. When he set out to compose an opera on an American story, "The Girl of the Golden West," which was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, he neglected to make an exhaustive study of the lyric drama as it is known to Broadway.

Since the youthful Prince of Montenegro, thinly disguised as a Prince of Nowhere, gazed ardently into the eyes of the Merry Widow, and waltzed her around to a tune of most seductive simplicity, the dance celebrate in a whole poem by Byron has been the moving them · of Br adway's musical desire. So far indeed Mr. Puccini penetrated into the secret, for he has his waltz in "The Girl of t e Golden West."

But it scare begins ere it ends. The desperado *Johnson* takes a firm hold of the *Girl* and dances off the stage with her. If any of the later masters of Broadway opera had introduced such a situation it would not have ended thus. *Johnson* and *Minnie* would have waltzed out one door and in another or perhaps up on a chair and thence to the top of the bar counter and down again by way of the barrel filled with the miners' "dust."

Mr. Caruso on one occasion last season discerned the lost opportunities of this scene and introduced the turkey trot into it, but that is now a wornout device. And so after all we are driven to the bald admission that the waltz episode is not well developed and that we must rely for our interest on the singing.

It was formerly easy to comment on a performance of this opera by saying that *Minnie* was Mme. Destinn's best role. But since her emotional and musical interpretation of *Pamina* in "The Magic Flute" last Saturday there may be some difficulty in arriving at a conclusion. At any rate, we may congratulate ourselves that the company has a prima donna capable of singing so admirably in two such different styles Mr. Caruso is very happy as *Johnson*, though he is perhaps even more amiable than Belasco's own character.

In this presentation there is another remarkably fine impersonation, that of the *Sheriff* by Mr. Amato. It is no exaggeration to say that this is one of the best creations seen on the operatic stage in recent years. Mr. Gilly's *Sonora* is another artistic composition which helps materially in the general effectiveness of the representation.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"La Figlia del West," an opera in three acts, by Giacomo Puccini; founded on the drama by David Belasco.

The Cast.

Minnie	Emmy Destinn
Johnson	Enrico Caruso
Jack Rance	Pasquale Amato
Nick	Albert Reiss
Ashby	Adamo Didur
Sonora	Dinh Gilly
Trin	Angelo Bada
Sid	Giulio Rossi
Bello	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Harry	Pietro Audisio
Joe	Lambert Murphy
Happy	Antonio Pini-Corsi
Larkens	Bernard Begue
Billy	Paolo Ananian
Wowkle	Marie Mattfeld
Jake Wallace	Andrea de Segurola
Jose Castro	Paolo Ananian
The Post Rider	Lamberto Belleri

Conductor ..... Giorgio Polacco

N.Y. Tribune

To most of us living in the East the California of 1849 is a golden, glorious, far-off land of romance—the one spot in the Western Hemisphere where life was touched with the magician's wand, where fiction hid itself as too prosaic before reality, a wilder Gascony tucked away on the shores of the Pacific.

How many of us recognized our land of dreams through the cacaphony that enveloped last night's proceedings at the Metropolitan Opera House may well be a mooted question, even though the voice of Enrico Caruso was there to make us believe that melody existed where there was none. There might, too, be food for thought in the fact that though it was a Monday night and the great tenor was singing, the house, beyond the subscription seats, was not a large one, and the brass rail behind the orchestra was only thinly sprinkled with shoulders. It is needless to state that the opera was "The Girl of the Golden West."

When Signor Puccini announced that he had chosen David Belasco's play as the basis of his latest work the American music world showed marked interest. The success of "Madame Butterfly" was fresh in its memory, and though it is true that this opera had a Japanese setting, there were in it hints of an understanding of American life that were reassuring. The interest excited grew in intensity when the composer announced his intention of giving its first performance at the Metropolitan, and when Mr. Gatti-Casazza said that the chief parts were to be taken by artists of the rank of Miss Destinn, Mr. Caruso, Mr. Amato and Mr. Gilly; that Arturo Toscanini would direct the orchestra, and that David Belasco would superintend the rehearsals it was evident that as far as the production went there could be no doubt of its perfection.

The first performance showed that this promise had been kept. Miss Destinn as Minnie, Mr. Caruso as Johnson, Mr. Amato as the sheriff, Mr. Gilly as Sonora under Mr. Belasco's skilful training found themselves transformed into figures that were more than passable Americans, and whom in the case of Mr. Amato and Mr. Gilly might have stepped out of the pages of Bret Harte.

Even the Italian miners forgot largely to gesticulate. As for Mr. Toscanini's part, it goes without saying that it was perfect. But it was the composer himself who disappointed, the very Puccini who in "Manon Lescaut," in "La Boheme," in "Tosca," in "Butterfly," had shown himself first and always a melodist, one in the apostolic succession of Italian musical creative artists, to whom lyric expression was the flower of the soul.

The journey to California, however, appeared to be too much for Signor Puccini. Valiantly he strove to absorb the American atmosphere, valiantly he introduced what he thought was an American ballad, while in the process melody and lyric beauty became in the condition of that interesting bird, the dodo. Once only, in the last act, when Johnson sings what he believes his swan song, did the Italian burst forth despite himself—a relief that came too late.

Last night's performance was a good one, even though the chorus had long forgotten Mr. Belasco's lessons in repression. Miss Destinn, Mr. Caruso, Mr. Amato and Mr. Gilly were all in excellent voice, and Mr. Amato, in particular, showed that he knows some things about dramatic interpretation that even $2,000 Italian barytones might be ignorant of. The orchestra was directed by Mr. Polacco, whose services in the same work under Mr. Savage stood him in good stead. He kept the musicians in hand and gave a spirited reading of the score.

TITTA RUFFO IN CONCERT.

N.Y. Sun, nov. 26, 1912

Italian Barytone Pleases Audience With Operatic Selections.

Titta Ruffo, the Italian barytone, made an appearance last night in concert at Carnegie Hall. He attracted an audience of large size and of a character entirely in sympathy with the entertainment. It was in the main an old fashioned operatic concert, varied by some songs not from operas. Some of those in the audience seemed to have their own ideas as to what the programme ought to contain and unhesitatingly shouted their desires at Mr. Ruffo, who smiled upon them benignly and continued on his way.

An orchestra under Mr. Perosio began the concert with the overture to "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," after which Mr. Ruffo sang *Figaro's* "Largo al fattotum." As an encore to this he sang the serenade from the same opera. His other operatic numbers were an air from Leoncavallo's "Chatterton" and the prologue to "Pagliacci." He had the assistance of Helen Stanley, soprano, who sang "Depuis le jour" from "Louise" and songs by Grieg, Faure and Strauss.

Mr. Ruffo's voice sounded quite as big and powerful in Carnegie Hall as might have been expected and his freedom of emission was again noteworthy. The fine quality of his high tones was heard with pleasure and once again his immense breath support interested connoisseurs of singing. His enunciation was perfect, but good enunciation is common among good Italian singers.

SOPRANO SINGS INCOGNITO.

N.Y. Sun nov. 26, 1912

"Famous Grand Opera Star" Pleases in Vaudeville.

A soprano who announces herself as a "famous grand opera star" but who chooses to conceal her identity made her vaudeville début yesterday afternoon at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre. There was no attempt by her press agent to say that she had ever sung at the Metropolitan Opera House, and after her performance no one in the audience thought that there were many probabilities that she would be heard there as a star. But her voice was uncommonly musical and showed much training, a voice and technique far above that usually heard in vaudeville.

The singer rendered "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto," the Lullaby from "Jocelyn," and "When Twilight Falls," by Roy King. As an encore she sang "I Hear You Calling Me."

Titta Ruffo in Concert.

Titta Ruffo has now been heard in opera and concert, but the secret of his sensational success has not yet been revealed. Last night in Carnegie Hall his personality was found to be pleasant; he seemed naïvely pleased with himself and the world in general. When he feels inclined to move about, he is entirely untrammelled by the conventions of the platform. He adds gestures which are chiefly arm-movements to give play to his tremendous vitality; they mean little, having nothing to do with the song he is singing at the time. His voice is used in much the same way, quite as though he said within himself, "Here is the song, here am I, with my voice," whereupon he pours forth torrents of tone. When the tone is in full flow, it is impressive; so is the down-rush of water at Niagara, but when he uses restraint the effect is quite as uninteresting as the great falls would be in drought. nov. 26, 1912

What did he sing? It makes no difference, provided only and always there were many top notes to be taken *a petto*. The serenade from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" showed him at his worst, and the Prologue from "Pagliacci" showed him at his best. The group of Italian songs contained nothing of worth, even his own composition appeared to have been written to give the composer an opportunity to sing high notes. The name of the man who devised and perpetrated the dramatic sob is unknown, but his evil is still upon us. Used by a singer of greater warmth of voice than Ruffo's, the effect is endurable, but when a man's style is essentially buffo, the sob is ludicrous. It spoiled the Chatterton air. And why was the curtain rung up three times in the Prologue? To show the singer's breath control? Maybe; at any rate, it was not artistic, but it drove the crowd frantic, and promises to still further distort Leoncavallo's best seller with an added Sandow effect.

Those who supposed that a millenium o great singing had come, now realize that it was the big personality of the singer, and not a new departure in artistic singing. Why are prize-fighters and explosive, forceful singers so idolized? The latest of these is Ruffo. Post

Artistic singing last evening was contributed by Miss Helen Stanley, who has a beautiful voice. Some day she will sing with more appreciation of the meaning of the song; she still lacks variety of color, and she must be careful not to do as Ruffo does, for her throat will not stand it. When she forced her tones, they were not pleasing. She deserves a special word of thanks for putting Grieg's "Ein Traum" on the programme. It was like a breath of pure mountain air after a hot day in the city.

The piano accompaniments of Fernando Tenara and Robert Ruebeling were well played, and Mr. Perosio did his best to keep the orchestra with the singers, but some of the players had minds of their own. But it was a great night for those who like enthusiasm for its own sake, and either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Wilson would have been pleased with the ovation Mr. Ruffo received last night; and let it be noted, the ground floor was quite as noisy as the top gallery.

N.Y. Sun. nov 27, 1912

Garden—Ysaye

It was a foregone conclusion that Carnegie Hall would contain a large audience yesterday afternoon, for Mary Garden and Eugen Ysaye were announced to appear together in a concert. Such an uncommon combination was bound to attract many people.

The programme was so arranged that the two soloists appeared in alternation until the last number, in which they were heard together. This number was the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," in which Mr. Ysaye played the violin obligato and Gaston Dethier, organist, and Melville Clark, harpist, lent further aid. It is hardly necessary to add that the performance aroused much enthusiasm.

Mr. Ysaye opened the concert by playing Beethoven's sonata in G major, together with his excellent accompanist Camille Decreus. The famous violinist has often played with greater certainty and finish than he did in this composition, into which he put but little of that color usually found in his performances.

His second number was the Saint-Saëns concerto in B minor, in which again he seemed not to be at his best. Yet his playing was that of a master, and where it was good, as in the cantabile of the slow movement, it was very, very good. The harmonics in the closing measures of this movement were not executed with Mr. Ysaye's customary skill.

Miss Garden contributed the second number to the programme, to wit, the last solo of *Marguerite* in Boito's "Mefistofele." She sang it with the orginal Italian text, which in itself was unusual, for Miss Garden is generally heard in French works. Furthermore be it said that she sang the number with genuine dramatic style and with much better tone than she habitually delivers.

After the concerto Miss Garden sang three songs, one in French, one in English and finally Richard Strauss's "Zueignung" in German. Probably no one in the audience had before heard her sing German, and she enunciated it well. Mr. Ysaye's group, preceding the "Ave Maria," consisted of Wilhelmj's arrangement of Wagner's "Albumblatt," Beethoven's romance in G and a scherzo waltz of Chabrier transcribed by Loeffler.

YSAYE BOWS TO GARDEN

Tribune nov. 27, 12

In Joint Appearance He Gives Precedence to Her.

Those entering Carnegie Hall—and there were many—yesterday afternoon must have done so with mingled feelings. Inside was to take place a concert of which one half was to be provided by the world's greatest living violinist, when he chooses to be such, the other half by Miss Mary Garden. There is little in common between Miss Garden and Ysaye. Their respective merits are about as foreign to each other as can well be imagined. One is a splendid artist of the classic style—and this one, needless to say, is not Miss Garden.

As for this lady, of her personality, her methods, her acting, her dresses, the newspapers for the last four years bear witness ample and unashamed. Of her voice less has been said, though what has been has been none the less emphatic. And Miss Garden tempted the fates in a song recital again yesterday afternoon; tempted them a veritable bird of paradise, with a plumed hat and a bejewelled gown and a bravura of manner such as only she can show. And despite her partner of the afternoon, the fates were fairly taken by assault.

Miss Garden's voice is not of the first quality, and her use of it in opera usually makes matters worse, yet there have been times when she has shown that she really knows something of the art of song. Yesterday was one of these. She sang the death scene from Boito's "Mefistofele" with unusually pure tone, and even with legato, and she gave Richard Strauss's "Zueignung" in a manner that many lieder singers might envy. Even Gounod's "Ave Maria," for which Mr. Ysaye played the violin obbligato, had no terrors for her. She essayed it and won.

As for Mr. Ysaye, he was evidently gallant enough to wish the concert to be Miss Garden's. He played Beethoven's Sonata in G major, Saint-Saëns's Concerto in B minor, No. 3, and three shorter numbers, but, except at moments, he did not disclose the supreme skill of which he is the master. There were moments even of ragged playing, and at no time did he rise to the heights of his opening recital.

MISS GARDEN AND MR. YSAYE.

N.Y. Times

The Singer and Violinist Appear Together in a Carnegie Hall Recital.

A recital that presumably pleased two sets of music-lovers was given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, when Mr. Ysaye and Miss Mary Garden appeared together. They did not join their forces until the last number, when Miss Garden sang and Mr. Ysaye played Gounod's "Ave Maria," as the programme styled it, with accompaniment of the organ, played by Mr. Gaston Déthier and harp played by Mr. Melville Clark. Poor J. S. Bach seemed to derive no credit from this affair, though in reality he began it by writing the prelude in C major in the first part of "The Well-Tempered Clavier." But even without his name, it was expected, according to the announcement, to "go down in history as one of the greatest musical efforts ever heard in this city." Of such an effort the record alone ought to suffice. nov. 27, 1912

Mr. Ysaye played Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin in G, Op. 30, No. 3, with Camille Decreus, and it was played charmingly, with intimate feeling, taste and vitality of rhythm. His most ambitious number was Saint-Saën's concerto in B minor, a composition that necessarily loses something of its effect when it is heard with a pianoforte accompaniment instead of an orchestral. There was much to delight the admirers

Mr. Ysaye's art in it, especially his playing of the cantabile themes in the three movements and the fiery introduction. The work disclosed a little of the artist's weaker side in technique, as in some of the florid passage work and octaves, in which he was sometimes not clear and secure in intonation, and in the passage of harmonics at the close of the second movement, which were hazy and uncertain. He also gave Wilhelmj's transcription of Wagner's "Albumblatt," Beethoven's Romance in G, and Loeffler's transcription of Chabrier's Scherzo Waltz.

Miss Garden, just arrived from Europe, who appeared for the first time in New York this season, showed her familiar qualities of voice and vocal style, which are not altogether a delight, though the voice sounded better than it sometimes has; and her equally familiar conception of dramatic and emotional style. She sang first the "Death of Marguerite," from Boito's "Mefistofele," without all its poetry and pathos, in a group of three songs, beginning with Godard's "Invitation du Voyage," she substituted an English one in which her diction was very intelligible, for a French romance by Huë; the third was Strauss's "Zueignung," in German, and she added another French song. Miss Garden, it need hardly be said, was rapturously applauded and was very gracious in her attitude toward her listeners.

REINALD WERRENRATH HEARD.

N. Y. Sun Nov. 27/12

Barytone Gives a Song Recital in Aeolian Hall.

Reinald Werrenrath, barytone, gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Werrenrath has won for himself a high place in the favor of this public. He has won it by sound art and honest effort. He is gifted with a light barytone voice of delightful quality, which he has learned to use with a large measure of skill. His singing has not only technical finish but sound taste and great delicacy of sentiment. Imagination is not wanting in the art of this singer, while infections gayety and humor often make themselves felt when needed. In such songs as "The Lark in the Clear Air" Mr. Werrenrath is always heard with satisfaction, while his treatment of such a number as "Little Mary Cassidy" has compelling charm.

Five English and Irish songs formed his first group last evening and then followed two Grieg songs and three by Jensen. The next group consisted of five Indian songs taken from the collection of Frederick Burton and arranged by Arthur Whiting. It is likely that arrangements such as these have their value through their introduction into the lyric music of the concert platform of numbers strikingly different from the artistic compositions of the masters of the folksongs of Europe.

But we must be cautious about accepting them as accurate reproductions of Indian singing. Indian melodies are cramped in construction and monotonous in style and the Indians habitually sing their intervals flat or sharp according to our scales. That Mr. Werrenrath did so agreeably last evening was not a photographic reproduction of the song of an Ojibway brave, but it was very pleasing in itself.

INTERESTING SONG RECITAL

Tribune Nov. 27 1912

Some Remarks on Indian Songs.

In Aeolian Hall last night Mr. Reinald Werrenrath gave a song recital to every feature of which the singer's fine art gave unusual charm and interest. The programme challenged attention at the outset because of its unhackneyed character. There was an old English song—one of many taken from the tongues and lips of the peasantry by Lucy Broadwood, a praiseworthy laborer in the field of folksong. Then came a sixteenth century part-song by the arch-madigalist, Thomas Morley, and then a group of old Irish songs. Songs by Grieg, which Mr. Werrenrath sings in their native Norwegian when necessary, and German songs by Jensen, followed, and after some paraphrases of Ojibway melodies, the singer concluded with a group of songs in English. It is told of Mme. Modjeska (as it has been told of other elocutionists) that she could send her voice through such a minut of feeling in reciting the multiplication table as to call for tributes of tears and laughter and all the gradations of emotional expressions between from her hearers. Mr. Werrenrath might do the same with variations of the musical scale on the tones of the major or minor triads. In fact, he almost accomplished the feat with the Indian songs drawn from Frederick R. Benton's book on "Primitive American Music," but arranged with accompaniments for his purposes by Mr. Arthur Whiting, who has at least shown his good taste, as distinguished from other arrangers of our aboriginal music, by avoiding the harmonic vagaries which rob of the primal character which lies in the melodies. Some of Mr. Whiting's predecessors in this field, especially those who have tried by high sounding collocation of words to make the world believe that there is a fine essence of art in the rudimentary formulas which pass for song among the North American Indians, have tricked them out with Griegian harmonies to such an extent that they have ceased to have interest for both musician and ethnologist. Mr. Whiting has proceeded in a straightforward musical manner, and left it to Mr. Werrenrath and Mr. Burton to supply the sentiment, of which the original creators of the melodies knew nothing. A case in point: One of the songs, which Mr. Burton calls "In the Forest," and supplies with such words as "In the forest lonely I hear my sweetheart sighing through the pines," is a drinking song which, vociferated rapidly instead of with languishing sentimentality, has these words in the original (assuming Mr. Burton himself to be correct): "I don't suppose I'll get drunk if I take one drink; if I should get drunk, take care of me." A comparison of Mr. Burton's book with the monograph by Miss Frances Densmore, published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, has left us with a very small opinion of Mr. Burton's study of Ojibway, or Chippewa, music, and the case cited ought to teach the good natured American public to appreciate at its true value twaddle of the self-appointed "Americanistes" about the spirit of American song. There was one fundamental melodic formula at the basis of all the songs which Mr. Werrenrath sang so charmingly last night, and that formula might be said, roughly speaking, to underlie nine-tenths of all the Indian music that has been collected. Its æsthetic significance was the singer's contribution.

H. E. K.

MR. WERRENRATH'S RECITAL.

N. Y. Times

An Interesting Programme, with Folksongs and American Songs.

Mr. Reinald Werrenrath is one of the most enterprising of local singers; his recitals rarely fail to offer something of unusual musical interest. Mr. Werrenrath is also truly artistic in his manner of presenting his material, and his voice, not very powerful, has excellent quality and fine schooling, and his style of singing charm and artistic finish. Last evening he had a number of interesting folksongs of different kinds; a traditional Surrey air, three Irish songs, one of which, taken down from the lips of an Irish singer, he sang without accompaniment; and a set of five Ojibway Indian melodies, compiled by the late Frederick R. Burton, and arranged by Arthur Whiting. Nov. 27. 1912

In his art songs Mr. Werrenrath made an unconventional selection, an arrangement of one of Thomas Morley's part songs, songs by Grieg, Jansen, the New Yorkers Dr. Morris Class, Bruno Huhn, and Victor Harris, the Chicagoan John Alden Carpenter, and Hermann Löhr. Mr. Werrenrath sank with great taste and artistic finish, and generally with very clear and intelligible diction. Such singing was a pleasure to hear. Mr. Charles A. Baker, his accompanist, somewhat magnified his office, for a little less tone would have been advantageous to the singer's effect.

VOLPE SYMPHONY STARTS.

N. Y. Sun

Music Society Opens Its Season With an Ambitious Programme.

Nov. 27, 1912

The Volpe Symphony Society began its ninth subscription season at Carnegie Hall last evening. Arnold Volpe, the conductor of this organization, began his labors with a view to giving young men schooling in orchestral routine, but his enterprise has far outgrown its original purpose. The orchestra now aspires to assume a place among the recognized concert bodies of the city and it has a considerable following.

Much of its prosperity is due to the generous interest of the late Alfred Seligman, an honorary member of the society. Last evening's programme contained one number which was played in honor of this gentleman. This was a requiem written by Popper for three solo 'cellos with orchestral accompaniment. E. Bronstein, F. Bruch and A. Edison, the first three 'cellists of the orchestra, played the solo parts very creditably.

This number stood second on the programme and was preceded by Weber's "Freischütz" overture, which was performed respectably by the orchestra. The other instrumental compositions on the list were Beethoven's fifth symphony, two movements from a serenade of Tschaikowsky and Wagner's "Rienzi" overture. Before the last Arthur Phillps, a London barytone, was down for an air from the "Benvenuto" of Diaz.

Nov 28, 1912

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—IL TROVATORE, opera by Verdi.

Leonora	Mme. Maria Rappold
Azucena	Mme. Louise Homer
Inez	Mme. Emma Borniggia
Manrico	Mr. Leo Slezak
Il Conte di Luna	Mr. Pasquale Amato
Ferrando	Mr. Giulio Rossi
Ruiz	Mr. Pietro Audisio
Un Zingaro	Mr. Vincenzo Reschiglian

"IL TROVATORE" TRIUMPHS.

N. Y. Sun Nov. 28 1912

The Old, Old Work Draws a Surprisingly Good Opera Audience.

It is not at all likely that Mr. Gatti-Casazza intended to offer "Il Trovatore" to the subscribers of the Metropolitan Opera House so early in the season as last evening. That he did so was doubtless due to the general derangement of the répertoire due to the failure of Frieda Hempel, the German soprano, to report for duty at the opening of the season. It was found possible to call in Ethel Parks to assume Mme. Hempel's rôle in "Die Zauberflöte," but the young American soprano is hardly prepared to carry on her shoulders all the other singer's parts.

It was believed in the days of long ago that "Il Trovatore" would always draw a large audience, and when there were plenty of tenors with high voices and dashing style this was doubtless true. But in recent years the old Verdi opera has been regarded rather as a stopgap than as an essential adjunct to the lyric mint. This has been especially the case here since Mr. Caruso acquired his great vogue. *Manrico* is not one of his good rôles and he has abandoned it.

It was therefore a pleasant surprise to the management of the opera to find a large audience assembled for last evening's performance. There were no singers in the cast not heard before and there was no item of novelty or special interest in the representation. Yet the old opera went with spirit and its familiar tunes evoked an abundance of hearty applause.

The chief interpreters of the work last evening were Mme. Rappold as *Leonora*, Mme. Homer as *Azucena*, Mr. Slezak as *Manrico* and Mr. Amato as *Il Conte di Luna*. This quartet sang the music capably and in some instances with distinction. Particularly artistic was Mr. Amato's singing of "Il balen," and Mme. Homer made her customary declamatory effects in the scenes of the gypsy mother. Mr. Sturani conducted.

GODOWSKY STIRS PIANISTS.

Nov 28 Sun 1912

His Execution Not Always Informed With Feeling, However.

Leopold Godowsky, the pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The characteristics of his art were more easily studied in the course of this entertainment than when he recently played the B flat concerto of Brahms with the Philharmonic Orchestra. Perhaps the summary of the whole matter might be made in the modified ancient saw that as the twig is inclined so is the tree bent.

Mr. Godowsky has always been a pianist's pianist. Players and students sit in open mouthed wonder when he performs such digital feats as those of the several Chopin studies included in yesterday's programme. What performer would not gladly pay the price of years of toil to be able to brush off thirds in scale passages as Mr. Godowsky did? Who would not labor through the sunny summer mornings to smooth out the wrinkles of his chromatic runs till they became such streams of limpid syrup?

But the end is not yet. The execution of feats in octaves and in formidable interlocking passages also seems as easy to this player as running is to a rabbit, yes, even a jackrabbit. All the pianists throb with admiration and sigh with envy. And it is largely upon this sort of thing that the reputation of Mr. Godowsky is built.

When he dwelt on this side of the Atlantic men were always whispering to one another about the wonderful things done by him. Now that he lives in Europe he has seemingly gained something more, for we read serious discussions of his "readings." He had opportunity yesterday afternoon to "read" such compositions as Schumann's "Etude Symphoniques," two of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," the B minor capriccio of Brahms, Chopin's impromptu in F sharp and his scherzo in C sharp minor. All of these ask for fancy and some for imagination in their interpretation. They make inexorable demands for clarity of enunciation, for incisiveness of rhythm, for beauty and variety of tone; for without these the message of the music cannot be delivered.

Mr. Godowsky provided finger work of the crispest kind, so crisp indeed that much of the time the melodies leaped from under his hands in scintillant spouts of staccati instead of in polished streams of legato. Sometimes rhythms were entirely obscured in the rush of shining scales. Always where a reading was clearly elucidated its purport seemed to be chiefly academic. There was an intelligence in everything, but poetry and the spark of the communicative fire were hard to discern.

For one or two things Mr. Godowsky must receive thanks. At no time did he endeavor to force the tone of the piano. Neither did he undertake to play anything faster than any other living pianist or even the pianola. Indeed many lovers of Brahms must have thought that he leaned too far toward continence in the tempo of the capriccio, which was very sharply defined in all its outlines but was weary in spirit. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" has often been played here more clearly and fluently and certainly with more vitality of fancy. Mr. Godowsky's spring needed rain very badly.

It remains only to note that the pianist had a good sized audience, though there were seats to spare, and that several of his shorter numbers had to be repeated. He will be heard again in this city before he returns to Vienna, where he is now a teacher.

GODOWSKY'S FIRST RECITAL

N. Y. Tribune Nov. 28 1912

A Display of Great Technical Brilliancy.

For a reason unexplained and probably better understood by himself than anybody else, M. Godowsky changed about one-half of the programme which he had announced for his first pianoforte recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. If he foresaw how large a proportion of his audience would be immature students of the pianoforte he unquestionably followed the course of wisdom in omitting Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 110, with which he originally purposed to begin; for it is doubtful if it would have impressed his many youthful hearers very deeply. Their appreciation of purely technical feats was more surely to be counted upon, and those which he performed in his Chopin selections—all of the externally glistening rather than the poetical order—won enthusiastic recognition, and deserved it. More scintillant scales and passages in thirds have seldom been tossed into the spaces of a concert room than he apparently shook off of his careless sleeve yesterday. But it was in this feature only that he excelled, for warmth of feeling was seldom manifest and depth of poetical conception and loveliness of tone not at all. He showed himself as the marvellous mechanician who challenged the world's amazement long ago, but delivered a small message of artistic loveliness.

MR. GODOWSKY'S RECITAL.

The German Pianist Rouses Enthusiasm by His Playing.

Times

The most characteristic and individual features of Mr. Leopold Godowsky's piano recital, given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, came at the end, when he played half a dozen of Liszt's difficult and scintillating transcriptions of Paganini's etudes for the unaccompanied violin, and his own still more difficult and scintillating "Symphonic Metamorphoses" of themes from Strauss's operetta, "Die Fledermaus." For Mr. Godowsky is, more than all things else, a technician, so far as technique relates to playing many notes and combinations of notes rapidly, clearly, brilliantly. His own transcriptions, in which he delights in combining two and more themes in one bewildering flux, are a specialty of his own; and his playing of this one yesterday was a great piece of bravura. But the piece is well named; for there is, indeed, a metamorphosis of Strauss's gay and elastic melodies and their débonaire spirit, when they are tricked out in this highly artificial garb, forced into unnatural unions and provided with strange and sophisticated harmonies. The audience was naturally roused over the performance of these pieces; Liszt's arrangement of the "Campanella" etude was long applauded.

The performance of the rest of Mr. Godowsky's programme that made demands on the emotional and intellectual qualities of the player was less satisfactory, though he had lightened its demands by omitting from it the Sonata Op. 110, by Beethoven that had been at first announced. He played Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" without really reproducing as a whole their romantic and imaginative spirit, and especially their bigness of style. Brahm's fascinating Capriccio in B minor lost much of its grace under his hands. The "Song Without Words," by Mendelssohn in G major, he played with refinement and musical feeling; the so-called "Spinning Song" sounded dry. His Chopin was of diverse musical value. He was at his best in the Impromptu in F sharp; at his best in tone and in divining the sentiment of the music. The B flat prelude he played very fast, indeed; so fast as to arouse great admiration, and he repeated it, as he did the G sharp minor Etude. He added to the printed list the Berceuse in a performance of great delicacy.

Mr. Godowsky's tone on the instrument is often a disappointment—it is often dry, colorless, without depth and variety. His style also seems to lack a true and singing legato; and he is heard to less advantage in music that especially calls for these qualities, and a broad and deep emotional basis, fire, imagination, poetic insight. He often deals very successfully with what lies on the surface.

"PARSIFAL" REVIVED AT

Public interest in Wagner's last work, "Parsifal," does not diminish. Its first performance in the current season took place yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House and was attended by an audience of good size. The attitude of the assemblage was similar to that observed on previous occasions when this work has been offered. The progress of the drama was followed with the closest attention, and it was plain that enjoyment of the music went hand in hand with a reverential regard for the subject matter.

The performance was carried forward on a plane of excellence which was marred by few shortcomings. There was a slip in the playing of the prelude and the choristers in the first act wandered from the pitch. Doubtless a peremptory call for a new rehearsal of the drama would improve these matters. But with such exceptions the performance was one to call for praise.

Mr. Weil sang *Amfortas* for the first time here and showed that he was a conscientious and intelligent represen-

tative of the erring head of the community of Knights of the Grail. The other members of the cast had all been heard before in the same roles. Mme. Fremstad has made *Kundry* one of the striking figures in her gallery of lyric portraits, and yesterday afternoon she identified herself with the singular part quite as successfully as she has in previous performances.

Mr. Burrian is always to be trusted to impersonate *Parsifal* strictly in accord with the tradition. Mr. Witherspoon is a competent *Gurnemanz*. The flower maidens toyed enticingly with the unshaken *Parsifal*, and in general sang their music well. The orchestra, except in the instance mentioned, played smoothly and effectively. A part of the castle of Klingsor declined to be transformed into a magic garden, and therefore had to be furtively coaxed off the stage after the flower girls had appeared. But accidents of this kind will happen in simpler spectacles than that witnessed yesterday, and the difficult scenic changes of "Parsifal" present opportunities for numerous mishaps.

In the evening the subscribers and many others were entertained by a pleasing performance of Puccini's "La Boheme." There was more than one item of interest in the representation. In the first place the popular opera was heard for the first time this season and it has by no means worn out its welcome. Its succulent melodies are as familiar to operagoers of to-day as those of "La Traviata" were to their fathers and mothers and are quite as well loved.

In the second place Mr. Caruso was permitted to sing *Rodolfo*, a role in which he has not made many appearances in recent seasons. In music such as that of this part he is heard at his best and his delivery of the narrative in the firt scene always arouses great and deserved enthusiasm.

Lucrezia Bori, the young soprano who has already made a place for herself in the esteem of regular operagoers, was the representative of *Mimi*. She had not been heard in this role before and the charms of her youthful appearance and her fresh, sympathetic, clear young voice made themselves felt. She proved to be excellently suited to the role and her warm applause was well merited.

Mr. Gilly, always a conscientious artist, was a capable *Marcello*, and Miss Alten, who had been a flower maiden in the afternoon, found relief from her serious labors in the role of the vivacious and emphatic *Musetta*.

Amfortas.....Hermann Weil
Titurel.....William Hinshaw
Gurnemanz.....Herbert Witherspoon
Parsifal.....Carl Burrian
Klingsor.....Otto Goritz
Kundry.....Olive Fremstad
A Voice.....Florence Mulford
First Knight of the Grail.....Julius Bayer
Second Knight of the Grail..William Hinshaw
First Esquire.....Lenora Sparkes
Second Esquire.....Marie Mattfeld
Third Esquire.....Albert Reiss
Fourth Esquire.....Lambert Murphy
Klingsor's Flower Maidens—
Lenora Sparkes, Rita Fornia, Rosina Van Dyck, Bella Alten, Vera Curtis, Florence Mulford.
Conductor.....Alfred Hertz

"La Boheme" in the Evening.

Rudolfo ..... Enrico Caruso
Schaunard ..... Adamo Didur
Benoit ..... Paolo Ananian
Mimi ..... Lucrezia Bori
Parpagnol ..... Pietro Audisio
Marcello ..... Dinh Gilly
Colline ..... Andrea De Segurola
Al indoro ..... Antonio Pini-Corsi
Musetta ..... Bella Alten
Sergente ..... Vincenzo Reschiglian
Conductor ..... Giorgio Polacco

In the evening Puccini's "La Boheme" was given for the first time this season in the subscription series, when a very large audience was present. The chief fatur of novity about it was the first appearance in it here as Mimi of Miss Lucrezia Bori, the young soprano who has joined the company this season. It is a part which necessarily subjects her to some exacting comparisons with famous predecessors in it. Miss Bori is not a Melba nor a Sembrich, but she was an excellent representative of the luckless heroine. She had charm and grace in her appearance and action, th suggestion of gayety and of pathos and her fresh, powerful, and youthful voice found material wholly fitted for it in the music she has to sing. Mr Gilly as Marcello had a conception of his own of the part, which he made valid, and his voice was in condition to give his airs with real beuty of tone. Mr. Caruso did some of his finest, most perfect, and artistic singing at Rudolfo. The conductor was Mr. Polacco, who gave a spirited reading of the work and one with many truly dramatic traits; but he was disposed upon occasions to let the orchestra play with undue volume of tone.

WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL"

N. Y. Tribune
Nov. 29. 1912

The Annual Solemnity at the Metropolitan.

"Parsifal" had its annual Thanksgiving representation at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon under circumstances very like those which have taken place on the national holiday regularly during almost a decade. A year from now and at least a score of the largest lyric theatres in the world will be busy preparing the work for production. London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid and other capitals will be agog with the excited curiosity which prevailed in New York nine years ago, when Mr. Conried announced his purpose to achieve his historic rape of the great modern miracle play. Then, perhaps, Germany will be ready to admit that New York has at least been a pious and faithful guardian of the pilfered talisman. Till now an ignorant and foolish prejudice has prevented a confession of that fact—which is of singular significance touching the sincerity and the extent of musical culture in this community. Perhaps, too, some curious compiler of operatic statistics will hit upon the discovery that the people of the American metropolis have enjoyed almost as many performances of the great work as have the inner brotherhood which has been compelled to make pilgrimages to the Wagnerian Mecca in order to acquire the same experience within that period, and that, contrary to the affected fear of the house of Wagner and its retainers, the drama has suffered no loss in dignity, solemnity and beautiful impressiveness from the fact that it has been incorporated in the repertory of a theatre surrounded by the hurry and bustle of a vast city thousands of miles removed from the hallowed precincts of Festival Hill. For this fact let credit be given to the institution in upper Broadway and the spirit of artistic reverence which the work has inspired and maintained there. "Parsifal" has created a public every whit as capable of appreciating its solemn beauty as that which makes the annual journey to Bayreuth and the representations at the Metropolitan Opera House have given that public as full and overflowing a measure of reward as have those which it is the custom of the German Wagnerites to set apart as sacrosanct.

Yesterday's audience was composed of the same reverent fraction of the local community that has heard all of the representations of "Parsifal" since it ceased to be a sensation in New York. It was numerous, though not so large as that of a subscription opera night; its attitude was that of almost religious worship; its attention akin to pious devotion. It is doubtful if the few flaws in the performance disturbed its lofty enjoyment, for there was too much in the way of excellence to compensate for them. The heightened interest which will come next year from the liberation of the work through expiration of the copyright will doubtless bring with it a refreshment of its scenic habiliments and a restudy of the score. Both are needed. It is doubtful, however, whether the new performances will enlist a higher order of merit among the principal performers than that employed yesterday and on several of the occasions immediately preceding. We can scarcely hope for another representative of Kundry who shall be the peer of Mme. Fremstad, and though we may have a Parsifal of a more impressive type in appearance than Herr Burrian we shall probably wait long for one who shall be his equal in voice and dramatic song. Mr. Witherspoon is growing steadily in musical puissance, and in voice and diction was a delight to sense and soul yesterday, and he may yet attain to a deeper understanding of the tender and varied humanness of the character of the Seneschal Gurnemanz (if the phrase may be used) than he has yet disclosed; for the admired basso is still in the midst of his dramatic growth. A successor to Herr Weil may restore some of the tragic poignancy which has been lacking in the interpreters of the character of Amfortas in late years. The slips made yesterday in the instrumental department need not be dwelt upon; its greatest need is dynamic moderation. The proper balance between the vocal and instrumental forces will never be attained in the Wagnerian performances until the orchestra is hooded or restored to the place which it occupied when the Metropolitan Opera House was built. Meanwhile the admirable Mr. Hertz's zeal would discover a channel profitable to "Parsifal" and the Nihelung dramas if the well-intentioned conductor would but once listen to his band from a better vantage ground than he occupies when in action. As for the chorus it is sadly in need of regeneration.

H. E. K.

YSAYE AT PHILHARMONIC

N. Y. Tribune

A Changed Programme and Unfortunate Consequences.

M. Ysaye was the solo performer at the concert of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall last night, which will be repeated in regular course this afternoon. The programme notes indicated that he would play Bruch's concerto in G minor, and follow it immediately with a concerto by Corelli—a proceeding which would have been singular indeed, but was nevertheless not quite so singular as that which really took place. The eminent violinist played the solo part of a concerto in D minor by Leclair, to which the strings of the orchestra played an accompaniment, the general muddiness of which was distressfully augmented by an organ part. M. Ysaye was not in agreement with himself in the matter of intonation, nor with the orchestra, and the organ was derelict in its duty to both the other factors. In consequence, a work which might have been most interesting and delightful was anything but that, and the first half hour of the evening was worse than wasted. The change of programme, the society's manager explained, was made by M. Ysaye at the rehearsal in the forenoon, which fact accounted for some of the cacophony, but not all of it; for the organ would no doubt have been an equally disturbing element had the Corelli concerto been played.

After the orchestra had played Richard Strauss's symphonic commentary on Lenau's "Don Juan" poem the Bruch concerto was played, but not at all in the pure, large style of which M. Ysaye gave so splendid an exemplification at his first recital. It had much romantic feeling in it and not a few flashes of genius, but they were in evidence only in the broad lines of the reading, not in clarity of detail—that virtue being conspicuous by its absence.

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The orchestra developed a large sonority and a compelling sweep in the Strauss music after it and Mr. Stransky had vainly tried to interest the audience in an overture "To a play" by the too precocious boy Korngold, who in this work tried his prentice hand at orchestration in the advanced manner of Richard Strauss. As a piece of music the overture created the impression of a long series of beginnings, frequently interesting in what they promised but did not fulfil. Beethoven's fifth symphony, whose fateful chief motive students of the great symphonist are now told by the analyst to associate with his romantic attachment for the Countess Brunswick, concluded the programme.

H. E. K

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Ysaye Plays Leclair Badly and a Bruch Number Splendidly.

The third evening subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall last evening offered a very liberal programme. It consisted of a new "Overture to a Play" by the youthful Viennese composer, Erich Korngold, Leclair's concerto in D minor for violin, string orchestra and organ, Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," Max Bruch's G minor concerto for violin and orchestra, and Beethoven's fifth symphony.

N. Y. Sun

This was not the programme as originally announced nor as printed for last evening. Eugene Ysaye, the soloist of the concert, had selected a concerto of Arcangelo Corelli for this entertainment, but yesterday morning he decided that it was his solemn duty to play the music of Leclair, and the substitutions was hastily made. But even then he did not follow the order as set forth, for the programme placed the Bruch concerto as his first number, whereas he played the Leclair first.

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It has frequently been said that it is an ill wind which blows no one good. It was better that Mr. Ysaye played the Leclair first, for when he afterward played the Bruch work his hearers had an opportunity to dismiss his first performance from their minds. Jean Marie Leclair was a good man and met with a violent death about a century and a half ago. He did not live to hear all the things which happened to his concerto last night.

In the first place the organ disagreed with the orchestra in regard to the pitch, and an organ out of tune is a saddening instrument. In the second place Mr. Ysaye was also at times out of tune with the orchestra and sometimes also with himself. In these circumstances it was inevitable that Leclair's music should be as Mark Twain declared Wagner's to be, in that a great deal of it was better than it sounded.

The Bruch concerto was a different matter. It does not call for an organ, so that one element of trouble was removed. Furthermore, Mr. Ysaye played it much better than he did the other work. He was not always impeccable in his stopping, but his tone and style were most admirable and the reposeful, sincere and unaffected manner in which he delivered the lovely song of the second movement was something to be cherished in the memory.

According to the programme notes, the overture of Master Korngold, now 15 years old, is the first composition orchestrated by its writer. Previously he invited the aid of his teacher in scoring. If this is a specimen of the work of his prentice hand we may look for signs and wonders later on. It is Scriptural truth that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh forth wisdom, but it is not a proclamation relating to the gentle art of music.

Master Korngold in his new overture seems bent on seizing at once upon the entire apparatus of the modern orchestra and in this there is a certain cunning. If one sits down to write for the orchestra of Mozart or even Beethoven, it behooves him to have something to say and to know well how to say it. One can hardly expect every little boy to be a Mendelsohn and write a match for the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, which is held is disrespect by most of the heaven storming geniuses of the present era.

But we should feel more certain of little Korngold's future if he showed such clear mastery of form and such fluency of utterance as young Felix did. The overture heard last evening has little solid material and no display of skill in thematic development. Its best features are its numerous finely sonorous passages for the strings, which show that the boy has acquired a grip on the art of distributing his chords, and also the purely orchestral idiom of the melodies.

That the composition contains some of those acrid harmonies so dear to the futurists in music goes without saying. Such harmonies have a purpose, but when they are continually used merely for their own sake they mean little or nothing and their only excuse is that they bring the fundamental beauties of common chords into high relief.

Mr. Stransky conducted this music with ardor and his orchestra played it excellently. It must be added that the performance of the Strauss tone poem was generally brilliant in style and opulent in tone, but that not a few of the finer points were obscured.

Ysaye and the Philharmonic.

It was a rare delight to hear Eugene Ysaye play Bruch's first concerto with the Philharmonic Orchestra last night. Such beauty of tone, elegance of phrasing, purity of intonation, and depth of feeling are at the command of only one or two violinists of the period. The audience was entranced, especially by the slow movement, in which Mr. Stransky made his body of violinists blend exquisitely with the soloist's tones. It was true instumental singing.

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In place of the Corelli concerto that had been promised, Mr. Ysaye played one by Jean Marie Leclair, a prolific eighteenth century composer, whose sonatas for violin, with continuo, alone number forty-eight, while there are a dozen concertos. The one chosen by Mr. Ysaye, though old-fashioned in style and content, was well worth hearing. It deserved better treatment than it got, however, there having been evidently insufficient time to rehearse it after the change had been decided upon. It calls, unfortunately, for the organ as one of the accompanying instruments, and the Carnegie Hall organ is a good deal like that which the London Philharmonic long used in St. James's Hall, and which was known among organists as "The Beast."

Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" was performed by Mr. Stransky and his men with brilliant virtuosity and exquisite tonal coloring in the love song of Anna and the rest of the tender episode. Whatever one may think of this tone poem as a whole, this is beautiful music, and there is in the other parts a virility which the Philharmonic brought out splendidly. It also gave an excellent performance of the novelty of the occasion, the "Overture to a Play," by the remarkable fifteen-year-old Viennese boy, Erich Korngold. As Mr. Humiston remarks in the programme notes, it will not do to dismiss this piece with a curt "very good for a boy." There is, indeed, no evidence in it of real creative power in the line of melody; but then he was only fourteen when he wrote this, while Mendelssohn was seventeen when he wrote the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" (which the Philharmonic will play on Sunday afternoon), and Schubert was eighteen when he composed the "Erlking." But the way the Viennese lad lays on the colors and varies them is astonishing; and, strange to say, the results are nearly always beautiful, seldom cacophonous. If Erich Korngold discovers a gold vein of melody, he will grow into a master who will make R. Strauss, Max Reger, Schoenberg, and the rest of them seem small, indeed.

The concert closed with a performance of Beethoven's fifth symphony, which, being dramatized and individualized, pleased some and displeased others. When Mr. Stransky conducted this same symphony in Boston a few weeks ago, one of the leading critics gave him a "regular roasting," while another lauded him to the skies. The late Gustav Mahler was another who dramatized Beethoven's symphonies. He was censured by some for making the kettle-drummer a soloist in the Ninth Sym-

y. If he was a sinner, he was not first. When Wagner rehearsed this hony at Bayreuth, he said to his tym-t. "Imagine that the combined Kettle s of the whole world are to be heard his passage [just before the entrance he Choral Finale]. Play away as if devil were after you."

AYE AT THE PHILHARMONIC

N.Y. Times

ncertos by Leclair and Bruch—An Overture by Master Korngold.

he programme of the Philharmonic iety's concert last evening was dis-bed by a sudden change of mind on part of Mr. Eugène Ysaye, who was soloist of the concert. In place of a certo by Corelli that had been an-nced, he decided to play a concerto in minor by Leclair, with accompaniment tring orchestra and organ. This occu-the place that was originally ap-ted for Max Bruch's G minor con-o, and the modern work was put r. The conditions were somewhat un-orable for a perfect performance of lair's concerto on account of disas-s differences of intonation of various ors of the performance. This was fly the fault of the organ, which seriously at variance with the pitch he orchestra; but even the solo player not free from this disturbing influ-. The concerto itself is a noble and nified composition of the elder ool of violin composition, and there e fine qualities in Mr. Ysaye's play-of it. There were more in his play-of Bruch's beautiful G minor con-o, and also more in the orchestral ompaniment of it. Nov. 29. 12

here was an interesting novelty at head of the programme, Erich Wolf-g Korngold's "Overture to a Play," 4. It is the first orchestral composi-by this Viennese lad of fifteen years has been heard here. It is said to he first composition that he has or-strated himself; and if it be true he orchestrated it himself, it ndeed a remarkable product of pre-ous talent that has been heard here. music shows a greater spontaneity naturalness, less restless seeking for ct, than either the trio or the piano-e sonata by this lad that have been ed in New York, also a greater ripe-in its content. It is, of course, of extremest modern tendency in its stance and development, and espe-y in its harmonies, and it shows that of he is "so engrossed in his own tive work that he does not care to the music of others," as the pro-mme notes informed us, he has some-got much more than an inkling of ard Strauss's musical style and hods. The orchestration is very ela-te and brilliant. There are ambitious mpts at all sorts of novel effects. It ertainly an extraordinary technical evement for a boy unaided. And the position, as a whole, whatever dissent doubt it may arouse, has a certain eniable vitality that, even as a prom-should mean much.

e orchestra played it with the bril-cy it demands, and it played with more brilliancy Richard Strauss' poem, "Don Juan," which Mr. nsky conducted with great ardor and iction. It was one of the most suc-ful performances the Philharmonic ety has given under its new con-or. After this, making a concert of er unusual length, came Beethoven's symphony.

"KOENIGSKINDER" AGAIN PLEASES OPERAGOERS

Nov 30 1912

Engelbert Humperdinck's opera "Koe-skinder" was repeated at the Metro-itan Opero House last evening. The dience was not one of great size, but apparently enjoyed the charming rk. There is nothing new to be said out "Koenigskinder," but it may not amiss to call attention once more the indisputable fact that it belongs a species not to be classified "grand opera." Humperdinck calls it airy opera; but the description ap-es only to the story. It is not a nic opera, because it ends with a gedy. But opera it certainly is, and oyment of it depends largely on the lingness of the auditor to renew his ith and enter into the fanciful spirit the work.

Perhaps if it told its story in a more ect manner, with less suggestion and sion and with nothing bordering up-allegory, it would arouse more lasting husiasm. On the other hand there ms to be no good reason why every should not find pleasure in listening its music, which is simple and melo-us in thematic matter and orches-ed with opulent beauty.

he present performances at the Met-olitan are in the main excellent. Joern lacks the gayety and gal-ry needed for the earlier scenes of *King's Son*, but the other members the cast leave little to be desired. s Farrar as the *Gose Girl* is an un-sing delight to the eye, and her ing of the music is one of her most stic achievements.

Otto Goritz as the *Spielmann*, Mr. Reiss as the *Broommaker* and Miss Robeson as the *Witch* are others who contribute to the merit of the repre-sentation. The chorus sings well and the orchestra discharges its duties ef-ficiently. Mr. Hertz conducts the opera with manifest delight and with under-standing.

Dec. 1912

A MATINEE DOUBLE BILL.

"Haensel und Gretel" and "Pagliacci" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Haensel	Marie Mattfeld
Gretel	Bella Alten
Die Hexe	Albert Reiss
Gertrude	Rita Fornia
Sandmaennchen	Stella de Mette
Taumaennchen	Anna Case
Peter	Otto Goritz

Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

"Hänsel und Gretel" took its place at a half of the matinee double bill at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon for the first time this season, the other half being "Pagliacci." Humperdinck's "fairy opera" allured a considerable number of children, as it often does. The performance, which went very well indeed, was in excellent and familiar hands, except for the part of the Sandmännchen. This little part was pleasingly and well sung by Miss Stella de Mette, who was then heard for the first time at the Metropolitan. The Hänsel and Gretel of Miss Mattfeld and Miss Alten are gayer and more delightful than ever. Mr. Reiss's Witch is unique in its kind. There are some who would be glad if Mr. Goritz did not put so much emphasis on his complete obsession by drink in the first act, and his furtive devotion to his favorite tipple, known to be from his own announcement, Kümmel. A milder case of intoxication would do no violence to the lines or the situations, and would be more seemly before the children in the audience, as well as in better taste.

"Pagliacci" was sung by those who sang it last week and conducted also by Mr. Polacco. Miss Bori's Nedda is extremely attractive in appearance and action, and she sings the music with much power. It is a brilliant voice in the upper tones, but there was yesterday the suspicion of an edge on these tones, rather than a smoothness wholly velvety. Mr. Caruso did some very beautiful singing as Canio.

The only new thing about the performance was Mr. Scotti's reading of the Prologue. Though he made no changes in singing or declamation, he read it in what is commonly spoken of as "faultless evening dress," rather than in the clownish trappings of Tonio, ready to go on with the play, as had been his custom heretofore. There is here opportunity for learned dissension as to the true significance of the Prologue, or why Tonio has hitherto sung it in his theatrical costume, or why it is necessarily Tonio who sings it at all. Mr. Scotti's bold innovation created no consternation in the house, which applauded most heartily his singing of the Prologue, which was indeed very fine.

Matinee at the Opera.

On Saturday, at the Metropolitan matinée, a double bill was given, first "Hänsel and Gretel," the fairy-story, then the unpleasant veristic-school "Pagliacci." The audience, a large one, had the opportunity of hearing on one afternoon the world's most famous tenor, Caruso, the favorite new soprano Bori, the two best baritones in the Metropolitan Company, Goritz and Scotti, not to mention the other artists in "Hänsel and Gretel," and besides this, Hertz conducted Humperdinck's work, while Polacco conducted "Pagliacci." Metropolitan audiences are not always so fortunate, but when they get an all-star cast they respond by crowding the house. Ensembles of mediocrities, or the time-honored one-star system, unless the "star" is sensational, do not appeal to taste or pockets in New York.

Miss Alten and Mme. Mattfeld were as delightful as usual in the rôles of Hänsel and Gretel. They are Hänsel and Gretel. They sing their parts as well as they act them, which is saying a great deal. Miss Fornia took the part of the much-tried wife and mother, and did it well. As to Goritz and Reiss, one can only repeat the superlatives that have been written again and again about their performance of the father's rôle and that of the wicked witch. A stir always goes over the house when she is shoved into the oven to turn to ginger-bread.

Mr. Hertz conducts the score *con amore*. It is evident that he loves every note of it, and he has identified himself so completely with it that "Hänsel and Gretel" without Hertz would be a good deal like Hamlet without the protagonist.

Miss Bori was again much liked as Nedda, and confirmed the impression that she would make an excellent Carmen. Of course, Mr. Caruso brought down the house with his famous "Ridi Pagliacci," and justly so, for cheap as is this sobbing Italian tune, Caruso feels it and imparts this feeling to his audience. But what a pity to waste such a voice on such a part when, if he had the opportunity, he, like Jean de Reszke, could rise to much greater things. His mental and artistic growth is clearly seen in the difference between the Canio of to-day, that of the greater Caruso, and the Canio of some years ago. On Saturday he did not sing the serenade off stage in the second act, as he has done at times; a pity, as he does it superbly. Dec. 2. 1912

Mr. Scotti's excellent performance of Tonio was marred by one inartistic blot. He appeared before the curtain to sing the prologue arrayed in faultless evening clothes —hardly the kind strolling players would own—and the opera was delayed to permit him to change and make up. He did get into his costume and make-up with surprising rapidity, but the general effect was not a happy one.

Already Mr. Polacoo has established his reputation here as a conductor of the first rank, and each renewed hearing strengthens this impression. The audiences like both him and Mr. Hertz, and show it.

MUSIC FOR THE MANY

Some Features of Sunday Concerts.

The Symphony Society gave what in popular phrase was a "classical" concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, and the Philharmonic Society at the same time in Carnegie Hall gave a "popular" concert; yet a symphony was performed in each. The distinction, if any one felt disposed to draw it, lay in the character of the solo feature, and also in the difference between the symphonies. Mr. Damrosch produced Brahms's fourth, a piece of absolute music which left feelings and fancy to their own course; Mr. Stransky Raff's "Lenore," which has a story in it, part of which is graphically told to those familiar with Buerger's poem of the same title in the last movement. Music with a story in it is a welcome feature of popular concerts, and it is something of a pity that Sir Walter Scott's spirited translation or parody of the German poem was not put in the hands of the listeners, so that they might have enjoyed the pleasure of following the sequence of the grewsome incidents accompanying the return of the dead lover and his furious and dreadful ride to the churchyard.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang at Carnegie Hall—an air from Bruch's "Odysseus," and familiar songs by Schubert ("Erlkönig" and "Tod und das Mädchen"), and Wagner's "Träume." She sang them all with a great outpouring of her phenomenal voice and, the songs at least, with that extravagance of affected pathos which robs them of their beauty and has so often been deplored that it is become a weariness even to make record of the fact. At the concert of the Symphony Society Gottfried Galston gave a gratifying illustration of chaste, continent, self-sufficient beauty in a performance of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat. It was not such a supreme technical accomplishment as his playing of the Bach pieces at his recital may have led some of his hearers to expect, but every slip of his fingers was compensated for by a beautiful detail in a field higher than the mechanical, though conditioned to a large degree upon it; and the artistic gratification was of a high order.

The other orchestral numbers at the Philharmonic concert were Massenet's "Scènes Alsaciennes" and the Nocturne, Scherzo and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Massenet's suite was admirably chosen for a popular concert. It is delightful music, with real poetry in its delineation of a Sunday in an Alsatian village, in which, after the pious strains of the chorale "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme" have died away the "out-doorsy" flourishes of the hunting horns take their place, and the sounds of merry-making. Here, and in the other tone-pictures, the Frenchman has been extremely happy in hitting the German mood of the people whose loss to his native land he sincerely deplored. As an opening number Mr. Damrosch gave his audience Sinigaglia's overture to Goldoni's comedy, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte," which had its first performance in New York at a Philharmonic concert under Mr. Mahler on February 21, 1911, when, with Bossi's "Intermezzi Goldoniani" and Martucci's pianoforte concerto in B-flat, it served to show that Italy is still capable of producing something good outside of the department of opera. H. E. K.

PHILHARMONIC AND THE SYMPHONY BOTH HEARD

Sun

Schumann-Heink Soloist at Carnegie Hall Afternoon Concert.

GALSTON IN BEETHOVEN

The Philharmonic Society and the Symphony Society both gave concerts yesterday afternoon, the former in its habitual home, Carnegie Hall, and the latter in its new habitat, Aeolian Hall.

The Philharmonic programme brought back to the attention of New York music lovers a symphony which has not been heard for some time, namely, the "Lenore" of Joachim Raff. It also contained Massenet's orchestral suite, entitled "Scenes Alsaciennes," and three familiar excerpts from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music of Mendelssohn, the nocturne, scherzo and wedding march.

The soloist at this concert was Ernestine Schumann-Heink, whose first contribution was the sempiternal air of *Penelope* from Max Bruch's "Odysseus," an air which Mme. Schumann-Heink has made peculiarly her own. After the Massenet music she sang three songs, "Der Erlkonig" and "Death and the Maiden" of Schubert, and Wagner's "Traume." Mme. Schumann-Heink is a very popular singer. Once upon a time she was also a great one.

The programme of the Symphony Society concert comprised three numbers, to wit the "Baruffe Chiozotte" overture of Sinigaglia, Beethoven's E flat piano concerto, and Brahms's E minor symphony No. 4. The solo performer was Gottfried Galston.

Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto as almost every lover of music well knows is not a virtuoso composition. To be sure it is not for players of imperfect technical equipment, but it offers none of those opportunities for brilliant exhibition of finger work or dazzling tone color so dear to the average pianist and the general public.

This is music not for the senses nor for the mere observation. It is for the spirit and not for the earth, earthy. It has on many occasions served to strip from mere jugglers of notes their thin disguise of artistry and to expose them as paupers in the realm of musical truth. It is not often, however, that failure to publish the meaning of the composition can be directly attributed to technical deficiency. Yet such was assuredly the case yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Galston for some reason was not himself. He was not the pianist who recently played so admirably the great "Sonata for the Hammerklavier." He seemed to be unduly nervous and uncertain of himself. He missed notes astonishingly often and frequently struck the wrong ones. He even grasped false chords in places. Furthermore, his tone was most of the time hard and unsympathetic. When it was soft it was beautiful, but the forte passages were as iron.

It was none the less possible to see that Mr. Galston had a plan of interpretation which in other circumstances might be worth extended discussion. To meet his design he took the tempo of the first movement broadly and more slowly than is usual, while he played the slow movement faster than other pianists are wont to take it. The third movement was again taken slowly and the bass in the principal theme was treated with an exaggerated pesante effect.

It seemed as if the pianist aimed at emphasizing the dignity of the work by broadening the first and last movements and avoiding sentimentalism by hastening the second. Mr. Galston is above all things a student and he does nothing of this sort haphazard. None the less, it is probable that the majority of pianists will play the work in the future as they have in the past and those who have succeeded in making it sound like Beethoven will do so again.

METROPOLITAN CONCERT.

Miss Anna Case the Favorite on the Third Sunday Programme.

The third Sunday concert of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last night drew an audience that filled the theatre. Adolph Rothmeyer directed and the soloists were Leopold Godowsky, Miss Anna Case, Carl Burrian, and Herbert Witherspoon. Miss Case, who seemed to be the favorite of the evening, sang from Gounod's "Mireille" and "A fors' e lui," from "La Traviata," as her set numbers.

Godowsky's selections were Liszt's piano concerto in E flat and the andante, spianato, and polonaise, Op. 22, of Chopin. Other numbers on the programme included the overture from "Mignon," an aria from "I Vespri Siciliani," by Verdi; Wagner's "Ein Albumblatt," transcribed for string orchestra; nocturne and scherzo from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Pro Peccatis," from "Stavat Mater," and Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody No. 2.

SUNDAY MATINEE CONCERTS.

Schumann-Heink and Galston Soloists with Philharmonic and Symphony.

The Sunday afternoon concerts of the Philharmonic Society, in Carnegie Hall, and the Symphony Society, in Aeolian Hall, yesterday were both heard by large audiences. Mr. Stransky paid his tribute to the late M. Massenet, to call him by all the name he wished for, by playing his suite, "Scènes Alsaciennes," which is as good as unknown to the concertgoers of to-day, though it was first produced thirty years ago. Nor is the reason far to seek. Massenet's talent was essentially dramatic and lyric, and when he undertook purely orchestral music he apparently found little stimulus to his imagination. These four pieces are programme music of the less exactly descriptive kind, following in a general way an outline he has given in a preface to the score describing Sunday morning in a little Alsatian town; the bustle and gayety of the tavern; the quiet of late afternoon—6 o'clock, the orchestra tells us—as a pair of lovers are walking in the avenue of linden trees; and the busy life of evening in the market place, when the clock strikes 8 and the distant trumpets, heard outside the orchestra, sound the retreat. The most pleasing passage is the love music, with a duet between the 'cello and clarinet, in the suavely melodious vein that Massenet could command. As for the rest it must be confessed that he did not wholly avoid the commonplace nor attain the elegance and distinction of orchestration that is his at his best.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was the solo singer, who was warmly greeted, and sang, first, the air of Penelope from Bruch's cantata "Odysseus," that has long been one of her battle horses in the concert room. It gives her dramatic talent scope and shows her skill more advantageously than the three songs with accompaniments for orchestra that she sang later. These were Schubert's "Der Erlkönig," transribed by Berlioz; "Der Tod und das Mädchen," and Wagner's "Träume," in Motti's transcriptions. The two songs by Schubert, though the accompaniments were rewritten for orchestra by men of great skill in scoring, still sound far more effective when they are heard with the piano, as Schubert wrote them.

The symphony was the "Lenore" of Raff's, which is more and more rarely heard in these days, but deserves an occasional resuscitation, and the Nocturne, Scherzo, and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, which keep their freshness and vitality better than Raff's music.

Mr. Damrosch began his concert with Leone Simgaglia's overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzote," to a comedy of Goldoni's music in the true comic vein by one of the contemporaneous Italians who are cultivating in Italy the art of purely instrumental music. It has Italian melodiousness, with a skilful development and orchestral brilliancy. It was played in a way to make this quality count to its utmost. The symphony was Brahms's fourth.

Mr. Gottfried Galston was the soloist. He played Beethoven's fifth piano concerto, and it was his first appearance here with orchestra. His performance was well considered, strong and vigorous, sincere and artistically molded, yet it did not raise him quite to the heights that his playing previously heard here had led his listeners to hope for. It was neither profoundly poetical nor touched with the fire of passion. It was admirable in tone and in variety of tonal effects. From a more technical point of view it was not perfect, for Mr. Galston played rather an unusual quantity of false notes in all three movements for one of his calibre and standing.

"MAGIC FLUTE" CHARMS

Dec 3. 1912

Mozart's Gracious Music and Gorgeous Stage Pictures.

Mozart's "Magic Flute," in German, had its first repetition at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Its gracious music and gorgeous pictures delighted an audience which was more numerous outside of the regular subscription seats than was to have been expected, considering the invitation which the weather gave to all seekers after comfort to stay at home. Considerable has already been said about Mr. Gatti's production of this work, but the occasions for praise have not been exhausted and would not be if a column or two were added to those which have been printed.

There are several respects in which the musical performance is quite as inviting of discussion as the scenic outfit has proved to be. Even so apparently insignificant a feature as Papageno's bells call for a special word of praise. Never before have they sounded so bewitching or their supposed magical charm had such justification. The old bell chime has given place to the mustel celeste, an instrument which will henceforth be inseparably associated with this music. A small matter and one that was foreshadowed a century ago, when a keyboard was first used to play the tuned steel bars which Mozart prescribed in his score. In the overture Mr. Hertz has the solemn chords which mark the climax of the overture and introduces the changed treatment of the principal theme played behind the curtain. His purpose is obvious enough; the chords are supposed to play an important part in the symbolism of the piece, as they do in the temple scene. They are much more impressive then than they are in the overture under the present arrangement, where, instead of marking the climax as they ought, they have an opposite effect, being less homogeneous in quality and less sonorous than their prototypes at the beginning of the overture.

This, however, works smaller injury to the music than the deplorable deficiency of style in the singing of Mrs. Parks and Miss Vera Curtis in the characters which have usually had brilliant representation at the Metropolitan—the Queen of Night and the First Lady. So far as the effectiveness of the exquisite music for three women's voices is concerned, there is no need of calling up recollections of Mme. Ternina as the leader of the ladies of the Fairy Prince's court; it is enough to point to the great contrast between the two trios in the present representation. Miss Sparkes, Miss Case and Miss Mattfeld know what legato singing means; Miss Curtis and Miss Mulford evidently do not, and Mme. Homer cannot save them. As for the two fine dramatic airs of the Queen of Night (*pace* their foolish embellishments), it would be better to omit them than have them sung so unmeaningly, and their scenes acted so amateurishly as they are. Against this must be set the fine singing of Mme. Destinn. Mr. Slezak, Mr. Griswold and Mr. Lankow and the more than adequate characterizations which Messrs. Goritz, Reiss and Miss Alten place to their credit. H. E. K.

Sun

Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the second time this season. The audience was large and there was an abundance of the kind of applause which betokens solid enjoyment.

The salient features of this splendid production have already been described in this place, but too much cannot be said in praise of the liberality of the directors who make such artistic achievements possible. It is likely to escape general attention that they are not obliged to treat their subscribers to such spectacles. Mr. Caruso and the old repertory will keep the seats full. To bring out "Die Zauberflöte" so beautifully is a proof of genuine artistic spirit.

Mr. Hertz, the conductor, has shown great devotion in preparing the musical part of the representation, and it is therefore a pity that all the singers could not fully meet the demands of the score. The trio of ladies attendant on the *Queen of the Night* is extremely important, but the soprano of this combination has no command of legato and her spasmodic delivery of the music destroys the effect. Again, the young woman who sings the *Queen*, and who seems to think that the applause bestowed upon a beautiful scenic transformation is for her, makes a very feeble attack on her music. She succeeded last night in robbing her scenes of both vocal elegance and dramatic significance, two things with which Mozart liberally enriched them.

Mr. Lankow, the *Sarastro*, was in better voice last night than at the previous performance and therefore his true quality as a singer was disclosed. His delivery is musical and dignified, and this is about all that the role requires. The other members of the cast maintained the former level of their achievements, and this suggests the propriety of a special expression of pleasure at Mr. Goritz's *Papageno*, which is so truly German and so fully in the spirit of the rôle that it is a real joy.

Mme. Destinn as *Pamina*, Mr. Slezak as *Tamino* and Mr. Reiss as *Monastatos* again seemed to interest the audience as they deserved to do. Some improvements were made in the details of the performance. The most important of these was the delivery of the choruses sung behind the scenes. At the first performance these were almost inaudible, but last evening they came out clearly and had their proper effect. The playing of the brass chords of the overture behind the curtain was retained. Doubtless the purpose of this is to emphasize their subsequent repetition behind the scenes in the second act of the opera. But since the symbolism of these chords is certainly lost upon the general auditor it might be better to sacrifice a doubtful dramatic effect to a sure musical one. When they are played in the orchestra they come out forte and the desired contrast is obtained. The overture has been excellently played at both performances, but we should like to hear Mozart's trombones make their proclamation from before the footlights.

MRS. BLACK'S RECITAL

Dec. 3. 1912

A Delightful Song Programme at Æolian Hall.

Mrs. Morris Black, who lives in most delightful recollection among New York's concertgoers of a decade ago, came back to them in a recital something like she used to give at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon—came back and warmed their hearts more than ever. Her programme was delightfully unhackneyed. Interspersed among songs frequently sung and always admired when well sung, like those of Brahms and Schumann, were as many more for most of which she won instant favor. One of these was Brahms's "In dem Schatten meiner Locken," from Heyse's "Spanisches Liederbuch"—a song of the composer's first period, but a period already marked by the marvellous ripeness and eloquence illustrated by his "Liebestreu." In a group of Italian airs she also introduced a fine specimen of seventeenth century music in the shape of an air by Pignatta, beginning "Cieco se finse amor," which proved to be an admirable addition to a list which is bound to grow smaller as the art which it calls for falls more and more into decay. The Italian airs (two by Handel and one by Caldara) besides that just mentioned were the least gratifying of Mme. Cahier's performance, for a reason that might be summed up in the phrase "Too much emotion, too little technique." But she was both ear and heart filling in the modern songs, where her rich, warm, full-blooded voice brought forgetfulness of technical things. The recital was listened to by a fine audience and the applause was rapturous.

H. E. K.

Recital by Madame Cahier.

Mme. Charles Cahier, who was heard here last winter a few times at the Metropolitan, and who sang at the Wagner festival in Munich last summer, made her first appearance in recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. Dec. 3. '12

She is the possessor of a voice of considerable size and agreeable quality, a high contralto with fine upper notes, and none of the ugly, heavy, low tones which contraltos so frequently have. At times she forces the lower register till it becomes hard, but as a rule her voice is smooth and pleasant to listen to. Post.

Her programme consisted of a group by Handel, Pignatti, and Caldara, then a second one of three songs by Brahms and two by Schumann. The third was made up of a song by Robert Fischoff and two by the eminent pianist, Gabrilowitsch. Then there were several French songs, and the programme finished with a Gluck aria from "Orfeo."

Mme. Cahier has the necessary breadth of tone and the breath control to sing the older music effectively. Her coloratura is not above criticism, and she is not always absolutely true to the key. She has excellent legato when she sings *forte*, but in her *pianissimo* the flow of tone is not invariably continuous. In the same way her diction varies, being at times excellent, with every word clear, at others practically incomprehensible.

It was a pleasure to hear the two beautiful songs by Gabrilowitsch, "Erinnerung" and "Ich stehe gelehnet an den Mast"—and to have them sung as Madame Cahier sang them, with real feeling and with much tonal beauty. The composer's wife, Mark Twain's daughter, sings these songs admirably, too. They are beautiful harmonically, rhythmically, and melodically, and are likely to become favorites in our concert halls. Apart from these, Paladilhe's "Lamento Provençal" was the most interesting song on her programme. The opening, dirge-like phrases sounded like an old Irish lament, and the rest of the song is very dramatic. This, too, Mme. Cahier sang with excellent effect.

MME. CAHIER'S SONG RECITAL.

Dec. 3. 1912

American Contralto from the Vienna Opera Sings in Aeolian Hall.

Mme. Charles Cahier is an American contralto who has had her share in the conquest of Europe by American singers. Nine or ten years ago she was to be heard in song recitals in New York as Mrs. Morris Black. Since then she has studied in Europe, and as Mrs. Charles Cahier made a distinguished position for herself as one of the leading singers at the Imperial Opera in Vienna under Gustav Mahler. Last Spring she came to New York for a couple of appearances at the Metropolitan Opera House; and yesterday she gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall. It was largely attended by an interested and discriminating audience that found much to admire and applaud in her singing. N.Y. Times

Mme. Cahier's voice is truly a contralto in its range and quality. It has power at both extremes of its range and it has beauty and richness all through it—though those who remembered her siging as Mrs. Black may not find quite all the beauty and richness that once were in it. Years in the service of a German opera house, even of the highest rank, seldom fail to have some effect. There is not lacking skill and discretion in her use of this voice, and she has large and varied resources for the interpretation of music of many and widely differing kinds. She has, in fact, a true appreciation of style, a feeling for the characteristic expression of songs, and her whole recital was made interesting and pleasurable thereby. She has the musician's feeling for a right choice of contrast, and her programme was arranged with skill and discretion.

She sang first Italian airs by Handel from "Giulio Cesare" and "Admeto," the latter being for some unexplained reason sung in French; by Pignatta, (as the name is more properly spelled, an almost unknown seventeenth century Roman,) and Caldara's "Selve Amiche." In the great air from "Giulio Cesare" she sang with broad style and strongly dramatic effect. There were breadth and a creditable approximation to fine legato in Caldara's "Selve Amiche" and a buoyant spirit in the livelier air by Pignatta, and the "Ariette" from "Admeto," though there was not the complete flexibility that would enable her to do those things, or the few "divisions" that occur in Handel's airs to perfection.

Her singing of modern songs was marked by the note of poetical feeling, a real insight into the underlying spirit of the music, and skill in finding a truly characteristic utterance for it. The ecstatic mood of Brahms's "Nachtigall," the exaltation and radiant peacefulness of "Feldeinsamkeit" she was most successful in reproducing; only less so was she in Schumann's "Der Nussbaum" and "Aufträge." What appeared on the programme as "Spanisches Lied" by Brahms is not properly so entitled, and is not by Brahms; it is the song "In dem Schatten meiner Locken" by Hugo Wolf, a beautiful song that she sang beautifully. The rest of her programme was largely made up of songs by contemporaries, Robert Fischoff, Gabrilowitsch, Ernest Chausson, Georges, and Paladilhe, two French popular melodies, and the air "Amour viens rendre à mon Ame," at the end of the first act of Gluck's "Orphée," which is not familiar to frequenters of the opera in New York because at the performances of the work at the Metropolitan Opera House the air "Divinités du Styx," from "Alceste," is substituted for it.

EVER POPULAR "ELIJAH"

Dec. 4. 1912

The Work Opens Fortieth Season of the Oratorio Society.

There is probably no lover of choral music living in New York who can remember the first performance here of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and it is as certain as anything can be in connection with things depending on popular taste that nobody alive will hear the last. After Handel's "Messiah" it is the most admired of oratorios in England and America. It is easy to tell why other works in the field ought to crowd these works out because of their greater artistic value, but the arguments, quite sufficient for the critics who advance them, omit from their equation the religious element of Handel's work and the combined religious and dramatic, or human interest of the other. These elements consorted with their unquestioned musical beauty have made them the staple of choral societies among English-speaking peoples for generations. Sometimes choristers get tired of singing them and conductors conceive ambitions to do something in the field more modern; but when they follow their new inclinations the box office promptly tells them that they are

gining vain things and that the
ld better return to first principles if
y want to continue their existence.
d so "The Messiah" is always with us
the Christmastide and "Elijah" as of-
in other periods as is consistent with
istic dignity.

The Oratorio Society, founded by Dr.
opold Damrosch and directed for
rty-nine years by him and his two
s, Walter and Frank, celebrated the
trance on its fortieth season last night
Carnegie Hall by a performance of
Elijah" under a new conductor, Mr.
nis Koemmonich. There were most
reeable signs of a freshened interest in
e singing of the chorus, more par-
ularly in the augmentation of the male
rtion, and the occasion invited quite an
usual satisfaction with the solo quar-
t, composed of Miss Florence Hinkle,
ss Margaret Keyes, Mr. Clarence
hitehill (bass—he is for an obvious rea-
n mentioned out of the usual order)
d Mr. Paul Althouse, but of the loudly
ralded revelations of new things there
ere none. The choir sang the old choruses
dmirably, so admirably indeed that had
e dramatic spirit been developed the
Thanks be to God" chorus would have
en thrice as thrilling as it was. But
the dramatic notions which were in
endelssohn's mind during all the years
which it harbored the plan of the ora-
rio and which, without particular blame
anybody, have lately taken the form of
eatrical representation, there were few
evidence last night. It was like a cold
ouche to have Mr. Koemmenich quietly
ut down his baton after the prophet's
roclamation of the drouth which was
come upon Israel and wait till late-
omers had found their seats before pro-
eeding with the instrumental description
f the results of the prophecy. And it
as a colder douche upon the imagination
hen he waited for applause after the
ain appeal of the priests of Baal, before
ermitting the Prophet to begin his invo-
ation to the God of Abraham, Isaac and
srael.

But there are dramatic ideals against
which even Mr. Whitehill, who sang with
reat beauty all evening, sinned when he
orgot Mendelssohn's injunction that Eli-
ah should always be "borne as on Angels'
wings" and worked up a petty rage
against the priests of Baal when it was
or him to preserve that dignified attitude
of repose which even a Hebrew prophet
must have felt in the presence of confi-
dent triumph. But always Mr. Whitehill's
voice and declamation were a benison and
Miss Hinkle's and Miss Keyes's a de-
light. There was much pleasure for the
ear.

H. E. K.

Sun Dec 4. 12

The Oratorio Society began its for-
tin season last evening at Carnegie
all with a performance of Mendels-
hn's "Elijah." The occasion was made
ecially interesting by the appearance
the new conductor, Louis Koemmen-
h. Dr. Frank Damrosch resigned last
ring. He was the third director of
e organization, which was founded by
s father in March, 1873. It was in
ecember of that year that the society,
th a chorus of twenty-eight voices,
ve its first public entertainment under
e baton of Dr. Leopold Damrosch.

That distinguished musician con-
cted the organization for twelve
d a half years. After his sudden
ath on February 15, 1885, Walter
amrosch assumed the burden and car-
d it till 1889, when he retired in or-
r to devote more attention to his op-
atic and concert work. The third
ember of the Damrosch family then
ok up the baton.

The history of the society has been
ost honorable. It has familiarized
usic lovers with the greatest choral
orks of the leading masters, and it
s given many compositions their first
aring in America. Under Leopold
amrosch the most important novelty
be brought forward was Berlioz's
Damnation of Faust," which in recent
ars has become better known in its
eratic arrangement. Dr. Damrosch
so produced the Berlioz "Requiem,"
owen's "St. Ursula," his own "Su-
mith," Kiel's "Christus" and Liszt's
Christus."

Under Walter Damrosch's direction
e chief novelties were Berlioz's "Te
eum," Gounod's "Redemption," Grell's
Missa Solemnis," Mahler's "Choral
ymphony," Parker's "St. Christopher,"
chutz's "Seven Last Words of Christ,"
inel's "St. Francis" and Tschaikow-
ky's "Eugene Onegin."

The important works produced under
rank Damrosch were Sir Edward El-
ar's "The Apostles" and "The King-
om," Pierne's "The Children's Cru-
ade" and Wolf-Ferrari's "La Vita
uova." Under Mr. Damrosch the so-
lety also gave for the first time here
lgar's "Dream of Gerontius," but it
ad received its first American hearing
Chicago three days earlier.

Some of the famous singers who have been soloists with the Oratorio Society are Marianne Brandt, Marie Brema, Annie Louise Cary, Olive Fremstad, Johanna Gadski, Etelka Gerster, Minnie Hauk, Lilli Lehmann, Amalia Materna, Lillian Nordica, Adelaide Phillips, Emma Thursby, Zelia Trebelli, Italo Campanini, Max Alvary, Ben Davies, Andreas Dippel, Emil Fischer, George Henschel, Myron W. Whitney and Anton van Rooy. The composers Max Bruch, Sir Edward Elgar and Tschaikowsky have conducted performances of their own works by the society.

Last night's concert was the first to be given by the Oratorio dissociated from the guidance of a member of the Damrosch family. Mr. Koemmenich, however, is no new hand at leading choral bodies. He has been an important Saengerbund conductor for years and the directors of the Oratorio Society look to him to push forward the work which has made steady progress for thirty-nine seasons.

It might be permissible at this time to comment on some of the difficulties with which a conductor of oratorios must contend in this city. One is quite patent, and that is the difficulty of obtaining a well balanced chorus. It is easy enough to find women who have the time and inclination to attend the necessary rehearsals, but it is hard to get men, and hence choruses must nearly always be too strong in female voices. This is the case with the Oratorio Society, and it was never more in evidence than it was last evening. For this Mr. Koemmenich should not be censured, for if he were to suppress his sopranos too rigorously he would diminish his total body of tone too much without getting other desirable results.

Again when the chorus is not a paid body, but is composed of amateurs, it is not always possible to dismiss those who are not altogether up to the standard of requirements. Long service and faithful devotion have to be respected, and if the veteran persists in lagging superfluous on the stage the conductor cannot help himself. There have been some laudable retirements from the Oratorio chorus, and an infusion of fresh new voices. It is to be hoped that the reseeding process will be continued.

In spite of the obstacles in the way of reaching perfection last evening's performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" had many sterling merits. The tone quality of the chorus was excellent except in a few fortes, where the sopranos sounded forced. In piano passages the singing was most admirable. It was smooth, round, sonorous, beautifully phrased and artistically shaded. Mr. Koemmenich's hand showed clearly in such work and the results raised pleasing expectations for the future.

The tutti pages suffered sometimes from too much power in the orchestra, and the acoustics of Carnegie Hall are such that the natural relations of the vocal and instrumental bodies, stationed as they have to be on that stage, are distorted. This is one of the troubles which require much consideration on the part of a conductor.

As to tempi there need be no quarrel with Mr. Koemmenich. Some were taken at paces different from those made familiar by Mr. Damrosch, but the musical effects were generally good and the treatment of the text did not appear to suffer. Perhaps the next time Mr. Koemmenich conducts "Elijah" he will modify his idea as to the suitable place to stop and let late comers go to their seats. It certainly is not immediately after the first recitative of the Prophet, with which the work begins.

The solo singers were Mrs. Florence Hinkle, soprano; Edith Kruse, mezzo soprano; Margaret Keyes, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Clarence Whitehill, barytone. Miss Kruse delivered too much voice in the speeches of *The Youth* and marred her scene, though she sang in tune and enunciated well. Otherwise the soloists were admirable. Mr. Whitehill had a misfortune near the close of the first part when his throat was momentarily obstructed, but such mishaps occur to all singers at times. He was in plenteous voice and sang the title role with immense vigor and splendid dramatic power. It was a vivid and impressive delivery of Mendelssohn's music and must be set down as one of Mr. Whitehill's best achievements.

Mrs. Hinkle sang with great beauty of tone, delightful smoothness of style and real expression, not overdone, but adequate. Miss Keyes gave pleasure by the purity of her tone and the unaffectedness of her musical manner. Mr. Althouse displayed a valuable, young, fresh voice, sang in a manly way and made his words intelligible.

MME. CAHIER'S RECITAL.

Sun Dec. 3, 1912

Contralto, Warmly Welcomed, Sings Well Despite Mannerisms.

There were showers of applause and a summer growth of flowers at the song recital of Mme. Charles Cahier, contralto, in Acolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Mme. Cahier was known here some years ago as Mrs. Morris Black, and was then one of the most popular singers of songs in the city. Since that she has been long in Europe, has become a "grand opera" singer and has married again.

She was one of the principal contraltos at the Vienna opera under Gustav Mahler, and used to sing such rôles as *Fides* in "Le Prophete" to the *John of Leyden* of Leo Slezak.

Last season she came to this country and sang twice at the Metropolitan Opera House. She was received with equanimity by the professional commentators and with great approval by the box holders. For this reason she was reengaged for the current season, when it will probably be possible to hear her in a larger number of rôles.

Her programme yesterday was arranged on traditional lines. It began with airs by Handel, Caldara and Pignatti. Then followed songs by Germans, and later others by Frenchmen. An air from Gluck's "Orfeo" was used to bring the entertainment to a close.

Many things might be said about this recital, but it does not seem to be imperative that all of them should be. Mme. Cahier's voice is a fine one and it has much power, which she showed inclination to abuse. She forced her tones in the middle and lower registers, and in order to get volume on certain vowels employed a method of production which resulted in a most lugubrious quality of tone. Her attempt at colorature in one Italian air was not at all encouraging and some of her phrasing was at least open to question.

A passionate eagerness to fill every measure with emotional expression was probably what led the singer to indulge in so many violent contrasts of dynamics, even to the condition of explosiveness. The same desire found vent in such propulsion of breath that many phrases faded out at the end in both quality and pitch.

On the other hand Mme. Cahier showed a feeling for the poetry of some of her songs and her enunciation of the text was generally good. In some of her numbers, such as the German songs, she showed the beneficial results of long absorption of Teutonic feeling and tradition. Aside from the mannerisms which have been mentioned her singing of these songs was such as to command warm praise.

JACOBS QUARTET PLEASES

Tribune

Appreciative Audience at First Subscription Concert.

The Max Jacobs Quartet gave its first subscription concert of the season last night in Carnegie Lyceum. The audience was of good size and of much enthusiasm.

The musicians played the Mozart Quartet, No. 15, in B flat, with good ensemble and precision of attack, and with fairly warm tone. The other numbers were Gretchaninow's Quartet, Op. 2, and Dvorak's Quintet, Op. 81, in which Miss Carolyn Beebe was the assisting artist.

Dec. 4, 1912

Dec 5 1912

GOETTERDAEMMERUNG' DRAWS GOOD AUDIENCE

Sun

Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" came to its end at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. This was not the first time it had ended this season, though it has not yet begun. It is in present circumstances like a certain story teller's disenchanted symphony, in that it is played backward. Many reasons might be given for these sporadic and preliminary cookings of *Wotan* and his brood ere yet the gold has been snatched from the subaqueous rocks of the Rhine before *Siegmund* and *Sieglinde* have drunk to each other with their eyes across the table of *Hunding*, before *Wotan* has put *Brünnhilde* to slumber on the mountain and *Siegfried* has come to awaken the sleeping beauty with the magic kiss.

Wagner meant it to be thus when he began it, but he found that there were so many things to be epxlained that he had to write some more dramas to lead up to "Götterdämmerung." Up to the present all these things remained unexplained in the series of performances at the Metropolitan. But there are plenty of hand books. When the "Ring" was first given at Bayreuth and *Wotan* in "Die Walküre" spent twenty minutes of Act II. in telling his pet daughter all that had happened in "Das Rheingold," Paul Lindau, a German critic, wrote, "If it is absolutely necessary for *Brünnhilde* to know all this, why does not *Wotan* buy her a libretto of 'Rheingold' and let her read it between the acts?"

People who go to early season performances of "Götterdämmerung" and feel that they must know what it is about can buy librettos of the other dramas and read them before going. But fortunately most operagoers have a fairly good knowledge of the complicated story of the theft of the gold and its results. At any rate these separate performances of "Götterdämmerung" attract audiences of good size and are heard with manifest interest.

The present company of interpreters is competent and in at least one case distinguished. "Götterdämmerung" has never been regarded as a "star" opera but so long as Mme. Fremstad makes such a magnificent figure of her *Brünnhilde* it must make a close approach to that estate. The achievements of the other members of the cast were up to their usual level last night, and the performance as a whole commanded much praise.

Fremstad, always incomparable as Brunnhilde, was in full possession of her splendid powers, not only impersonating but, for the time being, becoming an incarnation of the supernatural heroine of the music-drama. The undeniable strength of Burrian's voice, worthy of a Siegfried, and his command of it, overcame the equally undeniable shortcomings of his acting. Griswold's Hagen was again one of the impressive features of the performance.

Rita Foruia sang Gutrune, Louise Homer was a Valkyrie and a Rhine maiden by turns. Herman Weil and Otto Goritz were Gunther and Alberich respectively. Bella Alten and Leonora Sparkes charmingly presided over the destinies of the Rhine with Madame Homer. Mr. Hertz conducted with authority and sureness of judgment.

Dec 6 1912

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

To judge by the conduct of the audience at the second evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night, the more music New York has the more enthusiastically the musicians from Boston are welcomed. The wonder is not great, for a multiplicity of concerts is not necessarily an evidence of excellence, and nothing has yet occurred to indicate to the lovers of the highest class of orchestral music in New York that the visits of the Boston orchestra are in danger of becoming superfluous. Least of all could such a thing be imagined in connection with the solo feature of last night's meeting, a feature which could more easily be spared at these concerts than at any other series in this concert-ridden city. To say at once all that is necessary, though not all that it would be a pleasure to say if time allowed, Mr. Fritz Kreisler, Dr. Muck and the orchestra played the concerto for violin by Beethoven. It was the combination which carried the greatest joy to the minds and hearts of the listeners, brilliant as the achievement of the solo performer was; and it was superlatively brilliant and thrilling, especially in everything that followed after the first note of the cadenza in the first movement. Until then a captious critic, with his ears still full of the fine violin performances, which have been the pervading feature of the concert season thus far, might have been pardoned a feeling that Mr. Kreisler was a little too much under the domination of that spirit of unrest which is threatening to become a weariness to the flesh and a curse to the spirit in this period of nerve-rasping musical activity. But when Mr. Kreisler began Beethoven's serene romance there were peace and healing on the wings of the music at once and happiness and refreshment.

The concert began with the first of Sibellus,s four symphonies and concluded, after the concerto, with the "Academic" overture by Brahms. Three of the four symphonies have been heard in New York. Mr. Altschuler and the Russian Orchestra have been peculiarly industrious during half a dozen years in making propaganda for the Finnish composer, who by all the principles supposed to govern musical creativeness ought to be more Swedish than Russian, but who has nevertheless managed to stamp an individuality upon much of his music which the lovers of nationalism in music have pretty generally agreed to recognize as characteristically Finnish. The Finns are an older race in the great northern peninsula of Europe than any of the Teutonic peoples located there and belong to an entirely different stock.

Racially they may be said to have more in common with their present masters than they have with the Swedes, whose culture they imbibed for seven centuries before the allied powers handed them over to Russia, a little more than a century ago, for they are distant kinsmen of the Huns. But all that is left of the primitive elements in their literature and music is to be found in their folksong, and this has not tinctured their artistic creations very deeply. What has been recognized as national in the considerable number of compositions of Sibelius has been a gentle melancholy, the atmosphere of the land which its people fondly and beautifully call Suomi, and a feeling for melodic grace which is not characteristic of the Muscovite art which has colored the style of Sibelius, and which spoke out most forcibly last night in the frequently rude humor of the scherzo, which seems to us the most spontaneous and excellent portion of the symphony. But there was much to be grateful for in the frank melodiousness of the work, though it was occasionally overwhelmed by over-elaboration. An eloquent performance won for it as grateful a recognition as it did when Dr. Muck played it for us first, a little more than five years ago.

H. E. K.

M. YSAYE PLAYS AGAIN

A Fine Recital in Carnegie Hall.

M. Ysaye resumed the high and firm artistic ground on which he placed himself at his first recital, when he played for the fifth time within a fortnight in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, and, as on the first occasion, the climax of the recital was reached in the performance of the chaconne by Vitali. Mr. Frank L. Sealy played the organ transcription of the accompaniment, and proper care having been taken to have the instrument, which was so unruly a member at the Philharmonic Society's concert a week ago, in tune, the performance was one which gave the loftiest kind of pleasure. With Camille Decreus, his regular accompanist (and a very capable one he is) at the pianoforte Mr. Ysaye played a sonata in D by Mozart, Bruch's second concerto, in which he reached the same high plane in the romantic vein that he had reached in the chaconne in the classic, an aria by Vieuxtemps and a Havanaise by Saint-Saëns. To vociferous demands for more he responded but once, setting an admirable example for the suppression of a nuisance which is become intolerable at afternoon recitals.

The principal number on the programme of the second evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given at Carnegie Hall last night, was the first symphony of Jan Sibelius, the Finnish composer. The work was performed for the first time in New York by the same orchestra on February 21, 1907, and it had not been heard again till last night. This symphony was created in 1899, and it is not saying a great deal for the enterprise or discernment of local conductors that it has received only two hearings in this city.

The first movement is built in a shape adopted by several modern writers. The themes are succinctly set forth and there is no repetition of the propositional part. The development begins immediately after the announcement. But once begun, it proceeds along lines perfectly orderly and it is clearly carried out. So much for the pattern of the first movement, upon which hang the law and the prophets in regard to form.

Sibelius has thematic ideas worth expanding and he treats them with splendid freedom and vigor. He does not write like a student bent on a musical demonstration, nor, as this writer said when the symphony was heard five years ago, does he seem to hold to that mighty edict of contemporary composers that all chords which are ugly are good for the soul.

The melodies are born of the soil and nurtured among the people. They have frank beauty, they are clean and wholesome and they sing all through the orchestra. They are harmonized richly and attractively and the instrumental color scheme is delightful.

The slow movement is elegiac in character and has a fine open air, breadth of conception, while the scherzo has all the native vigor and penetrative style of music which has breathed its inspiration among the peasantry of beautiful Finland.

Doubtless one obstacle in the way of frequent repetition of this composition is its immense difficulty. Badly or even ordinarily performed it would surely lose much of its importance in the esteem of the hearer. It is just the kind of music in which the Boston orchestra revels. It calls for a band of virtuosi, from violins to tympani, not to mention the wood winds, which have to achieve marvels.

The symphony was played superbly last evening. The opulence of the general tone of the orchestra was matched by the splendor of the tints produced by the choirs when heard separately and by the exquisite finish of the utterances of the solo instruments. Dr. Muck brought to the music not only understanding and his unfailing mastery of the matter in hand but also manifest affection. His reading was a masterpiece. The other orchestral number was the "Academic Festival" overture of Brahms, and between the two orchestral compositions stood the Beethoven violin concerto, with Fritz Kreisler as the solo player.

Mr. Kreisler has come to America this season to play only a few concerts with the Bostonians. His appearance last evening and that of to-morrow afternoon provide the only opportunities for New Yorkers to hear him. The audience was most demonstrative in its expression of an approval which was evoked by a remarkable performance.

It would perhaps not be difficult to raise questions about the reading of the first movement, in which the impetuous temperament of this fiery player led him to rob Beethoven's music of some of its lofty dignity. On the other hand it cannot be denied that in tonal splendor and in technical brilliancy the movement offered much to excite listeners. Particularly dazzling was the stupendously difficult and effective cadenza, doubtless Mr. Kreisler's own, which was played with such certainty of finger and such boldness of bowing that it fairly took one's breath away.

In the slow movement the violinist was calmer and more self-contained, and here he rose close to the level of Beethoven. Indeed in the final pages he was worthy of every measure of the immortal song. The finale of the concerto was gloriously played, with incisive rhythm, splendid tone, an infinite variety of exquisite nuance, and again a glittering cadenza technically appalling and musically artistic.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Fritz Kreisler the Soloist—A Symphony by Sibelius Played.

Dr. Muck performed another modern symphony at the second evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday. It was Jean Sibelius's first, in E minor; and like Bischoff's, that he gave a month ago, it is one that he introduced to New York when he was formerly conductor of the Boston Orchestra. It is true that in the intervening four years there have been few new symphonies worth attention produced.

And this symphony of the Finnish composer is worth repeating. His ideas are independent and original; his orchestration, though it has not always smoothness and transparency, or even euphony, is peculiarly appropriate to the expression of those ideas. They are the product of a musical temperament affected by the gloom and melancholy of the Far North, of its forests and crags and desolation. However, Sibelius's melodic invention may have been influenced by the character of the Finnish folksong. It is apparent that he has not attempted to make this symphony an embodiment, specifically, of that folksong, or of a "national" spirit.

The prevailing mood of the work is one of gloom and lamentation, except in the somewhat bizarre and fantastical allegro, the third movement. The thematic invention is robust, and the composer works freely within the symphonic form, without fettering himself in it. After the fashion of many modern symphonists he has introduced themes from the earlier movements into some of the later ones; thus, in the last, marked "like a fantasia," there are themes from the first and second movements. There is, on the whole, a strong imaginative flow, a sense of spaciousness and rich expression, in this symphony that are not to be found in many modern compositions of this form. In short, while it may not be one of profoundest depth or lasting power, it is music that is good to listen to, and that engages the listener's sympathies. It was warmly applauded last evening, and was played with clear understanding and appreciation of its spirit.

Fritz Kreisler, who is in America solely to play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was the soloist, and played Beethoven's violin concerto. Mr. Kreisler has, before now, established his place among the great ones of his art by his performance of this concerto, which still remains the supreme test of a great artist's quality. This performance marks the summit of Mr. Kreisler's achievements as an artist so far as they have been made known in New York. It was a performance in the noblest style, eloquent, uplifted, full of poetic feeling, and poignant expression. It was an embodiment of the beauty of the work in the beauty of its tonal investiture, in the phrasing that disclosed the noble proportions and symmetry of the music, in the poise and repose that governed it all. It was violin playing of the highest rank.

Mr. Kreisler pjlayed cadenzas of his own in the first and last movements that were fitting in their style and construction to be incorporated with the work. Needless to say the performance deeply stirred the public and Mr. Kreisler was many times recalled.

The concert was ended with Brahms's "Academic Overture."

Kreisler and the Boston Orchestra.

After Fritz Kreisler had played the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto with Dr. Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night, there was an outburst of demonstrative and prolonged applause which aroused the fear, after a while, that it might be kept up for forty minutes or more as at recent political meetings in Madison Square Garden. After a while, however, it fortunately subsided, and the musicians were able to continue with the Larghetto, of which the soloist and Dr. Muck's players gave a most ingratiating and heart-warming interpretation. Then came the merry rondo, which was played with so much vivacity and rhythmic swing that it lost its inherent triviality. Mr. Kreisler is the very embodiment of rhythm, and he makes every listener's nerves sway in time with his every accent.

Dec. 6 1912

The greatest achievement, however, was the first movement, in which Beethoven rises to the level of his highest symphonic flights. It is a tremendously long movement, but last night's audience would have been glad if it could have been prolonged by an hour. Never has the Boston Orchestra accompanied a soloist more sympathetically; never has Kreisler—or any one else, so far as our experience goes—played the solo part in such a clairvoyant manner. Clairvoyant is the only word that adequately describes the situation. The soloist seemed to be in a trance, getting his inspiration direct from Beethoven. It was stirring, thrilling, overwhelming—a feat such as only genius is capable of, and the audience—well, how it expressed its gratitude for this revelation of the real Beethoven has already been told.

Much of the almost unprecedented applause after this movement was due to the cadenza which Mr. Kreisler introduced—his own cadenza. There are several cadenzas to this great concerto, but all are card-houses compared to the palace built by the great Austrian violinist. Mr. Horsman has aptly called it a "condenza"; it certainly does condense the substance of the whole movement in a marvellous manner, which makes one think of the "Leonora" overture, of which Wagner remarked that it summed up the whole opera "Fidelio." Beethoven himself could have never written this cadenza; he was a pianist, but not a violin virtuoso; and only a virtuoso of the first rank could have worked up the themes with such wonderful harmonies and ingenious additions of his own, yet always in absolute consonance with Beethoven's own manner. It was the climax of the musical season so far.

Post

Dr. Muck and his noble orchestra also earned and got tremendous applause for their playing of the first Sibelius symphony and the admirable "Academic Overture" of Brahms which opened and closed the concert. The symphony had been played by the same orchestra and conductor before. As a whole it was perhaps hardly worth repeating, for the first and the last movements are rather dull and long-drawn out. The andante, however, with its sombre mood, is attractive, and the final allegro molto fascinates by its wild, barbaric splendor. Much of the music sincerely flatters Tchaikovsky, whose influence is felt everywhere.

To-morrow afternoon Fritz Kreisler plays the Brahms concerto with the Boston Orchestra. It is useless to try to get seats; all were sold long ago. Surely Mr. Ellis will relent, and not keep the king of violinists for his orchestra alone. A Kreisler recital would rejoice the hearts of thousands who have been left out in the cold.

REPEAT "MANON LESCAUT"

Caruso and Bori Please Audience at Metropolitan.

There was little to call for comment in last night's performance of "Manon Lescaut" except to say that Miss Bori and Mr. Caruso were both in unusually good voice and that the house was large and enjoyed itself to the fullest. Puccini's youthful opera appears to please the crowd better than in former years, and the applause was long continued.

To be fair, melody, spontaneous and appealing, the work has, even if its crudity of substance will not bear comparison with Massenet's far more Gallic "Manon." Massenet is to come later in the season, so all tastes will be pleased, and the good Abbé Prevost, were he only in the land of the living, would surely smile his sweetest and bow his courtliest before the two young women who are to incarnate his Manon.

Miss Bori and Miss Farrar have youth and grace and loveliness and charm, and with either as the chief protagonist it would be a wonder indeed if poor Dr. Grieux's passion were not abundantly explained.

Not withstanding the allurements of Kreisler and the Bostou Symphony, an audience of the usual Metropolitan proportions overflowed the opera house last evening to hear Caruso, Scotti and Bori sing Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" for the third time this season.

The larklike little soprano sang Manon faultlessly and with ease; Caruso was an eloquent and impassioned Des Grieux, and the Descaut of Scotti and the Geronte of De Segurola were masterly examples of lyric and dramatic art. Mr. Polacco directed the performance.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER"

Tribune Dec. 7 '12

Wagner's Comedy Sung at the Metropolitan.

Wagner's significance in the Metropolitan repertory seems destined to be unusually large this season. The first month will reach its conclusion today, and last night the fourth of his lyric dramas was brought forward. The last tragedy of the Nibelung series has had two performances, "Tannhäuser" and "Parsifal" have each had one representation, and last night "Die Meistersinger" was brought forward. Evidently there is no trouble about the "active" list, for "Die Walküre" is also announced for the coming week, and "Siegfried" and "Tristan" are probably only waiting for the time when it will become necessary to freshen the list again; for novelties and revivals seem to have met with obstacles too formidable to be overcome. There was nothing new about the performance of Wagner's comedy, and its admirable features were those which have been praised so often that merely to mention them is to praise them again. They were in the details of Mme. Destinn's impersonation of Eva, Mme. Homer's Magdalena, Putnam Griswold's Pogner, Albert Reiss's David, Hermann Weil's Sachs (in declamation at least the best thing that he has to offer our public), and first in the order of merit, though last in enumeration, Mr. Goritz's Beckmesser. Wagner's comedy suffers from being too familiar a feature of the repertory of any opera house. It endures perfunctoriness of treatment as little as "Parsifal" or "Tristan," and ought to be approached by even such excellent artists as Mr. Hertz and his well-meaning people with fasting and prayer, or something as near those religious functions as stage people can come.

H. E. K.

DECEMBER 7, 1912.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER" GIVEN.

First Performance This Season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Eva.....Emmy Destinn
Magdalene.....Louise Homer
Walther von Stolzing.....Carl Jorn
Hans Sachs.....Hermann Weil
Beckmesser.....Otto Goritz
Veit Pogner.....Putnam Griswold
Kothner.....William Hinshaw
Vogelsang.....Lambert Murphy
Zorn.....Julius Bayer
Moser.....Pietro Audisio
Eisslinger.....Austin Hughes
Nachtigall.....Gaston Martin
Ortel.....Paolo Ananian
Foltz.....Carl Hager
Schwartz.....Bernhard Heidenreich
David.....Albert Reiss
Ein Nachtwächter.....Antonio Pini-Corsi
Conductor.....Alfred Hertz

"Die Meistersinger" is added early this season to the repertory at the Metropolitan Opera House, to the joy, no doubt, of many of its patrons. Its first performance was given last evening. It is now returned to the hands of Mr. Hertz, after being for three seasons intrusted to Mr. Toscanini's. Mr. Hertz has a most distinguished record in connection with "Die Meistersinger" at the Metropolitan Opera House, for it was he who prepared the notable production of the great lyric comedy eight years ago, in which he made the work live as it had not lived for years there; a production which seemed at the time only less notable than that of "Parsifal" the year before. The performance heard last evening was not on that level of excellence, although it had much to give pleasure to lovers of the work, and was much applauded.

There seemed, for one reason or another, to be a lack of some of the fresh spirit. Some of the practical and imaginative qualities that have informed many previous performances of the work in recent years, as well as some of the finish; and yet it was not easy to see where the trouble lay. Mr. Hertz conducted with energy and enthusiasm, and with restraint; but the orchestra, while it responded with fidelity, and played frequently with much delicacy and precision, lacked something in warmth and fullness of tone. In Mr. Jorn there was not one of the most admirable of Walthers; for in this, as in other things, he leaves something to be desired in charm and richness of voice, in romantic fervor and spontaneity of impersonation. Nor did Mr

...e to the stature of Hans Sachs ...e has been represented best at the ...ropolitan. It was an intelligent under... ...ing, but not al lthe unctuous humor, ...genialty were there, and the charac... ...ation failed to impress; while the ...e lacked much in resonance and color. ...Mr. Weil's declamation was often ex...cent.

...her members of the cost were on a ...er plane—Mme. Destinn as Eva, Mme. ...ier as Magdalene, Mr. Reiss as David, ...pre-eminent in all "Meistersinger" ...formances, Mrs. Goritz, inimitable as ...kmesser. Seldom have the lines of ...ner been sung with more beauty or ...rness than by Mr. Griswold. The ...rus has done rather better in times ...t than it did last night. Does the ...rman choral contingent need a little ...re attention and fostering care than it ...getting at present?

Dec 7 Times

Wagner's comic opera "Die Meistersinger" was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last night for the ...rst time this season. A record of the entrance of the famous work might ...irly be permitted to rest with a mere ...atement of this kind, for there is nothing ...w under the sun about "Die Meistersinger." In these infant days of a season ...hich will grow gray in March and be ...ans eyes &c., in the middle of April, ...n interesting discussion might be started ...s to the exceedingly important difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedle...e. But what is the use?

Mr. Toscanini is on the deep blue sea ...d presently will come to the opera ...ouse to take up his labors. Then Mr. ...ertz, who conducted last night, will ...robably have to retire from the seat ...f the mighty at performances of "Die ...leistersinger" and Mr. Toscanini will ...ield the baton. There will assuredly ...e a difference in some things, for while ... is very, very German to sing "Am ...tillen Heerd" almost without nuance, ...s Mr. Jörn sang it last evening, Mr. Toscanini's Italian conception of things ...ill probably demand more "morbidezza."

Let us then concentrate our satisfaction ...o-day on the pregnant fact that last ...ight's was a very German performance ...n spite of the fact that the *Eva* was a Bohemian (Mme. Destinn), the *Magdalene* ...n American (Mme. Homer), *Pogner* Mr. Griswold) and *Kothner* (Mr. Hinshaw) Americans, not to mention Lambert Murphy, Austin Hughes, Gaston Martin, Pietro Andisio, Paul Ananian and Antonio Pini-Corsi, who were engaged in the minor parts.

Four important rôles were in the hands of Germans, *Walther* (Carl Jörn), *Hans Sachs* (Hermann Weil), *Beckmesser* (Otto Goritz) and *David* (Albert Reiss). It is quite true that muoh of the real spirit of the comedy is bodied forth by these four personages and it is a comfort to know that it was well expressed. Mr. Weil is an artisan, *Sachs*, and it is easier to see in him the shoemaker than the poet, but his interpretation is well within the traditions and it is aided by a delightfully clear enunciation of the text.

Two old friends are Messrs. Goritz and Reiss. The former's impersonation of *Beckmesser* is inimitable and it has never lacked appreciation here, but possibly the high merit of Mr. Reiss's *David* does not always receive full recognition. It has long been accepted in Europe as of festival rank. There were evidences of recent rehearsal in last evening's presentation of "Die Meistersinger," but no amount of care will bring about the correot proportion of tone in the orchestra. It might be a blessing if there were some reconstruction in the orchestra pit and then a restudy of the score to meet the new conditions.

MR. SCHELLING'S RETURN

Dec. 7 '12. Tribune

Strenuous Performance of Pianoforte Music.

Mr. Ernest Schilling, a local pianist, ...ho has been absent in Europe for three ... four years, has returned to his native ...nd and he renewed his activities here at ... recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday af...rnoon. Mr. Schilling has serious notions ...bout his art and his duty toward it. ...hat was plain from his programme, ...hich comprised two B minor sonatas, ...e by Chopin, the other by Liszt, with ...hich were associated two groups of ...maller and equally well known pieces by ...e same composers. It was perhaps a ...tle unfortunate that Mr. Cchilling, who ...s approved himself a musician of re...ed taste, should have fallen into the ...ror of imagining that zeal in a good ...use can best be exhibited by strenuous...ss along the line of dynamics. Before ...me of his discriminating listeners could ...ter into the full enjoyment of his many ...acious poetical conceits it was neces...ry to forget that a moment before he ...d administered such chastisement to his ...noforte as that patient and admirable ...strument did not deserve. These de...rtures from artistic continence and re...ve pardoned, there was much that was ...joyable in his playing.

SCHELLING'S PIANO RECITAL.

Dec. 7. 1912

Plays Chopin and Liszt With Large Tone, but Pleasingly.

Ernest Schelling, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Schelling was formerly a resident of this city, but in recent years has passed most of his time at his beautiful home near Nyons, between Lake Geneva and the Jura Mountains. His visits to America are infrequent, but none the less interesting. His programme yesterday began with Chopin's B minor sonata and continued with two nocturnes, two études, the barcarole and the A flat ballade of the same master.

The second part was devoted to compositions of Liszt, the B minor sonata, "Chant Polonais," "Au Lac de Wallenstadt," and polonaise in E major. It was a decidedly attractive programme especially for pianists and students of the paino. Liszt's B minor sonata is always one of their delights and there are not a few who love the Wallenstadt piece, if for no other reason than that it recalls, though faintly, the glories which one can see from the terrace of the Schloss Mariahalden.

Mr. Schelling's playing yesterday had clearly marked characteristics. It was very large in tone, very large indeed, and there were times when the liberality of sound was achieved at the expense of clarity and rhythm. On the other hand, it was true piano tone and the range of it was large. There was some injudicious pedalling in the Chopin sonata nad again in the ballade, but on the other hand Mr. Schelling's reading of the sonata as a whole was strong and of the scherzo in particular poetic in spirit and touch. The barcarolle an d the ballade might have been better if taken at slower tempi.

MR. SCHELLING'S RECITAL

Dec. 7. 1912

The American Pianist Returns After Four Years' Absence.

It was four years since Ernest Schelling had played the piano in his native land. He has now returned, and made his first appearance yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Schilling's playing is recommended with pleasure as uniting many beautiful and artistic qualities. He was warmly welcomed yesterday, and his playing was listened to with many manifestations of pleasure. It is hardly the same as when he was last heard here. In some respects it has advanced and matured in style and grown in breadth and power. In this growth, however, Mr. Schelling seems to have changed the scale of his dynamics till he has reached the limits of the endurance of the instrument, and at certain times yesterday he passed beyond the limits in which the tone can remain beautiful. This was all the more striking because more than half his programme was made up of pieces by Chopin, and Chopin's music can bear this lest well than most others. And yet this was often associated with a notable delicacy and variety of tonal color and a fine shading of dynamic effect.

Mr. Schelling began with Chopin's sonata in B minor, which he played with splendid fire and imposing spirit, in the first movement especially; his excess of power was already manifested here. The scherzo was taken at a speed so great that from sheer rapidity the outline of the phrase was at times indistinguishable. There was much beauty and poetical spirit in the largo; the final presto was again somewhat aggressive in tone. Mr. Schelling played two nocturnes (Op. 27, No. 1⅛ and Op. 15, No. 2) with poetical feeling: more in the second than in the first. And of the two Etudes that he gave, the one in A flat from Op. 10 was perhaps the finest of his Chopin in point of delicate tonal color and dynamic nuance. He played also the Barcarole and the Ballade in A flat with robust vigor and plenitude of tone; and at the end of the group he added the A flat Etude from Op. 25. There has ben a godd deal of discussion about the robust Chopin and the delicately fragile Chopin. It is not difficult to discern with which side Mr. Schelling stands; and yet there is much to be said in favor of the other view, supported as it is by contemporary testimony of how Chopin thought and felt, wrote and played. Times

The remainder of the programme was devoted to Liszt; to the elaborate B minor sonata, and to one of the "Chants Polonais," "Au lac du Wallenstadt," and the Polonaise in E. The performance of the sonata was in its way a magnificent piece of work. So, doubtless, Liszt intended it to be played, and so its makes an undoubted effect. Lovers of the sonata could enjoy it for the stirring spirit that went through it, the brillinacy and bravura of Mr. Schilling's technique, especially in rapid octaves and other such passages, the evident sympathy with the music that was everywhere manifested, an dthe care with which its several sections were wrought out and contrasted and adjusted to due relationship with the whole. As was natural, this performance called forth much applause.

Nov 30. 1912

RECITAL ...

Polish ...

Dec 8 1912 Sun

MUCK LETS BEETHOVEN SPEAK AGAIN IN MUSIC

A "little symphony," such a little symphony that it has dwelt close to the hearts of music lovers for near a century, is Beethoven's eighth. It is a badly battered symphony, too, hauled rudely from the shelves, handed hastily out to the players and rattled off to fill in time at concerts where piano pyrotechnics corrupt and virtuosos break in and steal away musical sensibility. But once in a blue moon some one pays respect unto the letter of the score, and then what a big "little" symphony it is.

Fidgety Hans von Bülow set the little eighth upon its feet here many years ago. But when was it played as it was yesterday afternoon at the second matinée concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall? And this was the grand feature of the performance, that there was absolutely no possibility of thinking about Dr. Muck's "reading." He did not disclose one. If he had a reading, he left it at home on the piano. He was not present to exploit the conceptions of Karl Muck, late of Berlin, but of Ludwig van Beethoven, citizen of the world.

What a comfort it was! Think, O ye who are weary of the airs and graces of prima donna conductors, waving their arms semaphorically to indicate the hum of mighty workings in their prodigious brains and translating every one from Bach to Rimsky-Korsakov into their own language. Think of these delirious creatures with their solemn messages, these mystics, oracles, prophets every one of whom ought, like Dana Da of blessed memory, to have a triple tau and a crux ansata after his name. And then think of the measureless oceans of balderdash which some of them pour out in the name of honest music!

Then think, ye tottering ten thousand, of Muck letting Beethoven himself shine before men, till you felt as if at last you had seen the real thing and must shout, after the manner of your predecessors "Thalassa, thalassa." It was, dearly beloved, a most heavenly experience, for there was no pompous, prancing, loudly advertised personality standing between us and the lovely music. And how the Boston musicians did play it, with inimitable beauty and clarity of tone, with that crystalline lucidity which is apparently their exclusive possession, with perfection of attack, never too strong, never too weak, with elegance and fastidious taste in nuance, with balance never disturbed, with the repose and easy grace of aristocracy. And all this time Dr. Muck was there wielding the baton. Perhaps after all we must conclude that something was due to him, but he did not advertise it. Some will suspect that most of the wonders of this performance were worked by the conductor, but assuredly others will be satisfied that he really did nothing at all.

Schumann's "Genoveva" overture was the second number, and the last was Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3. Between these came the Brahms violin concerto, with Fritz Kreisler as the solo player. Here let us pause a moment to beg Dr. Muck to bend his mind more closely to the gentle art of programme making. It was not a piece of programme art that he gave us yesterday. If he had omitted the Schumann composition he would have had a good programme; as it was the concert was too long and the Schumann work suffered from its juxtaposition with the others.

Mr. Kreisler again gave his hearers plenty of pleasure. His performance of the first movement of the Brahms concerto seemed unaccountably dull till he came to the cadenza, which was exciting, but in the slow movement and the finale he was more like himself. But we have heard him pour out the message of this characteristic composition with more convincing eloquence. His interpretation yesterday would have made the fame of a minor violinist, but it was not quite Kreisler.

Times

BOSTON ORCHESTRA AGAIN.

Fritz Kreisler's Beautiful Playing of Brahms's Concerto—The Work of the Orchestra.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon was a notable one, that gave the audience the highest degree of pleasure. Not only was the orchestra itself in its most consummate form and Dr. Muck in his most perfect vein, but Fritz Kreisler, who was the soloist, seemed to reach a higher point of eloquence, inspired by Brahms's violin concerto, than he has often attained. The result was one of those rare occasions when perfection seems wtihin grasp and hearing.

It would be a long undertaking to tell of all the beauties of the performance of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, and Third "Leonore" overture, or of Schumann's "Genoveva" overture that were the orchestral numbers. Dr. Muck's readings were instinct with life, with rhythmic intensity, with an exquisite sense of proportion in detail and in the larger outlines, never failing in a sense of beauty of tone and dynamic gradation. He elicits from the virtuosos of the orchestra all their art, their enthusiasm, their devotion, making them contribute all they possess to the greater whole he is molding. No conductor, perhaps, has ever more perfectly made use of all the accumulation of artistic skill and power that are at his disposition in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is all very well for him, when he is recalled by the applause after a performance, to point politely back of his men, as to the ones who really did it. Artists they are, and as artists they play; and were they less artists the results would be by so much less. But the supremely satisfying quality of such a performance as yesterday's comes from the brain and hand, the constructive sense, the technical skill, the vivifying imagination, and the glowing artistic spirit of the conductor.

Mr. Kreisler's playing of Brahms's concerto was the achievement of a great artist, broadly eloquent, exquisitely poetical, free, sometimes, as an improvisation, yet with all its impulse of energy, perfectly symmetrical and perfectly poised. In its way almost as remarkable was the playing of the orchestral accompaniment, which is no "accompaniment," but the other half, an integral part of the concerto. Anything more beautifully molded to the soloist's desire, more instinctively appreciative of his intentions, more subtly modulated in every nuance of color and dynamics, more perfectly balanced, in all its instrumental componentsis not easily to be imagined. So should this concerto be played, and so it is seldom played—but it is matter for artists, not artisans or beginners. An so played it answers with its own voice the querulous complaint about a "concerto against the violin" and the traditional chatter about the muddy, thick, inexpressive instrumentation of Brahms, the orchestral composer.

The audience was naturally deeply stirred, and manifested its with a demonstration not often heard from matinee audiences. Mr. Kreisler was time and again recalled, and his triumph was pre-eminently deserved.

THE TALLEST FAUST IS HEARD.

Slezak's Singing of the Part Creditable, but Not Great.

The tallest *Faust* in captivity might have been advertised at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The fourth matinée of the current season was devoted to an exposition of Goethe according to Barbier, Carré and Gounod. The novelty of the occasion was the first appearance in this town of Leo Slezak as the transformed doctor. The Pike's Peak of tenors has been heard in various rôles and has even pleased as an interpreter of Mozart, but this was his first assault on the mellifluous lyrics of the popular French master.

His singing was creditable. No one would call it great and perhaps it is not even distinguished, but it was sound in idea and honestly delivered. Mr. Gilly's *Valentin* was unquestionably more Gallic, though this barytone is only a French colonial. His death scene was admirably done in both song and action. Mr. Rothier was once more a well trained *Mephistopheles*. It is always interesting to note what routine can do for these Parisian artists.

As for the *Marguerite*, was she not Geraldine Farrar, the inscrutable prima donna, whose comings and goings no one can foretell and who is, like every other riddle, absorbing? There was also Rita Fornia, who assumed the rôle of *Siebel* and brown tights, but who did little else to benefit the performance. Mr. Sturani conducted.

"FAUST" AT THE MATINEE.

Leo Slezak Appears in the Opera for the First Time Here, with Success.

There was a new and interesting feature in the repetition of "Faust," given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, which was the first appearance of Leo Slezak in the title part. This was, in itself, enough to give a new quality to the performance of Gounod's masterpiece, which has been somewhat sadly lacking of late. Mr. Slezak was, of course, a superb and dominating figure, and he sang the music with beauty of tone and grace of style. It was an imper-

THE CHAPLIN TRIO.

A concert of 16th and 17th century music on 18th century instruments took place at Æolian Hall on Saturday afternoon. The principal pieces were Bach's Triple Concerto for Harpsichords in D minor, his Sonata for Flute and Harpsichord in E flat, Purcell's "Nymphs and shepherds, come away," and some Elizabethan virginal music. Nov. 11. 1912

The chief thing one learns from such music is how unessential a thing "expression" is, in the sense of momentary variation of loud and soft. The essence of music is its structure—the contrast of smooth and brisk movement, of close and open texture, of prolixity and condensation; and the varying degrees of strength with which the telling points of this may be insisted upon enhance its virtues but cannot make good its defects. In harpsichord music and in the "consort of viols" we get, as it were, bare structure. The only merit of a run, for instance, as Miss Nellie Chaplin showed us with both hands, is that the notes should be of absolutely equal duration; no question of strength arises. And this leads us to wonder whether on the piano, when the question of strength arises with every note, the easier and cheaper mode of appeal by contrast of strength is not too often substituted for the more difficult art of maintaining the accurate lengths of the notes, and whether the organ has not lost more than it has gained by the introduction of the swell pedal. No one would wish to put back the hands of the clock by abolishing modern instruments; but the more emotional players who are prone to misuse them might learn a good deal from hearing the harpsichord really well played.

Miss Kate Chaplin (viola d'amore) and Miss Mabel Chaplin (viola da gamba) proclaimed the same moral—that when you have played the notes with accurate pitch and rhythm you have at least provided the essentials of good music; and Miss Leila Bull (oboe) and Mr. Charles Souper (flute) adapted their more modern instruments to the spirit of the occasion. Bach's Concerto, in which Mrs. George Cornwallis-West and Mr. William Wolstenholme joined, was of magnificent severity, and Miss Flora Mann's fresh voice found appropriate support in the rich tones of the quartet.

The concert was followed by dancing—the courtly measures of Charles II.—by the Misses Bowett, Miss Woolnoth, Miss Dunbar, Miss Taylor, Mr. Lytton, and Mr. Clive Carey. These Italian minuets and corontos are the dances that through the successive editions of Playford's "Dancing Master" gradually oust the old free steps of the morris and country dances as their gracious, sprightly music replaces the more homely and infectious tunes of the round and square and longways. The "men" and "women" of Playford now become "gentlemen" and "ladies," and lose life and simplicity in the process; an unreality steals over the performance, and grace is pursued for its own sake rather than accepted as a by-product of a healthy activity. So that the dancing of the afternoon preached from the same text as the concert, but approached it from the other side.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Nov. 12. 1912

Three compositions formed the programme of the concert given by the St. Petersburg Quartet at the Bechstein Hall yesterday. These were Roudolph's Quartet in G minor, Taneiew's in C major, and a set of "Variations sur un thème populaire Russe" made by no fewer than ten composers. The Roudolph work was disappointing, and, frankly, hardly worth performing except as an example of—as one suspects it is—a student composition. It contains excellent passages, certainly, as, for example, an episode after the second subject in the first movement; that movement, however, suffers a good deal from too much syncopation. The second, "Andante Assai," is oversentimental; the third, "Scherzo alla burlesca," is commonplace to a degree, and full of episodical clichés. Several of the variations which form the last movement make good enough hearing, and it was this section—it contains a theme, eight variations, and a fugue—which nearly saved the situation. Nos. 3, 4, and 5 are perhaps the best, but the Fugue, which commences with a capital subject, becomes in places very "thick" and ugly, and in more than one instance departs from the pure classical form with no advantage to itself.

The most interesting feature of the programme was, of course, the ten-composer Variations. It could hardly be expected that such a freak composition would turn out to be a really first-rate work of art. It is a glorious hotch-potch of ideas brilliantly expressed on a given subject by brilliantly clever men—a kind of al fresco symposium. The theme is a simple folk-tune, plaintive in character, with one or two characteristic twists which give the composers ample opportunity to display their skill. Arcibouchéff starts off with a good piece of academic writing. Scriàbine follows with a delicious variant of the tune, accompanied pizzicato. Glazaunow, in the third, is typical of himself, though a little sweeter than is his wont. Then comes Rimsky-Korsakov in a Scherzo-like variation, and it is really amazing how much colour he can manage to get into such a short and vigorous movement as this is. "Scheherazade" occurred to one's mind instantly. Liadow, Wihtol, Blumenfeld, Ewald, and Winkler are responsible for the next five, each a delightful contrast to the other. The Finale (Variation 10) was left to Sokolow, and the result is a most captivating dance, finishing up the entertainment with great gusto. These variations were the brightest spot in an otherwise dull afternoon, for, truth to tell, the distinguished quartet-players were far from being in their best form. The old unanimity was there, as always, but the tone was frequently harsh and disagreeable, in the Roudolph especially, and the intonation in the Allegro of the Taneiew was careless.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

Nov. 12. 1912

It is quite safe to prophesy very successful careers for Miss Geneviève Dehelly, a young pianist, and Mr. Enrico Mainardi, a young violoncellist, who gave a concert at the Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Mainardi had already been heard twice in London, once at one of the Albert Hall Sunday concerts, and once at a Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall, but this was Miss Dehelly's first appearance here. Trained at the Brussels and Paris Conservatoires, at both of which she carried off high honours, she has since been playing at the Concerts Populaires in the former city and at the Lamoureux Concerts in the latter, while she has also given recitals at most of the principal Continental towns. Certainly she showed herself yesterday to be a pianist of quite unusual ability. She has a brilliant execution, which enabled her to treat the difficulties of Liszt's "Carnaval de Pesth" as though they were of no account; she has a beautifully light and delicate touch, which was especially charming in Chopin's Fantaisie-Impromptu, and, as she showed in the same composer's B flat minor Sonata, she has a strong sense of poetry. Her playing of this last was, perhaps, at times a little ill-balanced and exaggerated, but this is a fault that time and experience will doubtless cure. Mr. Mainardi, who studied at Milan and has won many successes on the Continent, is no less promising a musician. In his performances of Piatti's arrangement of Valentini's tenth sonata, of two Minuets of Bach for violoncello solo, of a Largo by Boccherini, and of a Rondo by Dvorák there were a grace and a refinement, a tender and quiet dignity which were peculiarly attractive, and warm, pleasant tone, his excellent technique and his control over subtle nuances of colour gave a decided distinction and vitality to his playing. The programme ended with Boëllmann's sonata for the two instruments, in which Miss Dehelly and Mr. Mainardi displayed that community of tastes and ideas and that perfect sympathy with one another which are the foundations of good ensemble playing. The accompanist of the afternoon was Mr. E. Vannuccini.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MISS MURIEL FOSTER'S RETURN.

Nov. 12. 1912

A programme abundantly rich in interest as well as in variety marked the London Symphony Orchestra's second concert of the present season, which drew a very large throng to Queen's Hall last night. In telling the tale of the opening concert, a fortnight since, we dwelt upon the fine quality of the orchestra's achievements under Mr. Fritz Steinbach, and again last evening this inspiring conductor was in command, and induced the players under him to give the audience of their very best. But the occasion's interest was by no means confined to the purely orchestral features of the programme. For the concert was memorable in that it signalised the return to London musical life of Miss Muriel Foster, whose claim to rank among the most gifted and persuasive singers of our day nobody with any understanding of the vocal art will gainsay. There was a further attraction, moreover, in the presence of the Manchester Orpheus Glee Society, an exceptionally well-disciplined body of singers, who earlier in the year made good their right to a hearing in our midst at one of the Queen's Hall Orchestra's symphony concerts.

Already we have hinted at the wide range of musical thought covered by last night's programme, and in order to illustrate this it is only necessary to mention that the concert began with Mozart's lovely G minor Symphony and ended with Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." And between these two works a piquant contrast was furnished in the juxtaposition of Brahms, represented in one of his most appealing moods, and Joseph Holbrooke. Of the Symphony—which, unless we are mistaken, was played by a real Mozart orchestra—Mr. Steinbach gave us a reading that was wholly free from affectations, and that more especially on the third movement—in the trio of which, by the way, there was a slight lapse on the part of the horns—thoroughly reflected the Mozartean spirit. And certainly there was nothing in the reading to suggest that the conductor, for his part, interpreted the symphony as sounding the poignant note of "despair" read into it by the programme analyst. Mr. Holbrooke did not, as had apparently been his intention, conduct his symphonic poem, "The Raven," but he appeared to take a "call" after a performance of it with which he may well have felt satisfied. "The Raven" was certainly a remarkable achievement for a composer at the age of 21, and there were moments on this occasion when one wondered whether Mr. Holbrooke had ever really improved upon it, with all his latter-day command of orchestral resources.

But, when all's said, the clou of the concert, beyond question, was the superlatively fine singing of Miss Muriel Foster. In the first half of the programme she was heard in Mozart's "Non più di fiori," from "La Clemenza di Tito" (Mr. Francis Gomez playing the basset-horn obbligato), and probably no choice could have served better to exemplify the perfect graces of her style and her wonderful, yet always unforced, command of dramatic expression. In one or two phrases the music seemed to lie a little low for her voice, but beautiful, as in the past, was the quality of voice and unerring the artist's control of it. And one may well doubt whether London has ever listened to a more moving performance of Brahms's deeply-felt "Hartzreise" Rhapsody than that in which Miss Foster, as soloist, had the support of the Manchester Orpheus Glee Society. Certainly we have never heard the solo sung with more intense, yet restrained, feeling, with greater beauty of phrasing or truth of expression. The choir, one must add, sang with smooth, well-balanced tone—their first soft entry was particularly impressive—and for once in a way the effect of the work at the climaxes was not marred by the voice of the contralto being overpowered. In a word, the whole interpretation was one of rare and compelling beauty, and thoroughly justified the audience's high enthusiasm.

With a vivid performance of the Strauss work already mentioned a memorable concert reached its appointed end.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The second concert of the season given by this organization took place last night at the Queen's Hall before a large audience. One of the principal features was the performance of Brahms's "Alto Rhapsody," for which the services of Miss Muriel Foster and the Manchester Orpheus Glee Society had been requisitioned. The singing of this choir was uniformly good, but the work itself hardly affords much scope, and really one wondered whether it was worth while to bring the singers up all the way from Manchester, when London voices could have done the work perfectly well. That, however, by the way. Miss Foster has often sung the Rhapsody, and she certainly reveals its peculiar solemn beauty extraordinarily well, and this in spite of what is not always perfect phrasing as regards breath control or (last night) complete accuracy of intonation. She also sang the lengthy "Non più di fiori" of Mozart with very great beauty of tone and smoothness of vocalisation.

The purely orchestral numbers in the programme consisted of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," Joseph Holbrooke's "The Raven," and the famous G minor symphony of Mozart. Herr Steinbach conducted throughout the evening; his Mozart-playing was very clean and clear, and there was, happily, no attempt to overweight the symphony with expression, it was conducted straightforwardly with alert and steady rhythm. Mr. Holbrooke has done better things than "The Raven"; it has been played several times in London, and it is not necessary to comment on it in detail. One may say, however, that for a general impression the composer does not convince the hearer that the poem was a musical subject; but then he was very young when he wrote it, and probably nowadays he would have succeeded in achieving a little more than orchestral effect.

M. PADEREWSKI'S RECITAL.

M. Paderewski gave a recital yesterday afternoon in the Queen's Hall, in which every seat was occupied except on the orchestra, and judging by the now traditional "scene" which takes place at the end of his recitals, we imagine that he insists on having these kept vacant only in self-defence

His programme opened with Liszt's arrangement of Bach's Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, which, like Beethoven's Sonata in E major (Op. 109), which followed, enabled the player to do wonderful things, but had not the conviction which marked the later part of the programme. The fantasia itself was declaimed with striking breadth and freedom, which was only marred by the hard tone of the pianoforte, but the actual fugue was taken with a rigidity of time that cramped its deep expression. There was plenty of differentiation in tone which prevented it from sounding monotonous, and the clearness of the parts was obtained by a miraculous sureness of touch; but this very clearness left the impression of a crowd gaily chattering rather than of one moved to emotion and the regularity of the beat only accentuated the apparent levity of the voices. In the sonata, too, it was the decorative aspect of the music rather than its emotional significance which was insisted on; this produced wonderful results at the end of the variations, where the parts are set spinning and intercrossing, but the actual statement of the theme on which the variations are written was lacking in breadth, and the Scherzo, with its concentrated expression, did not seem to belong to the context after the first movement had only been given delicate surface treatment. Nov. 13. 1912

It was not till M. Paderewski came to Schumann's Carnaval and a group of pieces by Chopin that he was really able to identify himself with his music—to make the expression of both, as it were, coincide. It would take too much space here to attempt to define how he treated each movement, and no analysis of his *rubato* could convey the effect he left by it. It must be sufficient to say that, in spite of the lightning rapidity with which the time was changed from moment to moment, the fundamental rhythm of each piece was absolutely clear and consistent. For all the suppleness with which the whole work was

ed and the vividness of every detail, nothing pasmodic and nothing forced out of the laughing, ing, Hoffmannesquo atmosphere in which the aval was composed.

e same suppleness characterized Chopin's arka in B minor and the opening section of his urne in G, though the second subject of this was what laboured. But for continuity of rhythm (what results from that) for evenness in the link-p of one subject with another nothing was more ing than M. Paderewski's playing of the Sonata flat minor. Speaking at the centenary festival mberg two years ago, the pianist spoke of Chopin's e as being emancipated from material or rhyth-l discipline and its being impossible to be onomized. He meant by "discipline" a rigid, anical tyranny of beat, of course; and of the nce of any discipline in this sense, and of the titution for it of perfect control in freedom, no er example could have been given than his play-of this sonata yesterday.

t the end of the programme came two of Liszt's lies (one of them the famous arrangement of anini's "Campanella"), which were given with aordinary brilliance. The end of the programme, ever, did not mean the end of the recital, for of all Liszt's transcription of "Isolde's Liebesto" played, then a group of pieces by Chopin, then or two other things, and finally Rubinstein's se Caprice. At least we imagine that this was last thing played; at any rate, M. Paderewski not show signs of coming any more on to the form, though the audience crowded up against eemed as little willing on their part to go home.

PADEREWSKI AT QUEEN'S HALL.

A TRIUMPH OF PERSONALITY AND TECHNIQUE.

The value of personality as a factor in the art of musical performance is a familiar nought fact; no better object-lesson of this quality, however, could possibly be imagined than that supplied by the case of M. Paderewski, who gave a recital yesterday afternoon at the Queen's Hall before a crowded audience. It was personality, backed up, of course, by a stupendous technique, which triumphed, not the music, but the vitality of the performer, and this done in spite of the lack of what one would otherwise be inclined to rate very highly in the necessary equipment of a pianist—namely, an intrinsically beautiful tone-production. This M. Paderewski does not, unfortunately, possess, in any shade of dynamic force that is above a mezzo-forte. This failing was very much in evidence yesterday; indeed, some of the climaxes were almost distressingly painful to the ear, the tone was so wiry, hard, and metallic. But still this executive giant was able by sheer force of his individuality to make up for the handicap and give exciting and interesting interpretations. Especially one should say of Schumann's "Carnaval" and Chopin's B flat minor sonata. In the Bach-Liszt G minor organ fantasia and fugue M. Paderewski did not get hold of his audience; perhaps there was some lack of sympathy owing to the disturbed mental state of many present who became impatient because the concert did not begin till fifteen minutes or more after its advertised time. Nor, as a matter of fact was Beethoven's Sonata. in E, Op. 109, really satisfyingly played; at any rate, there is no doubting that M. Paderewski is at his best in the romantic schools. Schumann's work was given with wonderful variety of colour and splendid rhythms, especially of the waltz-measures. In the Chopin sonata the feature was the playing of the funeral march, taken at a quicker rate than usual, and the finale dashed off in a way which seemed to accentuate its strange, yet attractive, inconclusiveness.

RUSSIAN CHAMBER MUSIC.

The Petersburg String Quartet presented n interesting programme at their concert in he Bechstein Hall. Three quartets ere played, all being music of the Russian chool. In S. Roudolph's work in G minor e were confronted with a composer not itherto known in this country. The general npression conveyed was one of immaturity, profusion of ideas marked by a certain elance and a treatment often displaying a nse of effect, but never very strong or pecially interesting. Thematically, the first ovement was by far the best; the scherzo nd a commonplace subject, the andante was ot badly supplied in this respect, but the mposer's want of grip made it difficult to eep one's attention; the finale is a set of riations, some of which proved well M. oudolph's inventive faculty. There followed Taneiev's quartet in C, an elaborate and ngthy work with some arresting themes if flection made the hearer feel some want of dividuality. Certain dramatic touches in e writing "came off" sufficiently well to ercome the objection which might otherwise be advanced against forcing the character of quartet-writing in the direction of a string orchestra. Russian composers have combined together in other works than the set of variations, each one from the pen of a different writer, with which the concert ended. The idea sounds more attractive than can really be made quite satisfactory in the result. Obviously, so many different personalities stand in the way of unity, though this perhaps is least felt in the variation form. Amongst those responsible for this work are Glazounov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Scriàbine, Liadov, and Winkler. The Petersburg Quartet played throughout with their accustomed control and finish, although now and again for once there was some faulty intonation.

MISS EDITH CLEGG.

At Bechstein Hall last night Miss Clegg gave a thoroughly interesting vocal recital, assisted by Mr. Archy Rosenthal at the piano. The programme consisted of Strauss's "Zueignung," Weingartner's "Ritterliche Werbung," some songs of Gabriel Grovlez, Gustav von Holst, and Herbert Hughes, and some pieces of Chopin and of Cyril Scott.

Miss Clegg has an open, free style of singing; her voice comes straight out without hindrances. She knows her songs very well and leaves no doubt about the meaning she wishes to convey. Moreover, she has taken great pains with the words, and has no doubt long ceased to have to think about such things as vowels and consonants, and can speak her songs as well as sing them. She has more than one or two resources: the voice was hardened in Paul Puget's "Chanson de route" and softened for "Beautiful Nancy" (Von Holst); in Grovlez's "Il était un p'tit oiseau" it hummed, in the "Lover's Curse" it stormed; in "Mon joli bateau" lines were deliberately flattened against the accompaniment, after the manner of the *vox angelica* stop, with great effect; in "The Terrible robber-men" there was the least hint of brogue, and so on. None of her songs was at all hackneyed, and we are especially grateful for being introduced to Gabriel Grovlez, all four of whose songs were most individual and full of ideas; and to some folk-songs imaginatively set by Herbert Hughes.

Mr. Rosenthal's selection was not so interesting, but it contained a "Danse Nègre" by Cyril Scott, in which a good idea was reinforced by telling comment.

MISS ENID STRONACH'S RECITAL.

The piano playing of Miss Enid Stronach heard at Æolian Hall last night had many admirable qualities, even though it was not of the kind which impresses very deeply. It was generally clean and well finished and had an ease of execution which at moments rose to brilliancy, but her touch was of the rather hard and clearly defined kind, which gave the impression that she had studied her music chiefly from the outside, that is to say, that she had thought more of what to do with it than of what it means. Her programme included a Beethoven Sonata (Op. 90 in E minor), some Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, and a group of modern pieces by Cyril Scott and Debussy. Among the works by the last-named she was more successful with the ingenious Toccata in C sharp minor than with "Reflets dans l'eau," and the two pieces showed the point we have suggested particularly clearly. The former is effective when it is played with a sharply defined touch and equally defined contrasts of tone, and these she gave to it. Except for its modern harmony it is like the French harpsichord music of the 17th century in its design; its music is practically all written in its notes. But the latter requires an imaginative sympathy on the part of the performer, without which its notes are dead, and Miss Stronach's playing just lacked this indefinable quality. Two numbers of her programme were things which are not in the ordinary repertory of recital givers. These were Cyril Scott's "Sphinx," a very beautiful piece of harmonic colouring, and Chopin's Scherzo in E major, which is generally passed over because it is less obviously attractive than his other works of the kind. Miss Stronach deserves credit for her clever playing of it, and it is worth giving, if only because of the beautiful melody of the trio.

AN ACCOMPLISHED VOCALIST.

Miss Julia Hostater, who gave a song recital in the Bechstein Hall last night, is an artist of no mean order of merit. The mere fact that she can, unassisted, furnish a whole evening's entertainment is in itself a testimony to the superior nature of her powers.

Her programme was composed of four groups of songs by Schumann, Brahms, Hugo Wolf, and old English composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and, on the whole, they were satisfactorily chosen. Some of them were given quite superbly, and if she was less convincing in others this must be attributed partly to the lesser value of the songs themselves, partly to the shortcomings of the artist. For it cannot yet be asserted that Miss Hostater's work has the cachet of supreme interpretation. She has still to acquire the wide versatility of the great liedersinger and to subordinate her own subjectivity entirely to the detached attitude that each and every song demands for itself.

Nevertheless, if at times the hearer could not lose the consciousness that here was a remarkably clever artist using her beautiful voice with consummate skill, in songs like Schumann's "Lied des Schmiedes," "Das Mädchen" of Brahms, "Sweet Kate," by Robert Jones, and "Phyllis," from Giles Earle's manuscript song-book of 1615, the readings were masterpieces of reproductive art. Miss Hostater is, indeed, well on the way to take her place among the very best. Mr. Richard Epstein was an admirable accompanist.

CARRENO AND BACKHAUS.

Music for two pianofortes does not exist in large quantities, as was duly pointed out in the programme of the joint recital given yesterday afternoon at the Queen's Hall by Mme. Carreño and Herr Backhaus. What is the reason for this? Surely that the result is not really very pleasing to the ear. Exception may be made to music of the old schools, where clarity and transparent ornamentation and figure-work are features lending themselves to effects of imitation. In the modern, richer (harmonically and otherwise) methods necessitate a different set of conditions. Otherwise, by trying to obtain a greater volume of sound or increased brilliancy, except through the domain of the orchestra, or the various chamber-music combinations, thickness, heaviness, and really something not far off mere noise is hardly avoided. Moreover, there is the point of view of the performance. With two instruments of similar timbre there cannot possibly be scope for the display of two temperaments to the fullest degree.

One was glad, therefore, to find that the music selected on the present occasion did not entirely consist of this doubtful class. Mozart's sonata was charming and successful for the reason suggested above. A set of variations by Sinding and the not very interesting so-called concerto of Liszt, the "Pathétique," were divided by solos, Herr Backhaus playing the superb "Wanderer" fantasia of Schubert and Mme. Carreño some pieces of Chopin. It should be added that the former artist gave a performance of a stronger calibre than usual; for once he displayed a good deal of refreshing vitality and vigour.

QUEEN'S HALL.

It is pleasant now and again to escape the beaten path in concert programmes, and to a large extent Madame Carreño and Mr. Backhaus succeeded in doing this at the joint recital they gave in Queen's Hall, yesterday afternoon. One feels the more inclined to congratulate them on the result, moreover, seeing that the scheme of the recital was due to a hint given to these two distinguished artists in these columns a few weeks ago. The neglect of the art of playing pianoforte duets in public is a theme upon which much could be written, and after the very interesting and enjoyable adventure in this comparatively uncultivated field of Madame Carreño and Mr. Backhaus, possibly other pianists of acknowledged eminence will follow suit. And even more interesting it would be, perhaps, if two could be found to join hands in duets written for one piano. But that's another story. The works for the combination of two instruments heard yesterday were Mozart's Sonata in D—which dates from 1784—Sinding's "Variations" in E flat minor, and Liszt's so-called "Concerto Pathétique." Unfortunately the example last-named, which can hardly be known to the present generation of concert-goers, was reserved for the end of the programme. The Mozart Sonata led the way, and very delightfully it was played, with a unity of feeling, crispness of touch, perfect balance of tone, and a sympathy for the work's characteristic graces that made the performance wholly distinguished and no less enjoyable. One might, indeed, have believed that the two interpreters had been playing duets together all their lives, so complete was their accord and unerring their ensemble. Although Sinding's "Variations" are unequal in interest, they never become dull—or should one say that they were never allowed to become so by the two artists who took them in hand on this occasion? Nothing could have been more brilliant than the treatment of the fourth variation, or more effective than the climax achieved in the final one. But, for that matter, the whole work was played with the utmost skill and spirit. Both the recital-givers were heard also in very familiar solos, but, admirably as these were played, it was the duets yesterday that unquestionably were "the thing." We hope to see the experiment repeated, and so, in all probability, will many others besides ourselves.

BACH AND BEETHOVEN.

The scheme of Mr. Bauer's piano recital at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon was peculiarly interesting, for it placed the two greatest musical minds side by side and gave us them at their best. There were three preludes and fugues from Bach's "Wohltemperirtes Klavier" and three sonatas by Beethoven. The latter (Opp. 10, No. 3, 81, and 111) were placed in chronological order; the former (Nos. 3, 36, and 22) were ranged in order of ascending emotional power. The one in C sharp major from Book I. is filled with a childlike grace and gaiety which sometimes gives it an irresistible attraction to very young pianists, who will cheerfully battle with its baffling key signature of seven sharps in order to have the joy of playing it. The Prelude in F minor from Book II. goes deeper and recalls more than one aria in the *St. Matthew Passion*, and finally the great Prelude and five-part Fugue in B flat minor from Book I. is as majestic as its companion in C sharp minor in the same book and more searching in expression. It is, we venture to say, the greatest of them all.

With Beethoven one generally expects the chronological order to be identical with that of ascending emotional power, but when we compare the Sonata in D from Op. 10 with the one in E flat with the suggested programme of farewell, absence, and return, we find an exception. The great elegiac slow movement of the former, the simple Minuet and the Finale, the very theme of which seems to be a question and one which asserts itself persistently to the end, taken together cut deeper than does the illustration of the obvious programme put forward in Op. 81. The last Sonata in C minor and major, however, surpasses all, just as the B flat minor Prelude and Fugue does. Times

Mr. Bauer's playing was as interesting as was the scheme itself, which is saying much. The beauty of his moulding in the first two works by Bach was remarkable, and in Beethoven he gave extraordinary pleasure by his sympathetic treatment of the two middle movements of the D major Sonata. Elsewhere his fine command of tone and his mastery over technique sometimes led him to stage-manage his effects in a way which gave a suspicion of unreality. For example, in the Prelude in B flat minor he was inclined to drag the *tempo* for the sake of tone effects and so to break the inexorable tread of the quaver beats. In the "Adieux" Sonata he let us realize that he was preparing for a lightning change of mood where the Finale breaks in upon the slow movement and again in the Coda by the way in which he lulled the senses to sleep before the change came. It seemed just overtone. The first movement of the C major Sonata, too, was pushed to the limits of turbulent tone in order that the serenity of the last movement might be the more dramatic in its contrast. However, that last movement when it came was a magnificent piece of playing. All the impracticability of Beethoven's writing, particularly the famous passage of the climax where two hands at the extremities of the keyboard so often seem impotent to express a climax at all, was surmounted wonderfully, and we have rarely heard the variations treated so completely as the continuous unfolding of the possibilities of the beautiful melody.

MISS JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY'S RECITAL.

Nov. 15. 1912. Times

Since she began her recitals of old songs and ballads last year Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay's repertory has increased very much, and she is now able to put together out of it two programmes for extra recitals in response to the demand, and to throw in a few encores in order to get rid of an apparently insatiable audience. Yesterday afternoon's programme was well chosen to show her variety in her art of the *diseuse* (though, by the way, her voice is gaining so fast in strength and range that it would be quite fair to call her a singer). It contained the big, tragic "Twa Sisters o' Binnorie," and the tiny, dainty Chinese epigrams set by Mr. Dalhousie Young, the pathetic "Over Here" and "Bredon Hill," and such jolly things as Mr. Vaugban Williams's arrangements of "Harry the Tailor" and "Tarry Trowsers." And we had "The Piper o' Dundee," too, which Miss Mackinlay is always made to sing, whether she puts it in her programme or not, and "Hame came our Gudeman at E'en," "The Laird o' Cockpen," and "The Kerry Cow," the last of which showed particularly well Miss Mackinlay's happy inventiveness in the detail which gives life to a song when it is called out for the song's sake and not for its own. Both in their material and in the very delightful art with which it is rendered these recitals have a place all their own. Mr. Kenneth Mackinlay accompanied, and Mr. Harcourt Williams recited from Austin Dobson and G. K. Chesterton, to the great pleasure of his audience. The last recital of the season will take place next Thursday afternoon.

MISS MACKINLAY'S MATINEES.

Nov. 15 1912

SONGS AND RECITATIONS.

Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay resumed her recitals at the Little Theatre yesterday afternoon, when a numerous audience enjoyed to the full her dramatic renderings of about twenty songs, old and new, and inspired by the East as well as by the West. One very notable one, which we have not heard her sing before, was that piece of haggard pathos, both in the words and the music, the Irish famine song, "Over Here," in which such a line as "I wish we all were geese" can reach the very centre of the listener's emotion. We heard Mr. Plunket Greene sing it one evening at Eastbourne twelve years ago, and the memory of it has never dimmed. It is a little masterpiece—one of those perfect things which Miss Mackinlay can afford to give without the smallest effort at forcing the note. She rendered it effectively yesterday afternoon; and the greater her calm in such a song, the more perfect her adherence to the simplicity of the words and the melody, the more complete will be her effect in it. Of the other songs in yesterday's programme, most have, we think, by this time become more or less familiar to her admirers. At any rate, we have had the pleasure of hearing them before and recording our impressions; so that all that need be said now is that they were as much enjoyed as ever. Mr. Harcourt Williams recited Mr. Austin Dobson's exquisite little satire, "The Virtuoso," and three of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's Ballades, including that of the would-be suicide—one of the drollest of his short pieces. One of Mr. Harcourt Williams's conspicuous qualities is his delicate appreciation of the *nuances* of the poet's meaning—and that is the rarest, as well, as it is certainly the most refreshing, virtue in a reader or reciter of distinguished literature.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

Telegraph. Nov. 16 '12

Miss Hélène Dolmetsch's concert at the Æolian Hall last night was of the type over which one would not necessarily, perhaps, wax enthusiastic, but from which it is possible to derive a very great deal of quiet enjoyment. For Miss Dolmetsch, while no great virtuoso is a decidedly skilful performer both upon the violoncello and upon the viola da gamba, while she has a very pleasant taste in old-world music. For example, Jean-Marie Leclair's Trio for Flute, Viola da Gamba, and Harpsichord, with which she headed her programme, and in which she was joined by Mr. Albert Fransella and Miss Dorothy Moggridge, is a little gem of its kind, of which the lovely Adagio and Sarabande are alone sufficient to justify its rescue from oblivion. Very charming, too, were a couple of little pieces for viola da gamba by Christopher Sympson—a Prelude in G minor and some Divisions on a Ground in B flat—and both in these and in a selection from Bach's unaccompanied suite in D minor and Boccherini's Violoncello Sonata in G major, Miss Dolmetsch and her coadjutors, where their services were required, were very happy in catching the spirit of the music. All credit is further due to Mr. Frederick Keel for the beautiful taste with which he sang his own arrangements of Attey's "On a time," Campion's "The peaceful western winds," and Bartlet's "When from my love," and those by Reimann of some charming German folk-songs, and to Miss Moggridge for her neat playing of three Chopin studies.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA

REAPPEARANCE OF D'ALBERT.

Nov 18 — 1912

The Saturday Symphony Concert given by the Queen's Hall Orchestra was one of the best of the series. Not only was it notable for the inclusion in the programme of Schubert's great Symphony in C and a new work, a Comedy Overture by Max Reger, but we also had the much-looked-forward-to reappearance in London of Herr Eugen d'Albert. This fine pianist, who has played here too little in recent years, is an acknowledged expert in the interpretation of Beethoven. It was, therefore, eminently satisfactory that he chose to be heard in the "Emperor" Concerto. A very striking performance was forthcoming. D'Albert played with magnificent virility, and fire; his sense of tempo is splendid, for although he kept things going at a good pace there was never the slightest feeling of hurrying or of any loss in breadth. It was noticeable that Sir Henry J. Wood for once was scarcely as masterly as usual in his following of the soloist. It seemed as though he could not quite get into touch with the exhilarating impetuousness of D'Albert's reading, especially this in the first movement.

Reger's work was characteristic. There was no "programme," not that one was needed, for the music was quite interesting enough to take care of itself. It was a jumble of counterpoint of happy little phrases tossed about from one instrument to another, and a somewhat bewildering rhythmical scheme, the whole creating a pleasing atmosphere of piquant gaiety and quizzical fancy.

NOVEMBER 18, 1912.

MUSIC.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.

The finest thing in the symphony concert given on Saturday afternoon was Sir Henry Wood's performance of Schubert's Symphony in C major. The individual work of the different sections of the orchestra was beautifully polished; the smooth tone of the horns in announcing the opening theme of the Introduction, the delicate phrasing of the oboe and clarinet in the Andante, the lilt of the strings in the "Ländler" melody (the second theme in the Scherzo), and the persistent purpose with which all attacked the marching tune of the Finale, were striking features. More important, however, than any special detail was the ease with which the whole wide scheme of the symphony was unfolded. Possibly the developments of the first and second movements inclined to become rather over-strenuous, but each movement went without check to its rhythmic design, and in the case of so great a design this apparently negative virtue on the part of the performers is of the highest possible value.

Two other important features of the concert were Mr. Eugen d'Albert's playing of Beethoven's Piano Concerto in E flat (the Emperor) and the production for the first time in this country of a "Lustspiel" Overture by Max Reger. The pianist's public appearances here are so rare and his reputation as an interpreter of Beethoven stands so high that it is safe to conclude that his part in the programme was responsible for bringing an exceptionally large audience to Queen's Hall. His command of the instrument and his intellectual grip of the music left only one thing to be desired—namely, that the hearer might sometimes forget d'Albert and remember only Beethoven. There was a nervous energy and tension in all his playing which prevented this by placing his view of the music too positively before one. Something of the high majesty of the Introduction was lost, and when the Rondo theme broke in upon the calm of the slow movement, which had been beautifully played, he seemed determined to exhaust the limits of tone of which the instrument was capable, and he succeeded. Reger's "Lustspiel" Overture (Op. 120) is a brilliant piece of writing for a small orchestra, and was as brilliantly played. Everything in it is sharply cut, from the rhythm of its themes to the whole proportions of its form. The strange harmonic twist which every one of the ideas contains gives them the force of smartly turned epigrams which one enjoys until one begins to question their truth. When it is over one realizes it to have been a heartless piece of wit, lacking the touch of human sympathy which turns wit into humour. Perhaps that was why the audience hurried away, scarcely giving enough applause to make a decent return of thanks to Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra.

BECHSTEIN HALL.

Nov 14 12

So frequently has the question of "one-composer" concerts been discussed that it is unnecessary to go over the old ground again now. It is, however, universally admitted that only to the very few are vouchsafed ideas so varied and so absorbing and powers of expression so unique as to enable them to hold an audience engrossed throughout an entire programme, and that the majority had best leave the experiment untried. That Mr. Landon Ronald, who gave a concert of his own songs at the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon, should be one of the majority is no fault of his. If the divine spark does not burn with incredible brightness in his breast it is certainly not for the want of most industrious fanning, for he has worked immensely hard, and has tended his reasonably bright flame with an assiduity which is altogether to his credit. And the result is that he has given us a great number of clever, graceful, well-written songs, all of which reach a very high standard of excellence, but in none of which is to be observed the hall-mark of genius. The truth is that Mr. Ronald seems to have discovered several exceedingly effective formulæ to which he clings with a tenacity worthy of a better cause. When one hears how he begins a song, one knows within a little how he will continue it and how he will end it. There are no piquant changes of time, tonality, or rhythm suddenly to grip the hearer and to make him feel that he has never heard anything quite like this before. The music simply pursues the even tenour of its way—a way that is often very attractive but too often quite familiar. It is for this reason that his concert on Saturday soon became rather monotonous. There were no new songs in the programme, nor, indeed, any that were not quite well known, and it is, therefore, unnecessary to do more than congratulate Miss Ada Forrest, Miss Dilys Jones, Miss Dora Gibson, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Herbert Brown on the excellence of their singing, and Miss Irene Scharrer on the skill with which she played several pianoforte solos. Mr. Ronald accompanied throughout.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.

EUGEN D'ALBERT'S RETURN.

Last week was remarkable in our musical world for the number of pianists of universal fame who claimed the attention of the London public. Paderewski, Harold Bauer, Carreño, Backhaus, D'Albert—here, surely, was an imposing list. To the appearance, or rather, one should say, the reappearance, of the artist last named, which occurred at Saturday's Symphony Concert of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, particular interest attached by reason of his very long absence from this country. It must be some eight years since Mr. Eugen D'Albert was last with us. A pupil of Liszt, his name was one to conjure with in the days when his very great gifts first obtained general recognition. And it was clear, from the aspect of Queen's Hall on Saturday that our public had not forgotten him. D'Albert is a many-sided musician, and, as all know who are interested in these matters, he has devoted a great part of his time in recent years to composition. In Germany, which he long ago made his home, his "Tiefland" has enjoyed greater popularity than almost any opera in the modern repertory, and the fact that this work met with no conspicuous success

on its production at Covent Garden a few years ago by Mr. Beecham can hardly be counted against it, since the London public are notoriously indifferent to anything new in operatic paths.

On the occasion of his reappearance the distinguished pianist elected to be heard in the "Emperor" Concerto—a choice that will have surprised nobody, seeing how high his reputation stands as a Beethoven interpreter. Before the present month has run its course Mr. D'Albert will have come forward as a recital-giver, so that fuller opportunities await the public of judging whether the years that have intervened since he was last here have left any mark upon his playing than arose on Saturday, when he was heard in one work only. But there need be no hesitation whatever in saying that his performance of the "Emperor" left one in no doubt as to his complete realisation of the grandeur of that work. Experience has made one familiar with many readings of the Concerto. Some pianists there are who treat the music in a spirit of cold, formal severity which stands in a certain order of mind for all that is "classical," others there are who emphasise the poetic aspects of the music; others, again, who seek to bring out all its Beethovenish breadth and vigour.

In the latter class unquestionably must be placed Mr. D'Albert. On Saturday, at any rate, he approached the work in a sternly masculine spirit—indeed, with almost a determined air of strength and vigour. So, at least, it seemed to us in the opening Allegro, in his playing of which the dominant note was one of splendid, healthy vitality. And surely this is music that must needs be interpreted thus if its true spirit is to be fully realised. The slow movement was treated with just the right simplicity and with complete freedom from sentimentality, and the last went its way with immense verve and impulse, though it might be objected that the first statement of the theme of the Rondo, after its whispered suggestion at the close of the Adagio, sounded a little uncouth in its deliberate violence. Mr. D'Albert was recalled several times after the performance of the Concerto, but resisted all attempts to cajole him into giving an encore.

At the end of the programme Sir Henry Wood, who had given us in the first part an exceedingly well-balanced and thoughtful reading of Schubert's great Symphony in C, introduced a novelty. This was Max Reger's "Comedy" Overture—otherwise "Eine Lustspiel-Overtüre"—which was quite new to this country. It does not appear that the composer had any particular play in mind when he wrote this work, but from the bustling, buoyant character of the music it is obvious that he takes a perfectly rational view of the primary function of a comedy. And it is good to find a composer who is prone to take himself tremendously seriously in such a jocose and engaging mood. His overture—which is written, by the way, for a classical orchestra—is brimming over with high spirits and good humour, and the remarkable ingenuity shown in the writing is none the less effective for being quite unobtrusive. The work was excellently well played. But why was it not introduced at the beginning, instead of at the end, of the concert?

THE TIMES, TUESDAY

Nov 19 1912

MUSIC.

MISS MURIEL FOSTER'S RECITAL.

The vocal recital which Miss Muriel Foster gave last night in the Bechstein Hall drew a large and enthusiastic audience, for it was the first actual recital she has given since her return into public life after her marriage. She has, of course, been heard on the concert platform since then, both at charity and at ordinary concerts, and only a few days ago she sang with the London Symphony Orchestra under Steinbach, after having taken a share in the Hereford and Birmingham Festivals. But this was the first time in recent years that she has given a whole recital, and it is good news that she is to repeat the programme to-day week in the same hall.

She began last night with a group of five out of the 25 Scottish Folksongs which Beethoven arranged for voice with an accompaniment for piano, violin, and violoncello. These enabled her, as well as anything in the programme, to show her capacity for singing simple music quite simply and directly. "The Lovely Lass o' Inverness" and "Faithful Johnnie" were in this respect quite admirably given: there was no conscious effort to obtain simplicity; everything was entirely natural and artless, and the result was in its way perfect. The violin (Mr. W. H. Reed) and violoncello (Mr. Purcell-Jones) were not always quite together either with the singer or the piano (Mr. O'Connor Morris), and played as though they had not rehearsed sufficiently, while in one song, "Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie," they all managed to drown Miss Foster's lower notes.

A group of songs by Hugo Wolf came next, and here one was struck forcibly by the wide range of Miss Foster's art and by her way of striking the right emotional note at the very first. The contrast between the cold of the opening and the warmth and fulness of the close of "Zur Ruh', Zur Ruh'," the calm religious devotion of "Nun wandre, Maria," the choking indignation of "Wer rief dich denn?"—all this was given without a single attempt to make a point or to force a sentiment beyond its natural barrier. Her greatest triumph in this group was, however, in "Der Feuerreiter," where the grotesque macabre incident of the ghostly fireman was portrayed with increasing horror and hurried to an overwhelming climax, after which the peaceful *coda* made an extraordinarily striking and convincing end.

The same variety marked her singing of Brahms's "Zigeunerlieden" (the ones arranged by him from the set for vocal quartet), and one particularly effective point noticeable in her singing here was the single impulse which underlay the phrasing of each song and gave unified character to it. After such things it was a pity that her final group of English songs contained nothing that was in keeping with the rest of the programme. Elgar's "Shepherd" is popular, the two by Mr. O'Connor Morris, who accompanied admirably throughout the programme, are likely to become so (in spite of the way in which two lines which are meaningless in themselves are repeated at the end of "Valour"), and the examples of Mr. Hamilton Harty and Mr. Coleridge-Taylor were applauded; but nothing in the group could be considered worthy to stand beside even the weakest of the other songs she sang. The singer showed signs of fatigue at the end of the recital, and the audience was considerate enough not to ask for more than one tiny *encore*.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Nov. 16 1912

The orchestral concert which Sir Charles Stanford conducted last night was delightfully fresh and unlike the conventional programmes of the regular concert-giving institutions, which is what a concert given in these circumstances ought to be if it is to do wider educational work than merely giving the pupils opportunities of making public appearances. The first four out of the five numbers were by living composers; the fifth was Berlioz's "Symphonic Fantastique." The concert began with the sparkling little overture to Wolf-Ferrari's *Secret of Susanna*, which was followed by D'Albert's Concerto for violoncello in C, the solo part played by Mr. John K. Snowden, a scholar of the College. A new work by Glazounov, called a "Finnish Fantasia" for orchestra (Op. 88), came in the middle of the programme. It is difficult to see, without the help of verbal explanation in a programme note, how it justifies its title, for though it may be assumed that the principal theme of the *Allegro* is a Finnish melody, it also contains elements which are not generally associated with Finland—the theme of Glazounov's own Variations for piano (Op. 72), for example, and still more strikingly the chorale "Ein' feste Burg," which dominates the *finale*. Apart from the programme which one feels is in the composer's mind, though like most of its kind it is impossible to construe it from the music alone, the piece is an exceedingly effective one. The imaginative beauty of the slow introduction is one of its most conspicuous features, and the brilliance of the orchestration applied to an ingenious contrapuntal texture keeps the work alive from beginning to end. Three Welsh folk-songs, charmingly arranged and orchestrated by Dr. A. Somervell, were sung by Miss Dilys Jones and were very much enjoyed by an audience which began to evaporate during the course of Berlioz's Symphony. Even though much of the symphony seems to have faded strangely, and the first two movements at any rate show the composer's propensity for treating trivial ideas solemnly to a rather distressing extent, there is a certain force at the back of it which becomes irresistible as the work progresses. The "Scène aux champs" is a movement of genuine beauty, and the frank brutality of the "Marche au supplice" and the "Sabbat" scene still appeal as things of great vividness. The College deserves to be congratulated upon being able to find four excellent drummers among its students and ex-students, who played the famous thunder-rolls admirably. Indeed, the whole performance was one of which to be proud.

MR. JOHN POWELL'S RECITAL.

Nov 20 1912

A technique of a high order, musical sensibility, and character are the features of Mr. John Powell's pianoforte-playing. This clever young American musician gave his only recital, prior to his tour in the United States, last night at the Æolian Hall. There was no falling off in the interest before now found to be attaching to his virile style. Of course, the most diversified results were best displayed in Liszt's tiresome B minor sonata (a work which, happily, pianists have recently spared us). Here Mr. Powell was very much at home in the showy figurations and ornamentations of whatever kind, and, indeed, he did quite enough with the music to make it as acceptable as is possible. It was decidedly a brilliant performance. Earlier in the evening Mr. Powell played Beethoven's sonata in A from Op. 2, in which his clean and neat execution had every chance. Slender though the work is, it is not at all easy to play, making legitimate pianistic effect without rendering the expression out of keeping. Mr. Powell did exceedingly well in this respect. Everything was within bounds, and yet made interesting.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Nov 22 1912

Two new works were produced at the second concert which Sir Frederic Cowen conducted at Queen's Hall last night; a suite for orchestra by Dr. H. Walford Davies was conducted by the composer at the beginning of the programme, and a cycle of four songs, "The Wind among the Reeds," settings by Mr. T. F. Dunhill of poems by Mr. W. B. Yeats, were sung by Mr. Gervase Elwes, Sir Frederic Cowen conducting. The prosaic title "Suite in C major, Op. 37," given by Dr. Davies to his new work—the first of his, by the way, which the Philharmonic Society has performed—is supplemented with the sub-title "after Wordsworth." In the programme notes two passages from Wordsworth were quoted as suggestive of certain ideas in the first and last movements, but of the four movements only the last can be considered as illustrative music. The reference to Wordsworth appears to be more an acknowledgment that the composer has found a stimulus to his imagination in certain of Wordsworth's poems than an admission that they have given him a definite programme to work upon. The first movement is called a Prelude, but the word is used apparently in its ordinary musical sense, not with reference to Wordsworth's poem, and the titles of the next two movements are taken from the dance forms of the traditional suite. The slow movement is called a Sarabande, and a Gavotte with a musette and scherzo woven into its texture follows. But the Finale is a country dance picturing a village merrymaking, from which at last a quiet "evening song" emerges and which seems to be a musical counterpart to Wordsworth's power of meditating upon sweet and homely sights and sounds.

Through most of the music there is a plainness of speech which is, perhaps, the strongest evidence of the poet's influence, because it has not always been a characteristic of Dr. Davies's music. The energy and rush of the Prelude is immediately convincing. It seems to be thought in one piece, and its impulse is unchecked. The beautiful Sarabande, too, has the same quality, although it is used for quite different ends, for its melody is calm and broad, yet full of strong feeling. The third movement—three miniatures in one frame—is not quite so direct, in spite of all its daintiness. Before the end one becomes a little conscious of the workmanship, the skill with which the figure of the gavotte binds all together. The composer seems inclined to rivet attention upon subtle details of harmony and orchestration, and so to bring us within walls. But the Finale turns us into the open air again, and the happy developments of the simple theme, in the manner of free improvisations by the instruments of the orchestra like the moving figures of a holiday crowd, make it one of the freshest things he has written. The reflective evening song makes a far more delightful ending than the conventional one which one expects to find as the climax of such a piece.

The suite seemed to set the general tone of the programme. After it came Beethoven's Piano Concerto in G, which shows Beethoven in his happiest and most lovable mood, and it was played with rare sympathy by Mr. Harold Bauer. The clearness of the ornaments in the first movement, the tenderness of the reverie of the slow movement, and the overflowing life of the Finale made the performance a memorable one. Mr. Dunhill's songs and the waltzes of Brahms (Op. 39), played by Mr. Bauer, were in keeping with the same mood, so that Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" seemed to be the least suitable choice to end such a programme. Mr. Dunhill has caught the spirit of Yeats's poems very skilfully, and his music well conveys their quiet, unforced mysticism, their quick turns of humour, and the easy flow of the lines. The first is "To Dectora," in which the orchestra makes a beautiful background of colour to the voice. "The Host of the Air" is perhaps the most skilfully designed, for the poem at first sight does not lend itself easily to music—there is so much in it. Yet Mr. Dunhill's setting never seems to miss a point, and never labours one. He has been more successful here than in the last, "The Fiddler of Dooney," for in this one feels the setting to be rather laboured, especially in the third verse, where the fiddler's artless vision of "Peter sitting in state" hardly wants pictorial music. The song which lies between them, "The Cloths of Heaven," is most delicately treated, but the poem is so perfectly designed for music that its successful setting is less remarkable than is that of the others. The songs were admirably sung by Mr. Elwes. Both the new works were very well received, and their composers were called several times to the platform.

"TWELVE O'CLOCKS."

Nov. 22. 1912

Fauré's lovely sonata for violin and piano (Opus 13), three of Beethoven's Scotch songs, and Schumann's "Carnaval"—such was the choice little programme at the mid-day concert in Æolian Hall yesterday. In the sonata Miss Mathilde Verne was joined by Miss Lena Kontorovitch, who on this occasion made her first appearance in London. If the young artist may be judged from her poetical interpretation of the violin part, then it must be said that she at once takes her place among the younger violinists whom it is a pleasure to listen to. The difficulties of this sonata are less technical than interpretative, and of the two partners it was the violinist who seemed the more authentic in her reading. Miss Verne's tone was too coldly brilliant at times, notably in the last movement. The Beethoven songs were sung by Miss Edith Clegg to the violin, 'cello, and piano accompaniment of Miss Kontorovitch, Miss Gwendolen Griffiths, and Miss Verne. These are, if one's memory is correct, three of the songs that Thomson, an Edinburgh publisher, commissioned Beethoven to "arrange." Time has not dealt too kindly with Beethoven's work upon them, and we have nothing to add to comments made when the songs were heard at a recital earlier in the week. It it hardly necessary to say that Miss Clegg did them more than justice, her sympathetic voice and admirable diction being especially telling in "My faithfu' Johnny." Miss Adela Verne completed the programme with a spirited performance of the "Carnaval."

NEW WORKS BY DR. DAVIES AND MR. DUNHILL.

The second concert of the season given by the Philharmonic Society took place last night at the Queen's Hall. There were two novelties in the programme, both by native composers. The first was a suite for orchestra by Dr. Walford Davies. This consisted of four movements—prelude, sarabande, gavotte, and finale. These titles suggested something in the old style, but in the result this was not the case; indeed, the second movement had none of the sarabande flavour about it, being rather an Elgaresque slow movement; neither was the gavotte strictly in character: it had as subsidiaries a musette and scherzo, all quite short. However, one need not quarrel with the names of the pieces. Dr. Davies's music is exceedingly cleverly made, and he treats his themes well, doing indeed more with them than one expects, for in themselves it must be confessed they are not very interesting, striking, or original. The best movement, perhaps, is the prelude, which rushes along with a healthy impetuousness. A good deal of virile atmosphere is also conveyed in the finale, and the idea of the quiet close in slow tempo is effective and effectively carried out. Some of the scoring is notable, although not free from certain influences of Elgar.

The second novelty was "The Wind Among the Reeds," a set of songs by Mr. Thomas Dunhill to words of W. B. Yeats. Entitled a song-cycle, one expected some connective thread; this, however, did not appear. The composer has made a mistake in treating his text too closely; a stronger effect would have been gained had he endeavoured to create a more general atmosphere for each lyric (as, in fact, he did in the case of "The cloths of heaven"). One missed in the others the definite note, and this helped to give the impression that the unsuitability of the songs for musical treatment at all had not been disproved. Nevertheless, the whole work showed considerable skill in writing for both orchestra and voice, and it was no ungrateful task that Mr. Gervase Elwes had set before him. He accomplished it with his usual mastery.

The other soloist of the evening was Mr. Harold Bauer, whose chief appearance was in the Beethoven G major concerto. His playing was remarkable for its clarity and charm of tone. The whole performance was, indeed, very enjoyable. Sir F. H. Cowen conducted, except in the case of Dr. Davies's suite, which was in the composer's hands, and the concert ended with Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung."

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Nov. 22. 1912

It was pleasant last night to find Sir Frederic H Cowen at his old post in command of the Philharmonic orchestra. A long record of honourable work stands to the credit of this distinguished musician and richly he deserved the very warm welcome he received on this occasion at the hands of the venerable society's supporters. There are signs and tokens by the way, that this—the Philharmonic's 101st season—will prove successful beyond the ordinary from the all-important standpoint of the box-office. Last evening's concert, at any rate, like the first of the season, a fortnight since, drew a very large audience to Queen's Hall, and one may well hope for a continuance of this encouraging state of things throughout the present series.

In last night's programme the directors showed that they had not forgotten their promise to mark the season lately entered upon by the production of new native works. The concert, indeed, opened with a novelty, and there was another to come later—both being British. Dr. Walford Davies, a musician from whom one has a right to expect much, supplied the first-named in the form of a Suite in C, for which he has found inspiration in some lines of Wordsworth. These it is not necessary to quote, since they are of the kind to suggest an atmosphere rather than any clearly-defined programme. For that matter, one may take leave to doubt whether a work in this particular form really gains from having any poetic basis. However, it is open to the composer to retort that he found one necessary as a stimulus to his imagination. And, in any case, those who heard the Suite last night could enjoy the cleverness shown by the composer in the treatment of his ideas without seeking to trace any connection between those ideas and the poet's lines. Of the four movements the most attractive, perhaps, is the third—containing a gavotte, musette, and scherzo—in which there are moments that remind one a little of Brahms in one of his more gracious moods. In the preceding section, a Sarabande, the composer's inspiration struck one as a thought laboured, but in the last he starts off with a theme—played by the double-basses pizzicato—which conveys quite happily a suggestion of bucolic humour, and ends, with an "evening song," on a note of sadness which is expressive enough, even though, apart from its reflection of the poet's mood, it seems to fall rather oddly into the scheme of such a work. The composer, who conducted, may well have felt satisfied with the reception accorded to him after the performance of his Suite, though we are by no means certain that he obtained for it complete justice at the hands of the orchestra. Probably an extra rehearsal or two would have been all to his—and the work's—advantage.

For the second and last of the evening's novelties Mr. Thomas Dunhill, a composer who has done much in recent times for the cause of British chamber-music, stood responsible. His song-cycle, "The Wind among the Reeds," consists of settings (with orchestral accompaniments) of four poems chosen from a set to which Mr. W. B. Yeats has given that fanciful title. Whether the connection between the four he has selected is sufficiently obvious to serve the purpose of a song-cycle is a point we need not discuss at the moment. Enough that the lyrics have inspired Mr. Dunhill to write some quite pleasant music, notably in "The Cloths of Heaven" which has a wistful charm, and in the last of the four, "The Fiddler of Dooney," to which, moreover, the composer has imparted the requisite Irish flavour. The cycle was sung with the utmost sympathy and spirit by Mr. Gervase Elwes, and the composer had to bow his acknowledgments at the end.

Considerations of time and space prevent anything more than the briefest mention of what many in the audience may well have regarded as the outstanding feature of the programme—Mr. Harold Bauer's quite splendid performance in Beethoven's G major Concerto. Enough that his playing, alike as regards beauty of interpretation and technical finish, was without a flaw, and so compelled the admiration of all who heard it. Sir Frederic Cowen, who, as conductor, had borne himself throughout with characteristic distinction, ended the programme with Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung."

MME. DONALDA'S CONCERT.

Nov. 23. 1912

The concert which Mme. Donalda, the well-known soprano singer, gave at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon was profuse in its music and in the bouquets of flowers which were handed up to the platform. The Overture to *Die Meistersinger*, Elgar's "Enigma" Variations, Balfour Gardiner's "Shepherd Fennel's Dance," played by the New Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Landon Ronald, Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia, played by Miss Irene Scharrer, and Saint-Saëns's Rondo Capriccioso, played by M. Joska Szigeti, both with orchestra, would have made a reasonably full programme without the concert-giver's share in it. The latter, however, is the only part which requires any particular comment here. It was restricted to an Italian song by Handel, "Vinto è l'amor," from *Ottone*, a group of modern songs with piano (mainly about kisses) in three languages, and the "Salce" song from Verdi's *Otello*. Thus she began by showing that her technique is in good order, for the florid passages of Handel were perfectly neatly finished, and then proceeded to make an obvious appeal to the sentimental side of human nature, a side which is easily appealed to in a London concert-room. Both the German songs of Frederic D'Erlanger and the French ones of Mr. Gustave Ferrari do this with a certain artistic grace and delicacy; the English examples chosen, Mr. Ernest Dunkels's "Every flower" and Mr. Landon Ronald's "To Electra," have not the same quality. By dwelling upon and repeating the words they push the sentiment beyond the bounds of delicacy. To return to the first verse of Herrick's "To Electra" and repeat the line "I dare not ask a kiss," suggests merely an unthinkable importunity. Yet the audience accepted it all without question, so much so that "Every flower" had to be repeated and another English song of no greater merit was added at the end of the group.

COLERIDGE-TAYLOR MEMORIAL CONCERT.

Nov. 23 1912

The huge gathering at the Albert Hall last night gave the strongest possible evidence of the high position which the music of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor holds in popular esteem and the strong feeling of personal regret which his early death has called out. A chorus and orchestra of about 1,250 took part, consisting of singers from the Royal Choral Society, the Alexandra Palace Choral Society, the London Choral Society, and the Crystal Palace Choir, and of instrumentalists belonging to the London Symphony and New Symphony Orchestras, the Royal Amateur and Stock Exchange Orchestral Societies, and the Handel Society. Coleridge-Taylor was the conductor of the last two of these societies at the time of his death, and the others had all been intimately concerned in the successful production or performance of his works in the course of his career. Eminent solo singers and conductors gave their services, and the general public did their share by filling the hall in every part. The concert was under the patronage of Queen Alexandra, and was attended by Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll. But the concert was more than a tribute to the memory of a popular musician; it was given with the object of raising a fund for the support of his widow and children, for although his best-known work, the cantata *Hiawatha*, and certain other of his compositions, have been performed all over the world, it is a fact that he never made more than sufficient to support himself and his family in modest circumstances during his lifetime, and was only able to leave an inconsiderable sum of money when he died.

The programme consisted of the first two parts of *Hiawatha* and a number of Coleridge-Taylor's songs and short orchestral pieces. An ideal performance of *Hiawatha* was scarcely to be expected in the conditions, but under the experienced direction of Sir Frederick Bridge the work went surprisingly well. The bright tone of the choir was specially remarkable; Mr. Ben Davies made a great effect in the beautiful song "Onaway! Awake, Beloved," and the solo singers in the second part, Miss Carrie Tubb, who took the place of Mme. Gleeson-White at short notice Miss Esta D'Argo, Mr. Robert Radford, and Mr. Julien Henry were alike sympathetic. The last-named, indeed, sang the lament for Minnehaha with a depth of feeling which made its appeal in the special circumstances of this concert a peculiarly strong one. Times

Sir Charles Stanford began the second part with a good performance of the Ballade in A minor for orchestra; later Mr. Landon Ronald conducted two of the Waltzes from Op. 22, and at the end of the programme came the "Bamboula" (Rhapsodic Dance), also for orchestra. Between these were placed some of the composer's most popular songs, sung by Mme. Ada Crossley, Miss Esta D'Argo, who took the place of Miss Ruth Vincent in the air "Spring had come," from the third part of *Hiawatha*, Mr. Gervase Elwes, and Mr. Robert Radford. Mr. Adolf Schmid conducted the orchestral accompaniments.

It is estimated that the total sum realized by the concert amounts to about £1,200, from which, of course, expenses have to be deducted.

COLERIDGE-TAYLOR CONCERT

Nov. 23. 1912

HUGE AUDIENCE AT THE ALBERT HALL.

PRINCESS LOUISE PRESENT.

Coleridge-Taylor, unhappily for him, from the human point of view, was one of those whom the gods love—and the gods, unhappily for us, exacted the penalty. Not only the gods, however, but mortals as well loved Coleridge-Taylor—those who did not know him for the singular charm of his music, and those who did know him, both for his music and for his own most attractive personality. How deep was the affection and how high was the esteem in which he was held was shown by the immense size of the audience which filled the Royal Albert Hall last night, on the occasion of the memorial concert organised by some of the most devoted of his friends on behalf of his widow and his children. It was, indeed, such an audience as carried one back to the never-to-be-forgotten days of the Patti concerts, for rarely, save at the appearances of that most adored of all prima donnas, has the hall been so well filled. Chief amongst those present were Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll, who occupied the Royal box, while in the Prince of Wales's box was the Lord Chamberlain (Lord Sandhurst), and in the audience were to be seen many faces well known both in the social and in the musical worlds.

Those of Coleridge-Taylor's friends who actively practice the musical art, both in an amateur and in a professional way, were no less eager to do honour to his memory. The large choir was, for example, drawn from the Royal, the Alexandra, the London, and the Crystal Palace Choral Societies, while to the orchestra the London Symphony, the New Symphony, the Royal Amateur, the Stock Exchange, and the Handel Society orchestras—of the last of which he was, of course, the much-esteemed conductor—all contributed their quota. Four conductors shared the direction of the chorus and orchestra—Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Mr. Landon Ronald, and Mr. Adolf Schmid, with the last of whom as conductor at His Majesty's Theatre, Coleridge-Taylor was intimately associated when he wrote the incidental music to "Herod," "Ulysses," "Nero," "Faust," and "Othello."

So many were the well-known singers who expressed a desire to take a part, that it was found necessary to distribute the solo parts in "The Death of Minnehaha" among four. Madame Gleeson White, who was to have been the Minnehaha, was, unfortunately, prevented from appearing by indisposition, but her place was excellently filled by Miss Carrie Tubb, while Miss Esta D'Argo, as Nokomis, Mr. Robert Radford, as Famine, Mr. Julien Henry, as Hiawatha, and Mr. Ben Davies, as Chibiabos, in "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," all acquitted themselves most admirably. In both of these cantatas the chorus, under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge, did remarkably well, when one takes into consideration the fact that, drawn from four distinct societies which have given frequent performances of the music under different conductors, all holding doubtless divergent views as to the correct interpretation of the music in many details, it had had but few opportunities for collective rehearsal. The singing was certainly for the most part of a very high order.

In the second and miscellaneous part of the programme other fine singers pointed by their admirable performances of some of his finest songs the regret which all present must have felt at the premature death of a composer so gifted. Miss Ruth Vincent was at the last moment prevented from appearing, but Miss Esta D'Argo, her substitute, in "Spring had come," and Mr. Gervase Elwes in "My Love" and "Over the hills," both gave of their best, while the circumstances added a special touch of pathos to Madame Ada Crossley's beautiful interpretation of "Unmindful of the Roses." Here, too, place was found for two fine orchestral ballads in A minor, for his stirring "Bamboula," the rhapsodic dance which he founded on a West Indian measure, and for two valses from his charming set of characteristic dances—an excellent selection, cal-

culated to display his powers as a writer of orchestral music at their highest.

Evidently no pains had been spared to make the concert a complete success, both artistic and financial. Enough has been said to show that so far as their artistic side was concerned the efforts of its promoters were crowned with success, and it is very pleasant to be able to record that the pecuniary results were no less satisfactory. The receipts from the sale of tickets amounted to over £1,000, a respectable sum which will be materially increased when a number of donations, the precise amount of which is not at present known, are added to it. Certainly the Coleridge-Taylor memorial concert richly justified its inception.

A NEW VIOLINIST.

Miss Phyllis Norman Parker, who gave her first concert last night, at the Æolian Hall, is a violinist of considerable ability. There was something distinctly attractive about her share of the performance of César Franck's sonata (Miss Evelyn Dawkin was a sympathetic pianist therein); its chief merit lay in the sincerity of the attempt to realise moods which are by no means easy of attainment. That Miss Parker's technique is by no means perfect cannot be denied. The general control is too variable for that; now and again her intonation was not accurate, and often one felt that stronger effects could have been made with a less stiff bowing arm. In respect of tone and sympathy of style the playing was exceedingly promising, but care must be taken against the tendency noticeable towards the sentimental in expression. What ought to save Miss Parker in this respect is that she does not err thus by a dragging of the tempo or excess of rubato. The failing lies more in a careless use of the portamento effect. 23/12

CESAR FRANCK'S SYMPHONY

NW 26 1912

LAST NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

The concert given by the London Symphony Orchestra last night at the Queen's Hall was not uninteresting, if hardly one of the best of the series so far. To be quite frank, Sir Edward Elgar is not an inspiring conductor, and it must be confessed that the orchestral playing was scarcely as good as usual, either in the violoncello concerto of Dvorák or in the symphony of César Franck. The soloist was Dr. Serge Barjansky, a very accomplished artist with a highly temperamental style. He evidently wished to give us a fiery and impassioned reading of the concerto, but his playing and that of the orchestra did not amalgamate, and in consequence there were several moments of uncertainty of ensemble.

Franck's work is not consistent; it has superlatively fine passages and some alternations of a good deal less than that. Yet its mood is lofty, serious, and even noble. He who would excel in the classical forms must be a master of classical technique. One feels Franck's limitations in this respect, but yet can realise and appreciate the mental and musical outlook, its solidity and sincerity.

Two other purely orchestral works were played, both by Sir Edward Elgar, the brilliant and picturesque "In the South" Overture and the somewhat experimental Introduction and Allegro for strings. In the last the composer has treated themes of only moderate distinction with great diversity and skill, but not representing him inventively in his happiest vein. There is a touch of the manufactured in the final result.

NW 27/11/12

MUSIC.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The symphony concert at Queen's Hall last night was the first of the two which Sir Edward Elgar conducts this season, and included two of his works which since the coming of his symphonies have been rather neglected. At the beginning of the programme was the Overture "In the South," originally produced at the festival of Elgar's music given in 1904, and offered then in lieu of the first symphony, which had been expected, but did not make its appearance until five years later. The other was the Introduction and Allegro for strings written a little earlier. In spite of the glow and colour of the overture, the work for strings is the stronger of the two—in fact, one is inclined to think that Elgar has never written a movement of such sustained interest or shown such power of developing his ideas consistently as he has shown here. It is singularly free from the stiff sequential passages which cut the larger movements of the symphonies into blocks and sometimes check the flow of the overture. Though the orchestration for strings only restricts the range of colour, yet within the limits imposed there is wonderful variety. Both works were well played last night, but the playing of the second was conspicuously fine. The solo quartet, consisting of Messrs. W. H. Reed, H. W. Reeves, A. Hobday, and B. P. Parker, were placed together, and so were able to give the effect of chamber music contrasting with the force of the orchestra, an effect which is impossible when the members of the quartet sit in their places in the orchestra. The splendid body of tone, equally splendid in its *piano* and *forte* qualities, in its slow *cantabile* and its rapid passages, which the London Symphony Orchestra can command was employed at its best in this work.

Besides these the programme contained Dvorák's Violoncello Concerto in B minor, played by Dr. Serge Barjansky, and Franck's Symphony in D minor. The former was not a wholly satisfactory performance. Sir Edward Elgar is rarely at his ease in directing a performance with a solo player, and there were some moments when the *ensemble* wavered. The violoncellist, too, in spite of his great technical facility, could not always make his part stand forward clearly. In the passages of the first movement where the four strings are covered in rapid *arpeggi* the tone became thin and the details were blurred. We were grateful to Sir Edward Elgar for the sympathetic performance of Franck's symphony, a work which the visiting conductors who preside over the majority of these concerts seem disinclined to give us. The Finale was the strong point in this performance, and the weaving together of the threads of thought from the three movements was skilfully managed.

ROUSSEAU'S "DEVIN DU VILLAGE."

A performance of Jean Jacques Rousseau's one-act opera *Le Devin du Village* was given yesterday afternoon at the Court Theatre by the members of Miss Florence von Etlinger's school of opera comique, under the direction of M. Gustave Ferrari. This performance (which was preceded by some old French and English songs sung in costume) will be repeated at the Playhouse on Thursday and at the headquarters of the school (60, Paddington-street, Marylebone) on Friday and Saturday.

We pointed out in the Music Article last Saturday how Rousseau wrote his tiny "Intermède" (or "Intermezzo," to give it the familiar Italian title) in 1752, just at the moment when an Italian buffo troupe was drawing all Paris to hear *La Serva Padrona*, and how, in spite of his having satisfactorily proved in a pamphlet that the French neither had nor could have any music, he actually intended his work to be a French equivalent of Italian *opera buffa*, and made such a success with it that it became a model to Monsigny, Grétry, and later composers, and was in fact the first legitimate *opéra comique*. Rousseau, of course, never foresaw these historic consequences. He wrote the music simply for his own amusement at the country house of a friend, and it was not until it was taken up at the Opera that he turned it into the traditional theatrical entertainment by adding a lengthy *Divertissement* which included a *pantomime d'action* in which the same situation that occurs in the opera was mimed by the dancers. Some extra airs were also added in order to rebut the usual charge of plagiarism which was brought against him by his musical enemies.

It cannot be said that a favourable impression was given by yesterday's performance. Señor Roig Pascual as Colin had several good moments and used his voice well, but Mr. Ernest Groom as the Magician appeared to be lacking in the most elementary principles of dramatic technique. Mlle. Gina Palerme as Colette every now and then played and sang with conviction as well as grace, but too often her time was shaky, and here she obtained little help from the orchestra. Who the players were we do not know, but they seemed to have so much difficulty in reading their parts that they had no attention left to give to the conductor. It was almost impossible, therefore, to realize how effective (and in its day revolutionary) Rousseau's use of the orchestra is in the moments of *récitatif obligé*. The chorus did some of their work well, but there was little in the performance yesterday that enabled one to feel the freshness and the easy simplicity of the style. It is to be hoped that later performances may go more smoothly, so that those who hear them may have at any rate a rough idea of why Gluck wrote of the music that he had taken it as a model for his own style.

NW Thy. 1912

MR. OSCAR SEAGLE'S RECITAL.

It would be slight praise to speak of Mr. Oscar Seagle's performance at Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon as among the most interesting first appearances of the season, for this season has up till now been almost barren of newcomers who are at all noteworthy. Such singing as Mr. Seagle's would be memorable at any time, for his baritone voice is a very fine one, his skill in using it is without a flaw, and he has an unerring feeling for style. The last two of these qualifications he has cultivated under M. Jean de Reszke. His singing of a number of old and new French songs was thoroughly delightful, but the range of his powers seemed fairly shown in two songs, the anonymous "L'amour de moi," which requires delicately poised rhythm and beautifully controlled closed tones, and got all that it requires, and Duparc's "Phydile," in which the full powers of the voice, the free play of colour, and the ardour of passion are essential features of expression. In the latter part of the programme he sang songs in German, though only one by a German composer—Brahms; the others were by Grieg, Dvorák, and Rachmaninov, and he ended with some slight things by American composers. It was in these last that the feeling that something was lacking, of which we became conscious as soon as Mr. Seagle left the French language, was explained. Such a song as Blair Fairchild's "A Memory" is nothing unless the singer makes its sentiment his own and gives it quite spontaneously to his audience. Mr. Seagle let one know that he had thought what to do with it, whereas it merely needed a touch of humour to carry it through. At present there is no humour in Mr. Seagle's art, and until it comes he is not likely to shake off his consciousness of having studied well. When he can do that his singing will have twice the emotional power it at present has. Mr. Yves Nat played some piano solos by Chopin and Debussy cleverly, but his best work was done in the artistic accompaniments he supplied to the songs.

AN AMERICAN BARITONE.

A promising singer was heard in the Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon in the person of the American baritone, Mr. Oscar Seagle. A pupil of Jean de Reszke, he has obviously devoted much time and thought to the study of his art, and although he is only still "in the making," nevertheless gave sufficient evidence of higher interpretative powers.

His powerful voice is fine in quality, but apparently limited in upward range, as there was a loss of resonance and ease in notes above E. Technically, too, his singing was marred by a tightness of production, and there was frequently a sense of restraint when increasing the volume. On the other hand, he showed a good command of tone-colour, plenty of variety of style, and no little power in elaborating a climax.

Favourable examples of his art were "Non più andrai," out of "Figaro," and two charming old French songs of the seventeenth century, "L'amour de moi" and "Chanson à danser," but he was also successful in reproducing the modern French atmosphere of Fauré's "Fleur jetée" and "Mandoline," by Debussy. On the whole, then, a singer of promise.

Individual pianoforte-playing was also contributed by Mr. Yves Nat, who proved more in sympathy with Chopin than with Debussy, whose "Jardin sous la pluie" was treated with too little neutrality of tone-colour. NW 27

Y, NOVEMBER 27, 1912.

MUSIC.

MR. BACKHAUS'S RECITAL.

We have often discussed Mr. Backhaus's playing in these columns, and only a few days ago he was heard in a recital with Mme. Carreño, so that there is no need to speak at length of the recital which he gave yesterday afternoon in the Queen's Hall.

It began with Saint-Saëns's Caprice on airs from the ballet of Gluck's *Alceste*, and ended with another caprice of a somewhat similar kind in the shape of Liszt's Paraphrase on *Rigoletto*. Both these works suit Mr. Backhaus well, for they enable him to display his meticulously exact style and give him opportunities for many of the crystalline runs and scales that he always has at command. Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, however, needs something more than perfect accuracy if the music is to become in any sense alive, and it cannot be said that there was much breadth or dignity of style in Mr. Backhaus's playing of it yesterday. The last movement was the most successful because of the possibilities it gives of decorative treatment; for the same reason the variations of the E major Sonata (Op. 109), which followed, went better than the rest, though even here the passages were treated only formally and not as a means of expression. A group of pieces by Chopin came next, beginning with one of the mazurkas, which might have been played more rhythmically, and also contained the Scherzo in B flat minor, which was given brilliantly, but with little colour and with somewhat over-emphasized phrasing in the initial theme.

MISS MARY LEIGHTON'S RECITAL.

The singer who gave her first recital at Bechstein Hall last night made a most favourable impression at the outset through the beauty of her voice in some Italian songs in the *bel canto* style. It is a soprano voice of pure quality, evenly produced and well controlled, so that, although Miss Leighton's prevalent fault of prolonging a note for the pleasure of the sound made its appearance early, one could not be hard upon it, because the sound was genuinely pleasurable. It became more serious later in the programme in songs which require definite interpretation. Charpentier's "Depuis le jour" and two songs by Delius were so dragged in order that each favourable note might be dwelt upon that their essential features were blurred. In the numerous songs, ten in all, by Miss Margaret Whitcombe, which the composer accompanied, there was little else to be done but to score as many vocal points as possible, for they have little or no character of their own. Miss Whitcombe has been singularly unfortunate in her choice of words, which for the most part consist of verses evidently made up in order to be set to music and not because the versifier had anything which he wanted to say. One exception to this, the only one, by the way, which was unsigned by its author, was set by Miss Whitcombe in a quite different manner. This is called "The Horseman," a little lyric which at least has a point of its own and has been given a musical setting with point in its galloping accompaniment and its swift movement to a climax in the last line. It was sufficient to show that Miss Whitcombe may do something better than she has done hitherto. Among

her last group of songs Miss Leighton sang De "The Snow" admirably, with subdued and even tone and unbroken rhythm. She showed, too, in Walford Davies's "When children play" that she can sing English words both rapidly and clearly, and if she had not been tempted to prolong the high note at the end of the phrase "Singin' out" she would have caught the elusive character of the song perfectly. After two songs by Cecil Scott she ended with a very effective song, "O ring the bell," from a cycle of Kate Greenaway's rhymes, with music by "Aston Tyrrold."

MR. SAPELLNIKOFF AND MR. BYARD.

Mr. Sapellnikoff's appearances in London have not been frequent of late, so that a large audience came to the Æolian Hall last night, in spite of the atrocious weather, to hear the first of two recitals given by him in conjunction with Mr. Theodore Byard.

The pianist's solos consisted of Beethoven's last Sonata in C minor, Liszt's transcriptions of the Overture to *Tannhäuser* (which the pianola ought to have driven out of all players' repertories), and Chopin's four Ballades. In the sonata Mr. Sapellnikoff was disappointing. There was much to admire, of course, in his technique—the sure touch, the ringing tone of his *fortes*, the wonderful spinning of the runs in the last movement, and so on—but there was little feeling behind it all. The opening Maestoso was very dry, and the Allegro was taken at an almost breakneck speed; while the air and variations were held back the whole time and kept on a single plane of feeling in a way which allowed of hardly any grades of expression, as though the player were determined that no one moment should be given an interest at the expense of any other. In the ballades there was much more variety of expression, and also more vitality. Every detail in them was clear, the legato themes of those in F and F minor being particularly beautiful, and yet the continuity of the music was not sacrificed; each ballade was held together by unity of rhythm, and each was carried along with splendid impulse to the climax.

Mr. Byard's songs consisted of Schumann's "Dichterliebe" and of a group by English composers, in which Parry's "I'm wearing sweet violets" and Vaughan Williams's setting of Stevenson's "Vagabond" were sung the best. Of the "Dichterliebe" he gave an admirable performance. His tone was never very clear or resonant, but it was admirably under control; his diction was exemplary, and all his singing was marked with intimacy of expression. He was specially successful in songs like "Ich grolle nicht" or "Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen," which need suppressed feeling, but he also gave charming effect to the light mood of "Ich will meine Seele tauchen" and "Und wüssten's die Blumen." In both the light and the serious songs the details were extremely clear, but the singer, with true artistic instinct, refrained from making points even at tempting places, like the last line of "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'" or the end of "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen," where the serious voice of the poet broke in after the irony of the preceding lines. Mr. Samuel Liddle accompanied throughout most sympathetically.

R. STRAUSS UNRAVELLED BY SYMPHONY SOCIETY

N. Y. Sun

Solo 'Cello the Best Part of His Tangled Skein "Don Quixote."

Dec. 9, 1912

ZIMBALIST HEARD ALSO

Does His Best With the Doubtful "Symphonie Espagnole."

He was a wicked wag who called the "Don Quixote" of Richard Strauss a "hem" and "variations," but he had a certain reality of the truth in him.

The composition was the concluding number on the programme of the Symphony Society concert at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It had been last played previously by the Boston musicians on Friday, 23 of last year. Its slumber of a year and three-quarters was none too much for it. Such music should not be heard too often, for the human imagination can contain only a moderate quantity of things at one and the same time.

It is quite unnecessary to make an essay on this syphonic delineation at this time. The most open minded receptivity cannot gather from it anything greater than it seemed to offer at a first hearing. Let us admit at the outset that it requires much better playing than it had yesterday and give the music itself the benefit of this point of view.

Paul Kefer, who had the solo 'cello part, played beautifully, with lovely tone and poetic expression; but he was a rather lonely figure. The orchestra as a whole was lacking in the absolutely essential precision and in the faultless accuracy of intonation demanded by the broken phraseology and complicated harmonic scheme of this work. But even the less the character of the composition was fairly exposed and it was unquestionably an expose.

There need be no debate on the purpose of the composer. All his premises may be granted, but still his production fails in the inevitable places and rises to distinction just as surely in those passages in which absolute music joins hands with programmatic intent and slugs out great moods in broadly lined song.

When Don Quixote "discourses nobly of the ideal" Mr. Strauss also discourses of it and his muse finds real inspiration. The humorous variations, on the other hand, are perilously close to the confines of burlesque, if they do not actually cross them. Sheep are sheep and bleatings are bleatings; and when the brass instruments are called upon to imitate them by way of joke there is very little subtlety in the merriment. But the orchestral technic of the entire composition is noteworthy and the sardonic cleverness of Mr. Strauss is at times extraordinary.

The solo player yesterday was Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist, who chose as his number the "Symphonie Espagnole" of Lalo, not a very strong composition, nor one well suited to a display of the young man's own most excellent accomplishments. But when the town is overcrowded with fiddlers and the repertory of the instrument is ransacked from Corelli to Kreisler, it is somewhat puzzling for a soloist to know what to play.

Mr. Zimbalist's tone sounded unusually small and dull yesterday, but the reasons for this were probably beyond his control. He played with plenty of dash and spirit and few technical inaccuracies.

The concert began with a really admirable performance of Schubert's unfinished symphony, in which the playing of the orchestra was smooth, rich, polished in style and altogether quite in the best vein of Mr. Damrosch's musicians. It may be added to complete the record that Mr. Damrosch made a few enlightening remarks before the Strauss number and doubtless many of his hearers wished there had been more of them.

THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY

N. Y. Tribune
Dec. 9, 12

Zimbalist Plays at a Sunday Concert.

The fifth of the Sunday afternoon subscription concerts of the Symphony Society took place in Aeolian Hall yesterday. Efrem Zimbalist, whose name suggests thoughts of another and less noble instrument, but who plays the violin, was the solo performer without which a Sunday concert would scarcely be conceivable. His number was Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," which was preceded by Schubert's symphonic torso in B minor and followed by Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote," with obbligato parts for the violoncello, viola and wind machine. Mr. Paul Kefer was named on the house bill as the player on the first of these instruments, Mr. Hans Weissmann as the performer on the second, but the virtuoso on the last, which Herr Strauss took out of the theatre and put in the concert room, was left unmentioned; so was the bell wether of the flock of sheep that take part by proxy in one of the variations and are also one of Herr Strauss's symphonic innovations. But complaint on this score might be interpreted as lack of gratitude for Sunday concerts, and a recorder of the musical doings of the metropolis ought not to be ungrateful for the manifold, multitudinous and multifarious blessings which are vouchsafed him as a fraction of the public.

So many orchestral concerts have now been given in Aeolian Hall that it may be suggested that the need of a readjustment of values in this field is becoming evident. The tendency of performers of orchestral music has been away from the intimacy which in its childhood was invited by the form. As the music rooms have grown larger the players have become more numerous. With the augmentation of the string choir, the backbone of the organization, there came a need for an augmentation of the tone given out by the wind instruments. So the company of blowers of wood and brass was multiplied, and when it was discovered by conductors that the elemental powers of the trumpets, horns and trombones made appeal to the primitive instincts, which had been lulled into quiescence by the art of the classic composers, the brazen cohorts were invited to blow blood out of their eyes, so that nerves, always kept tense by modern life, might receive the needful irritation. Mr. Damrosch has retained the normal symphonic band, and put it into an environment which makes petition for a restoration of the ideals which prevailed when the old principles of intimacy had validity. There was much beauty in the fine, full, gripping tone which was never absent in the softest passages of the Schubert music yesterday; but its sheer muscularity would have been greater in the big unisonal climaxes if the ears of the hearers had not been assaulted by the players of brass. In the readjustment of values Mr. Damrosch and his admirable men must meet his audience at least half way.

Mr. Zimbalist played with a great deal of beauty in the slow movement of Lalo's composition and splendid rhythmical dash and tonal brilliancy in its dance finale; but there is still a difference between the playing of him and his young associates and that of the veterans who are contesting the field with them this year. Perhaps that was one of the lessons which may have been carried away by some of those who heard Mr. Damrosch's entertaining and instructive concert yesterday.

H. E. K.

YSAYE DRAWS BIG CROWD

Violinist Gets Warm Welcome at Metropolitan Opera House.

Eugene Ysaye was the special attraction at last night's concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, and as a result an audience as large as any that the great auditorium ever held attended.

Mr. Ysaye played Vieztemps's concerto in D minor, No. 4, to accompaniment of the orchestra under Mr. Polacco's direction, and two soli Svendsen's "Romance" and Saint-Saëns's "Rondo Capriccios."

N. Y. Tribune

The great violinist was in admirable vein, playing with warm, rich tone and in the breadth of style of which at his best he knows no peer.

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The other artists were Miss Vera Curtis, who sang an air from "Aida" and a group of songs, and Pasquale Amato, who gave "Eri tu" from "The Masked Ball," and the prologue to "Pagliacci." The purely orchestral numbers were Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3 and the overture to "Tannhäuser."

RECITAL BY MME. HUARD

N. Y. Tribune
Dec. 9, 12

Francis Wilson's Daughter Sings and Plays French Songs.

La Baronne Huard, who is a daughter of Francis Wilson, the actor, gave a recital of French popular songs before an audience of more than average size yesterday afternoon in The Little Theatre. Mme. Huard's programme was of unusual interest, being composed of songs drawn from nursery rhymes, dance tunes, provincial airs, military songs and love songs. Before each selection the singer gave a short explanatory sketch.

Though Mme. Huard is not possessed of a voice of any power or particular beauty, she showed admirable and invariable taste in all she did, and her French diction was a delight. In short, she is rather a diseuse than a singer, an artist who has understood the spirit and beauty of the French chanson and who is able to impart that spirit and beauty to an audience. She was warmly applauded.

SASLAVSKY STRING QUARTET.

Interesting Chamber Programme Heard, with Miss Hauser at Piano.

The Belasco Theatre has grown to be a convenient and comfortable home for Sunday evening chamber music concerts. Last night the Saslavsky String Quartet and Miss Isabel Hauser made an appearance there before an audience which pretty well filled the theatre.

The programme on this occasion was made up of various kinds of chamber music. There was a trio in G major by Mozart, played by Miss Hauser and Messrs. Saslavasky and Jacques Renard; César Franck's violin and piano sonata, played by Miss Hauser and Mr. Saslavsky, and Schumann's quartet in E flat major, played by Miss Hauser, Mr. Saslavsky, Victor Kolar, Joseph B. di Janni, violist, and Mr. Renard.

This programme, as may be seen, was interesting, although it contained nothing remotely approaching a novelty. Its performance, too, was on a good plane. The strings in this quartet all play with good tone, and the ensemble spirit is well maintained. To Miss Hauser much of the excellence of the performance was due. She is a good pianist, and she knows how to grade her tones to mingle pleasantly with those of stringed instruments.

SOUSA'S MARCHES CONTINUE POPUL

N. Y. Herald

Old Favorites Win More Appl Than Regular Programme at the Hippodrome.

If the towers of the Hippodrome di tremble last night it was not the fau nearly five thousand persons who time to Mr. John Philip Sousa's ma as he conducted them. It was his se concert here this season, and the p larity of his old marches has not w to judge from the applause they evol

Mr. Sousa has relegated most of to the secondary positions of encores that is probably why the audience plauded the regular numbers on the gramme with such enthusiasm. would continue the din until a pla with the name of one of the old mar was held aloft by the drummer.

An unfortunate begining some marred the concert, for the band played the overture from "Tannhau Wonderful as are the beauties and strength of the overture, they could rise above the great volume of sound the brass wind instruments. "El Cap followed as an encore, and the aud promptly forgot the injustice don Wagner.

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A suite of character studies, "Dwe in the Western World," served to that Mr. Sousa's field is marches and descriptive music. The soloists were Virginia Root, soprano, who sang an from "Esclarmonde," by Massenet; Nicoline Zedeler, violinist, and Mr. bert L. Clarke.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHON

N. Y. Times

Strauss's "Don Quixote" Heard—Zimbalist the Soloist.

Dec. 9, 12

The most conspicuous feature of concert of the New York Symphony chestra in Aeolian Hall yesterday af noon, if not the most agreeable one, the performance of Richard Strau tone poem "Don Quixote." It is that is least frequently heard becaus the demands it makes on the abilities the players and on the patience of audience. In this set of "fantast variations on a theme of knightly ch acter" Strauss has carried the idea a "programme" to its furthest, and written some of the poorest music t has come from his pen. It makes v little difference whether, as Mr. Da rosch said in his introductory rema certain of the variations are unintellig without a clear understanding of incidents they are supposed to ill trate; or whether they are intellig with such an understanding. They burlesque foolishness; noise with a p pose behind them, to be sure, but no "Unmusik," as the Germans say—w less relation to music than the "t drama" has to drama.

Nor is their value increased by fact that the "theme of a knightly ch acter" is one of true distinction, answ ing to its description, and that two three of the ten variations and the fin have real beauty, imagination, and po ical suggestiveness. They are swam by the wearisome clatter of the oth the pretentious business of combin many themes into pointless discords "counterpoint," or of playing them urging all sorts of orchestral instrume out of their natural utterance into sh shrieklings, groanings, and cacklings. is not to be believed either that this co position is itself a successful venture, that the style it represents has any ture or can lead to anything that has.

The performance of it is difficu "would God, ma'am, it were impossibl like the performance of Dr. Johnso dancing bear. Nor did the Symphony O chestra accomplish it with complete s cess, though much of it was well do and many of the difficulties were w overcome. Messrs. Kefer, the solo 'celli and Weissmann, the solo viola, acquitt themselves honorably, and Mr. Damros conducted with great zeal.

Mr. Efrem Zimbalist was the soloi and devoted his fine skill upon the vio to playing Lalo's "Symphonie Espa nole"; a dull piece that even Mr. Zi balist could not greatly enliven, thou he played it with determination, wi plenty of energy and fire, and a purpo of bringing out all there is in it. His r markable art and musicianship were aga to be admired, and they aroused gre enthusiasm in the audience, so that was several times recalled. His beautif and broad tone, strangely enough, seem to lose something of its vitality in t new hall, which has proved so favorab to almost every other kind of music tone.

There was much enjoyment to be d rived from Schubert's "Unfinished Sy phony," which began the concert a was played with finish, with abundan of shadings and with a feeling for the i exhaustible magic of its beauty.

The Barrere Ensemble.

These ars great times for chamber mu ic. Ths wood-wind organization of George Barrèrs played yesterday afternoon, th Flonzaley Quartet in the svsning, and to ight the Kneisels will be hsard in Aeolia Iall. N. Y. Post

Five numhers made up the programm t the Barrère concert, which was give t ths Belasco Theatre. There was Grands Serenade" in B flat, by Mozart Richard Strauss's "Serenade," Op. 7, and Divertissement," by Psrillion, for the ir truments alone, and two choruses, accon panied by wind instruments; Schumann Beim Abschied zu Singsn," for mixe oices, and Besthoven's "Bundeslied," O 22, for men's voices, which added interes ng variety to the concert.

Ths Mozart Serenade frequently recalls Don Giovanni." The final rondo wa harming, and some of the variations were nteresting, but as a whole ths work is oo long. Strauss's Serenade showed ths arly Strauss, a Strauss who could write melody of almost classic simplicity, and enrich it with harmonies which do not grate on ths ear. Dec. 10 '12

The final number on the programme was he most interesting of all. This "Divertissement" consisted of four short numbers, a "Conte" for two flutes and two clarinets, a "Musette" for four instruments, oboes, and bassoons; a "Chasse" for four French horns, and the finale, for the twelve instruments, a "Bourrée," on a popular theme. French elegance and clarity characterized this group, which had also the old-time quaint charm of the period of minuets and bourrées. It is needless to say that this number, as well as the others, was played as only this group of famous specialists could play it.

Post Flonzaley Quartet. Dec. 10 '12

All but the youngest of the lovers of hamber music remember the time when the Kneisel Quartet was an infant industry protected hy Mr. Higginson, of Boston town. More recently the Flonzaley Quartet was a fledgling supported hy Mr. de Coppet. Today, both of these organizations are self-supporting, having reared audiences that look forward eagerly to their annual concerts. The women and men who make up these audiences look down on the gluttonous mortals who need a whole opera company or a huge orchestra to feast on. What need is there of barbecuing a whole ox when you can get all its precious flavor in a little jar of meat extract?

The jars consumed last night at Aeolian Hall were imported from Austria and Russia. There were quartets by Mozart, Haydn, and Tchaikovsky. Mozart is more interesting in his chamber music than in his symphonies, and the work chosen (Koechel 499) is a particularly good specimen. The Flonzaleys played it not only with dslicacy and the purity of intonation so difficult to attain in music of this kind, but with touches of feeling that brought the music nearer to our time. The Haydn quartet (op. 76, No. 1) gave the players a welcome chance to disport themselves in merry rhythmic fashion; while the slow movement of Tchaikovsky's opus 11 (which moved Tolstoy to tears) revealed what is after all the best thing about the Flonzaleys—their ability to play emotional music with deep feeling.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Dec. 9. 1912

Kreisler and the Boston Orchestra.

Dr. Carl Muck and his admirable Boston orchestra were again heard to best advantags on Saturday afternoon, when hey played the eighth of Beethoven's symphonies, the same composer's third "Leonora" overture, and Schumann's "Genoveva" overture. The symphony fared better han it did at its first hearing in Vienna, n 1814. On that occasion it "did not please he audience," according to Czerny. It nore than pleased Saturday's hearers in Carnegie Hall, but that hardly proves their superiority in culture to the audience which heard and did not applaud the première f this composition nearly a century ago. here were no orchestras in those days qual to the best we have now, and in all robability the performance in 1814 left much to be desired, not only in matters of expression, but of technical execution. Beethoven himself seldom had occasion to be satisfied with the way his things were played. To be sure, it must have been difficult for the players of his time, accustomed to the inelastic "classical" primness of those days, to follow his beat, as he indulged as freely in tempo rubato and reading between the lines as any "prima donna conductor" of our time. On this point there is interesting testimony in Nohl's "Beethoven and his Contemporaries," a hook which may be cordially commended to those who imagine that the great Ludwig was a metronoms. Post

Special thanks are dus to Dr. Muck for reviving Schumann's romantic overture, which, liks the third "Leonora," sums up the substance of an opsra in a way more satisfactory than the opera itself. Poor Schumann! He thought Wagner was jealous, and therefore refused to accept his advice when hs was writing his "Genoveva." With Wagner's aid, it is not improbabls that that opera might have escaped its fiasco. There is much beautiful music in it.

Fritz Kreisler was again the soloist. The Brahms concerto which he played was written for Joseph Joachim, who, though he was the leading violinist of the time, had, according to a prominent Leipzig critic, great difficulty in performing it, although he had lent a helping hand in its construction. That was a third of a century ago. In the meantime the technique of violin playing has advanced with rapid strides, so that even the young fiddlers, just out of their teens and the conservatory, venture to play this bristling concerto in public. They usually have cause to regret it—for two reasons. In the first place, it is not idiomatic for the violin, and its difficulties are not effective. In the second place, it does not lend itself to sensuous cajolings. Even Mr. Kreisler, with his consummate art, could not make the adagio sound so deep and soulful as he did the larghetto of the Beethoven concerto two days previously; nor could he construct so sublime a cadenza for the first movement for the reason that Brahms did not play into his hands, as Beethoven did, with sublime themes. In the third movement the tables were turned. Here Brahms is superior, and the rhythmic incisiveness of his fiery rondo gave Mr. Kreisler his best opportunity to show his mettle to the audience and to elicit applause that had to be responded to by many returns to the stage. If we must have the Brahms concerto, hy all means let Mr. Kreisler play it, for no one does it so well.

It is to be hoped that he may be persuaded to give at least one recital ere he returns to Europe, so as to give the thousands of his American admirers a chance to hear him and his mellow Guarnerius in some of those melodious old Italian pieces which he has resurrected and edited, to the joy of all violinists, puhlic and amateur, and also in some of his own delightfully Viennese pieces. He is to return next season, to be sure, hut that is a long time to wait.

One thing there is reason to he grateful for: no longer is there any danger that he will have to report for military duty in the polyphonic Balkan war. The company in which he is a first lieutenant belongs to one of the crack regiments of the Austrian army which would have heen sent to the front at once in case of war. For this reason the rumor, not long ago, that Lieut. Kreisler had heen called hack actually affected the stock market. But imagine a state of civilization which would allow one of the two greatest artists of our time to be thus exposed as *Kanonenfutter*, as the Germans say—food for gunpowder.

Sunday Concerts. Dec 9. 1912 Post

The concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon began with Schuhert's "Unfinished Symphony" and ended with Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote." The symphony is not far from its ninetieth year, yet how marvellously fresh in its plenitude of luxuriant melody and unfaded loveliness of orchestral color, how amazingly modern in the sincerity and directness of its utterance of emotions alternately tender, melancholy, and poignant! The Strauss tone poem has already lost not a little of its power to startle and bewilder. That such vitality as it now possesses will still he found latent in it a decade or so hence is none too certain a matter. It still appeals to conductors in much the same way that various mildewed Italian colorature operas appeal to some florid singers, namely, as affording them ample opportunity to make displays of technical virtuosity. For the rest, it contains several episodes of unmistakable musical beauty and some others of equally unmistakable dulness. And for those who liks to laugh at certain broad, though not particularly exalted, effects of musical literalism, there are the wildly dissonant and extravagant episodes of the aerial ride, the pugnacious monks, and the bleating sheep (to bs frank, Strauss's sheep might easily be mistaken for highly incensed bulls if the programme notes did not coms to ths hearer's rescue).

Mr. Damrosch succeeded in his efforts to prove that his players were real virtuosi, for they played ths difficult music with great flexibility and assurance. Praise is due Paul Kéfer for his performance of the 'celio solos, which begin promisingly, hut grow monotonous long before the end is reached.

Genuine enthusiasm came aftsr Efrem Zimbalist, the young violinist, had played Lalo's "Spanish Symphony." His performance was distinguished by much beauty of tone, technical accuracy, and general intelligence of interpretation. He played the slow movement—with its occasional Griegian suggestions—very poetically and preserved as much dignity as possible in the trivial finale.

Of the other fivs concerts yesterday a mere mention must suffice. Alois Trnka played in Carnegie Lyceum, with Ludmilla Vojacek; Isabel Hauser and the Saslavsky String Quartet held forth in the Belasco Theatre; the great Ysaye delighted an immense audience at the Metropolitan Opera House, alternating with Amato and Vera Curtis; the Baroness Huard was heard in the Little Theatre, while John Philip Sousa filled the Hippodrome, it is needless to say, with a crowd eager to hear, above all things, his own marches and other compositions.

FINE AUDIENCE HEARS "AIDA" UNEVENLY SUNG

N. Y. Sun Dec 10 1912

The first performance of Verdi's "Aida" in the current season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House was reserved to begin last evening the fifth week of the series. It was an unusually late entry for the most popular of spectacular Italian works. In recent seasons the pomp and circumstance of the fabulous kingdom of the Nile, where burning *Aida* loved and sang, have been brought early to the delight of the eager populace. But this winter Mr. Gatt-Casazza has modified the direction of public interest.

The first evening of the subscription was presented to Mr. Puccini, whose works have already been heard six times since the house opened. Previous to last evening Verdi had been accorded one hearing, when the ancient and honorable "Il Trovatore" was sung before an unexpectedly large audience. Meanwhile the hungry eyes of those to whom scenic pictures mean much were feasted on the glorious of a wonderful production of Mozart's "Magic Flute."

It was therefore inevitable that a Monday night audience of typical character should assemble for the first performance of "Aida." Curiously enough, within the memory of even young operagoers, this stirring creation was relegated to a position comparatively obscure, and that too at a time when it was excellently sung. But through the united labors of Emma Eames, Lillian Nordica, Johanna Gadski, Louise Homer, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Antonio Scotti and Pol Plançon it was raised to its rightful place in the public esteem, and there it will undoubtedly remain as long as there is a Caruso to sing *Radames* and a Destinn to carry the burden of the title rôle.

It will be essential, however, that they are both in command of their resources, which was not the case last evening. A good deal might be written about certain present aspects of Mr. Caruso's vocal art, and valuable lessons might be drawn therefrom, but this kind of instruction is both unpopular and inutile. It matters little what the great tenor does, he is still Caruso and the world is at his feet.

Mlle. Destinn had a lively attack of registers last night, and there was a great deal of unevenness in her singing. Her exquisitely controlled mezza voce, however, never deserted her. Mme. Homer's *Amneris* was wonderfully good to look at. Ancient Egyptian taste, of course, was different from that of to-day, but a modern *Radames* would surely never have cast an eye on *Aida* when this Princess was idling about the house.

Musically the most correct and well balanced person in last evening's performance was Mr. Gilly, who sang *Amonasro* with excellent tone and with intelligence. Mr. Rothier was not happy as the *Priest*, nor was Miss Fornia as the *Priestess*. Mr. Rossi as the *King* settled the era of the drama by carrying a gold crook, which must have signified that he was of the dynasty of the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings.

In the course of the first two acts of the opera there were numerous disagreements as to key. The chorus had many ideas of its own, Mr. Rothier went wandering, and there were others. The ballet, not being acquainted with Tennyson's "Maud," did not know how to dance out of tune or in it, but it knew how to dance out of time and it did so. This does not apply to the agile Ethiopian entertainers of the mooning *Amneris* for they were perfect in rhythm.

Things went better after the first two acts. The principals engaged in the Nile scene put forth honest efforts and had the field all to themselves. But it is safe to guess that Mme. Destinn and Mr. Caruso were not sorry when they wailed "O terra, addio" for the last time. Mr. Polacco, who conducted, was not always in agreement with the principals in their nuances, but he controlled the ensembles well.

Metropolitan Opera House.

The opera last night was Verdi's most melodious work, "Aïda"; the performance was on a high plane of excellence, chief honors going to Mr. Polacco, who conducted not only an inspired interpretation of the orchestral score, but supported and helped the singers to an unusual degree. The accompaniment was too loud in the second scene of Act II, where the band on the stage quite overpowered the chorus; but this is always the case. This band is an anachronism, especially when several of the performers appear in ancient Egypt wearing eye-glasses. In the printed orchestral score of "Aïda" the hand part appears on two staves—abbreviated for piano—and need not possess all modern band instruments. The "Aïda trumpets" are, of course, a different story Post.

Enrico Caruso gave his usual fine interpretation of Rhadames, with one exception—in the first act he succumbed to an attack of Ruffitis, singing the final B flat in "Celesta Aïda" with the full power of his lungs. It is marked ppp in all editions of the score. Mr. Caruso's artistic growth has been so marked lately that this can only be accounted for as a case of atavism. He cannot he playing to the gallery, for the Metropolitan "family circle" would not be guilty of the careless attitude of the lower floor to the heautiful music of the Nile scene. The Wagner operas compel a devotion that would not now permit such noises from one of the boxes as occurred in this scene. Why should not Verdi inspire similar devotion? The Nile scene certainly is worthy of it.

Destinn sang "Aïda" wonderfully well—she colored her voice to the dramatic situation, and in her whole bearing was the slave, who was yet a princess. The King was well sung by Guilio Rossi, but with little regal hearing. Dinh Gilly, as Amonasro, was fully as explosive as the traditions of the part seem to require. But the singers, chorus, ballet, and all were urged to their best efforts hy Mr. Polacco, and, after all is said and done, he was the star of the cast. Dec. 10. '12

One of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences of the season was that which heard "Faust" on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Slezak, for the first time, did the part of Faust, and achieved a notable success. Dramatically, he was as fine as he is in "Otello" and "Tannhäuser," and vocally he was as admirable as always in "The Magic Flute," which, however, does not give him opportunity to reveal the full scope of his powers. Miss Farrar was at her best as Marguerite, and the rest of the cast was as usual.

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

N. Y. Times Dec. 10 '12

First Appearance This Season After Triumphs Won in Europe.

The Flonzaley String Quartet, fresh from new triumphs in European cities, appeared for the first time in New York this season at Aeolian Hall last evening. Mr. de Coppet's players have been fortunate in their opportunities for winning

fame in their ca[illegible]ty of New York [illegible]sicians [illegible]road; but fame won abroad [illegible]s fortunately not ne[illegible]sary for their ap[illegible]reciation at home. They played to a large and highly appreciative audience last evening, and renewed the rare pleasure they have given in previous years. There is an exquisite quality of finish, of vivacity, buoyancy, and intensity in their playing, giving it a character quite its own. They are devoted to the finest nuances and shadings in infinite number and variety; to perfect purity and brilliant delicacy of tone, and they never fail in the correctest intonation. All of which is delightful in quartet performance.

They played last evening a quartet by Mozart in D, (K. 499,) one that is much less frequently heard than the famous set dedicated to Haydn, but worthy of more frequent repetition than it gets, because of its many charming qualities and original traits. The adagio is unusually beautiful, and there is a certain merriment in the last movement akin to the merriment that finds such a spontaneous outlet in Haydn's quartets.

The whole of Tschaikowsky's quartet in D Op. 11 is not often heard nowadays. The gracious and flowing "Andante Cantabile" is still n favorite "number" on programmes of n less severe sort. It does indeed stand a good deal above the other movements in the value of its inspiration. There are Tschaikowskyian features about them that are unmistakable, but scarcely the most pregnant ones that are recognizable as his. The music, i nwhich independent part-writing and contrafuntal treatment, with many "imitations" abnormal, was prepared with the last refinements of polish; and the playing had not only finish but animation and power. The programme was brought to a close with Haydn's quartet in G major, Op. 76, No. 1. The audience was given great pleasure by the playing of these artists—Messrs. Bettl, Pachon, Ara, and d'Archampean—and it is recognizable that they have found more and more a homogeneous style in quartet playing that is really their own.

CHAMBER MUSIC

Dec. 10 1912

Concerts by the Barrere Ensemble and Flonzaley Quartet.

The interest of concertgoers was occupied yesterday by chamber music and most of it of the old order—that is, of the classic period. At the Belasco Theatre in the afternoon Mr. Georges Barrère and his company of players upon wind instruments made another of their efforts to rehabilitate a form of the musical art ardent admiration for which died out to a large degree in the early decades of the nineteenth century. Their classic number was a serenade by Mozart. In the evening the Flonzaley Quartet, playing for the first time in Aeolian Hall, produced quartets by Mazart and Haydn and between them Tschaikowsky's quartet in D with its slow movement—beloved of amateurs. Mr. Barrère's excursion into the modern field was made with Richard Strauss's splendidly euphonious and beautiful serenade, Op. 7, and a Divertissement by Perilhou, a work of real charm and one of a considerable number by which French composers have striven to keep alive an interest in music for wind instruments.

In his extremely laudable desire to kindle appreciation for the kind of music which has his affection Mr. Barrère yesterday sought to introduce a much-needed element of variety by presenting two vocal numbers which the composers had provided with accompaniments for small choirs of wind instruments. They were a beautiful setting of "A Song to be Sung at Parting," the words of which, beginning "Es ist vestimmt in Gottes Rath," are known to all lovers of German song through Mendelssohn's setting, and Beethoven's "Bundeslied," ("In allen guten Stunden"). The former was sung by a mixed choir of twelve voices, the latter by a male "chorus" of four, with two added solo voices. Had the singing been of the best the voices would have ineffective under such circumstances, and as the singing was not even mediocre the experiment proved deplorable. This "Bundeslied" though there is a suspicion that it may have been conceived at an early period in Beethoven's career, was written out and revised at the time when the composer's thoughts were soaring in the realms of which he made a revelation in the Ninth Symphony, a fact which probably presented itself as little to the mind of any of those who heard it yesterday as the circumstance that its poetry grew out of the happy frame of mind in which Goethe was thrown by his love for his Lilli. Such a genesis for the work ought to have invited a better performance. The concert began with one of the finest of Mozart's serenades, that in B flat, which grew into a serenade for wind instruments after it had existed twelve years in its original shape as a string quintet. Under Mr. Barrère's direction the work, like the Strauss composition, was played with great precision and no little charm. Mr. Koemmenich conducted the vocal numbers.

The audience at Aeolian Hall in the evening found great pleasure in the playing of the Flonzaley organization, and manifested it sometimes when it was least merited. In respect of precision and harmony of purpose nothing better could be asked than what Mr. Betti and his companions provide, especially in the first movement of the Tschaikowsky quartet, but the recurrent little impetuosities and preciosities, which seem to have become a marked characteristic of their playing, and their languishing sentimentalities, were sadly out of place in the healthy music of Mozart's quartet in D.

H. E. K.

FLONZALEY QUARTET AGAIN.

N. Y. Sun. Dec. 10 12

It Plays With Temperament Mozart, Haydn and Tschaikowsky.

The Flonzaley Quartet, which has been playing with much approval in Europe, has come back to the sceno of its earlier triumphs and gave its first concert last evening in Acolian Hall. The programme consisted of Mozart's D major quartet, opus 499 in the Köchel catalogue; Tschaikowsky's quartet in D major, opus 11, and Haydn's quartet in G major, opus 76, No. 1. The players were welcomed by a large audience which bestowed liberal applause upon their art.

This organization attracted notice several years ago by its temperamental style and there was danger for a time that the finish of its ensemble might not be raised to the most desirable level. But the fears in this regard were dispelled, and the quartet won its way to great and deserved popularity.

Its playing last evening had most of the merits which have been noted from time to time in this place; but there was an unquestionable tendency to overwork the temperament. This is a tendency which these four excellent artists will have to combat if they mean to hold unchallenged the respect of their most critical listeners.

BARRERE ENSEMBLE PLAYS.

N. Y. Sun. Dec. 10 12

Chamber Music for Wind Instruments at Belasco Theatre.

The Barrere Ensemble began its fourth season yesterday afternoon with a concert at the Belasco Theatre. When Mr. Barrere introduced this interesting organization to the local public there was not much confidence in its life, but it looks now as if its term of existence might be limited only by the size of the field to be explored.

The literature of chamber music for wind instruments is not as small as the casual music lover may believe it to be, but, on the other hand, when once the director is driven to the expedient of delving in the mine of Haydn and Mozart he may find that the lion of monotony will lie down in his path. Meanwhile let us hope that living composers will be encouraged to write this kind of chamber music, for Mr. Barrere and his associates have proved that it is capable of much variety and of giving no small measure of enjoyment.

Yesterday's programme was enlivened by the introduction of two numbers written for voices and wind accompaniment. One of these was Schumann's "Beim Abschied zu Singen," opus 84, for mixed chorus and wind, and the other was the much less serious and very amusing "Bundeslied," opus 132, of Beethoven, for male voices and a small wind choir. Both of these works called into service some members of the Oratorio Society and Louis Koemmenich, the conductor of that organization, took charge of their performance. There was ground for desire that a better set of singers could have been procured.

The first number of the list was Mozart's "Grande Serenade" in B flat, written for two oboes, two clarinets, two basset horns four French horns, two bassoons and one contra bassoon. Doubtless the visible presence of some of these instruments furnished an object lesson to some of the audience, but it is to be hoped that no one mistook Mr. Kohl's double bass clarinet for the contra bassoon. Purists might enter a mild protest against this substitution, which occurred again in the Strauss serenade, opus 7, but it was really not a very serious matter, since in both compositions the office of the contra bassoon is merely to provide low bass notes and not to impart special characteristics of color. Nevertheless there are contra bassoons in town and they are just as fearfully and wonderfully made as Mr. Kohl's ingenious double bass clarinet, so why not let the people see them perform?

The last number on the programme was Perilhou's Divertissement, which consists of four parts, a "conte" for two flutes and two clarinets, a musette for oboes and bassoons, a "chasse" for the four horns and finally a bourée for all hands. It is a really delightful bit of music, frankly of the people, and most gracefully and effectively written for the various instruments. The audience manifestly enjoyed it.

DONNA EASLEY APPEARS.

N. Y. Times

Young Soprano Makes a Good Impression at First Recital Here.

Dec. 10 1912

Donna Easley, a soprano new to New York recital-goers, appeared yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, and made a good impression on those who heard her. Miss Easley's programme was not of the usual song recital variety, inasmuch as it contained florid opera music and several modern Italian songs. There were few numbers which called for much depth in the penetration of their meaning, but several which called for good singing, some for a facile coloratura.

The programme began with "Voi Che Sapete," which Miss Easley sang well. The first group also included airs by Bellini and Donizetti. In the second group were songs by Mozart, Beethoven, Mandl and Neidlinger, which were sung variously in French and German. The next group was devoted to three songs by Greco, "composed for Miss Easley." The best of these was a setting of Gothe's famous poem, "Kennst du das Land," which has served as the inspiration for so many musicians. The worst was the florid waltz, after the style of Arditi, with which the group closed. Finally Miss Easley sang five songs in English.

It may be said that the young soprano possesses a voice of great charm and purity, although it is small. Her vocal faults are few. She did not force her voice yesterday and her intonation was usually impeccable. Her facility of execution seemed limited but on the other hand, was sufficient for the matter in hand. Some of her high tones were brilliant. She sang musically and with understanding.

Simple and unaffected, an American girl won her audience completely yesterday afternoon at her first public song recital. She was Miss Donna Easley, daughter of Mr. Ralph Montgomery Easley, political economist and chairman of the Executive Council of the National Civic Federation. She appeared in Aeolian Hall. She has sung in New York before, but at private gatherings, and last season she sang at a musicale in the White House.

A DAY OF CHAMBER MUSIC

Dec. 11. 1912

Ysaye in Three Concerts and the Kneisel Quartet.

Yesterday, like the day before, was set apart for the lovers of chamber music in the old sense as well as the new. In the afternoon M. Ysaye called in the aid of the Philharmonic Orchestra to perform a *tour de force;* he played three concertos of what might might be designated the early, middle and modern periods, and then added some solos with pianoforte accompaniment to delight the devotees of the virtuoso, who would rather see the player "near to" than hear his music from the place where music sounds best, which in the case of Carnegie Hall is considerably back of the middle of the room. The concertos were an archaic one by Vivaldi, in which, as usual, M. Ysaye proclaimed his most uplifting message; the Beethoven concerto, in which, also as usual, his playing aroused some questionings, and Bruch's Scotch fantasia, which no one has played with quite the romantic warmth which this artist put into it when he introduced it here some eighteen years ago, and which he breathed into it again yesterday. The Vivaldi work was presented in the shape which in greatest likelihood M. Ysaye gave it: that is to say, with the continuo played upon the organ, supported by the violoncellos, and what used to be called the ripieno, played by all the strings of the orchestra except the violas. In bringing back to popular notice these old works in which the violin speaks its characteristic idiom much more truthfully and eloquently than it does in the concertos written since Mozart's day, M. Ysaye is fulfilling a beautiful mission and at the same time displaying his loftiest attributes as an artist. Exemplars such as he is, when at his best in these classical pieces, and Mme. Sembrich is in the art of pure song are greatly needed in this day of artificial emotionality and affected dramatic pathos. They are helping to bring back real taste to which composers as well as performers will be compelled to return when the world has recovered from the fitful fever which is now consuming it. The Vivaldi concerto left only one question lingering in the minds of the judicious amateurs who heard it yesterday, which was whether or not this delightful old music might not be made to sound even more delightful if it were produced "in the original package," as men of commerce might say. Would not M. Ysaye be doing a greater good and give a larger measure of pleasure if, instead of giving such concerts as some of those he has given thus far with their varying and somewhat confusing results, he were to present himself in a short series of recitals in which the Italian concerti grossi and the old and new sonatas would be played in a smaller room and in the manner in which they were conceived by their creators, down to the smallest detail of their apparatus? Such a series would surely be a rare treat to the real lovers of violin music, and especially its students.

After the large adventure in the afternoon a smaller and lovelier function followed in Aeolian Hall in the evening, when the gentlemen artists of the Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Mr. Consolo, gave a concert of chamber music. Then compositions made up the list at this concert, a string quartet by Schubert, Richard Strauss's Sonata in F for pianoforte and violoncello (played by Mr. Consolo and Mr. William Willeke) and Cesar Franck's quartet in D. Mr. Kneisel's love for Schubert has had frequent demonstration in the course of the twenty years during which he has ministered to this community's love for the beautiful and exalted things in music. He has played the Pianoforte Trio, the quarterly in D minor and A minor, the quartet fragment in C minor, and the "Forellen" quintet over and over again. He may also have played the quartet in G, which opened last night's concert, before; but if so the occasion has passed out of the memory of the recorder of yesterday's musical doings. At any rate, it is now a familiar work except possibly to those fortunate amateurs who cultivate chamber music at home. It is a later work than the quartet in A minor, which Mr. Kneisel played last year, and was written probably about the same time as the D minor quartet, chiefly admired for its marvellous variations in the melody of the song, "Tod und das Mädchen." Except in its fascinating scherzo, however, and its rollicking finale, with its seeming reflection of the taste of the Viennese of its time, fluctuating between Rossini and frivolity and Beethovinian seriousness, there is not much in the work to suggest the composer of the only two quartets of Schubert's right, which have won a hold upon the popular heart. Schubert began writing quartets as early as 1814 and this one was composed in June, 1826, only a year before he died. But even the greatest admirer of the wonderful genius could scarcely say that he had attained a mastery of the form when he came to his untimely death. The fact invites curious inquiry, for when he was composing his last quartets Schubert was a devoted attendant on the soirees at which Schuppanzigh (to whom the D minor quartet is dedicated) made a feature of Beethoven's quartet. There is a touching incident recorded in one of the Beethoven Conservation Books of 1826. Holz, Schuppanzigs's second violin and Beethoven's factotum, tells his deaf master in writing that he had just come from the music shop of Steiner, where he had seen Schubert and Haslinger with their heads in a Handel score and engaged in eager discussion, which Schubert interrupted long enough to send his thanks to the great master for the quartet played at the last soiree. Then Holz tells Beethoven that the young man has a remarkable talent for song melody and asks him if he has ever seen the "Erlking." Evidently the great symphonist knew less about the great song writer than Schindler, who was eager to appear before posterity as Schubert's sponsor, tried to make the world believe in his biography of Beethoven. But this is something of a sidewise excursion. Beethoven certainly never knew anything about Schubert as a quartet composer, for of all the eight quartets and the "Quartettsatz" only that in A minor was given to the public in Schubert's lifetime. The quartet in G, which waited twenty-six years for publication, is a gracious work, nevertheless, and was graciously played last night.

The performance of Strauss's sonata was as perfect an example of ensemble playing as could well be imagined. It is a pleasing work, written when the young Titan of to-day was still a young musician seeking himself and more strongly convinced that Wagner's art was an abomination than of anything else, except, possibly, his own artistic virtue. Messrs. Consolo and Willeke played it *con amore,* with superb abandon and yet perfect co-operation.

H. E. K.

Sun

Those who think about musical art at all must have found some food for thought in the second concert of the Kneisel Quartet, which took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. It was a most delightful concert and its music was not of the repertory worn threadbare by hard usage.

The first number was Schubert's G major quartet, opus 161 the second the violoncello sonata of Richard Strauss, opus 6, and the last the D major quartet of César Franck. The pianist who was associated with William Willeke in the performance of the Strauss sonata was Ernesto Consolo.

Oceans of ink have been shed over Schubert's music, but ever and anon the daily observer of musical offerings will be tempted to render heartfelt thanks for the gifts with which the gods endowed this wonderful musical mind. For one thing we can never cease to be grateful for the fecundity of his melodic invention. No one will deny that often Schubert's

ideas are slight in character, but equally no one will affirm that they are ever displeasing.

His smallest inventions have grace and charm, and his largest have nobility coupled with ineffable tenderness. Schubert himself was mightily pleased with some of his own fancies and his pleasure led him to spin out movements to heavenly lengths. This characteristic is found in the first movement of the quartet played last evening.

The thoughts were evidently dear to the composer and he might easily have cut his movement much shorter, but he lingers over his themes with fond repetitions. And how easy it is for the hearer to accompany him in his recapitulations, especially when the music is played so admirably as it was last evening.

It is safe to say that the hearers would not willingly have had a single page omitted. The other three movements are more concise than the first and they have that peculiarly songlike style which enriches all of Schubert's chamber music. The audience manifested its delight in this lovely composition in no uncertain manner.

Richard Strauss wrote his opus 6 in the years 1882 and 1883. In the latter year he reached the age of 19. It is the habit of commentators to make note of the fact that the Strauss of later years does not appear till the work known as "From Italy" opus 16. But like all generalizations, this one is subject to exceptions.

The violincello sonata is, of course, the work of an enthusiastic and optimistic youth, and its feeling is far removed from that of the "Don Juan" or the "Tod und Verklarung," but there is at least one thought in it, the passionate cantabile of the first movement, which needs only the tremendous orchestral treatment of later years to bring it into company with some of the melodic ideas in the great symphonic poems.

This 'cello sonata is a splendid achievement for a mere boy. It has virility and boldness, brilliancy of style and a grip of form. It is weakest, perhaps, in its slow movement, for as Ernest Newman justly notes in his study of Strauss, the boy did not take naturally to reflective, tender or pathetic sentiment. But there is plenty of youthful force in the first movement and the finale is alive with happy fancy.

The work is excellently written for both instruments and it calls for virtuoso performance. This, indeed, it received at the hands of Mr. Willeke and Mr. Consolo. Both of them played in masterly style, not suppressing their individualities, yet uniting in a fine ensemble. It was a real pleasure to hear them.

The Kneisels played two movements of the D major quartet of Franck on January 4, 1910, and in March of the same year the whole of it. Mr. Kneisel has done honorable duty in publishing the art of the Belgian master, for whom he has a large affection.

It was the general belief some years ago that the music of Franck belonged to the category of the intellectual and that it was reserved for persons with abnormally developed brains to comprehend it. Like other musical riddles, it becomes easier to read as the years go past, and it now provokes the inquiry as to whether it is really so intellectual as we all used to think. At any rate it continues to be heard and it gains new admirers by sheer force of repetition.

Ysaye Plays Three Concertos.

Who is the greatest living violinist? Many think that Fritz Kreisler is; but Kreisler agrees with those who say that Ysaye is. They are both very great, indeed. The best answer to the question is the one given by Goethe in commenting on the discussion as to whether he was Germany's chief poet, or Schiller: "You ought to be glad to have two such fine fellows!"

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Ysaye gave another concert in Carnegie Hall, at which he played concertos by Vivaldi and Beethoven, and Bruch's Scotch Fantasia. It was his fifth or sixth local concert within a few weeks, and it would be difficult to say anything new in praise of his beautiful tone, artistic phrasing, and sound musicianship. He had the advantage of the co-operation of Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic Orchestra. It is needless to say there was much enthusiasm. DEC. 11 '12

'BOHEME' AT METROPOLITAN

Tribune

Mme. Alda Sings the Part of Mimi with Grace and Skill.

The familiar cast of "Bohème," which was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, was varied slightly by the substitution of Mme. Alda for Senorita Bori in the part of Mimi. The performance endures substitutions remarkably well, especially on the distaff side—a pretty classical phase, but not very applicable to the ladies and their activities in Puccini's opera. Given a quartet of good singers and actors for the group of Murger's artists and it is largely a matter of indifference who appears in the parts of Mimi and Musetta, attractive as they are. The Metropolitan Opera House has a plenty of right merry roysterers, and if Amato cannot make as much out of the character of Marcello as Scotti habitually does he can put more beauty into its music and thus second the melodious outpourings of Caruso most admirably. DEC 13 '12.

But no apology was needed for Mme. Alda last night. Her voice has the fresh and youthful quality which the lovers of the play like to associate with the fragile heroine, and the music is easily within its technical demand, and her skill as an actress compasses all its histrionic needs. Her companion, Caruso, cared amply for the score's strenuous utterances, and all was well. Mme. Bella Alten's Musetta is fixed upon the canvas and undergoes no change.

H. E. K.

DEC 12 1912

THE EVENING POST:

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Concert of the Schola Cantorum.

There are few abler or more versatile musicians in New York than Kurt Schindler and few more hard worked, for that matter. In addition to his creative work—and Mr. Schindler is a fairly prolific composer—he has onerous duties in connection with a leading music publishing firm, and, finally, he is conductor and guiding spirit of the Schola Cantorum—known until this year as the MacDowell Chorus. Under his guidance this organization has grown from humble beginnings to a choral body of admirable attainments. Since last season its ranks have undergone considerable reorganization, and rehearsals and trials of new voices have occupied Mr. Schindler night and day. A picked body of these singers, some forty in number, and designated as the "Madrigal Singers of the Schola Cantorum," were heard in a concert at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Schindler has, both by his own industry and the excellence of the vocal material at his disposal, attained excellent results. The little chorus sang yesterday with much spirit and a precision indicative of careful training and patient rehearsing. The quality of tone produced was, on the whole, smooth and good, the intonation and balance most commendable, and the details of light and shade consistently and artistically applied. A large audience applauded the singers heartily.

The soloists of the afternoon were Mischa Elman, Francis Rogers, Mrs. Samuel Wright, and Estelle Burns-Roure. Unfortunately, Mr. Schindler had not disclosed the same judiciousness in compiling his programme as he did in training his chorus, and what they and the soloists had allotted to them was, for the greater part, totally unworthy of the energy expended on it. Detailed comment on every item is scarcely called for when the average of musical value is on so generally low a level. Worthy of mention as fairly pleasing in their contents are Will C. Macfarlane's little chorus, "In Pride of May," three old Irish melodies arranged by Arthur Whiting; a "Bible Lyric," by Blair Fairchild, and three negro choruses, "Exhortation" and "Rain-Song," by Will M. Cook, and "A Negro Lullaby," by J. Rosamond Johnson, which closed the concert. These last, though not distinguished for musicianship, were refreshing in their obvious melody after the melodic sterility of most of the other offerings. It was really unfortunate that so sterling an artist as Francis Rogers should have been obliged to waste his time on such hopeless material as Loeffler's "Hoisting of the Sidhe." He made the most of the opportunity afforded him by Marshall Kernochan's interesting "We Two Together." Mrs. Wright gave a group of songs by John Alden Carpenter, whom some are inclined to look upon as the coming American composer. The songs were notable principally for their lack of inspiration. Later, Mischa Elman played the composer's violin sonata, which is ill-suited to the violinist's hyper-sentimental style. The sonata is more interesting than the songs. Imitation of Debussy seems to be the fondest aim of Mr. Carpenter. If he really wishes to figure to any purpose in the development of American music he should make it his duty to abandon that French idol as soon as possible.

Mr. Elman also played a Schubert and a Paganini number very restlessly and unrhythmically. The young man is quite old enough to realize that repose and dignity are two of the first essentials in a genuine artist, and that his capricious posings and posturings do not tend to elevate him in the estimation of discriminating music-lovers.

Indian Songs.

Miss Katherine Burritt, known among the Indians as Killolleet, the white-throated sparrow, gave a very interesting recital of Indian songs at the Belasco Theatre yesterday afternoon. Miss Burritt has lived among the Indians and knows how to reproduce the atmosphere of the red man's music. The songs she gave, however, were accompanied on the piano—the accompaniments being written by Carlos Troyer, Arthur Farwell, Natalie Curtis, and Charles Wakefield Cadman. As Miss Burritt expressed it in her introductory talk, the piano part was to help to reproduce the original atmosphere on the stage—where, of course, the original Indian setting would be out of the question. She herself was dressed in an Indian costume, a faithful reproduction—perhaps, indeed, an "original"—of the real squaw when "in full dress." Mr. Farwell particularly seems to have caught the Indian spirit. Miss Burritt sang all the songs convincingly, and pleased the audience immensely. Mr. William J. Stone played the accompaniments very capably.

A "MATINEE OF MUSIC"

DEC. 13, 1912

Programme Limited to Works of Americans.

There was a "matinee of new music" under the auspices of the Schola Cantorum, Kurt Schindler, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, the compositions being limited to the works of Americans, the names including Will C. Macfarlane, Charles M. Loeffler, Sidney Homer, Arthur Whiting, John Alden Carpenter, Blair Fairchild, Charles L. Seeger, Courtlandt-Palmer, Will M. Cook and J. Rosamond Johnson. N.Y. Tribune

The most pleasing features of the afternoon were the singing of the Madrigal Singers under Mr. Schindler's direction, the chorus showing that it had been well trained as well as singing with spirit. Francis Rogers, always a true artist, gave a number of songs with effect, and Mrs. Estelle Burns-Roure, in Blair Fairchild's "Bible Lyric," from "The Song of Songs," disclosed a voice of some beauty.

A special feature of the afternoon was the appearance of a number of compositions by Mr. Carpenter, one of which, a sonata for violin and piano, was performed by Mischa Elman and the composer. The last movement of the sonata contained considerable body and beauty, but the other three were less effective. It was a pity that Mr. Carpenter did not have a better interpreter than the one who gave his four charming songs. Neither in voice nor in manner did Mrs. Wright bring out from the music what might have been expected.

The audience was large and enthusiastic.

DEC 13 1912

A PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

A Novelty by Dvorak and Clarinet Music by Debussy.

There were two novelties, so far as New York's concert patrons are concerned, on the programme of the concert given by the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall last night, which will be repeated at the afternoon concert to-day. The second, a rhapsody for orchestra and clarinet, was announced as a first performance in America, an error due to an oversight for which it would be churlish to hold anybody in particular responsible, least of all Mr. Stransky, who, like most European musicians whose sojourn in this country has been brief, lives in blissful ignorance of what has been going on in what the German critics speak of generally as the "land of dollars" when they speak of it at all. How much earlier New York has been in the production of the compositions of all the orchestral composers beginning with Liszt, except the priests who preach once at the annual German festival at Schaffhausen or some other great centre of art—preach once and then lapse into inoccuous desuetude—men like Nikisch and Gericke might tell their countrymen. No doubt they have; but there is no evidence yet that their words have been heeded. However, the question of primacy, so far as Debussy's Rhapsody is concerned, is not of large importance. It was played about a year ago at a Lonzy concert in Boston, where Debussy's music is become a cult. It was played last night because the Philharmonic Society possesses a clarinet of excellent technical attainments in the person of Mr. Henri Leon Le Roy, who, like the best of wood-wind instrumentalists of recent years, came out of the French school. If the purpose of M. Le Roy and Mr. Stransky had been to disclose the individual qualities of the instrument, one of the old-fashioned works by von Weber, who, encouraged by the father of the pianist Baermann (the latter still an active figure in Boston's musical life), lifted the instrument into prominence, would have served his purposes better. The music would have sounded old-fashioned, but it would have been at least nearer the appreciation of the audience than that of Debussy, which was wholly in the Frenchman's sublimated vein, in which most things which those who are still neophytes so fa as the modern Gaelic mysteries are concerned, long for, such as straightforward melody and emotional harmony, are absent. There was little opportunity to learn anything about the clarinet's marvellous capacity for song.

The other novelty was a serenade, for strings by Dvorak, an extremely naive composition, filled with the mere prettinesses which the most ingenuous musician of the last generation dropped into often because the faculty of self-criticism was left out of his mental make-up. Dainty music, this serenade, which, so far as we can recall, was never put on a programme before by a New York conductor. Orchestra and conductor reappeared in their real dignity and puissance with the familiar music—the first of Bizet's "L'Aresienne" suites and Tschaikowsky's symphony in E minor.

H. E. K.

MANY SEE "MAGIC FLUTE"

Mozart's Opera Sung at the Metropolitan.

The continued popularity of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's production of Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte," as evinced by the size of last night's audience at the Metropolitan Opera House, must be of good omen to the lovers of the best in music, and an encouragement to Mr. Gatti himself in the presentation of works other than those of mere popular appeal.

It is true that the reclame given to the setting of the work, the statement that neither the Century Theatre nor the Hippodrome has seen a mise-en-scene more sumptuous or stage management more skilfully managed, the unusual cast gathered together for its performance, must all have had their effect with the public, but the fact remains that the music has been enjoyed for its own sake, and the interest of the audiences has been sustained and constant.

It is true that not all of the present production is what might be wished for; another singer than Miss Parks might well be chosen for the Queen of the Night; probably Miss Hempel will be upon her arrival; two of the Three Ladies are wofully ignorant of the importance of legato in Mozart's music; and last night Mr. Lankow was afflicted with a bad cold. But Miss Destinn's Pamina, Mr. Slezak's Sarastro, Mr. Griswold's Sprecher, Mr. Goritz's Papageno, Mr. Reiss's Monostratos, and Miss Alten's Papagena are all impersonations of extraordinary merit, while Mr. Hertz shows in the orchestral reading an unwonted delicacy of interpretation. High praise, too, should go to Mr. Siedel, for the smoothness and rapidity with which the scenic changes were made.

Truly, in a world of Puccini, Mascagni and Leoncavallo, "Die Zauberflöte" is a spring of refreshment undefiled!

GALSTON RECITAL PLEASING

Young Pianist Shows Skill in Classical Selections.

Gottfried Galston gave his second pianoforte recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall before a large audience. Mr. Galston at his previous appearance proved himself to be a pianist of sincere musicianship and fine technical powers, and that impression he deepened yesterday.

There were times when his tone seemed a little dry, and in the Chopin numbers, especially in the Prelude in D flat major, No. 15, and in the Balade in D minor, his force surpassed his delicacy of treatment, but on the whole, and especially in the Bach Chaconne arranged by Busoni, and the Schumann Sonata in G minor, Op. 22, his reading was broad in style and abundant in poetic feeling.

There was delicacy, too, in his playing of the Brahms Valse, Op. 39, though the Chopin numbers were less satisfactorily interpreted. It was, in short, in the more classic selections that Mr. Galston was at his best, a virtue not usually shared by the younger pianists of to-day.

CLARINET IN TURMOIL AT THE PHILHARMONIC

Philharmonic Society concerts are so frequenty now that Conductor Josef Stransk is hard put to find novelties for his programmes. This is not an official statement, but an inevitable inference drawn from the concert which took place last evening in Carnegie Hall, and which was attended by an audience of moderate size. The list of compositions offered for consideration was this: Dvorak's serenade for strings, opus 22; Debussy's first rhapsody for clarinet and orchestra; Bizet's "Arlesienne" suite and Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony. The solo clarinetist was Henri Leon Le Roy.

Dvorak was a composer whose fecundity rarely failed him. He had plenty of melodies in his brain and he knew well how to develop them into interesting compositions. But when he wrote the serenade heard last evening, he really needed another serenade to wake him up. Such a naive, unoriginal, dull piece of music is seldom found among the works which any conductor will take the trouble to rehearse. The members of the Philharmonic orchestra went at it as if it were really worth while and played it excellently, but that did not save it.

If wonder was excited by the presentation of this infantile production, still more was evoked by the next number, which was anything but infantile. Mr. Debussy is well known to this public as the composer of "Pélleas et Mélisande," an extraordinary lyric drama replete with originality and surrounding a weird tale of Mæterlinck with the halo of a perfectly appropriate musical atmosphere. He has also interested us with orchestral sketches such as the "Afternoon of a Faun," and with songs of an exquisite style.

The programme of last evening announced the clarinet rhapsody as an entire novelty to this country. Possibly this is true, but a clarinet rhapsody, also said to be Mr. Debussy's first, was played in Boston by Mr. Grisez at a concert of Mr. Longy's wind-instrument organization on February 13 of last year. The histories of the achievements of Debussy do not mention his contribution to the literature of the clarinet, but it seems hardly likely that he wrote two first rhapsodies. Probably the Boston performance escaped the notice of the Philharmonic authorities.

It is a pity that their own did not also escape. The familiar scores of the French composer do not disclose any hostility to the clarinet. He seems always to have treated the instrument with respect. But of course in a rhapsody there is room for much latitude. By the blessing of Providence the composer did not find room also for great longitude. The composition is short, and this is its chiefest glory.

No description could do it justice. It is one fearful wrestle of conflicting harmonies with shadowy recollections of the afternoon of the Faun, now turned into a night made hideous, while above the general struggle the clarinet cavorts in wild leaps of unmusic, staccato, legato and otherwise, rushing up and down the scale from the highest squeaks to the lowest moans and never once pausing to sing as a clarinet can.

The merest tyro suspects that the composition is hard to play and he is certain that it is harder still to hear. Mr. Le Roy did all the stunts put before him by the composer and he did them without hesitation and with something almost like sang froid.

Perhaps that was the sine qua non for a performance of this astouishing rhapsody. An ancient musician of this town was wont to say that he did not like Liszt's "raspodies." What would he have said if he had listened to Debussy's for a simple and honest clarinet in B flat?

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

Dec 13 1912

A Rhapsody by Debussy for First Time Here.

The Philharmonic Society brought forward two compositions unfamiliar to New York at its concert last evening, a Serenade for strings by Dvorak, Op. 22, and Debussy's Rhapsody for clarinet and orchestra. There were besides the first suite made up of Bizet's incidental music to Daudet's play "L'Arlésienne" and Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony in E minor. The Rhapsody of Debussy was marked in the programme as played for the first time in America, but it is cred[illegible] had been played [illegible] which allows nothing of Debussy to escape it, a year ago, at one of the concerts of the Longy Club. The Rhapsody is a composition in Debussy's most characteristic style, the clarinet is not entrusted with a part that will make it widely popular, nor one that permits it to indulge in all its possibilities as a solo instrument. Its most interesting portion is the orchestral part, which is full of the [illegible] and shimmering color that Debussy can command of the orchestra. But when a [illegible] is deliberately rejected, a solo instrument has small opportunity. Mr. Leroy, first clarinet of the orchestra, who was the soloist, took advantage of all the opportunity that was offered him, and played it artistically.

Dvorak's Serenade for strings is melodious and pleasing; but it hardly represents the inspiration of the composer at his best. He seems to have satisfied himself easily with the material that he put into this composition. It is one of his earlier compositions; and very likely it would not have satisfied the composer's mature self-criticism, had he been in the habit of revising it in later years upon the progressions of his earlier ones.

The orchestra did itself proud in its performance of Bizet's suite, of which Mr. Stransky obtained a performance full of spirit, of delicate shadings, of tenderness and sentiment. Especially admirable were the minuet and the adagietto. Mr. Stransky had the fullest opportunity for effect in the Fifth Symphony of Tschaikowsky, with which he closed the programme.

MR. GALSTON'S RECITAL.

A Pleasing Programme of Piano Music Performed in Aeolian Hall.

At Mr. Gottfried Galston's recital yesterday afternoon he played a programme that afforded much variety and gave pleasure. He began with Busoni's transcription for piano of the chaconne from Bach's D minor solo sonata, a piece which has long tempted the transcribers, who have turned it variously into something for the whole orchestra, as Raff did; for the left hand alone on the piano, as Brahms did, or for both hands of a virtuoso on the piano, as Busoni has now done; doubtless there are others. But it still sounds bigger and more impressive on the four strings of a violin in the hands of a master than in all the sonoritics that Mr. Busoni and Mr. Galston can conjure from the modern pianoforte.

Mr. Galston played Schumann's fiery and impetuous G minor sonata with passion and tenderness, and he found ample variety of expression for two arrangements of tunes by Gluck (Sgambati's and Brahms's) and two intermezzi by Brahms from his Op. 119, two waltzes from the four hand set Op. 39 (also transcribed, but probably by Brahms himself) put together as one, and the Rhapsody in G minor, Op. 79. He had a group of Chopin numbers, and closed with Schulz-Evler's "Arabesques" on Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltz. There seemed to be a good many arrangements in this programme. Mr. Galston was not always perfectly certain of his technique in some of the more difficult numbers, as the transcription of the chaconne and the sonata by Schumann. But there was an underlying sympathy for the music, a real musical expression, in Mr. Galston's playing that made it a pleasure to hear.

Dec 14 1912

'SECRET OF SUZANNE'

Count Gil	Antonio Scotti
Countess Gil	Geraldine Farrar
Sante	Angelo Bada

Conductor Giorgio Polacco.

Almost without warning Wolf-Ferrari's charming one-act opera, "Il Segreto di Susanna," was added to the répertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It had not been suggested in the preliminary announcements of the house that the work would be given there this season. In fact, the first intimation that it was Mr. Gatti-Casazza's intention to present it came last week.

However, a wiser addition to the short list of one-act works could scarcely have been made. The eternal "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" grow tiresome if one of them is not occasionally coupled with some other work than its usual companion piece. "Versiegelt," which was produced last season, did not have a great success.

"Il Segreto di Susanna," on the other hand, had been tried and found entirely successful. For although the opera is new to the Metropolitan company's répertoire it is by no means new to the theatre. The Chicago-Philadelphia company presented it there twice in the Spring of 1911, and if memory serves once in the Spring of 1912. Whatever number of performances were given, the casts were identical. In each case Mme. Carolina White sang the rôle of the heroine. Mr. Sammarco was the Count, and Mr. Daddi the dumb servant. Mr. Campanini conducted.

This one-act opera introduced Wolf-Ferrari to American operagoers, although frequenters of the concert rooms knew the composer through his cantata, "La Vita Nuova." The success of "Il Segreto di Susanna" induced Mr. Gatti-Casazza to mount "Le Donne Curiose," and Mr. Dippel to produce "The Jewels of the Madonna." Since then two of these works have been produced in London; Mr. Wolf-Ferrari's name, in fact, is now a household word for operagoers.

But he has done nothing more successful, nothing more charming, than this one-act piece, which was heard again last night with renewed pleasure by an audience that followed every turn of the amusing story with rapt attention, that listened delightedly to the melodies of the score, and that, at the close, called the performers many times before the curtain. "Il Segreto di Susanna" abounds in melody, but one should pick out for special mention the charming overture; the piano solo, which later becomes the love duet, and Susanna's delightful smoking song, with its Debussy-like figurations which describe the ascent of the smoke of her cigarette.

The performance last night was a very fine one. It seemed almost as if Miss Farrar and Mr. Scotti were the ideal interpreters of the cigarette-smoking Countess and her jealous husband, who, smelling smoke in his wife's apartments, believes that a man has visited her in his absence. The setting of the play may be attributed to any period. Last night it was evidently about 1840; and both Miss Farrar and Mr. Scotti seemed to have stepped from daguerreotypes.

The playing of these artists, both in the jealous rages of the husband, and in the more peaceful moments of love, was in the most delightful key. And their singing also gave much pleasure. The music is almost Mozartean in its simplicity and both did ample credit to it. So did Mr. Polacco, who conducted the orchestra. He seemed to have delved in the score to bring out its many beauties, and he succeeded admirably. Mr. Hagemann's excellent playing of the piano solo should be mentioned.

As has been stated there were many curtain calls. When Miss Farrar first appeared in front of the curtain in acknowledgement of the applause she brought with her one of her cigarettes and blew a puff toward the orchestra chairs.

The evening closed with a performance of "Pagliacci," in which Miss Bori, and Messrs. Caruso, Amato, Gilly, and Bada appeared. Naturally, the combination of so many well-known singers as the two operas enlisted resulted in the presence of a very large audience.

N. Y. Sun

The Metropolitan Opera House must have rubbed its eyes last evening and wondered if it were dreaming or really awake, for it beheld itself in the act of giving a new "double bill." This consisted of the Wolf-Ferrari one act opera "Il Segreto di Suzanna," followed by that inevitable sequel to all first parts of double bills, the perennial "Pagliacci."

The entertainment provided by this new combination was apparently much enjoyed by the large audience. In joining contrast lieth love's and an impresario's delight. Certainly if Ouida's remark that such unions as that of lemons and rum are extremely chic, then the joining of Wolf-Ferrari's brilliant little lyric comedy and the terse tragedy of Leoncavallo ought to be regarded as a triumph of variety.

"The Secret of Suzanne" was first performed in this city at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 14, 1911, by the Philadalphia-Chicago Opera Company under the direction of Andreas Dippel. The cast consisted of Carolina White as the *Countess*, Mario Sammarco as the *Count*, and Francesco Daddi as the servant. Cleofonte Campanini conducted.

The story of the little opera is simplicity itself. The *Countess* has taken to smoking cigarettes and is in deadly fear that her strict husband will find it out. He scents smoke in his apartments and suspects his wife of having a lover. He determines to surprise her, does so, and finds that it was only smoke. There was not any fire. And so they live happily ever after.

This tenuous plot is neatly treated by the librettist, Enrico Golisciano, and is delightfully set to music by the composer.

It is a bubbling, spontaneous opera buffa score, modern in some of its ideas and methods, but none the less a lineal descendant of "La Serva Padrona," the great ancestor of the true comic opera of Italy. The principal duet for the husband and wife and the latter's exquisite cigarette song are among the things which will dwell in the hearer's memory. But doubtless the general impression of melodic freshness and facility and the happy spirit of the whole sparkling score will serve to satisfy the majority. The orchestra has its share in the work of delineation, but the voice parts have the chief dramatic message, which is couched always in singable phrases.

The performance of the charming little opera was in very good hands last evening. Miss Farrar sang the music of the *Countess* with excellent voice and with great taste. She was becomingly garbed and made a bewitching picture. She had a correct idea of the dramatic significance of the comedy, for what was fun for the audience she properly treated as death to the fictitious hero and heroine.

Mr. Scotti was very well costumed and made up and he impersonated the foolishly jealous husband with superlative skill. He showed his fine schooling in his treatment of the music and his acting was full of champagne. Mr. Bada was acceptable as the dumb servant. Mr. Polacco conducted the opera admirably, bringing out the full value of its musical sparkle and delightful instrumental color. The prelude was played excellently.

The performance of "Pagliacci" followed lines which have become very familiar. The cast comprised the comely Miss Bori as *Nedda*, Mr. Caruso as *Canio*, Mr. Amato as *Tonio* and Mr. Gilly as *Silvio*. It would be what the orators are fond of calling "a work of supererogation" to descant upon the impersonations of these singers. They were as they had been and will probably continue to be, let us hope, for a long time.

"THE SECRET OF SUZANNE"

Dec. 14. 1912

Cigarette Smoke and Music at the Metropolitan.

The delightful and hint given by Mr. Dippel nearly two years ago, was acted on by Mr. Gatti last night, when he produced "Il Segreto di Susanna" as a curtain raiser for Caruso, and "Pagliacci." Walf-Ferrari's dainty work is almost too exquisite, too sane and mind filling in itself to be used as a prologue to anything current at the Metropolitan Opera House, but if Leoncavallo's hot-blooded little tragedy must needs have a prologue because those who support our opera come to their boxes at 9 of the clock, and 'Il Segreto' therefore, can not be an epilogue, there could be no happier association than the works of Walf-Ferrari and Leoncavallo. The composer of the comedy, mindful of the origin of the humorous element in the lyric drama, called his work an intermezzo, for in the olden days it would have been performed not before or after a serious work but between its acts; but whether before or after any of the short operas in the current list, it is such a delightful addition to the entertainment of opera patrons that, as great a measure of gratitude must go out to Mr. Gatti for including it in his list, as if it were twice as long, four times as pretentious and twenty times as sonorous. Perhaps a much greater in view of its continuance in respect of the last quality, for sonority in this latter day has come to mean noise—and noise can easily be spared. Which reflection, in turn, suggests the thought, not necessarily relevant, that Walf-Ferrari's little early score outweighs in value his last big one, as will pretty generally be recognized when "Il Segreto" and "I Giojelli" become better known.

"Il Segreto di Susanna" might furnish a pretty text for those who are talking, voluminously and volubly just now (as others have talked for the last three-quarters of a century) about the great need of performing opera in the vernacular. Wolf-Ferrari's opera is announced on the bill as "The Secret of Suzanne," and the Italian title is given in the language in which it is sung, but not that in which it was composed and first sung. This was German. No doubt, deftly translated by one with a command of poetical English and a sufficient knowledge of the art of song to enable him properly to consort wards and music, the amusing comedy would be quite as amusing and musically bewitching as it is in Italian, but "Il Segreto" is a play which, with Wolf-Ferrari's music, would be "understanded of the people" and enjoyed by them if sung in Choctaw. It was an exquisite pleasure when the Philadelphia-Chicago Company presented it, and that pleasure was raised a hundredfold last night when Miss Farrar took the part of the Countess Gill, whose wicked secret was that she smoked cigarettes, and Signor Scotti that of her husband, whose jealous passion was provoked to almost tragic heights by his suspicions, but were allayed in a moment when he learned the truth. Finer comedy play than these two ingeniously matched artists put to their credit last night could not well be imagined, and the picturesque effect of the play was, greatly heightened by setting the period of the play back from the present time a couple of generations to permit Miss Farrar to appear in a most fetching coiffure and brocades. Some dainty crescendos of effect are still possible, and will be made when Miss Farrar recognizes the ingenious manner in which the composer has consorted the curling exhalations from his orchestra with the smoke of the Countess's cigarette. It will be only a matter of familiarity with the score. A prettier vision and more piquant and graceful poses and action she is not likely ever to attain.

"Il Segreto di Susanna" was followed by "Pagliacci," with the familar cast.

H. E. K.

Dec 15 1912

"DIE WALKUERE" GIVEN.

Mme. Matzenauer's Return and Mme. Cahier's First Appearance.

Siegmund ..... Carl Burrian
Hunding ..... Basil Ruysdael
Wotan ..... Putnam Griswold
Sieglinde ..... Olive Fremstad
Brunnhilde ..... Margarete Matzenauer
Fricka ..... Sara Cahier
Helmwige ..... Lenora Sparkes
Gerhilde ..... Bella Alten
Ortlinde ..... Vera Curtis
Rossweisse ..... Rita Fornia
Grimgerde ..... Florence Mulford
Waltraute ..... Lila Robeson
Siegrune ..... Marie Mattfeld
Schwertleite ..... Maria Duchene
Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

The first performance this season of "Die Walküre" at the Metropolitan Opera House, which took place yesterday afternoon, was one in many respects excellent; but most conspicuously for the good singing that was done in it. It was more remarkable, indeed, for this than for any other of its factors. The cast was one of singular excellence. Mme. Matzenauer made her reappearance in New York, in this representation, as Brünnhilde, and her welcome was a warm one. It may more than ever be emphasized after her performance yesterday that she was a strong reinforcement to the good singing that is done at the Metropolitan. Mme. Sara Cahier was another reinforcement in the same particular. She appeared for the first time here as Fricka. It will be remembered that she is an American singer who has made a name for herself in the Imperial Opera in Vienna, and who came to the Metropolitan for a couple of performances last Spring. She did not at that time quite justify the reputation that she brought with her across the ocean. She did much more toward it yesterday. She sang the music admirably, with good tone and agreeable quality of voice, with intelligence and dramatic significance. She was a Fricka pleasing to the eye as well as to the ear, and while she did not show quite all the skill in action that makes the part count for the most, it was on the whole an excellent presentation of an important but short and not very grateful portion of the music drama.

The splendor of Mme. Matzenauer's Brünnhilde has increased; the power and brilliancy and dramatic color of her voice, the excellence of her declamation, the intensity, warmth, and sympathetic quality of her action are more than they were. She suffers a little from what so many German and other dramatic sopranos suffer from, and what Sir John Falstaff was not ashamed of; but it is, at present, no very serious injury to her Brünnhilde. Mme. Olive Fremstad's Sieglinde is more tender, more appealing, than ever; more beautiful in voice and in action. Never has she represented the scene of the distracted fugitive in the second act more touchingly. Mr. Griswold's singing as Wotan was a delight; singing that was beautifully rich in tone and prodigal in power, and that with all its beauty was also forceful and vigorous in declamation, and of remarkable excellence in clearness of enunciation. His conception of the character is perhaps not quite so well considered nor so skillfully elaborated in detail as it might be; nor, doubtless, as it will be. Mr. Burrian must be credited with much good singing as Siegmund, which is now one of his most familiar parts.

The orchestra seemed to have had insufficient rehearsal to insure all precision and delicacy of ensemble and carefully balanced beauty of tone; and herein consisted the most obvious fault of the afternoon's performance.

MR. ZIMBALIST'S CONCERT.

He Plays a New Violin Concerto by John Powell, an American.

Mr. Efrem Zimbalist at his orchestral concert yesterday played two violin concertos, one being Max Bruch's in G minor, the other John Powell's in E major, which was heard for the first time in New York. Mr. Powell is an American now living in London, who is said to have come from Richmond, Va., where Mr. Zimbalist played the concerto last Spring. Mr. Powell is not otherwise known in New York, and no other composition of his is believed to have been played here. His concerto is interesting, although it continually betrays inexperience and uncertainty of touch, especially in the treatment of the orchestra. In this the composer has been highly ambitious and has attempted a number of new effects, such as the passage of harmonics on the violin accompanied by harp harmonics and the celesta in the orchestra, and certain others. He is not quite sure of his style, which is somewhat eclectic and vacillates between writing in the elder and approved manner now sealed and stamped as "straightforward," and some of the most modern formulas seeking strange harmonies and progressions.

The most significant feature of the concerto, however, is the fact that in at least the second and third movements he has made use of negro elements of melody and rhythm, and has thus imprinted a strongly individual character of its own upon the music. The "andante con moto" has more than a suggestion of a crooning negro song. The "presto con umore" is equally marked in its dance rhythms, and in more than one passage the composer has emphasized his intention by introducing into the orchestra the sandpaper shuffling that is familiar in the dancing of negro minstrels and in vaudeville. The violin part is written in parts effectively, but there are not a few passages where its utterance is swallowed up by an overelaboration of the orchestra. Mr. Powell is also unduly fond of repeated figures, ascending or descending—what the Germans call "Rosalen": and when he begins one he clings to it firmly. But the fresh and vigorous themes in his music (not always original) and the engaging character of the negro element that plays so large a part in it give the work an interest of its own, and when it is not overdone the development is musically significant. It was commendable enterprise that brought this work before this public. Mr. Zimbalist played it with obvious interest and enthusiasm. The difficult and complicated orchestral part was not at all well treated by the orchestra under Mr. Nahan Franko's direction. There was a very large audience present.

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY

Dec 16 1912

Songs and French Music—Franck and Debussy—A Comparison.

The concert of the Symphony Society at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was one of unusual interest, and though there was not a novel feature in the programme there were as many topics which invited discussion as there were numbers in it. First, there came César Franck's Symphony in D minor, after which Mme. Cahier sang the air, "Parto, ma tu ben mio," with clarinet obbligato, from Mozart's opera "La Clemenza di Tito." This was followed by Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps," which Mr. Damrosch prefaced with a few words of exposition, very graceful in expression and no doubt helpful to mwany of the hearers if it convincing to all. After two songs, Berlioz's "La Captive," in French, and Liszt's "Drei Zigeuner," in German (also sung by Mme. Cahier), an afternon of a most pleasurable and profitable character came to an end with Tschaikowsky's group of orchestral transcriptions of instrumental and vocal pieces by Mozart, which the Russian composer called "Mozartiana."

Conductor, orchestra, solo performer and listeners were all in a sympathetic mood, the givers giving of their best and the receivers accepting the gifts graciously and gratefully, and though there may be a critical note in the retrospect, it ought not to be heard as a dissonant one. They are generally poor affairs which are exhausted by a few laudatory generalizations.

César Franck's symphony has been on the local list for more than a decade. Originally produced here by the Boston Orchestra, it threatened to become something like an obsession in the last two seasons, when it was performed half a dozen times by the Philharmonic, Symphony and Volpe orchestras. It is a tribute to its sound merit that it has endured frequent repetition so well. A dozen years ago The Tribune's reviewer set it down as the finest contribution to symphonic literature which France had made since Berlioz, and the characterization may be permitted to stand in spite of the doings of its composer's imitators and successors since then. There is no reason why a clear view of Franck's virtues should be obfusticated because of what has been written in verbal phrase about him with the too obvious purpose of trying to make capital for those who profess to be following in his footsteps. It is pleasant to note the reverential attitude of M. d'Indy toward his master; but the fact does not make M. d'Indy's symphonic music any more palatable. It is working an old device to point out that the much contemned Academicians of France who refused to kowtow to the genius of Debussy when they were professors at the Conservatoire were also in doubt about the superlative grandeur of Franck's creative talent. The truth to be kept in view is that essentially the younger men of to-day have nothing in common with Franck's musical principles or artistic morality. We have said it before, but it was under different circumstances and long ago, and there can be no harm in reiterating it now when our minds are still echoing with music of such diametrically different types as Franck's symphony and Debussy's tonal decoction called "Rondes de Printemps." César Franck was to the whole extent of his ability and to the full measure of his zeal a musician, pure and simple. The picture which his affectionate biographers present of him is lovable—a modest man, a reverent artist, a mystical nature, a pious, devoted, simple-minded church man, who probably found as much happiness in his self-imposed task of writing one hundred settings of the canticle of the Blessed Virgin Mary, even though he did not live to finish it, as those who profess to be his disciples in art have found in witnessing the production of their works—a consummation granted to him in but few cases. We do not hear that he railed against fate because he never heard his "Beatitudes" any more than he did because he could bring only the sixty-third of his "Magnificats" to a conclusion. He was content with such material rewards as his labors received; and it is not given to any of us to measure what may have been his spiritual recompense in expectancy and realization. Professor Lavignac strove hard to put him among the immortals, and though there is a good deal of hyperbole in his characterization we would not quarrel violently with it: "He is the descendant of Bach by reason of his scientific knowledge; of Gluck by his power of lofty expression, and of the German Romanticists by his harmonic methods; while he is French in the clearness, purity and simplicity of his work."

For such praise the symphony in D minor offers much justification. The loss of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" and the "Symphonie Fantastique" could better be endured by French art, or the art musical, than the loss of this work of Franck's. And one reason is because it is all music, not one-half music and one-half fantastic notions inspired by non-musical sources, like the Debussy music which came back to us again yesterday after an absence of a little more than a year. Take away the title, the motto and the rhapsodic imaginings which they and the impressionistic splashes of orchestral color have inspired, and how long would this allegedly vernal phantasmagoria survive in comparison with any single page of the symphony?

Franck's symphony is itself music; Debussy's "image" (the epithet is his own) is chiefly a cause of music in others—verbal music. A French critic finds a hint of a children's dance song in its theme—a theme which by no courtesy could be called a melody, still less a tune such as children's dance-songs are the world over—and though it isn't quite clear what it is unless one is "informed in advance" in its transfiguration it becomes (in the critics' eye) an "aerial dance which only Corot's nymphs could follow with their vaporous bodies, sudden caprices, resistless sallies; a dance wholly musical, which has its movement in itself, and invokes not the aid of any material movement; advance of sounds, like them impalpable, diaphanous, which fascinates with an irresistible spell the thought. It is as though by its enchantment the soul of the forest awakens, and brings its own song, which we did not know, because it is neither that of the birds, nor even the rustle of leaves or the babbling of a spring. Everything here is revelation, not imitation." And these voices which are not voices are the soul of French forests, not German, or English or American. Words, words, words! And

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Mme. Schumann-Heink has thus far this season spared us the Mozart air which has so long served as a warning example of how Mozart's music should not to be sung. Mme. Cahier might have been equally kind and considerate. It is grievous while listening with honest appreciation to this honest, sincere, even zealous artist's endeavors and admiring the good qualities of her voice to be reminded by her explosiveness of style of the manner in which a multiple gun sends out its projectile. Half a dozen sforzatos to the phrase become become monotonous when carried through a long aria. Why such exaggerated pathos in Mozart's old air which yearns for legato utterance? Mme. Cahier has command of beautiful effects of musical declamation, as she proved in the exquisite manner in which she sang the languorous words and music of the last stanza of the Hugo-Berlioz reverie:

La nuit j'aime être assise,
Me touche en voltigeant,
Mais surtout, quand la brise
Etre assise en songeant, etc.

Here the artist reached the high-water mark of her achievements since she has returned to us. H. E. K.

Sunday Concerts.

Walter Damrosch and his Symphony Orchestra gave a good performance at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon of César Franck's symphony. Franck was one of the most thorough musicians France has ever produced, and his influence on the composers of his country was salutary. His mastery of the art of constructing a symphonic work was complete, and he was in every way so estimable a man that one longs to be able to get enthusiastic over him. But it is impossible; his symphony is much too long and there is very little evidence in it of creative power. The first movement does indeed contain pages that come perilously near being products of genius but not enough of them to redeem the work as a whole. The orchestra also played the Rondes de Printemps of Debussy and Tchaikovsky's charming "Mozarteana" suite. Mme. Chalier sang an aria from Mozart's "Titus," and also Berlioz's "Les Captives" and Liszt's "Three Gypsies," which it would have been a pleasure to hear, but there was another entertainment that demanded attention, the concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Arens at Carnegie Hall.

Dec. 16 '12

Mr. Arens was the pioneer missionary for the American composer. Many years ago he made him known in Europe as well as at home, and he has not got over his habit by any means. His programme yesterday included W. H. Humiston's Southern Fantasy, as well as an adagio by Mr. Arens himself, deeply felt and beautifully scored for strings and horns. It would make a good slow movement for a symphony.

Mr. Humiston, who is the programme annotator and lecturer of the New York Philharmonic Society, has recently been honored as no American composer has been honored. Dr. Hase, head of Breitkopf & Härtel, the oldest and largest music-publishing firm in Germany, informed him during his recent visit to New York that he had chosen his "Southern Fantasy" as one of the four orchestral works which his firm is going to specially push this season in Germany and elsewhere. It deserves this good luck. Mr. Humiston was a pupil of Edward MacDowell at Columbia University and he is now one of the most thorough musical scholars in the country. It is not alone his musicianship, however, that commends this work; it has ingratiating melody in abundance—melody of a Southern type, as the title indicates; it is beautifully orchestrated, and the music rises to a splendid climax, too. It does not take us "back to Mozart," but it does take us back to melody, and that is probably one reason why Germany's leading publishers, reading the signs of the time, have decided to "boom" it. Its brevity also is in its favor— it lasts only ten minutes. Mr. Volpe played it at one of his Central Park concerts last summer. With a new ending, it is now printed for orchestra, and also in arrangements for piano alone and with violin. Mr. Humiston himself conducted the piece, which was generously applauded, though it came at the end of an over-long programme. He has had several years' experience as a conductor with travelling opera companies, and it is needless to say that he made the most of his own work. He had the orchestra well in hand and responsive to every nuance called for.

At the Metropolitan Opera House, last night, Geraldine Farrar sang the best number of "Madama Butterfly" and other things including, as an encore, MacDowell's lovely "Bumblebee" song. Mr. Martin and Gilly shared the applause. In the neighboring Hippodrome, Titta Ruffo sang, and there were other concerts.

N. Y. Sun

Walter Damrosch, conductor of the Symphony Society, is fond of helping his audiences with a few explanatory comments on some of the compositions to be performed. Yesterday afternoon at the concert in Aeolian Hall he elected to speak with laconic brevity about the "Rondes de Printemps" of Claude Achille Debussy, whom he described as a composer ravishing to some, irritating to others, but always interesting. He also outlined briefly on the piano the thematic basis of the old French rondo on which the musician reared his orchestral sketch.

After the speech the composition was played. It is not new. Whether people will in the course of time learn to love this riotous spring of Debussy, who has striven to indicate the wildness of the forerunner of summer, remains to be learned, but one thing is certain and that is Mr. Damrosch told the truth when he said that it was interesting.

Doubtless the conductor would have found much more to say about the first number on the programme, which was the D minor symphony of Cesar Franck. A long and instructive lecture might be given on the structure of this composition. Vincent d'Indy, a man of fine intelligence, of broad culture, and himself a composer of high distinction has constituted himself the apostle of the Franck religion in France. He has written a most interesting and useful biography and examination of the master's creations, but his study of this symphony is noteworthy chiefly for what it has left unsaid.

The manner in which Franck has developed three movements from certain germinal thoughts, surrounding them with subsidiary matter of beauty and significance, and subjecting them to modification of much ingenuity might have furnished Mr. d'Indy with several pages of an illuminative character, but strangely enough he neglected his opportunity and said almost nothing worth saying. This symphony might easily be made a mine of instruction to youthful composers as to what to do and what not to do.

But the most important thing for

them to perceive would be the incontrovertible fact that profound musicianship, coupled with inventive skill in development, is not sufficient to bring into existence a masterpiece. Repeated hearings of this work of which the beauty is by no means little and the ingenuity really large, leave us with the unshaken conviction that it lacks the sacred fire. It was excellently performed yesterday by Mr. Damrosch's men, and the conductor read it with affectionate insight. The final orchestral number was Tschaikowsky's "Mozartiana" suite.

After the symphony Mme. Charles Cahier contralto, of the Metropolitan Opera House, sang the familiar aria from Mozart's "Titus." After the Debussy sketch she sang Berlioz's "La Captive" and Liszt's "Drei Zigeuner," both with orchestra, as they should always be sung. She was happiest in the Berlioz song, a lovely and tender composition, of which she seemed to feel most sympathetically the mood.

Here her tone was finer in quality and her imagination apparently more at home. In the Liszt song she showed appreciation of the content of the work, but her voice darkened so much that the whole thing was wrapped in gloom. Perhaps it were kinder to omit mention of the Mozart, but the record must stand that the music was sung with depressing sombreness of voice, with tone which at times became sepulchrally hollow and with a very insufficient technic for the bravura passages at the close.

PIANO AND VIOLIN SONATAS.

Mr. and Mrs. Mannes Begin Their Recitals in the Belasco Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes began the sixth season of their sonata recitals in the Belasco Theatre last evening before an audience whose numbers attested the steadily increasing taste for the form of music cultivated by the concert givers. The place is well adapted for such performances; it allows them to be kept in the scale of chamber music and in the feeling of intimacy appropriate to it. The scale, indeed, seems sometimes unnecessarily small, especially in the part of the pianoforte, where something more of decision and crispness, not necessarily of loudness, would not be amiss.

The programme included the sonata in G minor, Opus 5, by Daniel Gregory Mason, still in manuscript; Mozart's sonata in G major, No. 11, and Brahms's in D minor, Opus 108. Mr. and Mrs. Mannes had played Mr. Mason's sonata last Spring, when it created a very favorable impression as the work of a musician with something to say and with unusual command of his material and of the form in which he had chosen to express it. Highly original it can hardly be called; it shows, and shows more evidently on repeated hearing, the strong influence of Brahms upon the composer. But its ideas and its excellent musicianship give it value.

The sonata by Mozart is one of his most charming ones; its first movement with the slow introduction shows some of the composer's deepest and most serious inspiration.

ARENS ADAGIO HEARD.

Programme of People's Symphony Orchestra Much Too Long.

The People's Symphony Orchestra gave another concert yesterday afternoon under the direction of Franz X. Arens at Carnegie Hall, and there was a very large audience in attendance. Mme. Frances Alda was the soloist of the afternoon, and another feature was the presence of W. H. Humiston as the conductor of his own "Southern Fantasy."

The programme was much too long, and even without an intermission it lasted until long after 5 o'clock. It began with some remarks by Mr. Arens, included Mendelssohn's overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage"; Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, an adagio for horn and strings written by Mr. Arens—pleasing if not very original music; Puccini's "Vissi d'Arte," sung by Mme. Alda; a group of songs with piano accompaniment, and Humiston's "Southern Fantasy," which seemed to be based on negro melodies, although their melodic lines were much twisted.

Mme. Alda was received with storms of applause. Her welcome was so hearty, in fact, that she added an air from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," after the air from "Tosca," and after her group of songs, sung variously in German, Italian and French, she added a song in Eng[illegible]

FARRAR AT METROPOLITAN.

Gives Encore, Playing Her Own Accompaniment—Gilly and Martin Heard.

Miss Geraldine Farrar and Messrs. Gilly and Martin were the singers who furnished the programme at the Metropolitan concert last evening. The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Sturani. Miss Farrar sang the air from "Madama Butterfly," a group of songs, and the final trio from "Faust" with the two men singers. After her group of songs she was recalled, until she sat down to the piano and sang to her own accompaniment. After the trio there were countless recalls.

Mr. Martin was heard in the Flower Song from "Carmen" and three songs, and Mr. Gilly sang the Toreador Song from "Carmen," Liszt's "Si j'étais roi," and Tschaikowsky's "Serenade of Don Juan." The audience was a very large one.

To both eye and ear Miss Geraldine Farrar made an appeal last night at the fifth Sunday concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, in which Messrs. Riccardo Martin and Dinh Gilly also took part, and for which no seat remained unsold. It was Miss Farrar's first appearance in a concert there this season, and the audience was most attentive, and so generous with its applause that she had to sing three encores.

Wearing a gown of wonderful green, Miss Farrar hardly had reached her position beside Mr. Guiseppe Sturani, the conductor, before a ripple of feminine expression of delight swept over the audience, and, an astute student of counterpoint could have heard a distinct counter figure of masculine approbation. When she had sung the "Un bel dì" aria from "Madame Butterfly," the audience expressed its appreciation in unison. She sang the arias well and treated the audience to a series of temperamental side lights in keeping with the green gown. She also gave an encore.

In the second part of the programme, Miss Farrar sang three songs by Gluck, Mozart and Schumann. After them the audience wanted more and she granted its request, sitting at the piano and playing her own accompaniment charmingly.

Mr. Gilly has not sung better at any time this season than he did last night. With the toreador's song from "Carmen," that thrilling, boisterous lay, he cast a spell over his listeners. With all its care free spirit he sang it, and whenever a top note presented itself to his notice he seized it and held it a longer time than top notes are accustomed to being held.

Mr. Martin sang the flower song from the same opera and a group of three songs besides his part in the trio from "Faust," with Miss Farrar and Mr. Gilly. This last was his best performance of the evening and his voice showed more freedom from harshness in it. The trio was the choicest bit on the programme and much if its beauty came from the sureness and deftness with which the singers held true pitch.

Under Mr. Sturani the orchestra played Rossini's "Semiramide" overture, the Bacchanall from Saint-saën's "Sampson et Dalila," and the Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda."

RUFFO SINGS AT HIPPODROME.

Packed House Enthusiastic at the Barytone's Concert.

After the extraordinary enthusiasm aroused by Titta Ruffo, the great Italian barytone, at a concert recently given at Carnegie Hall it was a foregone conclusion that he would have to give his admirers another opportunity to hear a display of his remarkable voice. Accordingly he appeared last evening at a concert specially arranged for him in the Hippodrome.

Long before the hour set for the beginning of the entertainment people were crowding into the house and when the programme began all the seats in the large auditorium were occupied and many persons sat in extra chairs placed on the stage.

The concert was liberally planned. In addition to the star of the evening Maggie Teyte, soprano, and Margaret Keyes, contralto, both of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, and Nahan Franko with his orchestra contributed their services. Mr. Ruffo was heard four times. His first number was "I miei Signori" from Verdi's "Rigoletto" and he closed the first part of the programme with two Neapolitan songs.

In the second part he was heard with Miss Teyte in the duet "La ci darem" from "Don Giovanni" and at the end in the famous brindisi from Thomas's "Hamlet," the number with which he stirred up the Metropolitan Opera House audience on the occasion of his first appearance in this city.

Miss Keyes sang "Che faro" from Gluck's "Orfeo" and "O Don Fatale" from Verdi's "Don Carlos." Miss Teyte sang "Depuis le jour" from "Louise" and three songs by Hue's "J'ai pleure en Reve," Ronald's "Down in the Forest" and Mrs. Beach's "The Year's at the Spring."

Mr. Ruffo's singing again displayed those characteristics noted in previous appearances. The great power and high range of his exceptional voice, his immense breath support and remarkable control of tonal emission and his brilliant climaxes all served to call forth long and loud plaudits.

NEW, SUPERB VENUS IN 'TANNHAEUSER' AT OPERA

The second performance of "Tannhauser" which took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, was attended by an audience of good size, which apparently enjoyed the opera. The cast, with one exception, comprised singers who have been heard in the same work on previous occasions.

Mr. Ganti-Casazza exhibits a certain amount of ingenuity in shuffling his lyric cards in such a way that new pictures are brought to the top of the pack. Last evening new interest was given to the representation by the first appearance here of Mme. Margarete Matzenauer as *Venus*.

There exists in some minds an idea that the gods of the classic mythology were of noble figure, exceeding ordinary mortals not only in the glory of their celestial eyes and the grandeur of their bearing but also in sheer stature. For such minds Mme. Matzenauer provided a satisfying picture. If she had stopped there, however, there would be nothing more to say about her *Venus*.

But she brought to her impersonation also her familiar splendor of tone and her imposing dignity of style. Hers was a *Venus* not only majestic in person but also impressively dramatic in conception and execution. The scene between her and Mr. Slezak as *Tann hauser* rose to inspiring heights of expressiveness.

Mme. Destinn's *Elizabeth* has already won high praise, and last evening it equalled its own lofty standard of lyric beauty. The other chief personages in the performance were Mr Weil as *Wolfram*, and Mr. Witherspoon as the landgrave *Hermann* of Thuringia.

The general treatment of the opera was commendable. Mr. Hertz conducted and governed the various musical forces with a firm hand.

A RECITAL OF SONGS

French Declamation and No Melody.

Miss Maggie Teyte, of whom everybody has been inclined to speak most amiably ever since she has been known here, regardless of the twist which she has thought it necessary to gixe her name in order that it might appear intelligible to the French eye, gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. She was, unhappily, in sufficient trepidation about her vocal condition to ask the indulgence of the audience after the programme was two-thirds over. Perhaps the apology would have not been necessary had she tried more to sing and less to declaim in the group of songs which immediately preceded her apology. They were a group of French poems by Verlaine, which would, it is easy to fancy, have conveyed their proclamation better had they been recited without regard to the musical notes which Debussy affixed to their words.

A vast deal has been written about the potency of music in heightening the effect of poetry, but unless poetry can be raised to a higher power by the aid of melody in combination with expressive harmony it would better be left alone by musicians. What Schumann accomplished in one phrase of his "Nussbaum" is not approached by Debussy in all of his "Ariettes Oubliees." Schmann made the whole song musically eloquent with his instrumental interlude between the lines; Debussy tried to raise the power of the words by an harmonic substratum which they did not need. Yet such songs as Schumann's and the monody which preceded the invention of the Italian opera are the unmistakable prototypes of the songs ("melodies" they are called, to the bewilderment of many people) which Debussy and his colleagues have written.

Miss Teyte also sang a number of songs by American composers, native and imported—C. M. Loeffler, J. H. Rogers, Marshall Kernochan, C. W. Cadman, R. H. Woodman, Kurt Schindler, C. W. Coombs, Sidney Homer and Ethelbert Nevin, some of the commonplace English ballad type, some of a higher order, but none inviting detailed discussion, since all criticism would seem invidious.

MISS TEYTE'S RECITAL.

Suffering from Hoarseness. She Sings American and French Songs.

It was unfortunate that Miss Maggie Teyte was suffering from a severe hoarseness at her song recital, which she gave yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. It was evident to some extent in the quality of her voice at the beginning, and was increasingly evident toward the end. Indeed, an apology was made for her by her accompanist, Mr. Arthur Rosenstein, at the end of her first group, when he said that she would endeavor to go on, but asked the indulgence of her audience. Under these circumstances all her fine and delicate art in singing was not to be enjoyed at its best; yet there was much in her performance, as it was, that gave great pleasure to her audience.

Her programme was made up entirely of songs by American composers, American by birth or by residence, and by Debussy. There were some rather unexpected juxtapositions, as of Charles Martin Loeffler's "To Helen," a song that has been heard here several times before, in his most fastidious and recherché vein, and James H. Rogers's popular lyric, "At Parting"; or of Kurt Schindler's delicate and characteristic setting of the Italian folksong "La Colomba," and C. Whitney Coombs's "Her Rose"; or even of the two songs by R. Huntington Woodman, "Ashes of Roses," a lyric of real distinction, and "An Open Secret," of which it semed that some excellent comic opera on Broadway had been unjustly deprived.

In most of Miss Teyte's selections the audience had reason to be grateful. Among other numbers that deserve mention are Marshall Kernochan's interesting interpretation of Walt Whitman's "We Two Together"; a new song by Mr. Schnidler, "Lo Sparviero Fuggito," with something of the character of a deeply felt and spontaneous improvisation, suggestive of the style of Wolf-Ferrari's "Nuova Vita"; Sidney Homer's "Dearest," to words by Henley, of heart-felt tenderness, which Miss Teyte had to repeat, and Ethelbert Nevin's "Chantez, la Nuit sera brève." Of Debussy, she sang the six "Arlettes Oubliées," settings of verses by Paul Verlaine. Some of these are familiar, as the "C'est l'extase langoureuse," and the "Aquarelle," entitled "Green," and these appeared, in contrast to the others, to have been made more familiar because they are better and more musical. It is a little difficult on first hearing to see what musical relation the declamatory voice part of "Chevaux de Bois" has to the accompaniment, which is the real interpretation of the verse.

Miss Teyte's singing of all these songs, notwithstanding the difficulty under which she laboured, had great charm, a lyric intensity, a chiseled delicacy, fine taste and feeling, and close identification of the moral of the composition. That she carried through her recital with the success she did spoke much for her vocal skill.

Musical Art Society Opens Concert Season

Presenting a programme of wide scope, the Musical Art Society began its twentieth season with its Christmas concert in Carnegie Hall last night. Several players from the New York Symphony Orchestra assisted. The auditorium was crowded, and throughout the concert the audience gave Mr. Frank Damrosch and the chorus its closest attention.

The first part of the programme consisted of three motets and two old German Christmas songs. The charm of these antique forms of choral writing delighted the audience, and its applause did not cease until one of the German folk songs was repeated.

Exerpts from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, the second part of the concert, did not meet with so much approval. The orchestra did not give the proper depth and sonority to the music and the solo parts, with the exception of the baritone, were not sung in an inspiring manner. The harmony of the chorus was not impaired, however.

Two more ancient choral pieces, a midsummer song by Mr. Frederick Delius, a group of Scotch folk songs and two songs for chorus by Brahms constituted the last part of the programme. The Scotch songs were a delight. They were arranged for four voices by Max Bruch, and, if that were possible, he almost refurbished the bright melody and lilting character of them.

The audience took advantage of the long intermission which gave many persons a chance to renew musical friendships formed during the life of the society.

CARUSO AND BORI ARE MAGNETS AT THE OPERA

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was heard again at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The cast was the same as at the previous performances and the audience was large. This latter statement becomes trite from repetition, but perhaps a word may be said in explanation. The increase or decrease in the size of the audiences at the opera in the current season must be sought chiefly in the uppermost regions of the house or in the standing room behind the rail at the rear of the orchestra circle.

The subscription is so large that an audience of good size is assured for every performance of the season. But certain operas and certain artists do make an appreciable difference. When Mr. Caruso is to be heard in one of those roles beloved of the public the standing room is jammed and the gallery overflows. If he sings a part which is not quite so popular these places are not entirely filled. If he does not sing, then the size of the house depends on other factors. For example, "Die Walküre" with a star cast will bring out a crowd, and "Tristan und Isolde" with Mr. Toscanini in the conductor's chair wields a potent charm.

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" is not so powerful a magnet as "La Bohème," but it serves, for after all *Des Grieux* in this opera is a rôle excellently suited to Mr. Caruso's style. Furthermore the Metropolitan now possesses in Miss Bori a *Manon* of most comely appearance and of great personal charm. The two singers together with Mr. Scoti as *Lescaut*, carried the burden of the opera with skill last evening and received plenty of applause. Mr. Polacco conducted.

MR. GODOWSKY'S RECITAL.

N. Y. Times

The Pianist Plays an Interesting Programme at Carnegie Hall.

It is a pity that Mr. Leopold Godowsky did not play at his first recital some three weeks ago as he did at his second, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. First impressions are often more lasting than they deserve to be; but yesterday the pianist did something to efface those impressions and substitute for them more agreeable ones as to his art and his interpretative powers. Whether or not the music he played yesterday made a more urgent appeal to his imagination and poetic feeling, he played it with more of both than he exhibited at his previous appearance.

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The most significant points of his recital were the sonata by Beethoven, Op. 81, "Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour," and that by Chopin, Op. 58, in B minor. Beethoven's Sonata is not often played by virtuosos, for it gives little opportunity for effects which are esteemed imposing, and yet it is well worth their attention. The composer thought well of it himself: it is one of his half-dozen tributes to his pupil, patron, and friend, the Archduke Rudolph, and especially commemorates an incident in his life. There are sentiment, tenderness, and buoyant vigor in the music, and Mr. Godowski put these qualities as well as an intellectual subtlety abundantly into his interpretation of it. There were all his clarity and precision of articulation, a wide range of dynamics, and a considerable variety of tonal coloring. His playing of Chopin's Sonata was perhaps the best performance he has yet given here, because in it he approached nearest to the poetry, the emotional content of the work. He treated it as music delicate and fragile, not attempting to find in it a robust or sweeping utterance, and he made his conception seem convincing, and made it appeal directly to his listeners' sensibilities. Much might be said of some of the interesting technical features of his performance, as of the left hand playing in the last movement, of the clearness of most of it. On the other hand there was felt, as in much of Mr. Godowsky's playing, the lack of a fine and singing legato.

An interesting number of his programme was a suite which he called Renaissance, in allusion doubtless to what is seen of in Germany as the Renaissance of pre-classical music, now considerably cultivated there. It consists of a "Pastorale" by Corelli, a "Tambourin" and a "Musette en Rondeau," by Rameau, one of Dandrien's little programme pieces called "La Caquet," and a gigue by Loeillet, which he has transcribed, enlarged and to some extent fitted with modern harmonies and arranged in sequence. They are charming pieces, whose character is not seriously changed by what Mr. Godowsky has done to them, and he played them with great delicacy refinement, grace and rhythmic vitality. Another brilliant number was the first book of Brahms's set of variations on a theme of Paganini's. The technical difficulties had no terrors for him, and to some of the variations, as the slow waltz, he gave much charm.

"THE MESSIAH" SUNG.

N. Y. Sun

Lillian Blauvelt and Putnam Griswold as Soloists.

Dec. 19 '12

A special performance of "The Messiah" was given in Aeolian Hall last evening by Walter Henry Hall's chorus of 125 voices and the following solo singers: Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, soprano; Pearl Benedict-Jones, contralto; Dan Beddoe, tenor, and Putnam Griswold, bass. There was an orchestra of forty players, partly selected from the forces of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Hall conducted.

Mme. Blauvelt has been absent from this country for some time and her reappearance was cordially welcomed. Mr. Griswold had not previously been heard here in oratorio and he showed himself to be an artist in this field. Mr. Beddoe distinguished himself by his complete mastery of the extended phrases of such numbers as "Every Valley" and by his clear enunciation.

Mr. Hall's chorus proved to be a respectable organization, with no special beauty of tone or brilliancy of style. Possibly some of Mr. Hall's methodical tempi may have made brilliancy impossible, but on the other hand it might not have been safe to go faster. These are matters about which conjecture may weary itself without reaching a conclusion.

WITH TOSCANINI BACK "ORFEO" IS SUNG AGAIN

The return of Arturo Toscanini to his post at the Metropolitan Opera House was celebrated last evening by the first performance this season of the "Orfeo ed Euridice" of Gluck. The distinguished conductor passed this summer directing musical doings at the great Colon Theatre in Buenos Ayres, where Pasquale Amato and Mme. Matzenauer were among his associates. He returned thence to Europe and arrived in this city only last Sunday. He began rehearsals the next day, for the spirit of Toscanini cannot rest.

Because of the insatiable activity the exhaustless nervous energy of the man his interpretation of Gluck's classic work is especially remarkable. There have been occasions before this to comment on the fine appreciation of the Doric line in this reading. The temptation to embellish is resisted throughout. In the end the contemplative mind acquires an impression like that gained from a first visit to the Acropolis and a gradual realization of the elemental sublimity of an absolutely pure architectural style.

Let us confess that Gluck's opera is not as spotlessly chaste as the Parthenon, but it has the Doric ideal, and only perhaps in the Hades scene does it flaunt the meretricious accessories of the mediæval spectacular play in our faces. Here indeed we find ourselves confronted with those delicacies imported by Mazarin for the Parisians, "decorations and machines after the manner of the Italians."

But there had to be a Hades and the spectacular element in opera is very hard to down. Mr. Toscanini treats this scene musically, so that keeps well within the picture, and in this he receives material aid from Mrs. Homer, to whose everlasting credit it remained that she has so thoroughly absorbed the spirit of the conductor's conception.

The renewed disclosure of this admirable achievement of the Metropolitan Opera House brought a real delight to a large audience. The performance offered for consideration practically all the features familiarized by last season's representations, with one exception. Mme. Alma Gluck has gone in search of laurels of the concert platform in Jamestown, N. Y., and other marts of the world. Therefore she is no longer a *Happy Shade* in the ineffably lovely Elysian fields of Gluck. Her place is now taken by Anne Case, who was seen and heard in the role for the first time last evening.

Miss Case's advent in the opera made no serious change in the general effect of the performance. It can be said without reservation that her appearance was quite worthy of Elysium and that she sang her solo with great beauty of tone and with lovely style.

Mme. Homer sang her music with discretion as to tone. Would that she would import into some of her other interpretations some of the musical judgment and the repose of style she exhibits in this admirable piece of work. Her action too is in "Orfeo ed Euridice" more consistent, more dignified and far more poetic than in any of her other roles. Her *Orfeo* is a beautiful creation and it won much applause last evening.

Miss Sparkes was the *Cupid* and discharged her small duty capably. Mme. Rappold was assigned to the role of *Euridice*. It might be harsh to say that she was an unhappy shade, but it would not be going too far tosay that she was an exceedingly colorless one. Doomed for a certain time to walk the night, she walked through her part till she came to the end of it and left some people wondering why *Orfeo* took such a lot of trouble about *Euridice* after all.

A word must be said for the beauty and taste of the dance in the Elysian fields, a dance in which the premiere, Lucia Fornaroli, was a conspicuous figure of grace and comeliness.

MR. TOSCANINI'S RETURN

A Revival of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice."

Signor Toscanini returned to his duties at the Metropolitan Opera House last night under circumstances of such dignity that they raised the institution higher in the estimation of music lovers than would have been possible had all the artists been grouped in an "all-star cast." He directed the first performance this season of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," in which, besides chorus and orchestra, only four singers took part, and they all women, viz.: Mesdames Louise Homer, Marie Rappold, Leonora Sparkes and Anna Case. The occasion was not of a sensational order. It could not be, because in it there was nothing to irritate the nerves, nothing to startle the senses. It was only a beautiful old tragedy, reproduced in a manner which ravished eye and ear, stirred the imagination and warmed the hearts and minds of those capable of appreciating its serene and lovely grandeur. There were a few vacant places on the main floor and in the boxes, and no scenes of excitement. Mr. Toscanini was warmly greeted when he entered to take his place at the conductor's stand and Mme. Homer was rewarded after the first act with several recalls, but all of the incidents of the evening were as decorous as if prompted by the spirit of reverence which the representation challenged. In nothing was this spirit made more patent than in the fact that there was not a sound to disturb the happiness caused by Miss Case's singing of her air in the scene in the Elysian Fields. The rapt attitude of the audience was proof enough that the young artist's beautiful voice and style were appreciated at their value. The spirit of the song had been prepared by the classic dances led by Miss Fornaroli and was continued to the end of the act. There have been many instances in which, with all the brilliance of individual performances, the operas at the Metropolitan have disclosed a lamentable lack of consistency in style which has worked harm to the enjoyment of the judicious; thanks to Mr. Toscanini, there was nothing of this kind last night.

H. E. K.

GIVES PULITZER MEMORIAL

Philharmonic Selects Editor's Favorite Composers.

The Philharmonic Society gave a Beethoven-Wagner-Liszt programme last night in memory of the society's benefactor, the late Joseph Pulitzer, whose favorite composers were the three chosen. The audience was a large one and one that manifested both interest and enthusiasm.

The programme opened with Beethoven's First Symphony, of which Mr. Stransky gave on the whole a sympathetic reading, though there were moments when a little greater delicacy of treatment might have been desired. All in all this portion of the evening was most welcome, as the symphony is not often heard in New York.

Carl Jorn sang in both the Wagner numbers, the prize song from "Die Meistersinger" and Siegfried's death and funeral march from "Götterdammerung." Mr. Jorn was in rather better voice than usual, the prize song in particular receiving well deserved applause.

The programme closed with Liszt's "A Faust Symphony," in which Mr. Jorn and the men's chorus from the Arion Society

Philharmonic Pulitzer Programme.

When Joseph Pulitzer left what will ultimately amount to about a million dollars to the Philharmonic Society—one of the wisest bequests ever made—he expressed the wish that considerable attention be paid to his favorite composers, Beethoven, Wagner, and Liszt. This would have been done any way, but last night a concert was given in memory of Pulitzer in which the fulfilment of his wish was emphasized by including in the programme Beethoven's first symphony, the prize song from Wagner's "Meistersinger," followed by the Siegfried Funeral March from "Götterdämmerung," and Liszt's "Faust" symphony.

The size of the audience and the applause indicated that Pulitzer's choice is also the public's. It would have been unwise to include one of Beethoven's great symphonies on this occasion, as Liszt's gigantic work takes ten minutes over an hour to play; so Mr. Stransky opened the entertainment with the first of the famous nine, which lasts only twenty-five minutes and sounds more like Haydn than like Beethoven, though there are prophesies of the real Ludwig in it. Mr. Humiston, in his excellent programme notes, calls attention to the amusing fact that in this simple juvenile work there were harmonies which aroused the ire of the critics. What they would have done with Richard Strauss, not to speak of Schönberg, imagination cannot concelve.

The "Meistersinger" prize song was sung by Mr. Jörn to the best of his ability, and he was recalled a number of times. An impressive performance of the Dead March followed. But the climax was the Liszt symphony, which aroused much enthusiasm, after each movement, and deservedly so, both for its intrinsic worth and because of the magnificent way in which Mr. Stransky and his admirably-trained players overcame its difficulties and brought out its many beauties in clear relief.

Liszt was one of the most original and fascinating of orchestral colorists, inexhaustible in the ingenious art of securing a variety of tints. Yet Mr. Stransky found a few places which he evidently thought would gain by a slight change in the instrumentation, along the lines suggested by Wagner for Beethoven's ninth. He was not mistaken; the changes made the effect still more ravishing and there can be no doubt that Liszt himself would have approved of them. He was not too proud to ask advice of others—like Berlioz and Raff—on such points.

Liszt was for years a pianist before he began to compose for and conduct an orchestra. Now, in his day, orchestras were not so well-trained or used to being led by the conductor as they are to-day; consequently, when he began to conduct he occasionally came to grief, because he tried to "improvise" with the orchestra as he had done on the piano—that is, tried to make it follow every nuance suggested to him by the inspiration of the moment. It is otherwise to-day, and, with his splendid Philharmonic Orchestra, Mr. Stransky was able to interpret the "Faust" last night in the real improvisational manner of Liszt, with delightful results and no mishaps. He might have shortened the first movement somewhat—it lasts too long, a full half-hour—but in the second movement, the ravishing Gretchen—there was not a bar one would have willingly missed. The diabolically clever and cleverly diabolical final part ended grandly, with Goethe's "All Things Transitory," well sung by the Arion Society. It is in this last section that Wagner found several things he concluded would sound well transplanted to "Parsifal."

In Germany Liszt's "Faust" has become in recent years one of the most popular of all symphonies. If in this city any concert-goers are left who do not like this work, they should go and hear Mr. Stransky interpret it. Ferdinand Hiller used to dislike and abuse the "Tannhäuser" overture till he heard Anton Seidl conduct it. He was manly enough to walk right up to Seidl and say: "Ja, so gefällt sie mir auch!" ("Yes, that way I like it, too.")

Mr. Kreisler at His Best in Benefit Recital

N. Y. Times

Violinist Foregoes Christmas at Home to Aid Music School Settlement—Charms Brilliant Audience.

Thanks to Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, and the audience that heard him play yesterday afternoon in the Waldorf-Astoria, the Music School Settlement is several thousand dollars better off than it was. Mr. Kreisler appeared in his only New York recital, this being possible through the courtesy of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which had engaged him for a brief American tour. He had finished his trip and was prepared to return to Europe and spend Christmas at home, when he was asked to remain here a few days longer and play for charity. He readily agreed. As a result he will spend both Christmas and New Year's Day travelling, as he leaves next Tuesday on board the Lusitania.

Mr. Kreisler entered fully into the spirit of the occasion and played as one inspired. Except the Handel D major concerto, with which he began, all his numbers were of an intimate nature and all single pieces, just the kind of a programme to interest his audience. There was a melodie by Gluck, an excerpt from "Orfeo" which were exquisitely played, as were the chanson and pavan of Couperin, which followed. A meditation by Mr. Rawlins Cottenet, a director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, which has been heard here before, was received with much applause. But the most applause followed one of Mr. Kreisler's own compositions, a caprice viennois, in the playing of which he loosed the very spirit of Vienna by the warm sentiment of the first theme—like the soulful beginning of a Strauss waltz—and then by the dashing polka rhythm of the second part. He had to repeat this number.

Although there was a change of bill at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, devotees of Wagner were not disappointed, for the change was simply one from "Tristan und Isolde" to "Goetterdaemmerung." It was necessitated by the indisposition of Mr. Arturo Toscanini, who was to have conducted "Tristan und Isolde." He held the final rehearsal on Wednesday and was suffering then from nervousness and neuritis in the right arm. This seems to have been aggravated by his leading "Orfeo ed Euridice" on Thursday night, so yesterday morning he notified the management that it would be impossible for him to conduct "Tristan."

A quick shift was made to "Goetterdaemmerung," and even that did not have quite smooth sailing, for Mr. Putnam Griswold, who sang Hagen, arrived at the opera house with high fever and tonsilitis. Mr. William J. Guard, press representative, appeared before the curtain and explained this to the audience, but the apology was scarcely needed, for Mr. Griswold sang and acted well.

With the exception of Mme. Matzenauer, who sang Waltraute and Flosshilde for the first time this season, all the principals were those who have been heard previously in this drama. Mme. Fremstad was excellent as Brunnhilde, Mr. Burrian sang Siegfried, Mme. Fornia was Gutrune, Mr. Weil sang Gunter and Mr. Hertz conducted. The audience was quite large and liberal in its applause.

DEC 22 1912

YSAYE PLAYS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Violinist Gives a Concert Both Unique and Enjoyable.

At Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, played a symphony concert for young people.

His programme began with the fine sonata of Brahms in A major, in which Camille Decreus played the piano part with skill. Then followed one of the older violin pieces in which Ysaye's dignified style and purity of taste are always so favorably shown. This was Viotti's concerto in A minor, No. 22. Ysaye introduced in the first movement a skilfully fashioned cadenza of his own and played it with great brilliancy.

Other numbers on the list were Chausson's "Poeme," a romance by Svendsen, Schumann's "Abendlied" and Saint-Saens's "Havanaise." It was a concert different from those to which the audiences at the young people's series are accustomed, but there was evidence that the audience enjoyed it greatly.

Two Operas Sung at Matinee.

At the opera yesterday afternoon the Secret of Suzanne" was repeated, again sung by Miss Farrar and Mr. Scotti. Mr. Polacco conducted. This time Wolf-Ferrari's work was followed by "La Boheme," sung by Miss Bori, Mme. Alten, and Messrs. Martin, Gilly, de Segurola, Didur, Ananian, and Pini-Corsi. Mr. Sturani conducted. DEC 22 1912

Philharmonic Waltzes.

"You should have heard the 'Heart-Wounds' and 'The Last Spring' last night. They played the crescendos and pianissimos with a marvellous art such as one hardly dreams about, and their forte was like a whole world of sound—and how the Germans did enjoy it! Besides the applause of the audience, I heard bravos from the orchestra at the best places, and from the box at my left (I was conducting on the stage) the grunting of Liszt—that well-known sound which you hear only when there is something he likes."

These remarks concerning his "Two Elegiac Melodies," which were on yesterday's Philharmonic programme, were written by Grieg in 1883, after he had conducted them in Weimar at Liszt's request. Could he have lived to hear yesterday's performance, he would again have enjoyed the playing of the crescendos and pianissimos with marvellous art and a forte that was like a whole world of sound, and he would have agreed that New York has an orchestra to be proud of, as well as a conductor who can sound the emotional depths of poetic music. Mr. Stransky, indeed, raised himself another degree in the public's esteem by the inspired performance of these two heartfelt songs and the eloquent proclamation of the glories of Tchaikovsky's passionately melodious and glowingly colored fifth symphony, which preceded the Grieg numbers.

After such masterworks of melody and emotion Louis Persinger, the twenty-five-year-old violinist, had the difficult task of interesting the audience in Edouard Lalo's violin concerto listed as opus 20. It would have been wise to omit its last movement, which was awkwardly ineffective, through no fault of the player. The violinist does not live who can make that an *allegro con fuoco*. The first and second movements are very much better, being melodious and ingratiating. Mr. Persinger played them sweetly, agreeably in tune, and with a tone which, although not large, has that carrying quality which, as in the case of Patti or Sembrich, makes it possible to hear and enjoy the softest strains in the biggest auditorium.

The Philharmonic Society not only has just given a Pulitzer Memorial Concert, devoted to his favorite composers, but is observing the letter and the spirit of the conditions which that benefactor made in leaving his bequest. One of these was that good popular music he put on the programmes. Yesterday two waltzes were played, one of them being the third movement of the Tchaikovsky symphony; the other, Strauss's Blue Danube Waltz, as arranged for concert performance—which quite recalled the good old times when Theodore Thomas was the music master of New York. Thomas recognized that the dance music of Strauss—whom even James Huneker (after a week of Richard Strauss in Stuttgart) acknowledged to be *the* Strauss—has a distinct value in the concert-room; and, as his widow notes in her delightful memoirs of that great musical missionary, he went many times to Vienna to hear Strauss himself conduct his music and note his best effects. Thomas's successor, Frederick Stock, in a paper he read a few years ago before the Music Teachers' National Association, remarked that "some of the scores of Johann Strauss, the Waltz-King, also furnish most excellent material for studying purposes," and that "their practical value from this point has never been fully appreciated."

Certainly these waltzes are most beautifully orchestrated besides being tuneful, and when they are played with the true Viennese swing and rubato, as the "Blue Danube" was played yesterday under Mr. Stransky, they are worthy of being associated with any music ever written. The audience applauded enthusiastically and would surely be delighted to hear another Strauss waltz very soon.

RUSSIANS GIVE CONCERT.

Balalaika Orchestra Renders Pleasing and Varied Programme.

At the opening concert of the Russian Balalaika Orchestra yesterday at Aeolian Hall, Russian music by the modern masters was featured in a programme that also included a special number composed of folk songs and one of Irish and Scotch melodies played for the first time by this orchestra.

Vladimir Pogoreloff, the conductor, played four solos on the balalaika, among them a Czardas and a Valse Caprice, by Andreeff. This was followed by a group of Russian folk songs by the orchestra. Madame Nina Dimitrieff sang four songs in her native tongue, besides two ballads in English. The 'cello soloist, Miss Helen Sholder, rendered Golterman's "Andante" and Popper's Hungarian Rhapsody.

Sunday Concert Once More Fills Opera House

Mme. Homer, Mr. Elman and Mr Slezak the Soloists and Excellent Performance Is Given.

It was with great difficulty that the enthusiastic followers of music adjusted their numbers to the capacity of the Metropolitan Opera House last night, when Mr. Mischa Elman, Mme. Louise Homer and Mr. Leo Slezak appeared as the soloists in the sixth Sunday concert.

As a matter of fact, more than a thousand persons failed to achieve a satisfactory adjustment, because some thirty-five hundred others were there before them. From the time that Mr. Slezak sang an aria from "L'Africaine" until Mr. Elman ended the final note of the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg" those who held the much sought places along the rail remained at their posts, fearful lest they miss the faintest sound of the glorious music.

Mme. Homer's first offering was that vibrant aria from "Samson et Delila" and in it she fairly reveled. The audience began its applause with the grim earnestness of a public determined to have an encore and "The Lost Chord" was the fruit of its victory.

Mr. Elman's appearance was the signal for an outburst that found ample justification in his interpretation of Saint-Saens' concerto in B minor. The Russian violinist was in full form technically and artistically, and his tone reached the furthest corners of the great auditorium.

After Mme. Homer had sung three English songs by her husband, Mr. Sidney Homer, and Mr. Slezak had completed his group, consisting of songs by Loewe, Martini and Strauss, Mr. Elman returned and played the Chopin-Wilhelmj Nocturne and Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen." Again the audience demanded an encore, and Mr. Elman gave them the "Prize Song." In it he reached the climax of his performance, for no detail was so small that he did not bring it forth with beauty.

Mr. Adolph Rothmeyer conducted the orchestra, and earned the approval of the audience for his reading of Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

DEC 23 1912

Louis Persinger, Violinist, Makes an Excellent Soloist.

The Philharmonic Society's concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon began with the oft repeated fifth symphony of Tschaikowsky. The composition would perhaps gain something from less frequent performance. It is one of the peculiarities of orchestral music in the large forms that much stress and tumult of emotion wear out the pleasure of auditors sooner than the chaste beauty of pure musical perfection. It is easier to hear Bach often than it is to hear Tschaikowsky once a month.

The Philharmonic performance of the E minor symphony yesterday afternoon was better in its beginning than in its conclusion. Mr. Stransky and his men were happier in the first two movements than in the third and fourth. This was in part a result of tempi and in part a result of want of unanimity and finish of style. Clarity is perfectly possible in the rudely vigorous last movement of the symphony, but it was not always present.

The slow waltz was tamely read, but the andante of the composition, one of the writer's loveliest inspirations, was very well played indeed. The first movement both in tempo and nuance was beter done than any of the others.

After the symphony two of Grieg's string pieces were heard, the familiar "Heart Wounds" and "Last Spring." These compositions serve to remind us of the truth that the North is a sad part of the earth.

The soloist was Louis Persinger, violinist, who was heard in Lalo's first concerto, which was almost a novelty for the reason that all violinists cling with undying affection to the second, the well known "Symphonie Espagnole." Mr. Persinger has been heard in recital and his accomplishments then proved sufficient to command respect. His playing yesterday afternoon served to raise him in the estimation of music lovers.

His tone is small, but it is pure, sweet and smooth. He played the concerto in a style distinguished by beautiful accuracy of intonation, by fluent and facile technic and by most excellent taste.

Without doubt Mr. Persinger will generally arouse his audiences more easily in a small hall and with piano accompaniment because of his small tone, but connoisseurs of violin playing will always recognize in him an artist of sound qualities.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Tschaikowsky, Grieg, and Johann Strauss Played—Persinger, Soloist.

Mr. Stransky gave a programme that pleased a large audience at the Sunday afternoon concert of the Philharmonic Society yesterday. He began with Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony, one of the Russian master's most enduring compositions, most abundantly filled with melodic inspiration and with rich orchestral color and expressive details. The orchestra did some of its best playing in this symphony in point of finish and smoothness and in showing forth the richness of the orchestration.

The other orchestral numbers were Grieg's "Elegiac Melodies" for string orchestra, "Herzwunden" and "Letzter Frühling," being his own transscriptions of two of his songs; and a concert arrangement of Strauss's waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube." The pieces by Grieg have much poetic beauty and their orchestral garb becomes them remarkably well. Mr. Stransky played them with a full appreciation of their emotional value.

The soloist was Louis Persinger, the young American violinist who made his first appearance here in a recital some weeks earlier in the season. He presented Lalo's first concerto for violin, Op. 20; a composition of considerably greater value than his "Symphonie Espagnole" that violinists seem to prefer to it. Mr. Persinger was recognized at his first recital as an artist of serious aims, fine musical taste and a well-developed technique; and he compelled an enhanced admiration for his artistic performance of Lalo's concerto. He has a finished style and played the work with elegance and distinction. His tone is somewhat small, but it is pure and sweet in quality, and in technique he is expert, both in the left hand and in his bowing, and able easily to cope with the demands of this music, which he delivered with unfailing clearness and accuracy of intonation.

DEC 24 1912

"BUTTERFLY" BRINGS BIG AUDIENCE TO THE OPERA

The seventh week of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House began last night with a performance of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." Once again Miss Farrar as the innocent *Cio-Cio-San* was asked, "Quanti anni lavete?" and her reply set Mr. Scotti exclaiming in amazement "Quindici anni!" And then he demonstrated with Mr. Martin, the abandoned American naval officer, for marrying such a baby and Mr. Martin intimated that it was not going to be "for keeps," and so all the old familiar trouble began over, while a large audience hung intent upon the luscious musical embodiment of the story by the master craftsman of the Italian lyric stage at this time.

A great quantity of ink of excellent quality has been spilled in critical comment on this work. John Luther Long has had his share. How could a good American paint an Annapolis man in such black colors? And how could he let him carry his wife about with him on one of Uncle Sam's cruisers? Mr. Puccini, too, has had all sorts of censure. What has the forbidden disrobing tune of the geisha house to do with the story? And what but these matters are all insignificant. A human tragedy exists in the story and Puccini's music throbs with sensuous beauty and passion.

There would be more conviction in the current performances at the Metropolitan if Riccardo Martin could put more human feeling into his tones. Mr. Martin has a voice of exceptional beauty, a pure, smooth tenor with plenty of brilliant high tones. But it is a voice of extraordinary coolness and in the style there is a poise which is rarely shaken by the tremor of emotion. In these circumstances it is inevitable that the doings of *Lieut. F. B. Pinkerton* in Puccini's work should seem to be particularly marble hearted and atrocious.

Miss Farrar continues to be a bewitching representative of the delicious little Japanese girl who did not believe that an American sailor would take a wife in every port. She was in good voice last night and her singing gave much pleasure to the audience. Mr. Scotti was the *Sharpless*. His voice is not as sonorous as it was a few years ago, but his command of style and diction is still a model from which younger singers might easily learn much.

Mr. Toscanini, happily recovered from an indisposition as brief as it was disconcerting, was at the conductor's post and consequently little of the color and expression of the score was permitted to escape.

Whatever the nature of his indisposition may have been, physical or temperamental, Arturo Toscanini was himself again last night and conducted the second performance of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" at the Metropolitan Opera House with unimpaired ardor and freshness of interpretation. He was received with scarcely less applause last evening than last Thursday at the performance of "Orfeo ed Euridice."

The breath of criticism cannot dim the luster of Geraldine Farrar's claim to be the superlative Cio-Cio-San of the American operatic stage, and she was more than ever the devoted, fascinating geisha whom John Luther Long, David Belasco and Giacomo Puccini have united to immortalize in story and song. What might be Riccardo Martin's faults in a more romantic role constitute his strength as B. F. Pinkerton. He was the cynical, matter-of-fact lieutenant to the life. Scotti was again the amiable Sharpless. The part of the consul, though one of his lesser impersonations, is one of his best.

The garrulous and insinuating Goro was admirably portrayed by Angelo Bada. Rita Fornia sang Suzuki and the several lesser roles were taken by Audisio, Begue, Cerri and Romolo.

Dec 26 1912

WO OPERAS AND GENEE AT THE METROPOLITAN

laensel und Gretel" in Afternoon, Followed by the Dancing.

ART OF "COPPELIA" SEEN

Faust," With Farrar and Martin. Bill for the Evening Performance.

Two performances were given yesterday at the Metropolitan Opera House. r. Gatti-Casazza, who was originally n Italian, has in the course of his experience as an opera impresario become a citizen of the truly cosmopolitan orld of art. He has therefore without ifficulty adopted the New York idea at Christmas is incomplete without a erformance of Humperdinck's charming fairy opera "Haensel und Gretel." aturally this work is offered for the electation of children in the afternoon, s it was yesterday.

The persons who acted and sang in it ere those who have become familiar to egular attendants at the representaions. Mmes. Alten and Mattfield apeared as the two children who had ich a wonderful time when lost in the orest, and Mr. Reiss enjoyed himself in he role of the wicked old *Witch*, whom he children cunningly pushed into her wn oven. It was a bright and spirited erformance of the opera, and the applause when the final curtain fell howed that the audience had thoroughly enjoyed it.

There was, however, more to como, or the first act of Delibes's delightful allet, "Coppelia," was given. In this he children and their elders had an opportunity to see the exquisite grace nd eloquent pantomime of that bewitching dancer, Adeline Genee. Her hief assistant was Mr. Volinine, who was indeed a capable aid.

In the evening Gounod's always popular opera, "Faust," was sung. Miss Farrar repeated her impersonation of he foolish *Marguerite*, in which she xercises with much force her personal charm. Mr. Slezak was to have een the *Faust*, but he was indisposed nd his place was taken by Riccardo Martin. Mr. Gilly was once more a ommendable *Valentin* and Mr. Rothier a creditable and well schooled *Mephistopheles*.

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

The Christmas spirit again prompted r. Gatti-Casazza to give "Haensel und retel" yesterday afternoon at reduced rices. Though the attendance was ot quite so large as usual, the perormance gave delight to all who ard it. Among them were a host of ttle children, to whom Humperdinck what his model, Richard Wagner, as long been to older folk.

Hans Morgenstern, a musician of uch skill, was the conductor who ad charge of the opera. He did his ork with feeling and discretion.

There is little left to say about the tists who took part in the performce. They included Marie Mattfeld, ella Alten, Albert Reiss, Lila Robeon, Stella de Mette (as the Little ndman), Anna Case (as the Little awman), and Otto Gorltz.

As an afterpiece the first act of oppelia" was presented, with Adeline enee as Swanilda and Volinine as rantz. Caspar Glaser conducted.

Last night "Faust" was the bill, with eraldine Farrar, Riccardo Martin, inh Gilly, Leon Rothier, Reta Fornia nd Jeanne Maubourg in the cast, and Mr. Sturani as conductor. To oblige he management Mr. Martin had conented to replace Leo Slezak, who had allen a victim to an attack of influnza.

RATORIO AND SYMPHONY

Dec. 27 1912

Music by Venerable Societies—Christmas Choral and Philharmonic Concert.

The book of words distributed at a concert of the Oratorio Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, mentioned the fact that the performance of Handel's "Messiah," which was to be given, was the eighty-second in the history of the society. The concert was the second of its fortieth season, so that the oratorio has been performed by it on an average of more than twice a year. As a matter of fact the Oratorio Society took up the lovely obligation of an annual Christmastide performance of "The Messiah" in 1874; before then it had been the custom for a long time. Indeed, there have been few years since 1772 in which it has not been heard in New York. It is a tradition which loses nothing with age. Yesterday's performance was listened to as reverently and enjoyed as thoroughly as any of its predecessors within the present generation, and almost as deservedly. The solo quartet, composed of Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Miss Christine Miller, Mr. Reed Miller and Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, was in every respect capable, and it ought, perhaps, to be mentioned that in its performances there was less evidence of the perfunctoriness which usually mars the work than in those of the chorus, although here, too, Mr. Koemmerich, the new conductor of the society, succeeded in bringing out an unusual freshness, vigor, precision and balance of tone. The drawback to complete enjoyment lay in the metronomic rigidity which was maintained from beginning to end of the choral work and in some departures from tempo with which old lovers of the work found it difficult to become reconciled. Questions of tempo are frequently debatable ground, but they cease to be such when they enter the field of declamation, and declamation ought to have much consideration when some of the finest utterances in English, magnificently and eloquently set to music, are the subject-matter. It is intolerable to hear the old Messianic prophecies reeled off as if the medium of inspiration were a time-beating machine set at a rapid pace. It was much to the credit of the solo singers yesterday that nearly all of the elasticity of movement in the work was compelled by them, Mr. Witherspoon in particular.

The Philharmonic concert in the same room in the evening began with a fine performance of a really fine piece of dramatic music by Richard Strauss—the prelude to the foolish opera "Guntram." After it came the inevitable "Pathetic" symphony by Tschaikowsky, so conventionally played that its third movement appeared to be what it probably is—the most detestable and vulgar piece of musical claptrap ever put into the frame of a symphony. After it there was real nobility in the F minor pianofort concerto, the solo part of which was played in a manly and beautiful style by Mr. Ernest Schilling, with a large, singing tone and fine sentiment. The other numbers of the programme were the tone poem "From Bohemia's Woods and Fields," by Smetana, which all of Mr. Stransky's predecessors have spared us, and Liszt's orchestral transcription of a very familiar Hungarian march by Schubert. H. E. K.

AT THE PHILHARMONIC.

Sun. Dec. 27 '12

Tschaikowsky and R. Strauss in a Moment of Ease.

At last evening's Philharmonic Society concert in Carnegie Hall Josef Stransky, the conductor, supplemented his recent interpretation of Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony by presenting the same composer's sixth, the familiar "Pathetique."

It would be difficult for any musician of intelligence to achieve a failure in interpreting this work. Sometimes it sounds clearer and more satisfying than it did last evening, but none the less the performance was one which reflected credit on the director and his orchestra.

The programme was one of generous proportions, for it contained three other orchestral numbers. Of these the prelude to Richard Strauss's opera "Guntram" was the one heard most infrequently, and perhaps for good reasons. The musical public as a whole gets no small amount of pleasure out of the highly colored music of the German composer, but this prelude is less exciting than some of the others, or less puzzling. Some Strauss devotees dearly love to be perplexed.

Smetana's delightful tone poem "From Bohemia's Woods and Fields" was heard and also Liszt's orchestral transcription of Schubert's "Marche Hongroise." The soloist was Ernest Schelling, who played Chopin's F minor piano concerto.

Mr. Schelling's solid style and fluent technic carried him successfully through the composition and there were parts of it which he interpreted with poetic sentiment.

THREE BIG STARS SING IN WAGNER'S 'WALKURE'

Another shifting of the stars in the Metropolitan Opera House constellation interested a large audience last evening. The opera was Wagner's "Die Walkuere" and the impresario offered his subscribers a great trio of feminine stars.

Mme. Gadski, having completed her concert tour, has returned to the fold, and last evening she succeeded Mme. Matzenauer as the representative of the laughing Valkyr. Mme. Matzenauer, possibly just to show her versatility of voice and characterization, was transformed from a soprano to a contralto and became the impersonator of the indignant *Fricka*, whose hour of strutting the stage is brief indeed.

Mme. Fremstad alone retained her position in the arrangement. She was once more the unfortunate *Sieglinde*. The audience, however, was fortunate, for it would be difficult to find a more beautiful and moving interpretation of the role than that which she gives. Mme. Gadski apparently thrives on travelling all over the United States, delighting all kinds of audiences, and even annexing a part of the territory as her own.

Her voice was in excellent condition and her energy showed no dimunition. She sang with brilliancy where that was required and with sustained dignity in other places. Her interpretation of *Brunnhilde* in the second drama of the tetralogy is well known to New York operagoers and greatly admired by them. It does not require any analysis at this late day.

The *Wotan* was Mr. Weil, who is at best an honest and hard working representative of the blundering father of the Norse family of deities. It must be said for Mr. Weil that his impersonation shows understanding and that it is generally correct according to traditions; but it lacks one essential element; namely, mellowness of vocal quality. This, however, does not seem to exist in Mr. Weil's voice and therefore the power to arouse tender emotions seldom comes to him.

Mr. Burrian repeated his familiar *Siegmund* and the *Hunding* was Mr. Ruysdael. The performance had the merit of sincerity throughout and the devotion of the several artists was not without uplifting results. Alfred Hertz conducted and showed his customary enthusiasm.

Nov 28 1912

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"The Huguenots," an opera in four acts, in Italian. Words by Eugene Scribe; music by G. Meyerbeer.

The Cast.

Marguerite de Valois (Her first appearance in America.)	Frieda Hempel
Count de Saint-Bris	Leon Rothier
Valentine	Emmy Destinn
Count de Nevers	Antonio Scotti
Cosse	Pietro Audisio
Thavannes	Angelo Bada
Meru	Paolo Ananian
De Retz	Bernard Begue
Raoul de Nangis	Enrico Caruso
Marcel	Adamo Didur
Urbain	Bella Alten
Maurevert	Giulio Rossi
Boise Rose	Angelo Bada
A Lady of Honor	Marie Mattfeld
A Nightwatchman	Vincenzo Reschiglian

Acts II. and III., Divertissements. Margherita Pezzatini, Eva Swain and Corps de Ballet.

Conductor.....Giorgio Polacco.

Sun

Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," with the Italian instead of the French text, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. In these circumstances it might perhaps have been more consistent to entitle the opera "Gli Ugonotti," since that is the name by which it is known in Italian opera houses. If the argument is proffered that this appellation is unfamiliar to Americans then the logical conclusion would be to call it "The Huguenots." A mere definite article, even in the plural, need not be burdened with so great significance.

But to tell the truth no one really cares whether the name and the text of the lyrics disagree. The work had not been heard for a long time and its revival had features of sufficient interest to attract and hold a large and brilliant audience. The debut of Frieda Hempel, the German soprano, as *Marguerite de Valois* was in itself enough to excite general curiosity among operagoers, for report had spread that she was a woman of much personal beauty and a singer of the first rank.

But there was the added delight of hearing Mr. Caruso in a role not worn threadbare by frequent repetition, and again there was the pleasure of contemplating Mme. Destinn as the dramatic *Valentine*, a role so beloved of singers of a dozen years ago. "The Huguenots" has not been heard in this city since November 20, 1908, when it was given at the Manhattan Opera House under the management of Oscar Hammerstein. The principals were Miss Agostinelli as *Valentine*, Miss Zepilli as the *Queen*, Mme. Mariska-Aldrich as *Urban*, Mr. Zenatello as *Raoul*, Mr. Sammarco as *De Nevers*, Mr. De Segurola at *St. Bris*, and Mr. Arimondi as *Marcel*. Mme. Mariska-Aldrich wore football trousers and sang well. The performance in general was a very bad one, but it was perfunctorily praised, as opera performances in New York usually are.

The opera was last given at the Metropolitan at the matinee of February 18, 1905. Mme. Nordica was to have sung *Valentine*, as she had at several previous performances in the same season, but she was indisposed and her place was taken by Mme. de Macchi. The other members of this cast were Edyth Walker as *Urban*, Marcella Sembrich as the *Queen*, Mr. Caruso as *Raoul*, Mr. Scotti as *de Nevers*, Mr. Plancon at *St. Bris*, and Mr. Journet as *Marcel*. Mr. Caruso transposed some of the music downward. Mr. Journet was a lamentably weak and colorless defender of the faith. Miss Walker wore stunning garments and rambled merrily through the roulades of the *Page*. Mme. Nordica was a noble *Valentine*, as she had always been, and Mme. Sembrich sang the music of *Marguerite* as only she and Patti ever could sing it.

Casts are the life blood of "The Huguenots." The opera relies for its continued existence on its opportunity for bringing together an astonishing combination of singers. Beyond this it has only its one strong act, the fourth, and its pageantry to endear it to operagoers. Music lovers of sound taste care little for its tawdry ornaments and its cheap melodic jingle. In the fourth act the composer rose to his dramatic situation and wrote a duet which extracted praise even from Wagner, the bitterest opponent of the type of music cultivated by Meyerbeer. One does not dignify the instrumentation of this opera by critical dissection. It is alternately thin and noisy, but here and there it contains clever devices, not artistic, but catching.

Once upon a time a commentator who knew almost as much about musical art as he did about the other side of the moon remarked that the purpose of "grand opera" was to give an effective setting to extraordinary voices. Naturally he did not stop to think how many hard working opera singers would be ruled off the stage under this definition. But without pausing to discuss the manifest absurdity of the proposition it may be avowed unhesitatingly that "The Huguenots" is that kind of opera. If it has any purpose at all it is to give singers chances for special and glorifying exhibitions of their voices. For this reason, if for no other, it was by no means a bad work for Miss Hempel to make her debut in, but it would have been better had the debut been deferred.

Miss Hempel was obviously suffering from anxiety about her own condition, which was the result of a very protracted and stormy voyage across the sea. Her anxiety caused a nervous state which materially interfered with her breath control. Her phrasing was not well supported and the break between medium and upper tones gave her much trouble. It will therefore be just to postpone serious consideration of her equipment till a later time.

The impression last night was that the upper part of her voice was very thin and cold, but this may prove to have been a temporary matter. Her colorature was not quite flawless in the scale passages, but her staccati were excellent and her trills most admirable. As a stylist and an interpreter she showed fine instincts and culture. Her recitatives were notably well delivered and in them the quality of her medium register was rich and communicative. In dealing with difficulties caused by her vocal condition she showed a good deal of technical skill. On the whole, however, she did not measure quite up to Metropolitan standards and, we feel certain, not to her own.

The presentation of the opera showed careful preparation. There was new scenery, excellent and tasteful, and the costumes were handsome. The chorus and orchestra had been well rehearsed and Mr. Polacco conducted with authority. But neither he nor any one else could have fused the conflicting styles into a harmonious whole. Mr. Caruso sang his music better than he did when he was last heard in the opera, but he can hardly be regarded as an ideal *Raoul*. His training has been in roles wholly different from it in style and his sympathies have never been enchained

by the methods of French grand opera Mr. Scotti, deficient now in the vocal resource essential to *de Nevers*, has nevertheless the elegance and suavity of delivery required by the part. Mr. Rothier's routine, good as it is, was not sufficient to give the necessary distinction to his *St Bris*. Miss Alten was quite out of her element as *Urbano*, the page. She impersonated the role as a boydenish school girl in boy's clothes and even flirted with the guests at *de Nevers's* charming party. As for Mr. Didur, he had neither the voice nor the style for the music of *Marcel*, and he made of him an explosive and industrious nuisance. It remains only to say that Mme. Destinn was not becomingly gowned as *Valentine*, but that she sang in her familiar way and with plenty of fervor.

Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," last sung in New York at the Manhattan Opera House on November 20, 1908, with Mmes. Agostinelli, Zeppilli and Mariska-Aldrich and MM. Zenatello, Sammarco and Arimondi in the cast, was revived last night at the Metropolitan Opera House to mark the debut of Miss Frieda Hempel. The opera's last performance at the Broadway House of song was on February 18, 1905, with Mmes. Sembrich, De Macchi and Walker and MM. Caruso, Scotti, Plançon and Journet. Of these artists only Mr. Caruso and Mr. Scotti, in the parts of Raoul and De Nevers, appeared last night.

"Les Huguenots" was the opera with which Mr. Gatti-Casazza had intended opening the season, but Miss Hempel's illness caused its postponement. For it had been gathered a notable cast: Miss Hempel, as the Queen; Miss Destinn, as Valentine; Miss Alten, as the Page; Mr. Caruso, as Raoul; Mr. Scotti, as De Nevers; Mr. Didur, as Marcel, and Mr. Rothier, as Saint-Bris.

The desire of the management to broaden the Metropolitan's repertory is a most laudatory one, and the selection of Meyerbeer's most popular work was perhaps inevitable. Meyerbeer was a musician who knew the theatre as few have known it, and in Eugène Scribe he found a worthy mate. Empty though the music generally is and theatric as is the story, their wedding in the old step is a happy one, and the chances for contrast, for color, for dramatic effects are many and well executed.

For the moment, leaving aside the lady whose debut was the chief event o fthe evening, it should be said that Mr. Caruso sang with his accustomed skill if not always with his usual golden tones, that Mr. Scotti was a most aristocratic noble and Mr. Rothler both aristocratic and resonant voiced. Miss Destinn's beautiful voice and artistic skill ever a delight, and Miss Alten made a more than creditable page. Mr. Didur's Marcel was bluff and hearty, but his voice was so unsteady as to try the nerves of all lovers of singing. The chorus sang well and spiritedly, and the ballets were gracefully executed.

The most laudable feature of the appearance of Frieda Hempel was the attitude toward her adopted by the audience at the outset and maintained till the end of the opera. This is not to say that the lady did not make a lovely appeal to the eyes as well as the ears of the public. She did; but there were many among the hundreds who applauded her enthusiastically who must have wondered if this was an exemplification of the highest art of vocalization which the present day has to offer, and, if so, how great and wofu was the fall of that art within the last decade. The lady sang many very pretty phrases. She also disclosed that some other time she will sing many more phrases in a prettier style. But she certainly failed to convince the tremendous audience whichX greeted her and rewarded her with more than generous applause, that she had justified the emphasis which has been laid upon the revival of Meyerbeer's opera by the management ever since the talk about the season began. "Les Huguenots" is a much maligned and a much overpraised opera; the judicious know that, and there has been no time within the last two decades when it has not been made a show piece for all the talent at the command of the impresario. Rightly or wrongly, nobody thinks of the opera nowadays without recalling the vocalists who have showered upon the audience the vocal gems which are expected to pour out of the throats of the representative of Marguerite de Valois. And since the opera has held its place in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House those representatives have been the tinest vocal artists who have lived within the period—Mesdames Sembrich and Melba. It is not necessary to mention their predecessors. Their successor was expected in Fräulein Hunpel, and the expectation, to be just and frank, must be held in abeyance in spite of the applause showered upon the lady by an eager and generous audience last night. We heard a finely schooled artist, a singer with a neat and highly finished style of vocalization, a flexible voice, and good taste; but we did not hear such singing as we have heard many times in the same music. And, under the circumstances, this was a grievous disappointment, for which amelioration was to be found only in the obvious fact that the lady was suffering, not only from the results of her recent indisposition, but also from the nervousness which seizes upon every singer when such a stupendous audience as that of a gala night at the Metropolitan Opera House first confronts her. Under the circumstances it would be unkind, almost childish, indeed, to express an opinion about her merit as an artist. Nothing could have been more obvious than that she is a much finer singer than she disclosed herself to be last night, at any rate, that her voice in its high register is of power and better quality.

In the stage pictures, in costumes and in all that went to make for external beauty Mr. Gatti-Casazza did fine things for his production. Especially effective and informed with atmosphere was the garden of the Chateau de Chenonceaux, in the second act, the high wall on the left with its marble balustrade and stairway, the tall elms beyond and the stretch of water at the base giving an effect of distance that has rarely been equalled on the Metropolitan stage. Finely executed, too, with its frescoed ceiling, was the room in the chateau of De Nevers, while the costuming of principals, chorus and ballet was all perfect in taste and in historic accuracy. In short, all that the panoply of the theatre could do for the music of Meyerbeer and the books of Scribe was done.

The audience was particulary warm in its appaluse, especially after the second act, when Miss Hempel, Miss Destinn and Mr. Caruso were brought before the curtain a dozen times, and Miss Hempel was deluged with flowers.

The management of the Metropolitan Opera House retrieved last evening one of its promises, held by some to be most alluring, when it produced Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots." It should be, perhaps, set down as "Gli Ugonotti," since the management reversed its policy of giving operas in their original tongues, and it was presented in the Italian translation. It had been intended to open the season with "Les Huguenots," and at the same time to introduce to the New York public the German coloratura singer, Miss Frieda Hempel, new to this country, in the part of Marguerite de Valois. But her illness prevented her coming, and compelled a postponement of the opera for seven weeks.

"Les Huguenots" had not been heard at the Metropolitan for eight seasons; it was last given there under Heinrich Conried's management in the season of 1904-5; though it had been heard in New York since then, in performances which Mr. Hammerstein gave at his Opera House in 1906-7, and again in 1908-9. "Les Huguenots" was always considered a most advantageous opportunity for stirring the public pulse by grouping together in the cast numbers of the most important singers of the company. Nothing else in the existing operatic repertory permits or demands so much in this way; and the record is full of notable incidents of this kind. The last performance at the Metropolitan Opera House enlisted the services of Mmes. Sembrich, Edyth Walker, and Nordica, and Messrs. Caruso, Journet, Plançon, and Scotti.

But these are not days when a great display of pure singing can be expected, and the cast of last evening's performance was not one to bear comparison with the most distinguished ones of the past. The coming of a coloratura singer sadly needed in the company, to take the place of artists whose names are still fragrant memory, was to make the present revival of "Les Huguenots" notable. There was also to be a new and gorgeous mounting of the work in the style for which the present management has distinguished itself. It was, in fact, for both these things that the revival was accomplished.

Miss Hempel comes with a distinguished reputation, and she is expected to assume a heavy responsibility in the coming season. She is evidently an artist of large resources and accomplishments in vocal art; but it was soon made clear to the observant listener that her voice, as it was heard last evening, was not all that could have been expected of it. For this there may be reasons, denoting a temporary disability of the singer; and it would not be fair to conclude that she gave last evening of her best. She has come after a severe illness; she has had a long and tempestuous passage across the ocean. The voice lacked brilliancy and power; its upper tones sounded veiled. It had not the elements of appealing beauty. The whole impression was of a small, almost a miniature organ. It was not the voice of a great singer in the plenitude of her powers, such as was expected to assume first place in the chief establishment of lyric drama in America. But, on the other hand, Miss Hempel showed many of the admirable qualities that were expected of her. She possesses many of the graces of the coloratura singer in full measure. She had not all the ease and spontaneity of utterance in many kinds of rapid passages, as scales and arpeggios. But many of such passages she did with much skill. Most of her trills were clearly, brilliantly and evenly executed. She has a command of legato style, and much of her phrasing showed artistic intention. Her delivery of recitative was generally uncommonly good. She gave, in short, the impression of an artist laboring under difficulties; and it is to be hoped that the difficulties will be removed and the artist appear in the fullness of her powers before the season advances much further.

The performance showed how far the management is at this time from being able to present an opera of this sort with artists who are fully initiated into its style and competent to present it in the traditional manner. How far this is a cause for deep regret will depend upon the individual point of view. But Mme. Destinn was not at home in the part of Valentine, and her admirable powers were not expended upon it to the best advantage. Still less is Mme. Bella Alten competent to enact Urbain the page, or to sing his florid music. Mr. Rothier was by no means imposing as Saint Bris, and Mr. Didur made sad work of Marcel's "Piff-Paff" song, however picturesque and effective he was to the eye. Mr. Caruso did much beautiful singing as Raoul de Nangis, and acted the part with dignity and seriousness of purpose, with passion and energy, and there was cause for gratitude for much of what he did. Quite in keeping with the character of the Count de Nevers was Mr. Scotti, in distinction and elegance, though he was not in his best voice—but at least he was a figure fitting to his surroundings. This performance of "Les Huguenots" recalled many memories of occasions that were considered great, and in a way, were so; but it effaced none of them.

As to the mounting of the opera, at least, there was nothing to remember that at all equaled what was presented last evening. The scenic equipment was extremely handsome, architecturally beautiful, harmonious in line and color. The banquet hall of the château in the first act was especially rich, and the garden of Chenonceaux a scene of idyllic beauty. The costuming had been attended to with especial care, and was sumptuous.

Of the conducting of Mr. Polacco much good is to be said; he had the orchestra firmly in his grasp, and its playing was brilliant and incisive

Genee in "La Danse" at The Park.

Adeline Genee gave a special matinée performance yesterday afternoon at the Park Theatre of "La Danse," the ballet which she has recently presented at the Metropolitan Opera House, which tells the history of the development of the art of dancing by presenting characteristic dances of all periods. The performance will be repeated at the same theatre next Monday afternoon. Dec. 28 1912

KITTY CHEATHAM ENTERTAINS

Dec. 28 1912

Delights Her Audience with Children's Songs and Negro Stories.

Kitty Cheatham gave the first of her annual holiday matinées at the Lyceum Theatre yesterday afternoon before an audience which, as usual, contained many children. The boxes, in fact, were filled with young people. Miss Cheatham gave a more elaborately staged entertainment than she usually offers. When the curtain rose the stage was dark. Presently there was a glimmer of firelight and one saw dimly a room with a fireplace. Out of this Miss Cheatham presently emerged, reciting a prologue written for her by W. Graham Robertson. By the time she had reached the centre of the stage three Christmas trees were ablaze with light and one saw that she was wearing a white satin paniered frock, much bespangled.

Presently Mrs. Wills appeared, sho who until this season had been Miss Flora MacDonald. There was more applause for Miss Cheatham's accompanist and then the programme began in earnest. The first part was devoted to the children's songs in which Miss Cheatham is inimitable. Frederick Norton's "Dates and Things" was the best of the new songs, and Liza Lehmann's and Hilaire Belloc's "George Augustus Fortesque" the best of the old.

The second part Miss Cheatham gave up to negro stories and songs, and the last part was miscellaneous. One moment of the afternoon was alone worth going to the matinée for, and that was when Miss Cheatham recited the story of the Tar Baby, a faultless bit of negro dialect. But there were many other pleasures. In fact it was an afternoon of delight. Mrs. Wills's accompaniments were as good as usual, and Loomis Taylor assisted materially in the direction of the stage.

Dec 30 1912

CANDY IN MODERATION AN EXCELLENT THING

But There Is Sometimes Too Much at the Philharmonic Society Concerts.

It is manifestly the policy of the Philharmonic Society to give as much music as possible at each of its concerts. No considerations of the capacity of a serious audience or of artistic unity in a programme seem to disturb Mr. Stransky. He continues to stretch his entertainments out to a limit where they cease to entertain and to place his soloists so that they have the disadvantage of being heard when the appetites of the hearers are nearly sated.

These conditions were especially in evidence at the concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme began with Beethoven's seventh symphony, which was followed by the distinguished Abbe Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes." These are two compositions of some pretensions and might readily be permitted to unite with a piano concerto in constituting an entire programme.

But after Liszt's creation Mr. Stransky interpreted another symphonic poem, the "Phaeton" of M. Saint-Saens and it was not till this was finished that the soloist of the concert, Josef Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, appeared to play the B flat concerto of his countryman, Tschaikowsky.

And that was not all; for the concert was in the fulness of time brought to a conclusion with a performance of Rossini's overture to "William Tell." If this sort of thing goes on we shall in the end find ourselves listening to the soloist in the "cold gray dawn of the morning after," which is not a good time for soloists, either.

Mr. Lhevinne has always displayed a strong personal devotion to the first concerto of Tschaikowsky, and small blame to him, for the composition is admirably suited to his methods. Yet there was a time within the memory of men now living when this was not the case. In that time Mr. Lhevinne wanted the delicacy of finger and the variety of color to treat adequately the more refined melodic thoughts in the composition. In those days he thundered in the index, but could not roar as gently as a sucking dove. Now he has gained greatly in finesse. His touch has more velvet and his tone a wider range of tints. His performance of the concerto is consequently much more pleasing to the listener, even if it does not yet uplift him with the utterance of any profound message. Perhaps there is not any in the composition.

Beethoven's seventh symphony having been rescued from its unhappy enslavement to the prancing art of Isadora Duncan has returned to its proper position in the list of musical creations. But its dignity and beauty were not all disclosed yesterday afternoon. Mr. Stransky, so far as the eye could discern, put a vast amount of labor into his conducting of it, but the results were not at all commensurate with the effort. The music unrolled itself in a swift panorama of unclear sound, and there was nothing poetic or suggestive in the interpretation. The finale was so completely confused in most of its passages as to suggest the wisdom of taking it at a slower tempo the next time.

In the Liszt work Mr. Stransky made once more a brave exhibition of horns with bells up. This time there need be no hesitation in placing the responsibility on the shoulders of the conductor. Liszt did not demand this inversion. Nor is anything gained by its introduction. But in these days conductors deem it essential to their fame that they shall do things differently from other conductors, and so perhaps Mr. Stransky must not be blamed. If he can acquire distinction by turning horns downside up, why not? It is not every man that can be blown into the hall of fame by the blast of a horn quartet.

YSAYE AT METROPOLITAN.

N. Y. Telegraph

He, Mme. Parks and Putnam Griswold Are Heard.

Dec. 30 1912

The Americans outnumbered the Europeans two to one on the programme of the popular concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, Eugen Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, representing the Old World and Mme. Ethel Parks and Putnam Griswold the New.

Madame Parks sang an aria from "I Puritani" with great sweetness and purity of tone and followed it later with a trio of songs, "Les Berceux" (Faure), "Extasy" (Rummel) and "Cayotte" (La Forge). Mr. Griswold, decidedly the best Wotan in the company, was thoroughly at home in singing the farewell of the Norse Jove from the last act of "Die Walkuere." After the intermission he sang a group of songs.

Ysaye's principal offering was Saint-Saens' Violin Concerto in D Minor, No. 3, of which he gave an excellent interpretation, both as to technique and

spirit. During the second half of the evening he played a number of shorter pieces by Bruch. Beethoven's "Egmont" overture opened the concert, Adolph Rothmeyer conducting the orchestra. Their other numbers were the prelude from "Lohengrin" and the waltzes, "Stories From the Vienna Woods" (Strauss).

MISS TRAUBMAN GIVES SONG RECITAL

N. Y. Herald

Onetime Member of the Metropolitan Opera Company Heard on Concert Stage.

Dec. 30, 1912

Mme. Sophie Traubman, formerly of the Metropolitan opera, gave a song recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall with Mr. Manfred Malkin, pianist, and Mr. Holger Birkerod, barytone. That she has not none of her local admirers during her long sojourn abroad, where she has been singing in opera, was evident from their numbers at the recital and the earnest attention and applause bestowed upon her.

Miss Traubman sang an aria from "Aida" with great spirit and vocal facility, but she was better still in a little song, "Two Roses," by Mr. Hallet Gilbert, which was one of a group of three songs by American composers. She had to respond with several encores.

Mr. Malkin showed himself an artist of worth, particularly in the group of Chopin pieces. Mr. Birkerod sang well and his final duet with Mme. Traubman was the best of the afternoon. Though not particularly powerful, his voice has an element of feeling that is most agreeable.

ORVILLE HARROLD HEARD AT CONCERT

N. Y. Telegraph

and Emma Trentini Appear at Hippodrome—Hammerstein Contributes Group of Waltzes.

Dec. 30/12

The programme offered at the Hippodrome last evening by Messrs. Oscar and Arthur Hammerstein, in which Orville Harrold and Emma Trentini were the principal features, was a long and varied one. For his numbers in the first part of the programme Mr. Harrold sang "Celeste Aida," from "Aida"; "Ridi Pagliacci," from "Pagliacci," and "I'm Falling in Love With Someone," from "Naughty Marietta." Miss Trentini offered for her numbers in the first part of the concert, "The Jewel Song," from "Faust," and "Gianina," from "The Firefly."

Mr. Harrold and Miss Trentini, in the second part of the concert, sang the duet from "Carmen." Boris Hambourg, 'cellist, rendered "Kol Nidrie," "Andantabile" and "Elves' Dance."

Oscar Hammerstein had composed for this occasion "A Musical Oddity," containing twelve waltzes, played at this concert for the first time. Henry Vogel and the male chorus of "The Firefly" sang "Beautiful Ship From Toyland," and Miss Vera De Rosa rendered "Barcarolle," from "The Firefly," with the entire chorus. The orchestra was under the direction of Gaetano Merola.

DANISH BARITONE'S DEBUT.

Telegraph Dec. 30/12

Holger Birkerod Heard at Recital Given by Miss Traubman.

Miss Sophie Traubman, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave a recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall with the assistance of Holger Birkerod, a Danish baritone, who made his New York debut. Manfred Malkin was pianist, assisted by Dr. N. J. Elsenheimer.

Miss Traubman was in excellent voice and responded to encores to the three selections she offered. Holger Birkerod established himself as a singer of rare ability, and delighted the large audience. The recital was given under the direction of Miss Annie Friedberg, who will direct a tour of the Danish singer through the West. Miss Traubman will probably be heard at an early date in a new light opera which is now in preparation.

Mr. Ysaye Plays Again at the Opera Concert

N. Y. Herald

Applause Causes Artist Actually to Smile—Mme. Parks Heard and the House Empties to Strauss Waltz.

Dec. 30, 1912

Mr. Eugene Ysaye was the artist recruited from without the ranks of the Metropolitan Opera company for the concert last night, and it was his second appearance there this season. Mme. Ethel Parks and Mr. Putnam Griswold were the other soloists and Mr. Adolph Rothmeyer conducted the orchestra. With these constituents the concert could hardly have been other than what it was; one of those entertainments when the standing room is occupied to the last inch and the audience is loathe to release any soloist without an encore.

After the Egmont overture by the orchestra Mme. Parks sang an aria from Bellini's "I Putitani." Mme. Parks is best known to the Metropolitan audiences by her singing of the Queen of the Night in "The Magic Flute," which is of a coloratura nature. Last night she enhanced this reputation, not only with the Bellini aria but with three songs as her second offering. Her voice was clear and well pitched and she had no difficulty in clearing the many and tricky obstacles of that old Italian composer.

It seems that Mr. Ysaye is never in a better mood than when at the Metropolitan Opera House. He first played Saint-Saens' Concert No. 3, and later the Bruch Scotch Fantasie. In both he was the Ysaye of old—master of tone and color and the breadth and life of his style was sufficient to eclipse, in the estimation of the audience, the few technical blunders that were more the result of emotion than carelessness. He was applauded so enthusiastically that he actually smiled; several times, too.

Wotan's farewell and the magic fire scene from "Die Walkure" served to bring Mr. Griswold before the audience. He was sure and convicting and his group of three songs were such as to cause the mixed emotions of delight and something deeper though more enexpressable.

And then, just as a happy ending seems necessary in a play, the orchestra played the Strauss Vienna woods waltz. It may not be quite the proper thing to want to waltz when going from a Sunday evening concert. But then, a Strauss waltz, how can one help it.

Dec 31 1912

WAGNER'S LOVE DRAMA

Times Dec. 31/12

First Performance This Season of "Tristan und Isolde."

There probably was never, before last week, an instance of a German opera being postponed because of the indisposition of an Italian conductor when a German conductor was on hand particularly charged with the production of works written to German words. Yet that is what happened when "Tristan und Isolde" was put aside recently at the Metropolitan Opera House because Signor Toscanini was ill, and "Götterdämmerung" substituted because Herr Hertz was on hand and well. Last night a German singer, Herr Slezak, was ill and the Italian conductor well, and so "Tristan und Isolde" was substituted for "Otello." The circumstance, with its somewhat amusing contradictions, is not brought forward in the spirit of captious criticism, but simply as news—the kind of news which is becoming so common in connection with musical affairs that it provides more interesting matter for the reviewer than the doings of the artists on the stage. With such beautiful voices as those of Mmes. Gadski and Homer, to say nothing of those of such men as Burrian, Griswold and Weil, of whom gallantry asks nothing, engaged in the work, and with Signor Toscanini conducting an admirable orchestra and keeping its voices singing—singing expressively, without sacrificing beauty of tone to volume—there ought really to be no need of saying much about a representation of the opera, which has never been absent from our stage for any considerable space for more than a quarter of a century. It was a worthy performance, lacking only because of that general artistic supervision which would have saved the public such absurdities in the *mise-en-scene* as the pilot steering a ship into port standing amidships, rods away from the tiller, and with his view of land and sea shut off by curtains reaching even beyond the starboard and port rails; and many other things of the same sort which are to be forgiven because of the beauty of the musical performance, for which there ought to be only words of praise.

H. E. K.

Sun

In the newspapers of Sunday it was announced that on the following evening Verdi's "Otello" would be sung for the first time this season. Yesterday morning, however, the advertisements informed those who read them that "Tristan und Isolde" would be given. This drama had been announced earlier in the season, but owing to the sudden and violent indisposition of a conductor it could not be given. It was the tallest of tenors, Leo Slézak, who caused the postponement of "Otello" and the sudden resurrection of "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Slézak had succumbed to the weather, and thus in the general shifting of operatic arrangements the first performance this season of Wagner's great love poem came as a substitution for the great love tragedy.

Furthermore in the other exigencies of the changes Mme. Fremstad was deprived of the expected opportunity to sing the first *Isolde* of the season, and Mme. Matzenauer of the opportunity to sing *Brangäne*. Mme. Gadski was the representative of the Irish princess last evening and Mme. Homer was the serving woman whose eager officiousness shattered the beautiful dream of *Tristan's* honor. The other members of the cast were the same as in the first announcement. Mr. Toscanini was at the conductor's post. This statement is unnecessary for those who know the inner workings of the opera house. If "Tristan und Isolde" is given Mr. Toscanini is conducting.

It would call for the ingenuity of a wise man of the East to discover new comments to make on the performance of the drama at the Metropolitan. Once upon a time the helmsman used to steer the ship with a wheel and then the gibes of haters of anachronisms fell upon Mr. Gatti-Casazza. But now he uses a good big steering oar over the port quarter, and so, as *Koko* remarks, "all is right as right can be."

Musically the performance of last evening began with little emotional force and with some raggedness of technic, but it improved as it went on. Mme. Gadski sang with all her familiar fervor and the beauty of her singing in the duet was especially commendable. Mr. Burrian's *Tristan* always makes the same impression. Unable to make a picture for the eye, he gives real pleasure by his carefully thought out delivery of the music, by his enunciation and by his sustained sincerity.

The other principals were Mme. Homer as *Brängane*, Mr. Weil as *Kurvenal* and Mr. Griswold as *King Mark*. The orchestral part of the performance was most brilliant, but there are still occasions when Mr. Toscanini is not considerate of the voices of the singers.

'TRISTAN UND ISOLDE' GIVEN.

Times Dec. 31/12

A Substitution for "Otello" at the Opera, In which Mme. Gadski Appears.

Tristan ..... Carl Burrian
Konig Marke ..... Putnam Griswold
Isolde ..... Johanna Gadski
Kurwenal ..... Hermann Weil
Melot ..... William Hinshaw
Brangaene ..... Louise Homer
Ein Hirt ..... Albert Reiss
Der Steuermann ..... Julius Bayer
Stimme des Seemanns ..... Lambert Murphy
Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

The vicissitudes of the New York climate were responsible for the unexpected performance of "Tristan und Isolde" last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House, when it was given for the first time this season. It had already been postponed once last week on account of the illness of Mr. Toscanini. The "Otello" that was announced for last evening had to be postponed on account of the illness of Mr. Slezak, and "Tristan" was put in its place—a curious mixture of German and Italian works and their interpreters. Instead of Mme. Fremstadt, however, who was expected to be the Isolde last week, the drama was given with Mme. Gadski's interpretation of the heroine, and instead of Mme. Matzenauer as Brangaene, with Mme. Homer in that part.

Mr. Toscanini conducted, and, as it seemed, produced a performance of a equality more marvelous, in all that he could control, than ever before. The orchestral portion of the work was of supreme beauty, of pulsing dramatic intensity, and poignancy, euphonious and richly colored in tone, of which all its instrumental components were subtly and perfectly balanced. His return to New York could bring no greater boon than his conducting of this score, which is one of his very highest achievements.

Mme. Gadski's Isolde has often been admired. It has much that compels admiration, and last evening apparently, in its dramatic conception, it should again in significant detail, in force and power. Her singing of the music has always had beautiful qualities and they were again in evidence last evening. Mme. Homer sang with unusual beauty the music of Brangaene.

Mr. Burrian gave a new impression of his fine skill as an actor in his delineation of the hero—a delineation that shows many resources of tragic power and passion, and lacks only a more imposing personal presence. His singing had much to commend last evening in vocal beauty and in expressive declamation.

Mr. Griswold's abilities as singer and actor were admirably employed in the part of King Marke. Mr. Weil's Kurwenal has intelligence, but it cannot be called one of the most excellent impersonations that have been heard here in recent seasons. The performance, as a whole, had so many fine qualities that it made a deep impression upon lovers of Wagner's tragedy.

Dec 30 1912

O. HAMMERSTEIN AS 'WALTZ KING'

Dec. 30. 1912

Impresario "Composes" Unique Number from Fragments of 24 Popular Songs.

Even if Oscar Hammerstein is not permitted to produce opera in this city, he can hire a hall and allow the public to listen to his own musical composition.

In conjunction with his son Arthur, he arranged a concert at the Hippodrome last evening, the programme of which contained a number, entitled "Valse Jubilee," by Oscar Hammerstein.

In "composing" this piece Mr. Hammerstein strung together fragments from twenty-four popular songs now being sung in various musical comedies, vaudeville houses and spectacular plays, prefixed a lilting introduction, changed the tempo of some to meet the requirements of a waltz, and then named it "Valse Jubilee."

The number seemed to please the large audience which was present.

Orville Harrold, the tenor from Indiana, who made an individual success at the London Opera House last year, sang "Celeste Aida" and "Ridi Pagliacco" with good effect, and also gave a song from Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta."

Pieces by Max Bruch, Cesar Cui and David Popper were delightfully presented by Boris Hambourg, 'cellist, and Henry Vogel, supported by a chorus of male voices, sang an extract from the comedy opera, "The Firefly."

In the afternoon Miss Sophie Traubman gave a song recital at Aeolian Hall, and at Carnegie Lyceum Miss Clara Svenon, a pleasing light soprano gave a joint recital with Miss Sara Gurovitch, 'cellist.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

"Madama Butterfly" and "Coppelia," December 31.

Cio-Cio-San ..... Geraldine Farrar
Suzuki ..... Rita Fornia
Kate Pinkerton ..... Helen Mapleson
Pinkerton ..... Riccardo Martin
Sharpless ..... Antonio Scotti
Goro ..... Angelo Bada
Yamadori ..... Pietro Audisio
Lo Zio Bonzo ..... Bernard Begué
Yakuside ..... Francesco Cerri
Il Commissario Imperiale ..... Giulio Romolo
Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

Following "Madama Butterfly" there came Adeline Genee, the famous dancer, and her company, in a delightful performance of the first act of "Coppelia," music by Leo Delibes. The Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, under Madame Genee's conductor, Caspar Glaser, supplied

When the solemn strokes of midnight were tolled off by the orchestral big bells of Tuesday and the year 1913 came smiling up out of the east the professional observers of musical doings reflected on the history of the past twelve months. Like *Zamiel* in "The Black Crook" they demanded each of his particular *Skuldawelp*, "How goes the record of the dying year?" And when they had summed it up and laid it under their eyes they were not disposed to leap into the air with joy, for it did not appear to have been a fruitful year. Here is the record of musical productions in this town for 1912:

January 3.—Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose" produced at the Metropolitan Opera House.

January 8.—Rameau's cantata "Le Bergere Fidele" given at an Arthur Whiting concert in Rumford Hall.

January 8.—A "Sonata a Tre" of Friedemann Bach played by the Flonzaley Quartet at the Carnegie Lyceum.

January 9.—Pietro Floridia's D minor symphony produced by the Volpe Orchestra.

January 16.—David Stanley Smith's E minor quartet played by the Kneisels at the Hotel Astor.

January 20.—Leo Blech's "Versiegelt" produced at the Metropolitan.

January 21.—Beethoven's "Jena" symphony produced by the Philharmonic.

February 3.—George Chadwick's "Symphonic Suite" produced at a Symphony Society concert in the Century Theatre.

February 4.—Two symphonic sketches by Fritz Stahlberg produced by the Philharmonic.

February 8.—George Frederick Boyle's D minor piano concerto produced at a Philharmonic concert. Ernest Hutchinson, soloist.

February 11.—Sgambati's piano concerto played by Ernesto Consolo at a Symphony Society concert.

February 11.—Serenade by Mary Lawrence Townsend played by Russian Symphony Orchestra.

February 12.—Debussy's "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" sung by MacDowell Chorus.

February 20.—Massenet's "Cendrillon" produced at the Metropolitan by the Philadelphia-Chicago company.

March 3.—Saint-Saëns's "Hymn to Pallas" sung by Mme. Jomelli at Symphony Society concert.

March 5.—Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna" produced at the Metropolitan by the Philadelphia-Chicago company.

March 14.—Horatio Parker's prize opera "Mona," produced at the Metropolitan.

March 25.—Brahms's "Song of Triumph" sung for the first time here at first concert of the Damrosch Brahms festival.

April 14.—Monteverde's "Orfeo" given as English cantata at a Sunday night concert at Metropolitan.

April 16.—First performance of Daniel Gregory Mason's G minor sonata for piano and violin by Mr. and Mrs. Mannes.

November 8.—Maurice Ravel's suite "Ma Mere l'Oye" produced by Symphony Society in Æolian Hall.

November 10.—Erich Korngo'd's E major piano sonata produced by Rudolf Ganz.

November 12.—William Becker's piano concerto produced at his own concert in Æolian Hall.

November 14.—Philharmonic produces Weingartner's "Merry Overture" and Alexander Ritter's "Olaf's Wedding Dance."

November 17.—Henry Hadley's overture "In Bohemia" produced by the Philharmonic.

November 21.—Bruckner's sixth symphony produced by the Philharmonic.

November 23.—Revival of "The Magic Flute" at the Metropolitan.

December 9.—Perilhon's "Divertissement" produced by the Barrère Ensemble.

December 11.—John A. Carpenter's violin sonata produced at the Schola Cantorum novelty concert.

December 14.—John Powell's violin concerto produced by Efrem Zimbalist.

December 15.—Debussy's "Rondes de Printemps" played by the Symphony Society.

December 27.—Revival of "Les Huguenots" at the opera.

In addition to these performances we perhaps ought to regard as important incidents of the musical year some matters of purely personal nature. For example on January 1 Margarete Matzenauer sang *Kundry* at the Metropolitan and projected into the arena of lyric art a personage of mighty emotional and dramatic value. On January 5 Wilhelm Bachaus, pianist, made his début and pleased his hearers so well that by this time they have no small difficulty in recalling him. He is an excellent player, but it requires a tremendous blow to make a real hit as a pianist in this town. Mr. Bachaus may have to return and do it all over again, and he ought to.

On January 9 Elena Gerhardt, the German liedersinger, made her successful début, and she is here again to keep us from forgetting her. Harold Bauer, an old friend, gave a notable piano recital on January 17 and Josef Hofmann a still more notable one on January 27. On February 13 the matchless Mary Garden essayed the role of *Carmen*, and failing to delight New York went at once to Boston and achieved the inevitable triumph.

On February 14 Cantor Sirota made his début and on the 27th and 28th of the same month the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto gave admirable concerts. On March 18 the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra was heard here and we gained some idea of the sort of musical performances enjoyed by the middle West. On March 30 in the series of Brahms festival concerts arranged by the two Damrosches the "German Requiem" was heard for the fifth time here in thirty-seven years.

On April 8 Arthur Nikisch came once more before this public, conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. On October 29 Mme. Sembrich was heard in song recital after a year's absence. On November 2 the first concert in the new Aeolian Hall took place, the occasion being the début of Gottfried Galston, pianist, who was found to be a player of sound musical qualities. On November 3 Louis Persinger, Amcriean violinist, made his début. November 12 brought the début of William Becker, American pianist, and November 19 that of Titta Ruffo, the Italian barytone, whose remarkable voice and vigorous style aroused much enthusiasm.

On the same day Eugene Ysaye reappeared and delighted his hearers by his noble playing of violin sonatas by classic masters. On November 20 John Thompson, an American pianist, was heard for the first time and made a favorable impression, and on November 21 Leopold Godowsky, pianist, made his reappearance after a long absence in Europe.

Those who are acquainted with the real significance of musical performance will perceive that in this list there is no record of any truly vital event. There are matters of interest and of value, but nothing new has come into the world of art to enrich it. The finest contributions were without doubt those of Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Matzenauer, Mme. Gerhardt, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Hofmann and Mr. Ysaye. There were other noteworthy operatic impersonations, but Mme. Matzenauer's claims especial mention because of its novelty.

The disclosures of personal gifts and accomplishments by players and singers always assume an undue importance in the public mind. But for this they have to pay the inevitable price of ultimate oblivion. On the other hand the product of the creative artist may fail to concentrate attention for the moment but live to enjoy the adoration of the entire world. It is therefore to the work of composers that the closer consideration should be given.

But the retrospect is not stimulating. A survey of the record given above will not move any student of musical art to rapturous ejaculation. In the entire list of novelties, old as well as new, there is perhaps but one composition, Mozart's "Magic Flute," which can be unhesitatingly set down as belonging to the first order. Nor is there one which, if conceded to be of the second order, seems likely to achieve a long or influential existence. The great name of Beethoven was not sufficient to give importance to some scraps discovered not long ago and ingeniously brought together as the "Jena" symphony. The work is unquestionaably an early one and leans heavily on Mozart and Haydn. It has no intrinsic value; its importance is wholly historical.

Something noble and uplifting might have been accomplished by a correct operatic performance of Monteverde's "Orfeo," but the thing that was done at the Metropolitan could only excite pity for itself and sorrow for a lost opportunity. The presentation of Debussy's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" by the MacDowell Chorus was very creditable and the composition proved to be well worth while, but it is so uneven in merit and shows so little real inspiration that its duration in the theatre of activity is likely to be short.

The most substantial impression left by any work outside the field of opera was surely that made by the characteristic symphony of Bruckner. This composition will mayhap have to take a seat a little below the thrones of the immortals, but it reveals much of that ascetic introspection and some of those occasional flights of the feverish recluse spirit which distinguish the music of this solitary man.

This throws us back once more upon the treacherous deeds of the theatre. The most ambitious undertaking of the year was the production of Horatio Parker's "Mona." This work showed that splendid possibilities lay close at hand, but that Prof. Parker's theories as to the correct method of constructing an opera had caused him to pass some of them by. A score combining beautiful seriousness of purpose with rare originality of style and mastership in instrumental treatment, this fell short of reaching the highest level because of the composer's stern avoidance of melodic idioms, which might perchance be regarded as seeking for popularity.

The two operas of Wolf-Ferrari introduced to this public are works commanding generous admiration and likely to hold their places for some time in the living repertory. Yet no connoisseur of musical art will be willing to concede to them positions among the foremost masterpieces of the lyric stage. "Le Donne Curiose" is a charming and delicately wrought opera buffa of slight texture, and "I Giojelli della Madonna" a lyric tragedy conceived with fluent and graphic imagination and written with intimate knowledge of theatrical values. Both are desirable acquisitions, but as works of art they are less flawless, less unerringly made than the same composer's one act intermezzo "Il Segreto di Suzanna."

Continent have written about them we may infer that we shall not be compelled to reform our opinion of the musical output of 1912. Even the much advertised "Ariadne auf Naxos" of Richard Strauss seems to indicate that the composer is restlessly searching for some new way to astonish his public rather than for a medium through which to publish elemental ideas. Strauss, like others of his time, has no imperishable message which masters him and demands musical expression.

The general product of musical art, more than that of any of its sisters perhaps, is powerfully affected by the expression of individualities; but it cannot any more than its sisters wholly dissociate itself from the general thought of its period. The creative mind is individual, but the creative impulse affecting an artistic period comes up from beneath the irresistible throbbing current of human thought. The polyphonic technic of the middle age was a sister of metaphysical speculation and a ward of the University of Paris. The investiture of classic legend in the stately garb of dramatic recitative was as much a child

Blech's comic operetta "Versiegelt." which capers rather heavily at times, and Massenet's "Cendrillon," which has captivating charm, but whose musical material is so fragile that it almost evanishes in its flight across the footlights.

In Europe, of course, many new works were made known which have not yet reached us; but some of them are on their way and we shall presently be permitted to judge of their value. But from what the accomplished commentators of the

poetic dreaming of Sanazzaro or the architecture of Bramante was of its young manhood.

In the music of the present time there is no cohesive foundation. The art is experimental. It proceeds from the strivings of individuals for a clear note of personal utterance which shall set them apart from the crowd and not from such a resistless general movement of the human imagination as that which gave birth to the epic of Goethe and the symphony of Beethoven and the lied of Schubert.

In the divergent methods of Strauss, Debussy and Puccini there are after all only the selective deductions of three nations from the art principles united in the work of Wagner. These new men are struggling to differentiate themselves; they are not unconsciously speaking world thoughts which force their mighty way upward through the surface of human activity. The people have nothing to say. Their art impulse is for the time stagnant. Without active exercise of it no immortal art can rise. The situation is not unlike the political state vividly described by a recent writer on events in China:

"The Cantonese graduate from Yale, the vociferous student from Tokio and his sister from the American mission school may proclaim with pathetic sincerity the dawn of a new era and the regeneration of their race. In the tumult of their clamor the insistent voice of the past is lost, while the people remain inarticulate as of old. And so it comes to pass that European diplomats, journalists; merchants and missionaries, 'blinded by a hypothesis or carried away by an enthusiasm' find themselves committed to the profession of hopes which all human experience has shown to be utterly delusive."

But there is no reason for discouragement. Studious observers of art who keep in mind its story and the philosophical laws underlying all history are of the opinion that the present is only a transitional era. When the thought of Europe focuses itself upon some elemental emotion such as that which throbbed beneath the revolutionary agitations of the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries we may hope to behold music singing its song with eloquence equal to that of the three children of the romantic movement in Germany, Weber, Beethoven and Schubert. But while Europe, to her own astonishment, is gradually but surely succumbing to the gross cupidity of the "get rich quick" wave which is rolling across the whole world there is not likely to be any artistic movement aflame with the immortal fire.

W. J. HENDERSON.

"Parsifal," January 1 (Matinee).

The singers last Wednesday afternoon united in a performance of high merit. Hermann Weil was the Amfortas; William Hinshaw filled two parts, Titurel and the Second Knight of the Grail; Carl Burrian essayed the title role; Otto Goritz was the Klingsor; Olive Fremstad, the Kundry. Florence Mulford, the American mezzo soprano, did double duty, by singing the measures of the Voice and by appearing as one of the seductive flower maidens; the other flower maidens were Lenora Sparkes, Rita Fornia, Rosina van Dyck, Bella Alten, and Vera Curtis, together with a bevy of beauties from the chorus. Herbert Witherspoon, as Gurnemanz, repeated his wonderful work. The

"Barber of Seville," January 1 (Evening).

Il Conte d'Almaviva	Umberto Macnez
Dr. Bartolo	Antonio Pini-Corsi
Rosina	Frieda Hempel
Figaro	Pasquale Amato
Basilio	Andrea de Segurola
Fiorello	Vincenzo Reschiglian
Berta	Marie Mattfeld
Primo Officiale	Angelo Bada
Secondo Officiale	Pietro Audisio

Conductor, Giuseppe Sturani.

Jan 2 1913 Sun

"BARBER OF SEVILLE"

Rossini's opera buffa "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was brought forward at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The performance had features of much interest for the large audience which attended it and there were many demonstrations of enjoyment. In the first place Frieda Hempel, the German soprano, was heard for the second time and in a role which most operagoers must have felt would disclose a larger measure of her true quality as a singer and musician than *Marguerite* of Valois could.

Pasquale Amato, the admired barytone, sang *Figaro* for the first time in his career and was accordingly heard in a type of music different from those with which his activities in this country have been associated. Thirdly, Umberto Macnez, a new tenor, made his New York debut as *Almaviva*. On the whole there was much to arouse expectation and fortunately much also to gratify the hearers.

It is a significant fact that the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House had been without a competent representative of *Rosina* since Mme. Sembrich was last heard in one act of Rossini's opera on the occasion of her formal farewell to

the lyric stage on February 6, 1909. She had last been heard in the entire opera on January 18, 1908. On March 25 the work was repeated, but with Mme. de Pasquali as *Rosina*.

The same soprano was heard in the role on January 15, 1910, and on March 16 of that year the work was given for the last time previous to the last evening with Elvira de Hidalgo as *Rosina*, Mr. Bonci as *Almaviva*, Mr. Forsell as *Figaro*, Mr. Pini-Corsi as *Dr. Barotolo* and Mr. Didur as *Don Basilio*. It was performed at the New Theatre (now the Century) on November 25 and December 15, 1909, with Lydia Lipkowska as *Rosina*, Mr. Campanari as *Figaro* and Messrs. Bonci and Pini-Corsi in the other roles. In the season of 1908-09 it was sung twice at the Manhattan Opera House, with Mme. Tetrazzini as the prima donna.

These records are interesting only as they reveal the scarcity of coloratura sopranos of high rank and the pressure of circumstances which caused presentations of Rossini's opera in a manner not much above the level of mediocrity. Heavily, however, as the want of a soprano has been accentuated it has not been more patent than the lack of a barytone capable of impersonating the loquacious and resourceful barber and a tenor fitted for the delivery of the music of *Almaviva*.

Too much stress is often laid on the arias to be performed in the lesson scene. Miss Hempel chose a set of variations by Adam on a them by Mozart and therewith contributed her share to the preservation of a cherished tradition. But it should not be forgotten that "Il Barbere di Siviglia" demands such fine singing of the old style both before and after the lesson episode, "Io ridente il cielo," "Largo al fattotum," "Una voce poco fa," the finale of the second scene, Bertha's "aria di sortita" (when not cut) and the famous duetto, "Zitti, zitti," are not to be trifled with.

The performance of last evening was marked by the presence of a vigorous method of comic interpretation, but by only a moderate amount of finesse in vocal delivery. Indeed, it might not be going too far to say that Miss Hempel contributed the bulk of the good singing, while the boisterous fun was mostly made by Messrs. Amato, de Segurola (Don Basilio) and Pini-Corsi (Dr. Bartolo). Lest a false impression be given let it be recorded at once that Mr. Amato sang most of his music effectively, in spite of the fact that he was nervous and not at ease in the role.

He will sing the part better in the future, for he is an earnest artist and his acquaintance with routine is good. Figaro is a role which requires great lightness of touch and uncommon facility of delivery. Mr. Amato did not meet all the requirements last evening, but the future is before him.

Miss Hempel's comedy was deficient in unction, but her singing evoked plenty of applause. Again, however, the tenuous quality of her high tones and the want of communicative warmth in her whole voice were noticeable. But her agility was dazzling and it carried with it an almost flawless intonation. She embroidered "Una voce poco fa" with such a wealth of staccati, trips, runs and head tones, that her hearers must have asked what more she could do, but in the variations she proved that she had still some feats to disclose. Here she exhibited some remarkable top notes.

A very accurate singer of difficult world music is Miss Hempel, a singer whose facility in colorature as such has not been surpassed by any other artist within the memory of the present generation of Metropolitan subscribers. But we have had others who by sheer splendor of tone have imparted far more brilliancy to their singing and still others whose feeling delivery asd intelligent methods always touched chords apparently beyond her reach. Nevertheless she is a very welcome addition to the company and she will make many things possible which could not be without her. She will not efface any memories, but these are waning through the veer force of time.

Mr. Macnez is a singer of small voice, methods and conceptions and his *Almaviva* signified little. Mr. de Segurola covered himself all voer with glory by his impersonation of *Basilio* and his admirable delivery of "La Calumnia." Mr. Pini-Corsi was the conventional Italian buffo, but he was funny. Mr. Setti conducted the performance, which had much of the real Rossini spirit and would have had more if the conductor had been less under the domination of the requirements of the singers.

In the afternoon a large audience attended a performance of "Parsifal." The cast was the same as at the previous performance. As before the chief interest was aroused by Mme. Fremstad's profoundly felt and artistically elaborated *Kundry*, one of the most striking impersonations known to the contemporaneous lyric stage. Mr. Burrian's *Parsifal*, stamped as genuine with the brand of Bayreuth; Mr. Weil's *Amfortas* and Mr. Witherspoon's *Gurnemanz* also commanded approval.

Herald

Another important feature about the performance was the second hearing here of Miss Frieda Hempel, who made her American début last week in "The Huguenots." Last night she sang Rosina, a part in which the world's greatest coloratura singers have been heard here. At her first appearance she suffered from the ravages of a serious attack of tonsilitis, and she was heard to better advantage last night. Yet her singing was in a way a disappointment, for while she soared freely to great heights, these notes were very thin and had little power to stir the audience. She showed, beyound any doubt, that the quality of her voice in all save these top notes, was luscious, and that she possessed wonderful agility and a beautiful trill. In the lesson scene she interpolated variations by Adam on a Mozart theme, which was a feat of agility but did not arouse unusual enthusiasm.

Mr. Amato, who sang the title part, appeared in this for the first time in his career. It did not seem to be a very happy rôle for him, as vocally he is too heavy to cope with its spirit and lightness. Mr.

The same cannot be said of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." There is no one to replace the inimitable Campanari in the part of the Barber, but the engagement of Tetrazzini (Sembrich, also, was only a few blocks away) and Bonci would have made a world of difference. Although last night's performance of Rossini's amusing work had some excellent details, it was on the whole the least satisfactory local revival of this opera the writer can recall though his memory goes back thirty-one years. However, what can the public expect at $6 a seat?

Post

The new light tenor, Umberto Macnez, is very light indeed. He is as much out of place at the Metropolitan Opera House as some other recent "acquisitions." He has not even the virtues of his vices. A white-voiced, lyric tenor should at least have faultless intonation, a voice free from tremolo, and a good coloratura technique. Mr. Macnez possesses none of these qualifications. The drunken scene was good, the tenor doing it quite amusingly. Bonci, who last sang this part here, and who would douhtless have been glad to sing it again, is small of stature, hut vocally he is a giant compared with the newcomer.

Mr. Amato's vocal and dramatic ponderousness are ill suited to the rôle of Figaro. He will prohahly improve the comedy side of the part, although he has a limited perception of its fun, hut he cannot make over a voice of naturally heavy, rough quality, which has been trained to sing habitually the rôles of heavy villains, like Rance, Barnaha, and Scarpia. He seemed constantly on the verge of a Jekyll-Hyde metamorphosis last night.

Mr. Pini-Corsi's Bartolo calls for no new comment, heing invarisbly the same. Andrea de Segurola was the only artist of really first rank seen on last night's stage. His Basilio is worked out with a care to small details, and a comic seriousness which places it among the best comedy parts ever seen at the Metropolitan. His voice has never been a remarkable one, hut he uses what he has like an artist.

A second hearing of the new colorature soprano, Frieda Hempel, confirms the impression that she has not a voice of luscious quality; nor is it always true to the pitch, especislly in sustained melody. In the second act this was less noticeable than in the first, in which, maybe, she was again hampered by nervousness. Due allowance must he made for this. It is much more of a trial to face an operatic audience in New York, where Patti, Melba, Sembrich, Tetrazzini, and others of the world's greatest colorature singers have been heard so often, than in Berlin, where she is so popular and where singers of the rank named are seldom heard. As a matter of fact, a more fasoinating impersonation of the part of Rosina was given here a few years ago by a little Spanish girl whose stage name was Hidalgo. She had not the stage experience of Mme. Hempel, snd her colorature was not what it should have been, hut she had the requisite Southern archness and mischievous vivacity that Northern singers miss.

Mme. Hempel had reason to he pleased by her reception by the audience last night. There was much applause, particularly after the singing of a set of bravura variations on a Mozart theme, perpetrated by Adam, of Paris, hut sounding worse than pre-Adamite. Anything quite so silly as this set of vsriations has seldom been sung here. Apparently, the reason for choosing them was that it gave the famous prima donna a chance to display her Eiffel Tower tones, which reminded one of Ellen Beach Yaw, who has since repented. Such tones have no real artistic value.

Times

After the revival of "Les Huguenots," a further result of the coming of Miss Fieda Hempel to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House was the restoration to it of Rossini's masterpiece, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." It was produced there last evening before a large holiday audience ready to be amused; and it was the occasion of two ther "first appearances" besides Mis Hempel's in the part of Rosina. The new tenor, Mr. Umberto Macnez, came before a Metropolitan audience for the first time as Count Almavina, and Mr. Pasquale Amato made his first attempt on any stage as Figaro.

"Je Barbiere di Siviglia" has not fared very well in New York in recent years. For the last two seasons it has not appeared at at all upon the lists; and for some seasons previously it would have been as well if it had not. The sad sad lack of coloratura soprano singers has been no more significantly shown than in the results of Miss Lydia Lipkowska's attempts in the New Theatre three seasons ago and of Mme. Elvira de Hidalgo's, in the larger house, in the same season; or of Bernice di Pasquale's the year before. There was at least vocal brilliancy and bravura in Mme. Tetrazzini's performance at Mr. Hammerstein's opera house, however much was lacking in other respects for a Kosina who delighted the ear and the eye and the sense of artistic fitness together, it is necessary to go back to Mme. Sembrich's impersonation, and earlier. These performances had more satisfactory men singers in the Figaro of John Forsell and Giuseppe Campanari, and the Almavina of Alessandro Bonci.

The performance last evening showed many excellent features, especially in the comedy; it had spirit and gayety, although the occasion was evidently one of some nervousness for several of those concerned in it. Interest naturally centred in Miss Hempel's Rosina. Her singing disclosed much the same qualities as it did in "Les Huguenots" last week. There was perhaps somewhat more of freedom. Her coloratura effects were frequently of much brilliancy and flexibility; her intonation in them was of almost invariable accuracy. The air "Una Voce Poco Fa" was well sung. In the "lesson scene" of the second act she sang Adolphe Adam's variations on an air of Mozart's, in French, with an easy command of most of its very considerable demands as to vocal technique. The voice was still disappointing as to power and quality. It again seemed to lack something in essential beauty, and in a certain vitality that should make it appeal strongly to the listener's sensibilities. It was excellent singing in many respects, but it did not compel the admiration that must be paid to great singing.

Miss Hempel was again an agreeable figure to behold; but the part has been enacted with greater vivacity, archness, and grace, with a fuller command of its mischievous comedy.

Mr. Amato is too intelligent and accomplished an artist to fail in giving an effect to such as part as Figaro, although it is considerably out of the range of those with which he is most identified in the minds of this public. He was clearly nervous, especially in the beginning; and his "Largo al Factotum" was a little heavy footed. He showed unexpected resources in comic power, however, in later scenes, and presented an impersoation which had enough of excellence to warrant the belief in its improvement when he shall have grown into it by further repetition.

The contribution to the performance in many respects most successful and most fully in the view of the comedy was the Basilio of Mr. Segurola, which he had made known to New York in his Hammerstein days. It is an amusing character study of the gloomy and portentious clerical music master, wholly true to the type and presented without exaggerated grossness both in action and in voice.

Mr. Macnez did not create a deep impression with him Almavina. His voice is a light tenor, disposed to "whiteness" of quality with considerable flexibility, but hardly a distinguished voice, and hardly managed with distinguished skill. Yet in his case also allowance is to be made for the nervousness of a first appearance. Mr. Pini Corsi's Dr. Bartolo, long familiar, has not improved in voice since it was last heard here; he helps the action of the comedy, but with some interpretations and improvisations of his own.

The performance was under the direction of Mr. Sturani, who aimed at animation, vivacity, and crisp finish; and did not entirely compass them.

'LES HUGUENOTS' REPEATED

Performance Gains, Miss Hempel Showing Improvement.

There can be no doubt of the popular appeal of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's production of "The Huguenots" as presented at the Metropolitan Opera House last night for the second time. Every seat in the auditorium was sold and the standees reached their legal limit, while enthusiasm was unrestrained. Tribune

And to be fair, there is good cause for this interest. The old opera has the attraction of a remarkable scenic investiture of a cast of principals nearly all of whom are competent and some far more than that, of a well drilled chorus, of stage pictures composed with unusual fidelity to detail, and a spirit informing the whole that brings forth the work with admirable vividness. The work itself, of the theatre, as most of it is, contains one love duet which ranks with the great scores of all opera; in it Meyerbeer seemed to have for once mounted above himself. Last night it was sung far more effectively by Mr. Caruso and Miss Destinn than at the opening performance, Mr. Caruso in particular being in greatly improved voice. Jan. 3 1913

In fact the whole performance had gained largely because of an increased confidence on the part of the singers. There was only one change in the cast, Dinh Gilly taking the place of Mr. Scotti as De Nevers. Vocally Mr. Gilly was an improvement, though he failed to give quite the impression of aristocratic suavity disclosed by his predecessor. Yet on the whole his impersonation was a creditable one, possessing dignity and distinction of bearing.

Miss Hempel again sang Marguerite De Valois, and as had been predicted at her first performance showed considerable improvement, her voice benig much clearer and stronger in the upper notes, and her breath support being generally firmer. Her trill was as effective as before, and her general style in coloratura passages most excellent. The part requires little of the archness and coquettry necessary for Rosina, and as a consequence her Marguerite is a more satisfactory figure, though even here, that inexplicable something, "personality" or "temperament," without which even the greatest voices fall into second rank, is absent. However, Miss Hempel will probably prove a most useful member of the company, and for the sake of the old operas, let us hope that this will be so. Moreover, there is always the chance that she may grow in artistic stature, and New York has taught other singers much that they have learned to their advantage.

Mr. Rothier and Miss Alten as Saint Bris and Urbain again pleased, and Mr. Polacco inused spirit into the orchestra.

"LES HUGUENOTS" REPEATED.

Jan. 3 - 1913

Frieda Hempels and Mr. Caruso Both in Better Voice.

"Les Huguenots" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The public interest in the revival of the old opera was manifested both by the size of the audience and by the character of the applause. There was only one change in the cast. Mr. Gilly instead of Mr. Scotti sang *De Nevers*. He was quite equal to the demands of the music, but he was not ideal as a pictorial representative of the elegant courtier.

Frieda Hempel, who had sung *Rosina* in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," the previous evening, showed no vocal deterioration. On the contrary her delivery of the music of *Marguerite de Valois* was decidedly better than it was on the occasion of her first appearance. She sang with fuller tone and with more brilliancy of style. Mr. Caruso, too, was in better voice and his high tones caused the usual demonstrations of joy.

The other members of the cast were as before. In the summary of the first performance perhaps too little stress was laid on the splendidly sung *Valentine* of Mme. Destinn. In this role the admired prima donna has gathered fresh laurels. The dramatic breadth of her style and the briliancy of her voice are admirable. Questions of style may be raised, of course, but these may be raised in so many cases.

Sun

MME. SEMBRICH SINGS A SECOND RECITAL

Mme. Marcella Sembrich gave her second song recital of the season at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Her audience comprised the cream of the music lovers, teachers, singers and students of the city, for these ministrations in the temple of vocal art are regarded by all devotees of the highest in music as authoritative explications of the gospel of lyric beauty. The hearers arrived early and remained late. When the end of the programme had been reached there was the usual

rush toward the platform and the following insistent demand for more.

Mme. Sembrich responded by singing the brilliant and difficult Norwegian folksong "Kom Kyira," which she made known at her famous folksong recital two seasons back. Still more recalls brought "Comin' Thro' the Rye," sung with bewitching humor and finished with a roulade so skilfully placed that it seemed as if it had always been there. Again the audience called for more, and this time the prima donna sang to her own accompaniment her familiar Chopin song "The Maiden's Wish." Then her adorers permitted her to bid them adieu.

It may be predicted that yesterday's concert will be memorable in the annals of music in New York. In the natural order of events it will not be long before Mme. Sembrich wearies of traversing the long distances in this country and will confine her activities to a few recitals in Europe and at other times reign graciously in her beautiful new home at Nice. If such should be the case, those who listened to her incomparable lieder singing yesterday will cherish the day in their heart of hearts.

She was in better voice than she was at her first recital this season. In the beginning of the entertainment her tones were, as they usually are, a trifle clouded but before the middle they had cleared and thereafter she enraptured her hearers with some of the most brilliant singing she has done in recent years. Not since her latter days at the opera has any one heard her give forth such resonant and exquisitely lovely tone as she poured lavishly into some of the songs of her third group and into the gorgeously delivered "Ouvre tes yeux bleus," which was the encore number after it.

It would require an intimate analysis of each song to do full justice to the recital. But since this is impracticable, let us not pass over the most striking exhibitions of the singer's art. If she sang "Lusinghe piu care" with a perfection of style which is not possessed by any other singer now before the public, she rose to greater heights in the ravishing beauty and the depth of emotion which she united in "O, Sleep," from Handel's "Semele." And then she ended the first group with the anonymous "Fingo per mio diletto," a song of that dainty, arch, tenderly humorous type which she interprets so wonderfully. In such songs she achieves her ends with absolute correctness of voice placement, infinite resource in the finest and most intangible shades of tonal tint and a playful fancy which inspires every syllable with declamatory value.

Who can sing "Aufträge" as she can? She closed her second group with it, again exhibiting the qualities just enumerated. And with these again she made little miracles of art out of Hugo Wolf's "Elfen" in the third group and Frank La Forge's "Spooks" in the fourth. In both of these songs too the shimmering web of perfectly blended piano colors which was spun by that young wizard of accompanists, Mr. La Forge, earned its due share of approval. And Mr. La Forge's song was a good one too. Mme. Sembrich sang too another song of his called "Before the Crucifix," also a well conceived lyric.

Wolf's "Lied vom Winde" was another number in which the singer and the pianist formed a great union. Among the more serious numbers in which Mme. Sembrich's magical power of vitalizing every phrase, every word, was manifested were Schumann's "Stille Thränen," Strauss's "Allerseelen" and César Franck's "La Procession." Nor must we forget the cameo delicacy and clearness of the touching "Nussbaum," sung as an encore number after the second group.

Mme. Sembrich's lieder singing has certain salient characteristics which place it in a celestial sphere of its own. She puts forth the tendrils of a sensibility so fine, so subtle, so rich in the essences of a gentle womanhood that her art vibrates like a harpstring with responsive emotion. Tears lie always under the roseate surface of her humor; sweet sympathy dwells beside her darkest tragedy; love wells out through all.

Others have sung in larger accents and have proclaimed the dramatic content of songs with more vigor, more impetuosity, more power of mere sound. But this woman has always stood alone in the searching finish of her art, which transforms every phrase into a little poem, each accent differentiated from the other and yet clearly related to it, every tone blossoming out of the one before it with a beauty and a perfume of its own, yet always part of the whole. And every phrase thus fashioned is found in the end to be again a fragment of the great general result, a fragment faultlessly beautiful and eloquent in itself and inevitable in its fitness for a large, completed plan.

Critical comment is impotent in the presence of such an art. Those who know nothing about the naked tone, which in order to excite them must always be big and forceful, can never get the true joy which is to be obtained from singing, the most poetic variety of human utterance. But those whose ears hear the incomparable delivery of a message couched in musical speech of ravishing beauty, and this arranged with an insight which probes the deepest recesses of both text and music, will bless and thank Mme. Sembrich as long as they live in that it has been their unspeakable good fortune to drink from the life giving fountains of her song.

Tribune

Sometimes even the praise of excellence becomes embarrassing to hear. Standards change, and in trying to do justice to artists of the present time the reviewer whose memory extends over a decade or more is likely to say things which will seem strange to some of his readers. But to the lovers of beautiful singing the clouds of danger have not yet begun to lower when the reviewer forgets even temperance of expression in speaking about an affair like Mme. Sembrich's recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. It was the second of her concerts, and there were some people, probably many, who thought that her farewell to the operatic stage two years ago indicated also her farewell to the concert platform. The first was a misfortune, but not so great a misfortune as if she had also separated herself from the concert field.

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It has been impossible for two years at the opera house to think of any of the operas with which she was identified without a regret that she was no longer present on the stage. On the recital platform she has remained an absolutely unique exemplar of the art of song in its highest aspect; and there was probably nothing more surprising about yesterday's entertainment than that she should have shown herself to be in every respect, vocally, emotionally, artistically, intellectually, as great as she has been at any time in the last five years, if not greater.

Her programme had one novel feature in that it began with classic songs by Beethoven and Mozart, which it was her wont formerly to bring in later in the scheme. The effect was to give her greater freedom of breath and phrasing than the old Italian songs allowed her, so that by the time she reached Handel's "O, Sleep," she was in such perfect condition vocally that no one would dream that there ever could have been any of the embarrassment which her critical listeners knew had rested on the beginnings of her recitals in earlier years.

In all that she did subsequently, especially the songs by her favorite composers, Schubert and Schumann, and their successors, Schillings and Rachmaninoff (the Russian, whose two songs were far and away the most interesting novelties of the list), she sang with a youthfulness, a freshness, a loveliness of voice and a perfection of diction that have not been surpassed, even by herself, within the last decade.

After the very long programme had been ended there was the usual crowding of listeners forward to the front of the house, and after she had sung the Norwegian folksong which our grandmothers heard from Jenny Lind and not since (except from Mme. Sembrich two years ago in her folksong recital), and added "Comin' Through the Rye," she was compelled, evidently much against her will, to remove her gloves and play and sing the Chopin mazurka, "The Maiden's Wish." No Sembrich recital is complete without it, and yet it is probably the most unwilling of her gifts.

H. E. K.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Jan. 3-1913

Henry Schmitt and Leo Schulz Heard in a Double Concerto.

Again at Carnegie Hall last evening Conductor Josef Stransky of the Philharmonic Society provided one of those generous programmes for which he is now noted. The entertainment began with Mendelssohn's "Melusina" overture, after which Henry Schmitt, concert master of the orchestra, and Leo Schulz, principal 'cellist, were heard together in the concerto of Brahms for their two instruments. Following this the orchestra played the ballet music and entr' acte written by Schubert for Wilhelmine von Chezy's "Rosamunde." Sun

The second part of the programme was declared to be in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Emancipation proclamation. The numbers chosen for this commendable purpose were Dvorak's symphony "From the New World" and Coleridge Taylor's "Bamboula." Of course the celebration of anniversaries is a good thing, and it is to be hoped that there will be others, such as that of the fall of Vicksburg, the admission of each of the new States and the birth of the new navy.

It would be a great pleasure to record a successful revival of the Brahms concerto for violin and 'cello, but it is obligatory to note that last evening's performance was not sufficiently clear or mellow to give the hearer a full appreciation of the work. Both Mr. Schmitt and Mr. Schulz discharged their duties with sincerity and care, but the results were not uplifting.

Jan 4 1913 Sun

OLD "IL TROVATORE"

That "Il Trovatore" will draw a good sized audience when offered with a strong cast was demonstrated once more last evening, when the old opera was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was an excellent performance in which all the principal singers were perfectly at home in their roles. They devoted themselves to the delivery of the music with a sincerity wholly commendable and poured out their voices with lavish generosity. The music of "Il Trovatore" is decidedly singable, and as observant operagoers know much of it has genuine dramatic vitality, despite the fact that it is framed on old models and utilizes many of the elementary rhythms of dance music.

The opera requires a quartet of good singers, soprano, contralto, barytone and tenor, with a supplementary bass, who figures only in the first scene. This bass role, *Ferrando*, usually falls to the lot of Herbert Witherspoon, and he sang the music creditably last evening.

Mme. Gadski, who has already been heard with delight in an important Wagner role and with equal pleasure in a Mozart part, was the *Leonora*. She was in full command of her vocal resources and sang with great brilliancy of tone and with excellent style. That she felt confidence in her voice was shown by the boldness with which she successfully attacked the high D flat at the end of the first scene. She was again most admirable in the "Miserere."

Mme. Homer was the *Azucena*, and she was also in fine voice. Her impersonation of the gypsy mother is in accord with the traditions of the part and deserves the favor with which it has always been received. Mr. Slezak, having recovered from the indisposition which compelled a change of opera earlier in the week, appeared as *Manrico*. This is one of the parts which is regarded as most favorable to a robust tenor voice, and recent performances at the Metropolitan have raised the question whether Mr. Slezak is not happier in lyric roles. However, most of the music of *Manrico* seems congenial to him and his 'Di quella pira" has sufficent virility to evoke hearty applause.

Mr. Amato, who sang *Figaro* in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" for the first time in his career on Wednesday evening, was much more comfortable last night in an old and familiar part, the *Count di Luna*. He sang brilliantly and added greatly to the general effectiveness of the performance. Naturally the chorus and orchestra had no serious difficulties with their share of the opera.

Jan 5 1913 Sun

"TOSCA" AT THE OPERA.

Strong Cast Draws Large Matinee Audience.

"Tosca," Toscanini, Farrar, Caruso and Scotti; these are great names. If any one had ever doubted it a peep into the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon would have put his mind at rest. Every seat was occupied. The space behind the rail at the rear of the orchestra circle was crowded to suffocation. At 2 o'clock the line of people waiting to buy entrance tickets stretched from the box office window out to the sidewalk, down to Thirty-ninth street and around the corner toward the little opera club door. Some of those who stood and waited may also have served, but they did not get in.

With this record yesterday's performance of "Tosca" might be dismissed were it not for the presence of that fascinating little American songbird, whose wayward fancies rarely fly twice consecutively in the same direction. Scotti's *Scarpia* is always the same, a little older now perhaps, a little more sceptical, a little more worldly wise, a little more callous, but always a great, grim, powerful minister of police overtaken by swift death in the moment of his libidinous triumph.

Caruso's *Cavaradossi* is much the same too, though a little more rotund and paternal than in the golden years of long ago. But Geraldine Farrar's *Tosca* is less rotund than it was. It is more sinuous, more subtle, more brilliant with the flickering of passionate lights and shadows. It still wants the deep toned knell of lyric tragedy, but it is picturesque, intelligible and interesting. And yesterday it had unusual vocal excellence. The voice was fresh and vibrant and the tones were generally well controlled. Miss Farrar's singing is very variable; yesterday was one of its best days. As for Mr. Toscanini, he conducts the opera in such a way as to justify fully the Italian address "Maestro."

JUVENILE ORCHESTRA PLAYS.

Jan 5 1912

120 Little Musicians in Symphony Concert for Young People.

The Junior and Senior Orchestras of the Music School Settlement furnished the programme of the Symphony Concert for Young People at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. As a result there were young people on and off the stage, crowds of them—girls, and boys. Only the players of the basses and the drums were grown-up men.

The juvenile orchestra in its two sections played several selections and several times they played together. There were 120 players altogether. Sometimes David Mannes, their Director, conducted them and sometimes Edgar Stowell. Ernesto Consolo played several piano solos between the orchestral groups.

The programme included the allegro from Mozart's quartet in G major, No. 12; Brahms's waltz in A flat, Op. 39; a prelude and gavotte of Corelli; the overture to Gluck's "Iphigenie en Aulide"; a Norwegian melody of Svendsen's; a minuet from Bach's Quite in G minor, and several National anthems.

Puccini's "Tosca."

Puccini is a favored mortal at the Metropolitan Opera House. On his works the management lavishes its great artists. The first performance of "Tosca" at the Saturday matinée was a case in point. Miss Farrar singing the title rôle, Caruso that of the unfortunate Cavaradossi, and Scotti that of Scarpia, while Mr. Toscanini conducted. The house was jammed, it is needless to say. Jan. 6-13

Miss Farrar was at her best, vocally and dramatically. She has never sung the rôle of Floria Tosca better than she did on Saturday, and her acting was as good as her singing. It is a rôle which also shows her beauty to advantage. Post

Mr. Caruso was in excellent spirits, and sang his rôle as only he can sing it. New York is fortunate, indeed, to be able to hear his priceless voice again and again each season, now that he is in his vocal and artistic prime. He is a born comedian, and it is a pity that he has not more rôles in which his superabundant animal spirits can be used legitimately, as they now are liable to burst out at inappropriate times. Cavaradossi is not a great tragic part, but Mr. Caruso's antics in the first act seemed rather out of place, and savored of self-conscious posing as a funny man. His make-up was not fortunate, the beard producing an effect of fatness about the cheeks which Mr. Caruso does not possess, and which the young Cavaradossi should be free from.

Mr. Scotti's Scarpia is to-day one of the best all-around dramatic and vocal portraits on the operatic stage. Being a true artist, he works constantly to improve his rôles, and he has enriched his Scarpia by many subtle details of gesture and vocal inflection. His dramatic growth more than makes up for his loss in the matter of mere beauty of voice. It is a great pity that nature did not grant him the superlative gift of an expressive face, for otherwise he is an artist of the first rank.

Jan 6 1913 Tribune

Singing at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine—Violinists and Their Activities.

In recurring now to the musical portion of the funeral service of the late Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, last Saturday, the purpose is only to express a feeling of gratification (here purely artistic) at the dignified beauty and simplicity with which all the music was performed. As was stated in the news account printed in this journal yesterday, no attempt was made at musical pomp; nor would any such attempt have been likely to lead to anything other than disappointment to anybody familiar with the burial service of the Anglican and American Episcopal Church. For centuries the marvellous beauty of the Apostle Paul's dissertation on death and immortality has been paired with the simple grandeur of the chants and anthems which have accompanied it in the funeral service. The beauty of last Saturday's service consisted largely in the preservation of the old traditions under circumstances which might have led to ambitious efforts to surpass them.

It is doubtful if many, even among the students of ecclesiastical music, knew before Saturday that the culture of the art was making such beautiful progress amid conditions which not only seem, but really are, so foreign to it. In a vague way lovers of the old church art have known that, like many other things in the Cathe-

l of St. John the Divine, a lovely re-
t was showing to the things which
not good because they are old, but
ch are old because they are good—be-
se they have been approved by so
y generations of men; and for the
ivation of these things inclinations,
ns and opportunities are not always
hand.

ome twenty years or more ago the
ter of these notes made a very serious
dy of the question of the growth of
alism in the Protestant Episcopal
rch, with relation to its effect upon
music in the churches of the city. A
at many artistic problems appeared to
plex him then, and though the surpliced
ir movement, which he looked upon with
pious favor at the time, has triumphed,
has not yet been able to say frankly
l with a whole heart that it deserved
to triumph. There was then, as there
l is, the great question to answer,
ether or not the church was willing
l able to indorse the increased ex-
nse which a proper service of the
cient style involved. Writing at the
ic in "Harper's Monthly" magazine
s reviewer said:

o choir is so poor as a poor boy choir,
d no choir so costly in money and care
a good boy choir. This is a truism
ich will receive the assent of every
ucated choirmaster. If it were possi-
to introduce a system of selection,
e and training like that which obtains
the Chapel Royal and the chief
thedrals of England, there is no doubt
at the choirs in the larger American
urches might in time become potent
encies in the development of a national
hool of music and justify the declara-
n of the late Sir George MacFarren
at "a cathedral choir is the best cradle
r a musician our country affords." The
st lustrous names in the history of
glish music have figured on the roles
the "Children of the Royal Chapel,"
d though that venerable institution
ays a lese significant part now than it
l in the reigns of Elizabeth and the
uarts, yet Sir Arthur Sullivan is with
to testify to the value of the educa-
n which it still affords. The efficiency
the Chapel Royal and the cathedral
oirs, however, is purchased at a cost
hich not even so wealthy a corporation
Trinity is willing to assume. Now
e "Children of the Chapel Royal" live
ith their "Master of Songe" in a pri-
te house in St. George's Square, Pim-
o, but originally they were boarded and
dged at the royal palace, and, say the
d records, the eight had amongst them
ily "two loaves, one messe of greate
eate, and 11 gallones of ale," besides
urpence court hire when on a jour-
y with the King's Chapel. They were
eo allowed a servant to "trusse and
care their harnesse and liverey in
urte"; nor did the royal care cease
lth their youthfulness as singere, for it
as provided that, on the breaking of
heir voices, then, "yf they will assente
he King assygnethe them to a college of
xford or Cambridge of his foundacion
here to be at fynding and studye both
iffytietnly tylle the King may otherwise
dvaunce them."

At the time this was written there was
ot a single church in New York which
upported a true choir school, though
Trinity came close to it; but Trinity's
are ceased with the musical instruction
f the boys and the appointment of one
f the assistant ministers to look after
heir religious training. Matters have
rended greatly since, we believe, but
hen churches like Grace were putting
out of service such excellent and honest
nen and musicians as Samuel P. Warren,
and Calvary retiring such splendid artists
as Joseph Mosenthal, simply because they
nsisted that if they were to introduce
choirs of boys and men they must be
given money enough to educate the boys
and not attempt to make church musi-
cians out of them in an hour's training
a week. Exactly what the Cathedral of
St. John the Divine is doing we do not
know, but we can contrive to guess that
it is doing something worthy of its name
and position from the beautiful manner
in which the music at the funeral service
was sung last Saturday—especially Sir
Arthur Sullivan's anthem from the "Light
of the World" and other psalms.

From a contemplation of the ecclesiastical music of Saturday and the secular music of yesterday there is a very great leap. The Sunday music was much in quantity—far too much to be enjoyed fully. There were no less than seven concerts, at which the appeal was made to thousands, instead of hundreds. Most of them were worthy, though in one case, at least, there was cause for wonderment why a professedly philanthropical and educational movement should be given so strange a trend. Let the promoters of the so-called Wage Earners' Concert in Madison Square Garden tell the public how much about good music is to be learned from concerts which in their very nature contradict their purpose. A large military band playing in a public park would give more pleasure and bring more artistic uplift than the best of orchestras and solo performers playing in so acoustically absurd a place as the Madison Square Garden. And yet it was there that Mr. Zimbalist was asked to play with the Russian orchestra after he had played with the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall in the afternoon. He played Mendelssohn's concerto with finished taste in the music room; what he did in the circus does not call for discussion. Mr. Damrosch also provided appropriate music in the overture to "Fingal's Cave" and Beethoven's symphony in C minor. The temptation to say that this was a better programme for a symphonic concert than that of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall would be stronger if Mr. Damrosch were not going to repeat the Philharmonic's act next Sunday—that is, play fragments from Wagner's drama, which have little if any place in the concert room so long as they can be heard (as they can in New York) under proper conditions at the Opera House.

But the folly of discussing this question has frequently been made plain. The Philharmonic Society also added to the superabundance of violin music from which New York is suffering this season by putting forward Mr. Elman to play again the too-much-played concerto by Tschaikowsky. But, barring his affectations, the young artist played brilliantly. Others may say something more about the other concerts. H. E. K.

PLECTRUMS PLAY WELL

Abt's Orchestra Gives Varied Programme at Concert.

The New York Plectrum Orchestra, an organization of instruments of the mandolin and guitar type, reinforced by harp, tympani, piano, organ and woodwind, gave a concert last night in Aeolian Hall before an audience that should have been larger. The orchestra, under the direction of Valentine Abt, gave an interesting account of itself, playing with spirit, as well as with a regard for nuance that was reminiscent of the Imperial Balalaika Orchestra, which came to this country two years ago.

Among the numbers were Saint-Saëns's mazourka No. 1, Dvorak's "Humoreske," Suppé's "Light Cavalry" overture and Mr. Abt's own "Through Washington." There were two assisting artists—Paul Dufault, tenor, and Bertha Amet, soprano. Mr. Dufault, ever an artist, sang Debussy's "Mandoline" and Pfeiffer's "Malgre Toi" with good expression and clear tone. Mme. Amet, despite her French prefatory title, sang Saint-Saëns's "Mon Cœur S'Ouvre à ta Voix" in German. Her voice, when she did not force it, was pleasing.

Sun

There was a time not far back when Sunday was reserved for a few light concerts of no great significance. Now it has come to be one of the busiest days of the week in the field of musical entertainment, and yet it may well be questioned whether or not it has acquired any deeper significance than it formerly had. Yesterday, for example, was crowded with musical offerings, yet it cannot truthfully be said that any one of them had vital importance.

There were seven concerts ranging from the grave undertakings of the orchestral societies to popular entertainment of the lightest kind. Only two of these seven concerts called for critical consideration. Some of the others were without question pleasing and worthy of approval, but they appealed chiefly to those in search of pastime and not of profound art. The two concerts which made some claim to be discussed were those of the Philharmonic and Symphony societies. The former took place in Carnegie Hall and the latter in the Aeolian.

Both put forward Russian violinists as the solo performers. Mr. Stransky presented to his auditors Efrem Zimbalist, who elected to play the time honored concerto of Mendelssohn. Mr. Damrosch, having returned safely from the vexed Bermudas, regaled his audience with the Tschaikowsky concerto as interpreted by the energetic young Mischa Elman. At the Philharmonic concert there was as usual a wide range in the orchestral numbers. The concert began with the D major symphony of Haydn and after the concerto continued with four disclosures of the genius of that distinguished composer Richard Wagner. These were the "Siegfried Idyl," the funeral march from "Goetterdaemmerung," the "Ride of the Valkyrs" and the overture to "Tannhaeuser."

It may be submitted by way of passing comment that while the "Siegfried Idyl" is unquestionably a concert piece, the other Wagner numbers are not, though a point must always be stretched in favor of an overture. But the excerpts from the bodies of the Wagner dramas are really no longer necessary in this community. The only excuse for playing them prevails in communities where the Wagner music drama is not heard.

Mr. Zimbalist discharged his duties in the Mendelssohn concerto with immense zeal, if not always with discretion. The tempo at which he played the finale robbed the movement of rhythmic incisiveness, of contrast and of clarity of outline. Trying to play this movement faster than any one else is an old trick and a childish one. Mr. Zimbalist ought to be above it. In the slow movement the purity of his tone and the elegance of his cantilena were delightful.

Mr. Damrosch began his entertainment with Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture, which was played with a good deal of smoothness and color. But it must be admitted that while Mr. Damrosch has made noteworthy improvement, he has not yet quite got the measure of the troublesome acoustics of Aeolian Hall. The wood wind persists in standing out too prominently at times and in sounding rough at others. These defects were particularly noticeable in the accompaniment to the concerto, which was well planned, but did not quite meet its intent.

Mr. Elman is a young man of high nerve tensions and behind these operates a fervid fancy and a distinctly baroque artistic tendency. Brilliant in technic, splendid in tone, bold in bow treatment, his playing is almost always just a little over sentimentalized and has too much of the emotional sob in its clearest cantilena. His Tschaikowsky music yesterday wept more than was necessary. Otherwise the performance offered much to compel admiration. Beethoven's fifth symphony brought the concert to a close.

Sunday Concerts.

When the Philharmonic Orchestra changed its custom of giving only sixteen concerts a season to giving more than three timee that number, the audiences at first were naturally smaller than they had been; but they have grown surprisingly. Yesterday there were few vacant seats in Carnegie Hall, although six other concerts were given the same day, while the Thursday evening and Friday afternoon concerts also draw large audiences. After all, three Philharmonics a week does not seem too many.

One reason for the growth in attendance is that Joseph Pulitzer's generous gift has made it poesible to secure a finer array of soloists than the Philharmonic had previously been able to engage. The list for the season is worth glancing at again. It includes: Eugene Ysaye, Mischa Elman, Efrem Zimbalist, Henry P. Schmitt, Maud Powell, Louis Pereinger, Bonarios Grimson, Henrl Leon Le Roy, Leopold Godoweky, Max Pauer, Ernest Schelling, Rudolph Ganz, Josef Lhevinne, Germaine Schnitzer, Leo Schultz, Xaver Reiter, Schumann-Heink, Frances Alda, Marie Rappold, Florence Hinckle, Nevada Van der Veer, John McCormack, Carl Jörn, Edmond Clement, Reinhold von Warlich, Reed Miller, Frederick Weld. Jan. 6/13

Yesterday's soloist was the Russian violinist Efrem Zimbalist, who played the Mendelssohn violin concerto with lovely tone and pure intonation. The last movement he certainly took too fast. Post

There is an amusing anecdote about this concerto. David, who advised Mendelssohn when it was being composed, also wrote five concertos of his own, which, however, did not amount to much. It was he who first played the Mendelssohn concerto, and after the performance Schumann patted him on the shoulder and said: "There, my friend—at last you have the concerto you have been trying all these years to compose!"

The orchestral numbers of the concert interested the audience even more than the concerto. The second of Haydn's last and best set of symphonies, composed for London, was the opening number and gave the famous orchestra a chance to show how admirably it can combine delicacy and vivacity. Haydn is not usually credited with depth of feeling, but, as interpreted by Mr. Stransky, the andante seemed as soulful as a Beethoven adagio. Beethoven certainly was deeply influenced by this music.

Very beautiful was the orchestral coloring of the "Siegfried Idyl," which followed the concerto. After the "Ride of the Valkyries" the audience applauded till the musicians got up to share the applause with the conductor. The other numbers on the programme were Siegfried's Dead March and the "Tannhäuser" overture.

At Aeolian Hall the soloist was Mischa Elman, who played the Tchaikovsky concerto in his own way, for which he was much applauded by the large audience which usually hears him. Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra contributed Mendelssohn's beautiful "Fingal's Cave" and Beethoven's fifth symphony.

At the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening there was also a large audience to hear Lucrezia Bori, Florence Mulford, Riccardo Martin, and Dinh Gilly. In Carnegie Hall Mr. McCormack's popularity was attested by a huge audience, while Modest Altschuler played in Madison Square Garden to a multitude of wage-earners. Sunday concerts are certainly booming.

SUNDAY NIGHT MUSIC.

Russian Symphony, McCormack, and Bori Three of the Offerings.

There were five concerts for music lovers to choose their Sunday night diversion from last evening, and at least three of them were largely attended. Madison Square Garden was packed for the concert given by the Russian Symphony Orchestra in the Wage Earners' Series. The orchestra on this occasion was placed in the middle of the vast auditorium, and the effect of the music was bettered as a result.

Modest Altschuler conducted and Efrem Zimbalist was the soloist. The Russian violinist played arrangements of the "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger" and a Chopin waltz, Dvorak's "Humoresque," and a Czardas of Hubay. The orchestra played music by Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Rubinstein, Zolotarew, and Ippolitow-Ivaniw.

Carnegie Hall was also packed to the doors at the concert given by John McCormack. The stage was filled with chairs to seat the extra comers, and many hundreds were turned away. Mr. McCormack, who, as usual at his concerts, sang many charming Irish folk-songs, was assisted by Miss Alice Preston in place of Charlotte Maconda, who was ill, and Spencer Clay at the piano.

At the Metropolitan Opera House concert, which also was largely attended, Lucrezia Bori was heard for the first time here, singing her native language. She sang three Spanish songs by Spanish composers, besides the air from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," the duet from "Don Giovanni" with Mr. Gilly, and the quartet from "Rigoletto" with Messrs. Martin and Gilly and Mme. Mulford. These singers also were heard in solos. The orchestra was under the direction of Giuseppe Sturani.

At Aeolian Hall the New York Plectrum Orchestra, Valentine Abt director, gave a concert. The soloists were Bertha Amet, soprano, and Paul Dufault, tenor.

The Balalaika Orchestra gave the fifth concert of the evening at the Garden Theatre.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

Philharmonic and Symphony Play, with Zimbalist and Elman Soloists.

It may be hoped that, for once, the music lovers of New York, of all degrees and tastes, had their demands for musical enjoyment fully met by what was offered them yesterday. There were seven concerts given in the course of the afternoon and evening. In the afternoon the two principal New York concert orchestras, the Philharmonic Society and the New York Symphony Society, gave concerts in their regular series in Carnegie Hall and Aeolian Hall. In the evening there was the usual production of orchestral pieces and solo performances at the Metropolitan Opera House; a "monster concert" was given in Madison Square Garden for wage earners and others, at low prices, by the Russian Symphony Orchestra; the "Plectrum Orchestra" appeared in Aeolian Hall, the Russian Balalaika Orchestra in the Garden Theatre, and John McCormack, the Irish tenor, gave a song recital in Carnegie Hall.

The two afternoon orchestral concerts were attended by large audiences. In both the sololists were violinists, and both Russians. Mr. Zimbalist, who appeared again in the evening at the "monster concert," played Mendelssohn's violin concerto with the Philharmonic Society, with much repose and beauty of tone in the slow movement, but so fast in the last movement that Mr. Stransky found it sometimes difficult to keep up with him in the orchestral accompaniment. As regards tone and technique the performance was admirable, and was vigorously applauded. The symphony was Haydn's, in D major, which began the concert. The last part of the programme was made up of Wagnerian selections: the "Siegfried Idyl," the death music from "Götterdammerung," the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walküre," and the overture to "Tannhäuser."

Mr. Mischa Elman appeared with the New York Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall and offered Tschaikowsky's violin concerto. It is a work that he evidently plays with pleasure and full sympathy, and for which his temperament is unusually well fitted. There is something exotic, suggesting the Oriental side of Russia, in his delivery of certain portions of the work; his performance is fiery and languorous by turns, and extremely brilliant. Needless to say it aroused great enthusiasm. Mr. Damrosch began with Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture, played with vigor and delicacy and with abundant modification of tempo, and ended with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

A SHAKESPERIAN OPERA

Jan. 7-13 Tribune

"Otello" Done Into Music at the Metropolitan Opera House.

It will be an easier, and possibly a pleasaner, task for the operatic chronicler two decades or so from now than for the present recorder of affairs to explain why two of the best (if not the best two) operas of the greatest Italian composer of the last half century, when the fortunes of the Metropolitan Opera House were at the flood, never achieved more than a respectful hearing in New York. Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff" not only have familiarity and poetic grandeur of subject to recommend them to the general public, but also the finest of Verdi's music and the unique element of being the only Shakespearian operas which have maintained a hold of some kind in the two countries to whom Shakespeare is native. Germany still clings mildly to Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" and Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew"—two operas which might well be incorporated into the Metropolitan repertory. France has Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" (which we, too, accept on sufferance at times when we have attractive representations of the ill-starred lovers of Verona and Saint Saëns's "Henri VIII," with which venturesome managers have threatened us at times, only to spare us at the end, not to forget Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," which recently put off the decent cerements, in which it had long been laid, in order that the melancholy prince might sing his drinking songs—"Prindisi" is the operatic word—through the sensational voice of Titta Ruffo. As for the other Shakesperian operas, they are as dead as a doornail—and probably deserve to be. It is therefore an unhappy reflection that a Monday night performance of "Othello" should not have called out anything like a house such as Caruso would have summoned with "Il Trovatore" or Caruso and Farrar combined with any opera that ever stood on the New York list, not excepting "The Bohemian Girl."

Neither the opera nor the performance deserved such careless treatment. There was an exceptionally fine representation of the Moor, as New York well knows, in Herr Slezak; in fact, there is no character in which he reaches so heroic a stature, histrionically as well as musically, as he does in this splendid creation of Verdi's—and nothing that Mme. Aida has ever done awakens so much sincere sympathy as her impersonation of Desdemona. There have been occasions in the past in which the representation of Iago has put him of the Moor to his trumps, so to speak, and indeed he ought always to do in the opera as well as in the original tragedy, and perhaps Signor Amato did not succeed in doing that last night, for subtlety of characterization in action or singing is not a distinguishing feature of his art; but he exhibited a beautiful voice throughout, which fact goes for much in opera. Signor Toscanini conducted with the inspiriting sincerity which never fails him, nor the representation when he is at the director's desk.

H. E. K.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.—OTELLO, opera, by Verdi.

Otello	Mr. Leo Slezak
Iago	Mr. Pasquale Amato
Cassio	Mr. Angelo Bada
Roderigo	Mr. Pietro Audisio
Lodovico	Mr. Andrea de Segurola
Montano	Mr. Vincenzo Reschiglian
Un Araldo	Mr. Bernard Bégué
Desdemona	Mme. Frances Alda
Emilia	Miss Jeanne Maubourg

Verdi's "Otello" is twenty-five years old. It made its début before the world in 1887, and in the year just ended it completed a quarter of a century of slow growth in public favor. The present year will see the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the distinguished composer of Italian operas. The world is becoming better disposed toward works of the genuinely tragic type, and "Otello" seems likely to hold the stage as long as singers can be found to give full voice to the splendor of its music. It is at this point, however, that doubt enters, for the work is most exigent in its demands.

It is by no means sufficient that the impersonator of *Otello* shall be able to shout "Atroce!" and "Sangue" with that peculiar break of the voice which Tamagno made traditional in the rôle. Nor is it enough that *Iago* shall split the heavens with his defiance of faith and his proclamation of his belief that death is nothing. The score calls for a large amount of real singing on the part of both. The duet in the first scene is not the least of *Otello's* difficulties and *Iago* finds himself put to a supreme test in his mendacious story of *Cassio's* dream.

As operatic performances are measured to-day last night's "Otello" was good, but he would be an enthusiast who applied to it any more emotional adjective. Leo Slezak, the big Bohemian tenor, has some special qualifications for the title rôle and it is undeniably one of his best parts. He has been well coached in the conventions of the work and he has furthermore a voice excellently suited to the music. His declamation of the heavily accentuated recitatives was vigorous and he sang the cantilena of the first scene unusually well. It is a pity that his tones are not steadier, but that cannot be helped now.

Mr. Amato's *Iago* is an interesting impersonation, and it goes without saying that he sings most of the music in a manner that commands commendation. But both vocally and histrionically his *Iago* is wanting in sinister concentration and the implacable repose which belong to the character. There is too much looseness and excitement in the action, too much elaboration in the facial expression and not enough finesse in the singing.

Mme. Alda made her first appearance of the season as *Desdemona*. It is one of her best rôles, and in such scenes as that with *Otello* when he demands the lost handkerchief the music brings out the best qualities of her voice which is naturally a good one. It is perhaps the result of bad training in early study that her tones are unsteady, particularly in the upper medium.

Mme. Maubourg was the *Emilia* and Mr. Bada the *Cassio*. These are not vitally important parts, yet a really good second tenor, such as Paroli, the original, can make the unfortunate *Cassio* assume some prominence. The performance last evening was conducted by Mr. Toscanini, who has a patriotic sympathy with this lyric tragedy, but finds more congenial material for his interpretative skill in some other operas.

Verdi's "Otello."

Time was when the musical editor of this journal frequently deplored the fact that the greatest of Verdi's works, "Aïda," was less popular than "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," and "Rigoletto." Presently the title rôle of "Aïda" became the battle ground of famous prima donnas—among them Nordica, Eames, Gadski, Destinn—each trying to outdo the others. That helped. The public came in crowds, and gradually learned to like the opera for its own sake. Jan. 7-13. Post

Could "Otello" be similarly floated through a *Sängerkrieg* of the sopranos? Probably not, for not only does it provide fewer opportunities for the display of vocal art and passion, but it is in itself far inferior in musical merit. Although there are a few gems, such as the Mandolinata, the chorus of sailors, the opening storm, the Credo, and the "Ave Maria," the score as a whole is dull—almost as dull as that of "Falstaff." Verdi, as has been so often pointed out, committed a crime against art and against his own genius when, after composing his masterwork, he loafed sixteen years before, at the age of seventy-four, he wrote "Otello." He was too old then to create any more spontaneous melodies, and while his art is more refined than it was before, no art can take the place of melody. When he wrote "Falstaff" he was in his eightieth year.

"Otello" has been sung by some big casts at the Metropolitan—casts including such superlative artists as Victor Maurel, chosen by Verdi himself, and Emma Eames, whose Desdemona has never been approached by any other singer. Why can we not have her at the Metropolitan? She sings as well as ever, and she is an American. The audience which heard the opera last night had to content itself with inferior material for the most part. Leo Slezak is, indeed, the finest operatic Otello ever heard here, more impressive even than Tamagno, and last night he was at his best both vocally and dramatically. The Desdemona was Mme. Alda, whose impersonation was about the same as usual. As Iago, Mr. Amato does not appear to best advantage. His singing aroused deserved applause, but there are innumerable subtleties of action, which escape him; and why, in his facial expression, did he seemingly take Didur's Mephisto as a model? It is not a good model.

If the ensemble were aa important as the stars, last night's performance would call for unqualified praise. The opening storm was a marvel of stage art, and the excitement was raised to fever heat by the action of the admirably trained chorus. Mr. Toscanini's handling of these choral masses and the orchestra was simply superb, and he deserved much more than the meagre applause which greeted him when he came out to begin the second act. It is an open secret that "Otello" and "Falstaff," which never draw crowded houses, are given—like several other operas in the repertory—more because Mr. Toscanini likes them than because the public demands them. Maybe this is the public's way of getting even. It is said, however, that he is absolutely indifferent to applause. He deserves a great deal of it.

A YOUNG PIANIST'S RECITAL.

Tribune. Jan 7-13

Miss Tina Lerner's Pretty Accomplishments.

Some two or three years ago a young and physically attractive woman burst upon the New York public amidst a considerable blare of trumpets, and, after the usual flutter disappeared. At that time reviewers with punning tendencies probaly thought, if they did not say, that there was something appropriate in her name, which was Tina Lerner. Yesterday thesame little lady played in a recital at Aeolian Hall, and, if there had not been so much maturity in some of the technical elements of her performance the old pun would have had appropriateness. Miss Lerner played some exquisitely dainty pasages, belonging peculiarly to the pianoforte, in a peculiarly fascinating manner—the pianissina in the Strauss-Tausig waltz," Man lebt nur einmal," for instance—and she also showed, which was much more surprising, a fine conception of the sentiment and tone color appropriate to the slow movement of Schumann's F sharp minor sonata, which is a piece of music of a very different calibre; but she left her audience just as much in ignorance of the profound beauty of the rest of the sonata as she did of the scintillant brilliancy of the waltz transcription. Whether or not anything more need be said about her present immature artistic capacity is a question which cannot concern the large public. It would not add to popular edification concerning the Chopin pieces which she played to tell how she brought out some of their prettiness while failing to promulgate their poetry as completely as she failed to proclaim the message of the Schumann sonata. And yet, except in these too ambitious efforts, she disclosed herself as a young player of really fine achievements as well as promise.

TINA LERNER'S RECITAL.

N. Y. Sun

A Youthful Pianist Who Discloses Many Pleasing Qualities.

Tina Lerner, pianist, was heard in a recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Her programme consisted of a larghetto by Mozart, Weber's "Rondo Brillante," Schumann's F sharp minor sonata, three etudes and the F sharp minor nocturne of Chopin, the Tausig transcription of Strauss's waltz "Man lebt nur einmal" and Liszt's "Petrarch sonnet" and Spanish rhapsody.

Miss Lerner's playing has certain well defined merits and equally well defined limits. Her reading of the Schumann sonata was small and immature. She showed appreciation of its purely external beauties, but its poetic content almost escaped her. On the other hand, her tone and technic in the work were worthy of praise. Jan. 7-13

In the Mozart larghetto her beauty of tone, her dainty and thoroughly musical touch, her suavity of style and her nicely adjusted dynamics were all brought into evidence. The Weber composition gave scope for great fluency in florid music and the scales in particular were excellently played. Miss Lerner is yet youthful and doubtless with maturity she will learn to delve more deeply beneath the surface of serious music.

M'Cormack in Recital Sings Irish Folksongs

Jan. 7-13

Senor Scores Triumph Before Big Audience at Carnegie Hall and Will Sing There Again Jan. 19.

John McCormack, the well-known Irish tenor, gave a recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday, and the disappointed ones were so numerous—they numbered about a thousand—that the management hurriedly made plans for a second concert to take place on the afternoon of Sunday, January 19, when Mr. McCormack will be assisted by the American soprano, Miss Alice Nielson.

At the concert just given Mr. McCormack was heard in extracts from several operas in which he had sustained leading tenor roles. His presentations of these were marked by the same facile method, sweetness of voice and breadth of phrasing which have always been considered his noteworthy characteristics. American

But although his auditors appreciated his lofty efforts, it was his charming work in the simpler numbers that aroused the most enthusiasm. Ancient Irish folksongs, modern arrangements of songs by Moore and other Celtic writers and lilting ballads of to-day were the real delight of the evening.

It was somewhat amusing to note the careful manner in which Mr. McCormack threaded his way to the front of the stage, for the entire platform, excepting a narrow path, was occupied by the admirers of the singer, who could not be accommodated in the "pit" of the house.

Plectrum Orchestra Charms Big Audience

Jan. 7-13

Conductor Abt Presents Some of His Own Compositions at Second Concert.

The Plectrum Orchestra, fifty strong, under the direction of Valentine Abt, gave its second concert yesterday at New Aeolian Hall before a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Abt not only presented some of his own compositions but offered his own arrangements of work intended for a different scope than his company of mandolin and guitar players. American

Dvorak's "Humoresque" and pieces by Saint-Saens and other modern composers, were admirably adapted to the charming quality and outlines of the orchestra. Parts of the programme, associated with the heavier tones of the ordinary orchestra, took on added delicacy and beauty under Mr. Abt's manipulation.

M. Paul Duffault, the French lyric tenor, sang a group of chansons in his native tongue, and Mme. Bertha Amet, soprano, contributed several songs which were heartily applauded.

MME. CLARA BUTT SINGS

Jan. 8-13

Return of the Famous English Contralto.

A large feature of the concert of the Volpe Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night, in several aspects, was provided by Miss Clara Butt, the English contralto, whom Americans first heard thirteen years ago and whose voice and fame have almost literally filled the world since. On her first visit Miss Butt fairly took the country's critical breath away by the mighty sweep of her song. Fault was found then, as it must be again, with some of her peculiarities of voice emission, with her extravagance of expression and also with her artistic taste, as illustrated in some of her selections; but the plenitude and beauty of her extraordinary powers did not fail to command enthusiastic recognition. A singer as opulent of voice as of person and feeling; a singer full of pulsating passion, yet one whose command of the technical elements of her art was so ample that it kept all her utterances in such perfect control that only in occasional slips of judgment did there seem to be any limitation to her powers—a superb exemplar of that highest of all æsthetic qualities—repose—so the universal chorus ran.

All those things which were said then were challenged again last night, when, however, there was no occasion to cavil with her choice of songs, for she sang Beethoven's "In questa tomba," Gluck's sweeping invocation to the Stygian divinities from "Alceste," and two of Sir Edward Elgar's "Sea Pictures" "Sabbath Morning at Sea" and "Where Corals Lie"—those stock pieces of all English contraltos. A more singular blending of artistic magnificence and deplorable judgment could scarcely be imagined than the lady provided. Her voice is a marvel—nothing less—and when she puts that restraint upon it which all artistic utterance commands it is of genuinely elemental puissance, transporting, irresistible. But when she forces it for the sake of dramatic expression, or merely to overwhelm her hearers with its tremendous volume, she brings her judicious listeners down from their imaginative and emotional flight woefully, grievously. Why she should thus inject vulgar alloy into the gorgeous gold of

such a voice is as inconceivable as the fact that she does so is deplorable.

Mr. Volpe gave a dignified and beautiful environment to the singer, though his programme was somewhat too generous. The orchestral numbers were Schumann's symphony in D minor, Beethoven's overture "Leonora No. 3," Grieg's two "Elegiac Melodies" and four numbers from Massenet's "Les Erinnyes," played in memory of the composer. H. E. K.

VOLPE'S ORCHESTRA WITH CLARA BUTT

N. Y. Sun

Arnold Volpe is not to be outdone by any other long distance programme maker in this community. At the second subscription concert of the Volpe Symphony Society last evening in Carnegie Hall he demonstrated his ability to gather together into one place many different compositions and a vast diversity of styles. The concert began with Schumann's D minor symphony, after which the soloist of the evening contributed two numbers. Then followed Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3 and Grieg's two elegiac melodies for strings entitled "Heart Wounds" and "The Last Spring." The soloist again intervened with two numbers, after which the entertainment appropriately came to its end with Massenet's suite "Les Erinnyes."

The soloist was Mme. Clara Butt, the British contralto, who made her first bow before the general public of this city in thirteen years. True she sang at Mr. Bagby's charming musicale on Monday morning, but that could not be called a public appearance. It was on October 25, 1899, that this singer was first heard in this city. She sang several times in the early part of that winter and then departed, not to be heard again till the present month. Her numbers last evening were Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba," Gluck's "Divinites du Styx" and Elgar's "Sabbath Morning at Sea" and "Where Corals Lie."

Miss Butt was very young when she was first heard here, and her imposing beauty perhaps had not a little to do with the excitement of general interest. It was given out at that time that she was just 6 feet 2¼ inches in height, and it is unlikely that she has grown. It was also generally admitted that her voice was one of extraordinary kind, a contralto of remarkable range, richness and power.

The young Miss Butt was manifestly not an experienced singer and there was abundant room for hope that the deficiencies in her vocal equipment and the shortcomings in her art would disappear in the course of years. At that time the break between her low and middle tones was the most uncertain part of her scale, while her weakest material was her mezza voce in the lower end of the medium register. Her voice production was so bad that even a tyro could have seen that it was incorrect, but the natural splendor of her tones carried hearers away. She had overwhelming impetuosity of delivery, undeniable temperament and skill in the declamatory treatment of text.

Her singing last evening united characteristics which called for admiration with others which could cause only regret. Her voice production is still crowded with faults, and she seemed last evening to make points by exaggerating some of them, as in the explosive forcing of lower tones and the sudden outbursts of power in the upper range. She seemed to introduce these features rather for the display of the voice itself than for the sake of dramatic interpretation.

The passage from the low to the medium is now well trained, while on the other hand the approach to the top of the medium is weaker than of yore. Mme. Butt can sing piano beautifully when she wishes to, and she can phrase as well as the most exacting listener could wish. But the exaggerations of her style can only give pain to those who value repose, dignity and finish in vocal art.

No great ends can be reached by violent and capricious contrasts of sound and manner. These unfortunately seem to have retained their place in Mme. Butt's delivery, despite the lessons of thirteen years of experience. But so long as there are auditors who enjoy being astonished and who reward such performances with liberal applause it is likely that some singers will continue to indulge in them. There are few indeed who can gratify suen injudicious listeners so much as Mme. Butt.

The Volpe Orchestra distinguished itself by performing the Schumann symphony in a style so ragged, so depressing and so amateurish that it was almost a tour de force to accomplish such a result. Nothing could equal it save the subsequent performance of the Beethoven overture.

Edmond Clement's Vocal Art.

To lovers of the real art of singing, which includes interpretation of the highest order, Mr. Clément's recitals are a rare treat. Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon held a large audience eager to hear this great French artist sing French songs, as very few people can sing them. Aeolian Hall is just right for Mr. Clément's voice, but even in Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan it never lost its effect, for he is such an artist that his gifts are always used to the best advantage, and his limitations are only those inseparable from the size and range of his voice. It seems a pity that his facial expression as well as his vocal art is not used on our operatic stage, for few artists are gifted in this direction as he is. Post

He rarely makes a mistake in his selection of songs, but yesterday Saint-Saëns's martial "Sabre en main" verged on that. It is too heavy a song for Mr. Clément's voice, not so much in the matter of volume as of character. The songs which followed, "Mignonne" by Bruneau and Widor's "Enfant de Catane," brought Mr. Clément back to his own genre. These songs and the group which followed were not especially interesting, but were made so by his interpretation. Jan. 8 '13

Vigorous applause brought him back to sing "Le Rêve de Manon," which he sings as no one else can, and the audience insisted on a repetition of this favorite number. The encore of the encore was sung with even more artistry than it was at first. The last phrase, to mention nothing else, was a revelation of what a real artist can put into a few words. In this number Mr. Clément was accompanied on the harp by Mr. Salzedo of the Metropolitan orchestra, an accompanlment which was worthy of the singer. No more need be said in praise of Mr. Salzedo's playing.

Aside from this, the most delightful part of the afternoon was, as it so often is, the informal concert after the regular one was over. It began with the final number, a Bergerette of Weckerlin, and to this Mr. Clément added the favorite "Avec mes sabots," a second "Bergerette," and "Il neige." As after a Paderewski recital, the audience sat and stood about clamoring for more, but Mr. Clément disappeared finally after the third encore.

It is to be hoped that he will give a whole recital of this type of French songs. Gillbert had a large following for this kind of work, which demands finesse and artistry of the highest kind. The lighter French songs, some merry, some filled with sentiment, are much more characteristic of France than the more "serious" ones of Debussy, Hue, Fauré, and their colleagues, and are quite as difficult to sing. No one who had not Mr. Clément's sense of humor and gift of expression could possibly do it. It would be much more satisfactory if the words of the songs were printed in the programme, both in French and English, but if this cannot be, they should be given in French, as the translations are worse than useless.

For the subtleties of vocal art it is now necessary to go to the concert halls. No school has ever given so many great singing actors to the world as the French school, artists equipped not only on the vocal side of their art, but in the much higher one of interpretation. Clément's name is among the foremost, and one can only regret that he is now heard so seldom in New York.

FRENCH TENOR CAPTURES AUDIENCE AT RECITAL

Tribune Jan. 8 '13

Edmond Clement Sings the "Reve" from "Manon," to Harp Accompaniment.

Perhaps for the first time in his career, Edmond Clement, most famous of all living Des Grieux, sang the "Rêve" from Massenet's "Manon" to two Manons at once, yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. In opposite boxes sat Miss Geraldine Farrar and Mme. Frances Alda, the two Manons of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and to each of them in turn Mr. Clement sang the aria which he had sung to them so often on the stage. Both Manons acknowledged the compliment with gracious smiles and led the applause that followed. The "Rêve" was sung as an encore with the last accompaniment of Mr. Salzedo, and so warm was the audience in its demonstrations of pleasure that it had to be repeated.

M. Clement's recitals have become features of New York's social as well as its musical life, and yesterday's audience was both large and brilliant. Little can be added at this late date to what has been often said in praise of the French tenor's art. That art, if narrow in compass, is exquisite within its limits. It is an art in which delicacy of expression, charm of manner, infinite shading of sentiment are what are required and triumphantly attained. M. Clement's voice is neither large in volume nor beautiful in timbre, and when he essays such numbers as the one with which he unfortunately opened his programme—Saint-Saëns's "Sabre en Main"—the result is not happy. But in the salon songs of Massenet, Bruneau, Widor, Fauré, Hue, Chausson, Hahn and Debussy he was, as ever, supreme. His is the mastership of the modern French drawing room—suave, elegant, of a sentiment that goes not too deep, of a love that is tender without being always faithful unto death. It is not the art of Schubert and Schumann and Brahms, but it is, after all, an art for which we may well be thankful when it is expressed so beautifully with only half a block separating us from the roar of the elevated and the whirl of Fifth avenue.

HISTORICAL OPERA STUDY

Jan. 9 '13

Unique Concert by the MacDowell Chorus.

It was not altogether wise to carry a critical spirit into the concert given by the MacDowell Chorus in Carnegie Hall last night. Not that the music was not extremely interesting, or, at least, the greater part of it, or that much of it was not beautifully performed. On the contrary, there was much that was as fascinating as it was novel in the programme, and Mr. Schindler and his singers did themselves as proud as ever they did last season. What inspired a mild spirit of opposition was that an institution calling itself (rather affectedly, it might be said) a Schola Cantorum should have made profession of an educational purpose in an entertainment, and in the first part of it done so many things which it ought not to have done and left undone so many which it ought to have done to be true to its lofty proclamation. The aim of the meeting, so the house bill said, was to "illustrate the development of opera from the madrigal to the master works of Gluck." Now, the opera is an art form of a very distinct and unambiguous character which came into existence at the end of the sixteenth century in Florence. Those who created it did so as a protest against the style of music which filled nearly the entire first part of Mr. Schindler's programme. The madrigals and other contrapuntal pieces by Alessandro Striggio (1567), Orazio Vecchi (1594) and Adriano Banchieri (1598) all had historical interest for the musical student, but without exception they illustrated what the opera in its beginnings was not.

When Mr. Schindler reached the time when the lyric drama grew out of the efforts of the Florentine reformers to revive what they conceived to have been the spirit and form of the ancient Greek tragedy, he forgot his educational scheme completely. There was not a single example of the so-called "representative style," teh old monodic declmatory song, alternating with its choice madigal, out of which the opera grew, except the famous lament of the deserted maiden from Monteverde's "Arianna" (1608). Nothing by Peri, nothing by Caccini, nothing by Gagliano. From the single Italian fragment which illustrates so beautifully the birth of the operatic Arioso, the programme leaped to the Englishman, Purcell, and thereafter to the end of the chapter the music performed was all from the French school—from Lully's intrmezzo in a comedy by Molière, Ramean's "Hippolyte et Aricie" Phildor's "Ermlinde," Gluck's "Alceste" and Rousseau's "Le Devin du Village."

To the critical mind, therefore, the scheme was defective, and to make matters worse for the student, in the early numbers, there was a good deal of sophistication in the presentation of the music. The secular madrigalists of the end of the sixteenth century, could not hold a candle to their ecclesiastical rivals, and as music, pure and simple, little that they did needs to be heard in a city familiar for twenty years with the music of Orlando di Lano, Palestrina and their fellows. If it was esential to a demonstration of the development of dramatic music to produce a portion of Vecchi's "L'Amfiparnasso," nothing finer could have been found than the humorous madrigal "Tik, tak, tok," with its echoes of the synagogue. But Vecchi wrote "L'Amfiparnasso" for voices alone, and to fill it with realistic instrumental effects and organ tones was to falsify history for those who went to the concert with a desire to be instructed.

But enough of this; it is a dissonant note, and the concert had so much in it to give pleasure that it would never have been sounded had it not been provoked by a "Schola Cantorum." Beginning with the scenes from Purcell's "King Arthur" one delight followed upon the heels of another to the end of the concert. Why, many must have asked themselves mentally, with such an inspiring exemplar as Purcell in England, are the English people still waiting for English opera? Many thousands of pages have been written on the subject, but the answer has not yet been found. Want of encouragement, say those who believe in subsidies and national opera houses. The lack of a second genius like Purcell is probably explanation enough. The matter cannot be pursued here, but it provides food for thought in the presence of last night's brilliant demonstration of how a national school of fine power was begun in France by an Italian (Lully) and brought to its highest perfection by a German (Gluck).

The solo singers of the concert were Miss Anna Case, who sang Monteverde's "Lasciatemi morire" with much less effect than it challenges, Purcell's music better, and disclosed some skill but greater beauty of voice in Rameau's "Rossignols amoureux," and Mr. Dinh Gilly, who put a masterly performance to his credit in the divertissement from "Le Bourgeoise Gentilhomme." The singing of the chorus was highly creditable after it got out of the troubled sixteenth century waters; but praise for the orchestra could not begin until familiar music was reached. Stage and audience presented a gala appearance and the best of the music met with hearty appreciation. H. E. K.

N. Y. Sun

The Schola Cantorum, which is an expansion of the MacDowell Chorus and is to be devoted to the cultivation of music of the early periods, gave its first concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. Such a concert has not been heard in the memory of man, for it was not only a lesson in the history of music, but a disclosure to most of the hearers of riches long buried and generally unsuspected. The concert had a title, "The Development of Opera," and its programme was arranged in such a way as to present excerpts from various lyric dramas ranging all the way from the madrigal plays of Striggio and Vecchi down to the opera of Gluck.

The list of extracts began with the second part of Striggio's "Il Cicalamento delle Donne al Bucato," which dates from 1565. Then followed two numbers from the famous madrigal drama "Amfiparnaso" of Vecchi, to wit, the love scene of *Isabella* and *Lucio* and the visit of *Fracantrippa* to the Ghetto. Adriano Banchieri, the pupil of Vecchi, was represented by three numbers from his "La Pazzia Senile." The primitive works of the Florentine reformers were omitted and the new creation, Italian opera, was represented by the marvellously beautiful lament of *Arianna*, all that is left to us of Monteverde's opera "Arianna." Several delightful numbers from Purcell's "King Arthur" served to show the strongly marked characteristics of early English opera, and then the story crossed to France.

Lully was the founder of the Grand Opera of Paris, or rather he stole it from its designers, and he was the first Frenchman on the programme. Properly he was represented by his last comedy ballet, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which he wrote in conjunction with Moliere. His next work was opera pure and simple. The part of the comedy ballet heard last evening was the divertissement from the fourth act. Lionel de Laurencie in his masterly little book on Lully says that this comedy ballet was devised for the entertainment of a Turkish dignitary visiting Paris. At any rate the scene is a Turkish farce in which the unfortunate *Mr. Jourdain* is made the butt of the humor. It is a rollicking episode and the text is almost as funny in some places as Lully's ingenious treatment of it.

Rameau, Lully's great successor, was represented by a scene from his important opera "Hippolyte et Aricie."

Phillidor contributed an ... from his "Ernelinde," Gluck ... scene from the noble "Alceste" and finally Jean Jacques Rousseau, ... of that "simple life" which led Marie Antoinette to the scaffold, was represented by a divertissement and some choruses from "Le Devin du Village."

Kurt Schindler, the conductor of the Schola Cantorum, deserves warm praise for the skill and labor which he brought to the preparation of this programme. The works chosen for illustration were admirably suited to the purpose of the evening and the numbers selected were beautiful and interesting in themselves and among the best examples of the craft of the various composers.

Mr. Schindler arranged an orchestral accompaniment for the entire programme, except in those cases where orchestration already existed. Instruments were used with the voices in the madrigal plays, but lutes and viols had the most important part of the work. Mr. Schindler utilized modern strings, a harp, the organ and wood winds, minus the clarinet, whose tone tint was quite foreign to the conceptions of the earliest writers. In some few spots Mr. Schindler's instrumentation appeared to be just a trifle too rich, but usualy it was discreet, tasteful and scholarly.

The chorus proved to be composed of excellent material and in general sang very well. The solos were allotted to Anna Case and Dinh Gily of the opera, both of whom gained credit. Miss Case especially distinguished herself by the high beauty and expressiveness of her singing of *Arianna's* lament, while her delivery of the Purcell music was thoroughly graceful. Mr. Gilly had an opportunity in the Purcell excerpts to show that he could, like most foreign singers, enunciate English extremely well.

The Schola Cantorum seems destined to perform for the early secular compositions an office similar to that of the Musical Art Society for the works of the church composers. Those who heard last evening's concert will be able to testify that this secular music thoroughly deserves to be heard for its own sake. It has great intrinsic beauty, and that part of it which enters the field of humor achieves pronounced success.

For one thing concerts of this kind will clear up some confusions in the history of music and demonstrate pretty clearly that the books contain some ludicrous errors in their descriptions of the compositions of the mediæval masters. But the general public is not interested in lessons in musical history, and it can be assured that no previous preparation is necessary to a full enjoyment of this old music. The Schola Cantorum has taken up a good cause and it deserves hearty encouragement.

GEORGE HARRIS'S RECITAL.

Sun. Jan. 9 '13

Young American Tenor Shows Progress in Art of Song.

George Harris, Jr., an American tenor, gave a recital of songs last night at Aeolian Hall. Mr. Harris was heard here last season in a recital, when he made an impression distinctly favorable by a voice of good quality which was aided by no little commendable achievement in its usage.

Last evening he presented a good, though less varied programme of songs, in which his singing again showed native power and fine taste, aided by an apparent gain in resonance of tone and repose of delivery.

These latter features unfortunately were not always ... emphasized, as in an aria from Mozart's "Così fan Tutti," with which he began. Here his voice was often unsteady and lacked power.

To three German songs which followed Mr. Harris's vocal powers were better adapted.

In Schubert's "Der Doppelgänger" he was especially successful, as his voice gradually ... freedom and he revealed a genuine intelligence of style. He was also heard ... French songs by ... and Berlioz, singing them with much skill in phrasing and ... coloring.

A Historical Concert.

Post. Jan. 9 '13

The MacDowell Chorus, augmented by the Welsh Choir, and assisted by Miss Case and Gilly, of the Metropolitan, the Barrère Ensemble, and a string orchestra, yesterday gave a thoroughly delightful concert of music illustrating the development of opera. Mr. Schindler has done many things to advance music in New York, but nothing better than the entertainment he presented last night. The opening number, "The Gossip of the Women Bleaching at the Brook," by Alessandro Striggio, was so fresh and naif even to modern ears that those who had come expecting to be improved, but bored took heart and prepared to be entertained. Mr. Schindler had trained his singers well, and the addition of the Welsh Choir gave a solidity to the tone of the tenor and bass sections they might have lacked. The attack at times was not all it should have been, largely due to Mr. Schindler's peculiar beat, but this slight defect can be overlooked, there was so much that was excellent.

The aria from Monteverdi's "Ariana" was beautifully sung by Miss Case. She was in fine voice, and gave the "Lament" with just the necessary pathos, showing the possibilities in her future Elizabeth and Elsa. The excerpts from Purcell's "King Arthur" afforded her and Mr. Gilly and the Chorus an opportunity to win the applause of the audience—the "Harvester Song" had to be repeated. Mr. Gilly was also successful in the Lully number. Miss Case surprised every one by her singing of the Rameau "Nightingale," with flute obligato by Mr. Barrère, and received an ovation for the coloratura air by Philidor. Not only was her voice a delight, but her musicianly grasp of the form made it one of the best examples of this kind of singing heard in New York this season.

Gluck's Priests' March from "Alceste" was splendidly played by the orchestra, and Mr. Gilly sang the invocation very well. He was not so successful as the Soothsayer in the Rousseau number, his voice showing signs of fatigue, but the Chorus, which had improved steadily throughout the evening, closed the concert with a fine burst of song.

Mr. Schindler can be praised for giving a concert worthy of the name his chorus bears.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA HEARD HERE AGAIN

Sun. Jan. 10 '13

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has come to town again and Dr. Karl Muck, happily recovered from the attack of grip which recently laid him low in the wise city of the East, conducted the concert at Carnegie Hall last evening. The programme was one of unconventional ... the orchestral numbers ... Max Reger's "Concerto in the Ancient Style for Orchestra," opus 123, Glazounov's "Overture Solennelle," opus 73, and Borodin's second symphony.

The solo singer of the entertainment was to have been Mme. Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera House, but she was indisposed and her place was taken after sufficient warning ... evening ... by Mlle. Elena Gerhardt, ... distinguished German lieder singer, who thus made her reappearance before this public earlier than she had expected to make it.

After the concerto she sang ... Italian airs which she had ... at the concerts of January 3 and ... Marcello's "Il mio bel fuoco," Gluck's "O del mio dolce ardor" ... "Paride ed Elena." After the ... she sang three songs of Richard Strauss, "Morgen," "Wiegenlied" and "Cäcilie." Miss Gerhardt was welcomed cordially by her hearers and sang with much beauty of style, particularly in the German songs.

Mr. Reger's concerto, as stated, is his 123d work, but he was born in 1873 and on the whole he has not been immoderate in production. The composition heard last evening was first performed at Frankfort on October 1, 1912, at a concert of the Museums Gesellschaft conducted by Wilhelm Mengelberg, who once visited this city as a guest conductor of the Philharmonic Society. The concerto was first played here at the Philharmonic's private concert of November 16 last.

There are no important reasons why a musician of to-day should not take up the concerto for "several instruments" as Bach wrote it, or the "concerto grosso" as fashioned by Handel. On the contrary, there are good reasons why in these days of new instrumental combinations and highly developed technical skill on the part of orchestra players admirable results should be expected from new excursions into the old field.

But it is probable that the greatest satisfaction will be gained from compositions which frankly adapt the old form to the new conditions and make no attempt at compromise. Mr. Reger has scored his work for three flutes, three oboes, two bassoons, three horns, three trumpets, kettledrums, solo violin and the usual strings. The selection of wind instruments betrays a desire to be archaic in orchestral color if not also in treatment.

On the other hand the passages allotted to the solo violin in the first movement are of a hybrid style. They have old fashioned figuration and distinctly Reger ... melodic sequence. The union is ... utterly unhappy. The violin rebels against it and the concertino, as it used to be called, is not homogeneous with the concerto. The general result is one of confusion. The movement is needlessly complicated and its termination is so uncertain that last evening's audience did not know that the end had been reached and permitted several seconds to pass in silence before determining that there ought to be at least some semblance of applause.

The slow movement, which is the second of the composition, is much clearer and more interesting than the first allegro. Here the composer has bent himself to the ... task of affecting a simplicity which, though not congenial to his talent, is none the less becoming. The finale ... than the first movement, and one can listen to it with pleasure if not with enthusiasm. Mr. Reger's return to an old form is attractive and ought to encourage other musicians to make experiments in similar things. But the antique manner need not be lamely imitated because the form is employed. ... seems to be a case in which new wine might very successfully be poured into an old bottle.

It was a joy to hear the splendors of the tone of the Boston orchestra in the Glazounov overture. It is not a mighty conception, but it has fancy, color and plenty of striking contrast. It is well orchestrated and, as the musicians say, it "sounds." Given such a piece of music and a great orchestra can fairly show its qualities.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Jan. 10 '13

Some New and Unexpected Music in the Programme.

The illness of Mme. Matzenauer, who was expected to sing at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra outside of its home city this week, compelled a change in the programme of the third concert, which took place in Carnegie Hall last night. Fräulein Gerhardt chanced to be available, however, and was secured, thus giving her New York admirers an earlier opportunity to hear her than was expected, and also enabling them to hear her under extremely gratifying conditions. The substitution spared the public a repetition of two airs which have become something of an obsession at concerts in which large voiced singers take part—the air with clarinet obbligato from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito" and the scena "Abscheulicher!" from "Fidelio." In place of these very admirable but somewhat too persistent pieces Miss Gerhardt sang an old air by Benedetto Marcello ("Il mio bel fuoco"), with which she made no very profound effect; a more familiar aria, that "gem of purest ray serene" from Gluck's "O del mio dulce ardor," in which beautiful feeling was paired with beauty of style and voice, and three of Richard Strauss's songs, in which nearly all the merits in the singer's catalogue were united and enhanced by exquisite orchestral accompaniments written by the composer himself. The songs were "Morgen," "Wiegenlied" and "Cäcilie," and in the first the principal violin, Mr. Witek, fairly divided the honors with the singer by his performance of the obbligato.

There was a-plenty of unfamiliar music in the orchestral list. The opening number, by Max Reger, a "Concerto in the Ancient Style," was about as startling an example of new wine in old bottles as that revolutionary with archaic tendencies could well have been expected to provide. In form it leaned on that of the old concerto grosso, though the ri pieno band had a vastly different constitution than that known in the works of Bach and Handel, and the old manner was also observable in the structure of the themes. But there the likeness stopped the progressions going so far afield that when the first movement came to an end the listeners were so lost in a maze that they sat in silence and stared at Dr. Muck as if wondering why he had stopped beating time. The slow movement made a neater appeal, however, and from its opening to the end of the finale the music was followed with curious interest if not with unalloyed delight. A quicker response of popular appreciation was won by Glazounow's really fine and stirring "Overture Solennelle," which, played with such brilliancy as is heard only from the Bostonians, created a ??????? feeling of delight.

Set apart by itself as the closing portion of the programme was Borodine's Symphony in B minor, his second. There were probably a score or more of persons in the audience who recalled that this work had been previously heard in New York. It was sixteen years ago, however (February 5 and 6, 1877, at Philharmonic concerts directed by Anton Seidl), and those who remembered the incident at all probably could not recall much more than that it gave them a hearing of the most characteristically Russian symphony ever played in New York. Long years ago, when Tschaikowsky was a newcomer in our concert room, The Tribune's reviewer uttered the warning: "Look out for the Muscovite!"—uttered it in a spirit of admiration which has endured ever since. But when this symphony came it brought with it the discovery that compared with Borodine Tschaikowsky was a genial conservative, and that Rubinstein, whom some used to think a Russian, was hopelessly Teutonic and academic. This symphony is all Slav. Its ideas are all drawn from Russian folk song or folk dances, and are treated with true Russian desperation and wildness. Of extended melody there is not a shadow, except in the slow movement—the third—and, again, except in this slow movement there is nothing which by any stretch of the imagination can be looked upon as thematic development—supposedly the first principle of symphonic composition. The first, second and fourth movements are all built up out of short phrases, which are reiterated over and over again with seemingly infinite variation of harmonic and instrumental color, but with a stubborn persistence which must seem maddening to all devotees of old-fashioned notions of musical development. It was all most revolutionary, but a perfect reflection of the spirit of Russian folksong, and to imaginations properly attuned must have called up pictures of the barbaric splendor of ancient Russian life. The music was driven home by the tremendous impetuosity and the relentless power of Dr. Muck's reading. H. E. K.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Margarete Matzenauer was unable to sing at last night's Carnegie Hall concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but the audience, which, as usual, was a large one, had no cause for complaint, for her place was taken by another eminent vocalist, Elena Gerhardt. She sang an air by Marcello and Gluck's "O del mio dolce ardor" with good tonal production and distinction of style; but it was in three orchestrated Strauss songs that she was heard at her best, the Lied being her specialty. The first of these songs, "Morgen," is very much in the style of Brahms. Melodically, it is the most inspired song Strauss has composed, but it is seldom sung because the melody is almost entirely in the piano part, the voice being a mere side-show. In the beautiful orchestral version the melody falls to the lot of the violin obligato, which was admirably played by the concert-master, Mr. Witek. The other two songs "Wiegenlied" and "Cäcilie," are melodically insignificant, but they are effective, and Mme. Gerhardt sang them to the satisfaction of the audience.

Some recent home concerts of the Boston Orchestra were not conducted by Dr. Muck, as he was ill. Fortunately, he appeared last night at his desk as usual, and the orchestra played with its usual brilliancy and technical finish. Jan. 10 '13

It cannot be said that the programme was particularly interesting. Whenever a piece by Max Reger is produced in New York one wonders why; and the echo answers, "Why?" Why the "Concerto in the Ancient Style for Orchestra," opus 123, was chosen for performance is a mystery, for it is, with the exception of a part of the second movement, entirely uninspired. Reger writes a great deal too much; he enjoys the fun of speeding his pen over the paper, and this tempts him to excesses which call for new laws as to speed limits in musical automobilism. It seems likely that if Max fell asleep while composing, his pen would travel on as fast as usual, and with about the usual results.

Another unfamiliar work on the programme, Glazounoff's "Ouverture Solenne," proved to be watered Tchaikovsky. However, it gave Philip Hale a chance to write some interesting pages of programme notes. So did the final number, Borodin's Second Symphony, which also was disappointing, except in the slow movement, which echoes the songs of Slavic troubadours.

At to-morrow afternoon's concert of the Boston Orchestra Geraldine Farrar will be the soloist, and Dr. Muck and his men will doubtless give an inspired performance of the delightful Second Symphony of Brahms, of which Weingartner has truly said that "the stream of invention has never flowed so fresh and spontaneous in other works by Brahms, and nowhere else has be colored his orchestration so successfully."

"The Girl of the Golden West" Repeated—Miss Destinn and Mr. Amato in Cast.

Jan. 11 '13

"The Girl of the Golden West" delighted a large audience at the Metropolitan last night when the opera by Mr. Puccini was

...peated. The cast was identical in principals with that of previous presentations. Mr. Caruso, in the rôle of Johnson, was in particularly happy vocal spirits last night, throwing all restraint to the winds and satisfying his listeners with volumes of glorious sound. Miss Destinn was Minnie, one of her best rôles, and she sang it with her usual charm. Mr. Amato's impersonation of Jack Rance, gambler and sheriff, was again a remarkably effective bit of acting and singing. Mr. Toscanini conducted with all the fire of an enthusiast and the orchestra played well. There were curtain calls after each act.

AT THE CHANSONS EN CRINOLINE.

Tribune

Mme. Fremstad and Edward Lankow Sing for Society.

Swedish songs and dances by artists dressed in national costumes were the features of the third, for this season, of the chansons en crinoline organized by Mrs. R. W. Hawkesworth, at the Plaza yesterday morning, and the ballroom was filled.

Jan. 10 '13

Mme. Olive Fremstad and Edward Lankow of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang Swedish folk songs and there were some national dances in a scene set to represent a village in Sweden.

Among those in the audience were Mrs. ...n Low, Mrs. Edwin Gould, Mrs. John ... Mason, Mrs. George R. Sheldon, Mrs. ...n Ali Haggin, Mrs. Samuel H. Valentine, Miss Henrietta Porter, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Miss Greta Torpadie, Mrs. Horace Harding, Mrs. Walter James and Mrs. John W. Alexander.

MISS SCHNITZER PLAYS.

Sun. Jan. 10 '13

Recital by an Austrian Pianist in Aeolian Hall.

Germaine Schnitzer, an Austrian pianist, who has visited these all devouring regions before the present season, has returned and yesterday she gave her first recital in Aeolian Hall. By one of those coincidences which ... every season that never cease to amaze the innocent recorders of musical doings she played the very same sonata that Tina Lerner had played on Monday. It is Schumann's sharp minor sonata, and it has survived the performances of many pianists from many parts of the world. It will doubtless continue to be a beautiful sonata despite the fact that in one week it was interpreted in both Russian and Austrian fashions.

There need be no comparison of the two readings. The settlement of such delicate matters may well be left to the powers. Suffice it to say at this time that Miss Schnitzer's performance of the sonata was not only intelligent and musicianly, but had some poetic moods to enrich it and to lift the spirits of the hearers. There was much lovely color in the player's treatment of the slow movement and no mere sentiment. It was sound art and deserved warm applause, which it received.

Miss Schnitzer's style has breadth and incisiveness and she has gained in ... range and repose since she last visited ... might, however, mercifully have ... her audience Mr. Busoni's derangement of the Bach chaconne for violin. There has been occasion before now to ... the intrusion of this sort of ... in the repertory of the piano. ... the pianists seem to like it. They ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves for the music is not true art and ... artists, thinking more of ... of self-glorification, would ... well earned silence.

Twelve Chopin preludes, some Debussy, Ole Olsen "Papillons" and Liszt's tarantella ... ought to be called tarantella), "Venezia Napoli," completed the programme.

Germaine Schnitzer's Recital.

Miss Germaine Schnitzer, the Viennese pianist, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It is several years since she was heard, and liked, by New York audiences. Yesterday her recital began with Schumann's difficult and beautiful sonata op. 11. It takes a fine technique, much endurance, and a great deal of poetic feeling to do justice to this work. Miss Schnitzer is well equipped as to the first two requirements, but the first movement especially, left something to be desired in the matter of poetry. Jan. 10 '13

The Bach-Busoni "Chaconne" which followed, one of the most magnificent musical translations ever made from one instrument to another, is a pianistic *tour de force*. Miss Schnitzer acquitted herself well both technically and musically, of this enormously difficult task. Following this, she played twelve of Chopin's Preludes, for which music-lovers must feel grateful, as, with the exception of a few, they are not heard often enough at recitals, although Chopin never wrote anything which surpassed these compositions, which are like Japanese poems in their brevity and inspired beauty.

Debussy's Sarabande sounds as if fingers and palms were used alternately in its performance, but it has a sort of intoxicated charm of its own, which was not the case with the Debussy Toccata, which followed it. "Papillons," by Ole Olsen, is hardly likely to become much of a favorite on concert programmes, as it is a mere trifle, with rapid finger work and a sort of Popper-like brilliancy to recommend it.

Brilliancy is the keynote of Liszt's "Venezia e Napoli," which was the closing number, but it is a very different type from the preceding piece. It afforded Miss Schnitzer a good opportunity to show the ease and fluency of her finger technique. She added the splendid Marche-Militaire, by Schubert, in the Tausig arrangement, as an encore.

Jan 11 1913 Sun

"THE MAGIC FLUTE" REPEATED AT OPERA

Impresarios propose, but grip, laryngitis, bronchitis and other ills dispose. Prima donnas are subject to numerous ills which other flesh is not heir to, and have to battle also with artistic temperament, which bloweth whither it listeth, and no man knoweth its coming or its going. Mr. Gatti-Casazza, the hard working impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House, intended to give Mozart's "Die Zauberflœte" in the first week of the current season. He had a genuine German high soprano *Queen of the Night* all ready for the production, and then, lo! she fell ill, and when the season opened she had not even taken ship for Gotham.

So "The Magic Flute" was put over to the second week and made its debut at the matinee with a little American *Queen of the Night*. It was repeated in the fourth week on the important Monday night, and with the same cast. In the seventh week it had a special Saturday evening representation, with Mme. Gadski instead of Miss Destinn as *Pamina*. But it was reserved for last evening, Friday of the ninth week, to bring about the long postponed appearance of the German *Queen of the Night*.

There was still another newcomer in last evening's performance, for Herbert Witherspoon had an opportunity to sing *Sarastro* for the first time. The others who were heard and seen had all taken part in the previous representations. Miss Hempil's advent made a distinct and valuable improvement in the ensemble. Her voice was more happy in the music of *Astrafiammante* than in that of the roles in which she had previously been heard.

Furthermore, she seemed to be more at home in the style, and Mozart's recitative gained greatly by her delivery of it. The dramatic significance of the *Queen's* music was restored. It had been missing in the earlier performances. It seems to be unnecessary to make new comments on Miss Hempel's voice and vocal skill. She disclosed the full measure of her powers in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" and at the same time clearly marked their limits. She is a useful addition to the company, but the rank of her famous predecessors in florid roles at the Metropolitan will hardly be accorded her.

Mme. Gadski has sung *Pamina* on the same stage frequently and she has no new revelations to make. She was full of spirit last evening and won an honorable share of the applause. Mr. Witherspoon's voice does not possess the deep tones required by some parts of *Sarastro's* music, but the basso acquitted himself with great credit. His cantilena was smooth and sonorous and he sang with dignity of style. Only a voice of exceptional range can compass with power the length and breadth of *Sarastro's* two great airs.

The performance as a whole was again delightful, with the exception of the one blot upon it made by the unsuitable style of the *First Lady*. Mr. Slezak's voice had a hard edge last evening, but he sang with fine taste and musical manner. Mr. Hertz conducted with excellent judgment.

A NEW QUEEN OF NIGHT

Jan. 11 '13

Miss Hempel Takes Part in Mozart's Opera.

Interest, popular and otherwise, in the Metropolitan's production of Mozart's "Magic Flute" to a big upward leap last night, when Miss Frieda Hempel appeared for the first time as the Queen of the Night. The house was one of the largest of the season and one that showed unusual interest in the performance, though it was the fourth time that the work had been performed this year. There were two other changes in the cast since the first performances, Marie Gadski singing Pamiena and Mr. Witherspoon Sarastro.

In Miss Hempel's coming the opera has gained greatly. The two airs of the Queen of Night were sung last night so that their dramatic significance became evident. Their first sections were so beautifully declaimed by the lady that it was quite easy to pardon not only the artistic absurdity of their florid sections, for which the composer and the taste of his period were responsible, but also the deficiency of the singer in the coloratur music. This deficiency was due chiefly to her change of voice color when the florid passages were reached. In appearance and action she was admirable, and the audience was spared the absurdity of seeing a prima donna bowing her gratitude for applause provoked by the beauty of a picture of which she was only a part, stepping completely out of the dramatic frame to do so. But the opera's gain in acquiring Miss Hempel was offset to some degree by the loss of Miss Destinn, who not only sang the music allotted to Pamina beautifully, but presented a dignified dramatic personage in the part, which Mme. Gadski did not. Her notion that there was a large element of coquettishness in the part was very disturbing, especially when it reached the point of something like a flirtation with Papagene in the duet "Bei Männer wilche Liebe fühlen." Mr. Witherspoon, admirable as he is in many things, served chiefly to emphasize the unfortunate fact that Mr. Gatt's company does not contain a true basso profundo. H. E. K.

DEBUT OF JULIA CULP.

A New and Excellent Lieder Singer From Holland.

Mme. Julia Culp, a singer from Holland, was heard for the first time here in a song recital at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Lovers of this lofty type of entertainment are to be congratulated on the acquisition of Mme. Culp to the list of New York's acquaintances. She is a desirable newcomer, whose voice and art will undoubtedly win for her a warm place in the affections of this public.

Her voice is one of exceptional beauty and possesses a tonal character of strongly marked individuality. The organ is a mezzo soprano, with a leaning toward the contralto color, and it has great power and dynamic flexibility. Its range of tints is by no means large, but within its limits it has uncommon suitability to the expression of all gentle moods and tender feelings. Jan. 11 '13

Mme. Culp disclosed in a programme of songs by Schubert, Schumann and Brahms a fine intelligence, musical instincts, skill in the use of her natural gifts and interpretative insight. Most of her effects are obtained by a perfect command of a wide gradation of power in the emission of tone. She has a full, rich, sonorous forte and a delicate and almost impalpable piano. Between these two she marks clearly all the steps and employs them with consummate craft. Sun

In two or three instances she overworked her mezza di voce, so that on at least one occasion she sang sharp; but she was very frequently guilty of large technical errors. Her taste too was rarely at fault. She was at her best in such songs as Schubert's "Ave Maria" and Schumann's "Mondnacht" songs, in which her softer tones were exquisitely utilized and in which her ability to publish gentle feeling was adequately revealed.

In "Waldesgesprach," on the other hand, she fell short of the breadth of style and the dramatic intensity of communication demanded by the song. The recital as a whole was not remarkable in variety. The singer's range seemed comparatively narrow. But we ought to be grateful for the acquaintance of a new artist who has so much to offer. Mme. Culp will surely be heard in this city frequently, for the peculiar beauty of her voice and the delicate quality of her engaging art will procure for her a prominent place among the guests of this extremely busy musical season.

AN EXQUISITE SONG SINGER

Mme. Julia Culp's First Recital.

Jan. 11 '13

In Mme. Julia Culp a numerous audience in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon made the acquaintance of a singer who is going to bring not only pleasure but happiness to the lovers of the art-song during the rest of the season. The nationality of Mme. Culp is Dutch; the home of her art the land which knows no constant latitude or longitude, but whose language is loveliness, whose atmosphere is charm and whose law is abiding beauty. Mme. Culp came well heralded, but not extravagantly trumpeted, and the character of the greeting which the audience gave her disclosed that its judgment was held in abeyance. It took her but a few minutes to win that judgment in her favor, however, and before she closed her recital she had established a place in the hearts of those who know how to appraise beautiful singing which very few of the other artists in her field will share with her.

Mme. Culp disclosed herself yesterday only as a singer of songs, and, indeed, somewhat too exclusively as a singer of the style of sustained and ecstatic lyricism of which the finest specimens are to be found in the works of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms.

Any other singer would have dared to select such songs as Schubert's "Im Abendroth," "Du bist die Ruh'," and "Ave Maria," Schumann's "Intermezzo," "Du bist wie eine Blume," and "Mondnacht," and Brahms's "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," and "Feldeinsamkelt," for a single afternoon of song would have run great danger of wearying the public with monotony of mood. But Mme. Culp did this, and apparently with the purpose of disclosing not only the beauty of her voice but the depth of her sentiment and the finish of her vocalization from a technical point of view. The remaining songs, though they offered larger opportunities for varied mood-expression, reaching to the jubilant ecstasy of Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht," yet all called for the cantabile manner, and no opportunity was offered to learn what the singer is capable of in the way of the florid style. But so long as she will sing as she did yesterday, adding to her scheme a little wider range of sentiment and a greater variety of expression, no one is likely to long for what are popularly thought to be feats of "vocalization."

There will, it is much to be hoped, be a number of opportunities to discuss in detail the characteristics of Mme. Culp's singing. For the present, after recording the fact that she raised the enthusiasm of her listeners to the high pitch (for which it might be wished that a better expression might be found than a persistent demand for more), it need only be said that she has a mezzo-soprano voice of exquisite beauty, of great mellowness and such pure quality that she never need yield to the temptation to force it, being told obviously by her artistic intelligence and instinct that it carries to the limits of a room like Carnegie Hall, even in pianissimo. Further that her breath control is almost perfect, so complete, indeed, that she gives herself no concern when for the sake of poetical interpretation a musical phrase of extraordinary length is called for; that her command of vowel color seems absolutely impeccable, and that with a warm temperament she knows how to keep passion in check with the reins of æsthetic beauty. She is not what the Germans call merely a cerebral singer, nor is she merely a vocal instrumentalist; she is a musical interpreter of song, filled with love for the lyric art and wonderfully equipped to exemplify it. H. E. K.

MME. JULIA CULP APPEARS.

Times

A Dutch Lieder Singer's Success in Her Carnegie Hall Recital.

Few Lieder singers who come to New York with a high established reputation in Europe disclose so soon and so convincingly the grounds for it, and grounds for the duplication of it here, as Mme. Julia Culp, who made her first appearance in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. She is a Dutch artist whose voice is described as a contralto, though it hardly has all the characteristic quality of a true contralto; but there will be no quarrel with the description that is applied to an organ so beautiful as hers. It has an altogether remarkable richness and silken smoothness; it is admirably equalized throughout its whole range; it has great power and fullness, which she can modulate to the extreme of pianissimo. There are many technical excellences in her employment of it, and one of the most noteworthy is her breath control, which, with her artistic intelligence, enables her to do unusual things in the way of phrasing. Jan. 11 '13

Mme. Culp is sincerely and unswervingly devoted to the interpretation of her songs, to the representation of their underlying mood and the changing expression of each line. There is a wide range and variety in her power of expression. And yet with all this resource some may have found a certain monotony in her delivery of some of her songs, especially in her way of making successive crescendos on successive phrases, and, in a manner, interrupting the emotional continuity; but it must be said that she was never guilty of disturbing the musical phrase. Probably to consider so is to consider too curiously, in view of all the extraordinary excellences of Mme. Culp's art and the full measure of enjoyment that she gave to fastidious lovers of Lieder singing.

Her programme was made up of three groups of Schubert's, Schumann's, and Brahms's songs, respectively, almost without exception among the better known of the song répertory. Such songs as these can hardly become hackneyed, however well they are known, and if Mme. Culp disclosed no new beauties in them,

she set the old ones forth in a manner that at once gained her the eager suffrages of her audience, which was heartily enthusiastic and showed itself delighted and beguiled by the voice and the nobly artistic singing of this artist.

Schubert's "Du Bist die Ruh" and "Ave Maria" were sung with especial beauty, the latter with breadth and dignity of phrase and intensity of expression; similarly fine in its long sustained phrasing was Schumann's "Du Bist wie eine Blume"; there was exquisite grace in his "Mondnacht," and in his "Waldesgesprach" she showed power in a very different style. The feeling with which she sang the "Intermezzo" was far removed from sentimentality, and few could have failed to note the significance of her phrasing of its last stanza. Her six songs by Brahms were among his best and best known.

Mme. Culp's accompanist, her compatriot, Mr. Bos, who had served here in a similar capacity for Dr. Wüllner on his several visits, played the accompaniments with exquisite taste and appropriateness.

BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY

Jan. 11 '13 Evening

Orchestra's Fourth Friday Concert Was Well Attended.

The fourth Friday afternoon subscription concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, in Æolian Hall, was well attended yesterday, the programme being devoted to Beethoven, with Mischa Elman as soloist. Mr. Elman played the violin concerto, and as an encore, Beethoven's Romance No. 2. The young Russian's playing was masterly in its technical prowess, and showed a tone that was large and warm, and an intonation that was flawless. Perhaps to the most fastidious tastes there seemed a sentimentalizing of Beethoven's spirit that was not altogether desirable, yet, on the whole, his interpretation showed that the violinist is maturing.

The afternoon opened with the "Egmont" overture, and closed with the Fifth Symphony, which Mr. Damrosch has already disclosed to his patrons this season.

OFFENBACH'S OPERA

Successful Production of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" at the Metropolitan.

Offenbach's opera, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," was incorporated in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The fact that Mr. Gatti included it in this season's list of new productions has caused some surprised comment, bith within the walls of the establishment and without. To some purists in art the name of Offenbach still calls up a feeling of aversion, though time has made him pay the penalty of his misdeeds, if they were such, by covering all the things which he wrote for the Bouffes Parisiennes with the pall of oblivion. There are times, however, when an honest lover of the merry muse, contrasting the operettas of to-day with those of the Second Empire, might well wish to exchange the literary and musical vulgarity of many things which fill the ears of this generation for the ingenious satire of the opéras bouffes of forty years ago, and the liquancy and grace of the melodies with which Offenbach adorned them. These charitable critics will not think that the Metropolitan Opera House is polluted by having in its books or on its boards the name of the man who wrote the music for "La belle Helene" and "Orphée aux Enfers," even if they fail to remember that "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" was a pious effort to make amends to his real genius.

There is enough serious beauty in Offenbach's fantastic opera to justify its inclusion in the repertory of any opera house, but perhaps it was not this consideration alone which appealed to Mr. Gatti. There is no reflection on him in the suspicion that the local history of the opera had something to do with the matter. The most significant fact in that history is that "Les Contes l'Hoffman" was far and away the most successful of the operas produced by Mr. Hammerstein in the four years of his consulship at the Manhattan Opera House. Mr. Hammerstein produced the opera on November 15, 1907, and though M. Renaud, who lent it its chief attractiveness, so far as the persons concerned in its performance were concerned, took his departure in the beginning of the following February, the opera received eleven representations in the season 1907-1908. In the following season it was performed seven times, and in the last of Mr. Hammerstein's administration eight times. In three seasons, therefore, it was heard twenty-six times. In this period the greatest popular attraction at the Manhattan Opera House was Madame Tetrazzini, yet of the operas "Lucia" was performed only twenty-two times, "Rigoletto" and Traviata" fourteen times each. Of the novelties which Miss Garden made possible, "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" was played twelve times in two years, "Louise" eighteen times in three, Pelléas et Mélisande" fourteen times in three, "Salome" fourteen times in two, and "Thaïs" twenty times in three—"Les Contes d'Hoffman" was, therefore, Mr. Hammerstein's crowning achievement—unless one choses to ascribe that distinction to "Carmen," which though it had only nineteen representations in the last three seasons of the Manhattan, had the same number in the first year, thanks to the gifts of Bressler-Glanoli.

Whether as a tribute to the beauty of Offenbach's opera, about which there is nothing new to be said at this late day, or as a stroke of business, the revival of "Les Contes d'Hoffman" was justified. It was justified again by the success of yesterday's performance. This did not differ essentially, so far as the treatment which the work itself received, from the representations at the Manhattan Opera House. There are several versions of the opera, which Offenbach so loved that he labored over it for years, and which is of a character admitting of several variations in treatment. It is only by keeping the symbolism which held sway in the minds of Barbier and Carré when they first worked out the scheme of a five-act drama in which the German poet, romancer and musician, W. T. A. Hoffmann, should be the hero in a sequence of tales of his own invention, in view that this fantastic piece can be said to have any continuity or unity. Unless one listens attentively to the prologue and epilogue, and from them gathers the elements of cohesion, the opera which Offenbach made out of the play might as well be looked upon as three operas, and if Mr. Gatti should get hard pressed for another one-act curtain raiser for "Pagliacci" or "Cavalleria Rusticana," he might, without doing much violence to Offenbach's work, make a cornicone called "Olympia" out of the first act, and a tragic one, "Antonia," out of the third.

The only obvious bond between the three acts of the opera to the careless oserver is the character of Hoffmann, which enters into all of them and is impersonated by the same artist—the tenor. The new production differs from its predecessors in having the representative of the evil principle who pursues the hero and wrecks each of his adventures impersonated by three different men. M. Renaud embodied the principle in each act, and did it with such consummate art that to him much of the success of the old representation was due. Whether or not this plan is absolutely essential is a question which need not be discussed here; but it may be said that it is by watching the development of the demon of wickedness and the influence of his machinations upon the hero that the thread is most easily found which binds an apparent pasticcio into a harmonious whole. The heroines of the three acts are phases of the feminine principle which obsessed the mind of the hero in these phases of its development—the moon—calf love given to physical prettiness, empty outward charm, exemplified in Hoffmann's affection for the automaton Olympia; the subsequent merely carnal attraction toward the courtesan Giulitta; then, in the last of the illustrative episodes, his sincere love for a pure woman. In each case the hero-poet's aspirations are brought to naught by the machinations of his evil demon, Coppilius, an optician, who smashes the doll, Dappertutto, who leads him to crime for the sake of the woman, who then laughingly deserts him, and Dr. Miracle, who achieves the death of the pure-souled Antonia, in spite of the efforts of her father and her lover to save her. Having lived trough the adventures, Hoffmann is besought by his muse to turn his thoughts to her as the only faithful mistress of the artists. This moral was ignored in the old performances at the Manhattan and is also ignored at the Metroplitan, for the muse does not appear with her preachment in the epilogue which makes a conclusion by the simple device of having Hoffmann return to his carouse after having related the tales which have been presented to the eyes and ears of the people in the theatre.

The Manhattan performances, strong in the possession of M. Renaud were weak on the distaff side. In comparison the Metropolitan performance was strong where the others were weak, and weak where the others were strong, chiefly in the representative of the Hoffmann, of Signor Macnez, and (if one will have it so) in the distribution of the demoniac principle. But there was such splendid character acting by Didur as Coppelius, such fine singing by Dinh Gilly as Dappertutto and such an effective combination of both singing and acting in the Dr. Miracle of Mr. Rothier that the question whether or not the opera did not gain by the disruption of the unity idea may fairly be said to be an open one. Signor Macnez, laboring under the disadvantage of singing in a tongue foreign to him, made a much better impression than he did in Rossini's "Barber." In unison with Rossi (Crespil) and Rothier, moreover, he helped to make the splendidly dramatic trio of the last act (one of the opera's finest moments in which the best of Offenbach as a serious writer showed itself) thrillingly effective.

Of the women singers the one whose personality and art made the strongest appeal was Senorita Bori, who impersonated Antonia, making of her a touching pathetic, tragic figure and singing the difficult music more than well. Miss Hemple looked and acted the singing and dancing doll with much gracious charm, and accomplished the vocal feats demanded of her skilfully, but without concealing the unfortunate defects of her voice in the high register. Mme. Fremstad seemed to have little heart for the rôle of Giulietta, and it was almost grievous to witness gifts which shine so brightly in the loftiest tasks of lyric tragedy wasted on the part of the Venetian courtesan. Mr. Reiss fails in nothing which he undertakes, and he put his imprint quite as unmistakably upon the rôle of Cochenville as he did upon that of Franz.

Mr. Gatti has filled the opera with sumptuous pictures, and there can scarcely be a doubt that "Les Contes d' Hoffmann" is a permanent addition to the Metropolitan's repertory. Here is the list of performers:

Olympia	Frieda Hempel
Giuletta	Olive Fremstad
Antonia	Lucrezia Bori
Nicklausse	Jeanne Maubourg
Une Voix	Maria Duchene
Hoffmann	Umberto Macnez
Coppeltus	Adamo Didur
Dappertutto	Dinh Gilly
Miracle	Leon Rothier
Spalanzani / Schlemil	Andrea de Segurola
Lindorf	Basil Ruysdael
Crespel	Giulio Rossi
Cochenille / Franz	Albert Reiss
Pitichinaccio	Angelo Bada
Nathanael	Pietro Audisio
Hermann	Paolo Ananian
Luther	Bernard Bégué

Conductor—Giorgio Polacco. Stage manager—Julius Speck. Chorus master—Giulio Setti. Technical director—Edward Siedle.

H. E. K.

FAREWELL OF BOSTONIANS

Miss Farrar and Orchestra Delight Capacity Audience.

The musicians from Boston—and how grateful are we these days for their journeys to this town—gave their third Saturday matinee concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. There is no need to say that all who love the best in music were there—that is, all who could get in—for Major Higginson's orchestra never fails in the excellence of its offerings.

Dr. Muck chose for his symphony the Brahms No. 2, in D major, and the remnant of those who still believe the great Johannes dull must surely have found a change of heart had it been present when the Boston orchestra paid tribute to the composer's genius. Dr. Muck gave to the symphony a labor of the tenderest love, and brought out the serene beauties of the work most exquisitely. That the hand responded to every call made upon it by the master is self-evident.

In the second portion of the programme Dr. Muck presented a novelty in Joseph Holbrooke's "Queen Mab," denominated "Shakespeare Poem No. 7 for grand orchestra and chorus" (ad. lib.). The chorus portion was omitted yesterday. This work, by one of England's best known younger composers and musical revolutionists, was magnificently played, and played in a manner which, had it contained less merit than it does, must have made an effect.

Yet, especially in the first movement, there was something in the fantasy of the music that was really Shakespearian, Puck chasing Ariel and an orchestral maze. The love music of the second movement had more than one hint of Wagner, and in the dream of battle Richard Strauss had not been forgotten. But it was ever music that possessed fancy and invention, and if it was programme music it surely did not need Shakespeare's text to justify its existence. The concert closed with a most brilliant performance of Chalmer's "Espana."

But we are forgetting that there was also a singer, and when we suddenly realize that that singer was none less than Miss Geraldine Farrar, we come preciously near leze majesty. No one who has ever seen Miss Farrar at a Boston symphony concert can forget her. For these occasions she reserves her choicest. At them she appears gowned beyond the dreams of Paquin, Redfern and Worth, for in gowns as in impersonations Miss Farrar's dreams are her own. For yesterday her dream had begun in Paris, the Paris of Louis XV, a dream of a cream silk paniier gown, that blew out as she swept down to the footlights like some fair frigate with studding sails set. Then her dream had shifted, and concealing her hands was a most wonderful nineteenth century muff, while her head was surmounted with the hat-like headgear of the winter of 1912-'13.

So Miss Farrar came to us garbed in three centuries, and both she and we were very, very happy. Her songs were the recitative "Temeran" and the aria "Come scoglio" from Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte," and a recitative and aria from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue." Miss Farrar's voice was in splendid condition and she did not hesitate to make the audience acquainted with that fact.

"The Tales of Hoffmann."

Much of the glory of French opera was formerly due to the contributions of foreigners. Lulli, the first Parisian opera composer of special note, was an Italian. Rossini wrote his masterwork, "William Tell," for Paris. Cherubini and Spontini also were Italians. Gluck was a German, and Meyerbeer and Offenbach (who, respectively, brought the French spectacular school of grand opera and the opéra bouffe to a climax of splendor) were Prussian Jews. Yet it cannot be said that any of these foreigners, not even Gluck and Rossini, created masterworks quite equal to the best of those composed by the genuine Frenchmen, particularly Gounod, whose "Faust" and "Romeo" are immortal, and Bizet, whose "Carmen" is the most inspired of all operas excepting Wagner's.

Offenbach played the musical clown for decades and thereby won much fame and cash. He had higher ambitions, nevertheless, and in the last years of his life he composed "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," a serious work which he hoped would outlive his operettas. It has done so. While the lighter works have practically disappeared from the stage, the "Contes" is to-day one of the best drawing of all works in many opera houses, owing partly to the interest attaching to its fantastic libretto and partly to the music, much of which has melodic charm and rhythmic vigor.

Post

It was with this work that Oscar Hammerstein won his biggest and most lasting successes at the Manhattan Opera House, and deservedly so. He had undertaken to specialize in French opera and knew that the wisest way to do so was to engage the best French artists available. The casts varied from year to year, and with Mlle. Cavalieri, Zepplili, or Trentini admirable results were achieved. On other occasions the impersonations of Olympia, Giulietta, and Antonia left much to be desired. But it was due to the men in the cast, to Dalmores, Gilibert, and Renaud, in particular, that these performances rose to unprecedented heights, unequalled, it is safe to say anywhere. Had Oscar Hammerstein done nothing but revive this work with such a cast, he would have deserved a chapter in the annals of local opera. Dalmores invested the part of Hoffmann with rare vocal charm and much romantic interest; Gilibert was inimitably funny as Spalanzani, and Maurice Renaud achieved an operatic miracle by the way in which he enacted in turn the wily Alsatian Jew, Coppelius, the aristocratic demon Dappertutto, and the fiendish Dr. Miracle—a triple impersonation as ineradicable in the memory of theatre-goers as Salvini's Othello, Jean de Reszke's Siegfried, or Lilli Lehmann's Isolde.

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After such a precedent, it took considerable courage on the part of even the Metropolitan, which is the best-equipped opera house in the world, but which does not specialize in French opera—to produce this work. It was done nevertheless on Saturday afternoon, and with more satisfactory results, on the whole, than might have been expected. Mr. Gatti-Casazza seldom disappoints his audiences in the matter of scenery, and while "The Tales of Hoffmann" offers no special opportunities for display, everything was done that was necessary. He also lavished three of his leading prima donnas on the parts of the three women in the plot—Frieda Hempel, Olive Fremstad, and Lucrezia Bori.

Mme. Hempel, as the animated doll, Olympia, made a very agreeable impression on eye and ear. It is not probable that this rôle will ever rank among her best, although the music suits her style. She added some very elaborate vocal ornaments to the florid song Offenbach wrote for this part. She greatly amused the audience by her two collapses, with their necessary winding-up, so much so that one suspects

that Offenbach's work was a novelty to the majority of the hearers—which was, perhaps, fortunate in some cases, as no memories came to trouble their enjoyment. Mme. Hempel will no doubt be more at home later in the artificial stiffness of the doll's acting. On Saturday she occasionally forgot that she was not a human being. She has had the wisdom to dress her part as a young girl, instead of as a child only a few years old. This makes Hoffmann's interest seem more natural.

The second of his loves and disappointments, Giulietta, the Venetian enchantress, was performed by Mme. Fremstad, who looked quite handsome enough to turn any man's head. The music, however, does not suit her especially, and at first she must have failed to hear the orchestra, for in the barcarolle she sang persistently flat, which is a very unusual thing for her. The best thing in this part for her was the triumphant answer, "No," when Dappertutto asks her if she doubts the power of her eyes. It was genuinely dramatic.

Mlle. Bori took the pathetic third rôle of little Antonia, who sings herself to death under the infernal influence of Dr. Miracle. Miss Bori was more dramatic in this rôle than her predecessors in New York, and imparted real feeling to her performance. She looked very pretty, and she possesses the natural fragility of build and grace of motion to fit the part of the ill fated little singer. After the first few measures her voice was as good as her dramatic conception of the part, which is saying a great deal. Miss Bori is proving herself to be a versatile artist, and is a real acquisition at the Metropolitan.

As Hoffmann the new tenor, Umberto Macnez, was more successful than in Rossini's "Barber." He cannot, however, be compared with Dalmores, who sang the part at the Manhattan and is now the Hoffmann of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, nor with Clément, who has sung the part three times this season in Boston. Still, his Hoffmann is a creditable performance, though hardly up to the old Metropolitan standards.

It was a foregone conclusion that Reiss, in the two rôles of the servants, would be most amusing, and equally certain that Segurola would make his two parts interesting. Reiss, as the busy, snub-nosed attendant of the doll, who is so greatly embarrassed when she runs down, yet carries off the situation with a high hand, shared in causing the laughter which greeted the first act. He was equally amusing as the deaf serving-man in the last act, although he hardly looked or moved as if very old. His dancing was particularly funny.

Mr. de Segurola's conception of Spalanzani, the proud owner of the doll, naturally differed as much from that of Gilibert as the two men did physically. Segurola's Spalanzani is slim, small, nervous and quite elegant, not unctuous, as was Gilibert's. Segurola's French diction is admirable, better than that of any one else, except Reiss and Rothier. At Saturday's performance, he and Mr. Didur missed the opportunity for a very funny scene when the two exchange the papers in the transaction of the doll. At the Manhattan the mutual distrust of maker and buyer was one of the most amusing episodes of an unforgettable first act, an act which was once made notable by the genius of two men, whose equals are not to be found on our operatic stage to-day. The doll, the unwitting cause of all the trouble, was not then the keystone of the first act.

In the small part of Schlemil, Segurola appears but a few minutes, to be killed by Hoffmann's sword; but the way he looks, the way he moves, shows that to a real artist like him no part is small.

At the Manhattan Opera House Coppelius (Renaud) spoke his part, which is infinitely more effective, when done by a great actor, than words set to music as inappropriate to the evil character of Coppelius as that which Offenbach wrote. It might have been a love song, and so far as Mr. Didur's French was comprehensible, the words might have been love-words. However, judging by his few spoken words, the management was wise to return to the present form. Mr. Didur is quite inoffensive in the part. There is almost no suggestion of evil in his Coppelius.

The same may be said of Mr. Gilly's Dappertutto. It is ineffective. He sings the part well, and he gives a picturesque effect as he stands quietly observant in the corner of the stage, wrapped in a dull-colored coat, but he quite fails to convey any impression of the malevolence which is the keynote of the three characters. How Renaud used to exult, with malignant delight, over the killing of Schlemil!

The continuity of the spirit of evil, always the same even under different forms, has been completely lost at the Metropolitan. That was the thread upon which the interest of the whole work hung.

The last of the three, Rothier as Dr. Miracle, was the best of all, though he, too, failed to convey all that lies in the fantastic rôle of the doctor. It was not necessary for Renaud to have electrically lighted vials to indicate his diabolical characteristics. However, Rothier did make Miracle appear as wickedly enjoying the results of his plot. His make-up was not good. The false chin, which gave a Punchinello outline to his profile, looked like a forked gray beard and seemed very odd with the coal-black wig. He sang the music well.

Mr. Pollacco had the ensembles well in hand, and preserved much, though not all, of the Gallic spirit of the score. In his esprit and vivacity Offenbach, though a German, was more Parisian than some of the genuine French composers.

Artists Liberal with Encores at Metropolitan

Jan. 13-13

With two soloists from outside of its own ranks, another concert was given in the Metropolitan Opera House by the opera company last night. They were Mme. Namara-Toye, soprano, and Mr. Louis Persinger, violinist. The members of the company who sang were Miss Anna Case, who wore a most becoming costume of white combined with green brocaded velvet, and Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, who seemed to be suffering from a severe cold.

Neither Mr. Witherspoon's cold, nor Miss Case's gown nor the fact that the other soloists were strangers to the house seemed, however, to interfere with the enjoyment of the audience, for it clamared for more music, although the programme was long, and it almost always got what it wanted, for the artists were unusually generous.

Miss Case sang David's "Charmant Oiseau," with a ute obligato by Mr. Otto Stoeckert, so charmingly that she had to sing again, giving as an encore Gounod's "Ave Maria." Later, with Mr. Charles Spross at the piano, she sang a group of songs, including "Will o' the Wisp." Mme. Namara-Toye's first number was the Voi Che Sapete from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" and her second, a group of songs by Dvorak, Martini, Rubner and Ferri. After these she was asked for an encore and responded with "Mavourneen."

Mr. Witherspoon sang two excerpts from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," and later songs by Gluck and Rubinstein. To these he added an encore, although the audience would have excused him because of his hoarseness.

Mr. Persinger played Wieniawski's D minor concerto for the violin, giving an excellent performance. On his second appearance he played a group of pieces and was recalled until he also gave an encore. Not the least pleasing part of the concert was the work of the orchestra under Mr. Adolph Rothmeyer, especially in Weber's Oberon overture and the ballet music from Delibes' "Sylvia."

BIG HOUSE GREETS SINGERS

Jan. 13-13 Tribune

Persinger, Namara-Toye, Case and Witherspoon Win Applause.

Last night's concert at the Metropolitan Opera House drew a good sized audience, despite the fact that there was no world famed instrumentalist as an extra feature.

The artists appearing were Louis Persinger, violinist; Miss Navaro-Toye, soprano, and Miss Case and Mr. Witherspoon, of the opera. Mr. Persinger played the Wieniawski Violin Concerto in D minor and several shorter pieces with the sincere musicianship and warm tone that he has displayed at his previous appearance in New York.

Mme. Toye's natural voice is a fine one, but her method of using it too often is to be deplored. She sang Mozart's "Voi che Sapete" and a group of songs. Miss Case gave an air from David's "Charmant Oiseau" and a number of American songs, with Gounod's "Ave Maria" and a song by Chaminade for encores. Her voice was delightfully pure, her breath control admirable, and she sang with expression and a delicate regard for nuance.

Mr. Witherspoon was likewise in good voice, singing two airs from Berlioz' "Damnation de Faust" and two songs by Gluck and Rubinstein. The orchestral selections were under the direction of Adolph Witherspoon.

Leon Rains's Recital.

Léon Rains, basso, and an American, in spite of being ornamented with the Germanically impressive titles of "Royal Saxon Court Singer" and "Professor Extraordinary of Arts and Sciences," was heard in a recital of songs in Aeolian Hall, Saturday evening. Mr. Rains is not altogether a stranger here. About five years ago he appeared at the Metropolitan as Hagen and Mephistopheles, but was not there long enough to create a very lasting or definite impression, yet he has won favor abroad, particularly at the Dresden Opera, with which he was associated for a considerable period. In fact he enjoyed the distinction of being the first American member of its company. Some time ago a change in his artistic ambitions moved him to curtail the number of his operatic appearances in behalf of *lieder* singing. Jan. 13-13

Now it is not every operatic singer who can successfully gratify that whim, however conscientious his efforts to do so. Mr. Rains showed himself on Saturday evening to be one of the fortunate exceptions. While his work may not be altogether without shortcomings, he is undeniably a serious and interesting artist. His voice is a true basso, of wide range, a fine, natural quality, and good volume. Moreover, it is not unwieldy, as is so often the case with voices of this type. On the whole it is a well-handled voice, and Mr. Rains can produce some beautiful pianissimo effects—an accomplishment none too frequently encountered among bassos. A noticeable defect, however, was the singer's intonation, for he flatted considerably at frequent intervals during the evening.

With the exception of Schubert's "Wanderer" and "Doppelgänger" at the beginning, Mr. Rains's programme offered little of musical attractiveness. He sang Brahms, Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, several songs by Hans Sommer, and two by his accompanist, Roland Bocquet. But reprehensible as it may be it is unhappily nothing unusual these days for singers to seek primarily for any and every song that suits their style rather than to occupy themselves with mastersongs. Mr. Rains is at his best in numbers of a more dramatic cast, and these predominated on his programme. He interprets them with convincing emotional insight. His "Doppelgänger" had the right degree of repressed intensity and poignancy. Very effective was his singing of Brahms's "Auf dem Kirchhof" and "Verrath." While he did all that can be done with Wolf's "Gesellenlied," "Der Tambour," "Der Genesene an die Hoffnung," and "Feuerreiter," he could not, of course, atone for their melodic deficiencies even by forceful ness of interpretation. Besides, a few numbers of less sombre character would materially have improved the programme which grew monotonous through its lack of contrasting moods. Post.

Roland Bocquet, though he might have played the thrilling chords of the "Doppelgänger" with sharper accentuation, showed himself to be an admirably gifted accompanist.

Nina Morgana Charms First Night Audience

American Jan. 13-13

Beautiful and Young Coloratura Soprano Wins Great Applause in Concert Work at Casino Theatre.

Mlle. Nina Morgana, a coloratura soprano, the latest "find" of Arthur Hammerstein, sang before her first New York audience last evening at a concert in the Casino Theatre.

The beautiful young girl was most cordially received and won great applause. Her first number was an aria from "Mirreille." Her voice, of considerable volume, modulated with exquisite delicacy, pleased the large audience. For an encore Mlle. Morgana sang the duo from the first act of "Lucia di Lammermoor" with Orville Harold.

Mlle. Morgana, an Italian-American girl, is a native of Buffalo. When Oscar Hammerstein heard her sing, shortly after his arrival from England, he was completely charmed with her voice.

NEW SOPRANO'S DEBUT.

Jan. 13-13

Miss Nina Morgan and Mr. Orville Harrold Sing in Concert.

Mr. Orville Harrold, who used to sing in grand opera for Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, and Miss Nina Morgana, a young soprano "discovered" by the impresario and his son Arthur, were the principal soloists at a concert of popular appeal given in the Casino Theatre last night.

It was Miss Morgana's metropolitan début. She sang an aria from Gounod's "Mirrielle" and the Bach-Gounod Ava Maria, the latter with violin obligato by Mr. Henry Wokki, and also was heard with Mr. Harrold, Mme. Finley and Mr. Thomas Hardie in a quartet from "Rigoletto." She displayed a good voice, and the audience recalled her several times. She made a very pleasant impression.

Mr. Harrold's singing of the E Lucean le Stelle aria from "Tosca" was enjoyed, and also the "Dio Passente" from "Faust," as sung by Mr. Hardie. Mr. Wolski played the meditation music from "Thais," and the orchestra, under Mr. Gaetano Merola, was heard in the "Phedre" overture and Saint-Saën's Danse Macabre.

MARUM-BROCKWAY ENSEMBLE

Times Jan. 13-13

An Evening of Piano and Violin Sonatas in Rumford Hall.

The first of a projected series of chamber concerts was given last evening in Rumford Hall by Messrs. Ludwig Marum, violinist, and Howard Brockway, pianist. They styled themselves on this occasion the Marum-Brockway ensemble. There was a considerable audience present. The programme contained a new sonata for violin and piano by M. Enrico Bossi, Op. 117, in C major, played for the first time in New York. Its composer is a highly esteemed contemporary Italian musician, one of a comparatively few who are chiefly devoted to instrumental music. The work is pleasing in its melodious quality and its clear and fluent writing, but it is not very stirring or very original music. Bach's sonata for piano and violin in B minor and Mr. Brockway's in G minor, Op. 9, also stood on the programme.

Wagner's Music for Symphony Society's Concert

Jan. 13-13

Whole Programme Taken from Works of German Master—Singers Assist Orchestra.

Herald

With four singers in addition to the orchestra the annual Wagnerian programme of the Symphony Society of New York was given in the presence of a large and demonstrative audience in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Walter Damrosch had his forces under excellent control and the concert left little to be desired.

Mr. Paul Althouse, a tenor with pleasing address and a flexible voice, of purity and strength, sang "The Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" capitally. He was heartily applauded for this and for Siegmund's "Love Song" from "Die Walkuere." An interesting feature was the appearance of Mrs. Edith Chapman Goold, Mrs. Edna Sands Dunham and Miss Mary Jordan as the Rhine Maidens in "Das Rheingold." They sang well and were persuaded to repeat the number, a concession not usually granted at these concerts.

Mr. Damrosch's arrangement of the love music from the second act of "Tristan und Isolde," as well as the prelude to "Das Rheingold," was warmly applauded. The programme included eight numbers, all typical of the genius of the German composer. The work of the violinists in the mystic echo effects that make delightful the prelude of "Lohengrin" and the "Tannhaeuser" bacchanale was artistic to a degree. The "Rienzi" overture was the opening number and was on a par with those that followed.

Jan 14 1913

MEYERBEER'S OPERA ATTRACTS BIG CROWD

Sun.

"Les Huguenots" Performed for

Meyerbeer's "Les Hugenots" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening to begin the tenth week of the season. It was the third performance of the work this winter and the audience was larger than those at the other two. Not only that, but it was almost equal to the largest of the season. This seems to demonstrate pretty clearly that the opera has taken a new lease of life. It has benefited by its period of rest, as many a better work has done in its turn.

It is a fact familiar to those whose duty it is to keep watch upon musical proceedings that the flood tide of operatic enthusiasm does not sweep the public off its feet till after the Christmas holidays. Doubtless "Les Hugenots" is floating to prosperity on the broad bosom of this enlivening tide. One thing is quite certain, to wit: That the public can still find delight in the spe-

cious and spectacular music of Meyerbeer, although the cast is not the peer of those which excited the populace in the brave days of old.

The present cast is strong at one end and weak at the other, but the strength is sufficient to carry the performance. The opera is one largely designed for vocal display, and for that reason it seems a pity that roles which can be made prominent when interpreted by great singers should have to be allowed to sink into comparative insignificance. But in the present dearth of brilliant vocal artists this seems to be unavoidable.

Miss Hempel, Mme. Destinn and Mr. Caruso are the real vocal stars of the present cast. Mr Scotti, while not able to sing with his old time brilliancy of tone, is still a master of style, of diction and of action, and his *De Nevers* is therefore worthily associated with the impersonations of the other artists. Mr. Caruso was in excellent voice last evening, but it must be admitted that Miss Hempel's upper tones again failed to meet the requirements of the music of the second act.

"The Huguenots" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last night for the third time this season before a crowded house, Destinn singing Valentina, Madame Hempel appearing as the Queen of Navarre (the role of her debutt and Caruso and Scotti, as before, the Raoul and De Nevers of the Meyerbeer opera. Didur was the old Protestant soldier, Rothier again the Count de Saint-Bris and Alten the page, Urbain. Mr. Polacco conducted.

MR. LHEVINNE'S RECITAL.

Times

The Russian Pianist Pleases a Large Audience in Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Josef Lhévinne compelled some revisions of the estimate of him as a pianist by his recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He had appeared but once before in New York this season, when he played Tschaikowsky's concerto. It has not been possible in the several years in which he has been playing in New York to find imaginative flight in much of his performances, notwithstanding its many extraordinary excellencies. Yesterday he showed a warmer feeling and a firmer grasp in the purely musical qualities of what he was playing than he has before. There was a poetic touch in more than a little of it, and there was a sense of the larger proportions in the greater pieces of his programme, in which this is an important element. His tone, too, seemed even more beautiful in its bigness, roundness, and fullness, of greater variety in its tints and shades, though this has been a feature of his playing that has always been admired. Jan. 14 '13

In short, Mr. Lhévinne seemed to have made an appreciable step forward toward the higher qualities of musicianship. With all this, his technical powers, which have always been of an unusually high development, were raised even to a greater mastery; and much of what he did could not be surpassed in brilliancy, accuracy, and fleetness by pianists famed for the very highest dexterity in this matter.

His playing of Liszt's transcription of Bach's organ prelude and fugue in G minor was not alone of grandiose power and stateliness. In the prelude there was something of romantic spirit. The fugue was taken at a pace that some would consider too fast, not a little faster than would be fitting for its performance on the organ, but his playing of it was exquisitely clear in its disclosure of the contrapuntal voices, and in their adjustment as strands of the polyphonic fabric; yet not as a contrapuntal exercise, but as a musical expression. He played Beethoven's sonata, Op. 81, "Les Adieux, L'Absence, et Le Retour," which Mr Gadowsky a few weeks ago had roused from a long slumber; there is a fashion in sonatas as well as in some other things. He played it with felicitous appreciation of the poetic content of the music. Not one of the great sonatas, it has yet an unfaded charm, and the unmistakable touch of the master.

One of Mr. Lhévinne's most successful achievements was his performance of Brahms's variations on a theme of Paganini's. He gave them all, and with not only a magnificent bravura and orphnut mastery of their many and difficult technical problems, but with a really remarkable variety of characterization in the several variations, in tone, touch, and expression—for they are far from being the purely technical figurations that the mechanical piano player may make them seem. Another brilliant number was Tausig's transcription of Schumann's song "El Contrabandista," which pianists have not made familiar though it is effective; so effective that Mr Lhévinne was called on to repeat it.

He played Liszt's transcription of Mendelssohn's song "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," with singing tone; three pieces by Chopin, a gavotte by Glazunow, and Balakireff's dazzling Oriental fantasy "Islamey." There was as large an audience as the hall would hold.

MR. GRUPPE'S RECITAL.

Times Jan. 14 '13

Reappearance of the Young Violoncellist in Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Paolo Gruppe, a young violoncellist, who has appeared before in New York, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. It needs an artist of high attainments to make interesting an entire evening of music for the violoncello, and there were moments in this recital when the interest lagged. This was particularly the case with Bach's suite in C major for the violoncello, unaccompanied, some of whose movements present problems that the greatest artists find difficulty in solving. Mr. Gruppe was more successful in Saint-Saëns's sonata for violoncello, with the pianoforte. It is not a highly inspired composition, but it treats the violoncello in a rational and interesting manner and gives pleasure, if it does not thrill. He also played a number of shorter pieces; a Chanson sans Paroles, by Tschaikowsky; a minuet, by Haydn; Saint-Saëns's "Le Cygne," and an Allegro, by Klengel. Mr. Gruppe's intonation was not invariably perfect, nor his technique always beyond reproach. In music that is within his range he played agreeably, without affectation and with taste. His accompaniments and the piano part of the sonata were played by Mr. Max Herzberg.

Jan 15 '13

MUSIC BY LOEFFLER PLAYED BY KNEISELS

The third subscription concert of the Kneisel Quartet took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The programme comprised three numbers, the C minor quartet, opus 51, No. 2, of Brahms; Charles Martin Loeffler's quintet in F major for three violins, viola and 'cello and Grieg's G minor quartet, opus 27. The assisting violinist in the quintet was Samuel Gardner of Providence. As usual, the audience quite filled the house and its demeanor bespoke the liveliest satisfaction.

Mr. Loeffler's quintet is in effect a novelty, though it is not new. It was played here by the Kneisel Quartet as long ago as March 25, 1902, when it was in very truth a novelty. The quintet is in one extended movement and the distribution of instruments is by no means its least felicitous feature. Customarily musicians make a string quintet by adding to a quartet a second 'cello. The result too often is that while the high voices of the ensemble remain the same the low voices are more numerous and sometimes the harmony becomes thick and heavy.

In Mr. Loeffler's composition the balance is admirable, and as the composer has written much of his work in the upper regions of the instrumental scale the clear, soaring chords are captivating in themselves. The form of the quintet is pleasing. The movement is marked allegro commodo, but there is an episode marked poco allegretto. The opening allegro is developed from two contrasting themes after the method laid down by the fathers of the sonata, but the complete sonata form is not utilized. The principal theme of this part is a most ingratiating one of a folk song type (if not an adaptation of an extant folk song) with a strongly marked rhythm and an elementary balance of phrase which must appeal to the least sophisticated listener.

The second theme is Russian folk song pure and simple and the episode appears to be made of similar material. After the episode a return is made to the themes of the allegro commodo and the composition comes to its end with a beautifully made coda. The plan seems to have been designed with a view to creating the effect of three compact movements without interruption.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Loeffler's excursions into the field of Debussian tonalities and his appeals for inspiration to the lugubrious dramas of Mr. Maeterlinck will hear this composition with agreeable surprise. It has no relationship whatever to the new Gallic school, but is a fresh, spontaneous and delightful piece of music of old fashioned frankness. It vibrates with melody and it glows with opulent harmony. Graceful, fluent and melodious in thematic matter, clear, well balanced and solid in part writing, it works itself out in a lucid, symmetrical shape and leaves the hearer with a refreshed mind and a warmed fancy.

Music of this kind is entirely wholesome and is healthy in itself. It has sentiment, humor, tenderness, waywardness and intelligence. It has no quarrel with life and no sickness of the soul to advertise. The performance of the composition was one to demand praise of the heartiest sort. Clarity, beauty and balance of tone pervaded it and there was a fine enthusiasm which inspired the whole delivery with communicative force.

The minor quartet of Brahms is not frequently heard. It dwelt long in the composer's mind, for he had some of it on paper in 1866 and yet it was not performed in its completed form till 1873. It is a characteristic work, replete with the idioms of the Viennese master and publishing continually his well known instrumental methods. The playing of it by Mr. Kneisel and his associates was exquisitely finished and aroused the audience to prolonged applause. The warmest demonstration was that which followed the allegretto, which is the substitute for a scherzo. This closely thought out movement was so performed that it became a striking feature of the concert.

CHAMBER MUSIC SONG

Jan. 15 '13

Concerts by the Kneisel Quartet and Mme. Butt.

Tribune

The principal musical occurrences of yesterday were of the kind which ordinarily make particular appeal to the cognoscenti and are caviare to the general—a song recital and a concert of chamber music. But by the style of announcement adopted, also, to some extent, by the character of the programme, and still more by the nature of the performance, the song recital became a not altogether worthy companion of the chamber concert. It took place in the afternoon, in Carnegie Hall, and was to have been a joint recital by Mme. Clara Butt and her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford; but Mr. Rumford was under the weather (small wonder, with the temperature as unstable as it has been ever since the calendar indicated the winter season!), so Mr. Loudon Charlton, the manager, substituted some violin solos by Mr. Edward Dethier for the songs which Mr. Rumford could not sing, and the song recital took on something of the character of the concerts which we used to hear before the recital came in vogue. Mr. Dethier is a violinist of excellent training and taste, some of which he has acquired from association with Mr. Kneisel, who, with the other members of his quartet and Mr. Samuel Gardner, one of Mr. Kneisel's artist pupils, gave the chamber concert, which took place in Aeolian Hall in the evening.

Mr. Dethier's contribution to the entertainment was wholly agreeable. It would be pleasant to say as much, with the added emphasis which her vocal gift and great reputation invited, of Mme. Butt; but it cannot truthfully be done. There is no praise which would be too great for this singer if her taste and command of the technics of her art were commensurate with the beauty and volume of her voice. The glorious splendor of her tones and their marvellously appealing gamba quality beggar description whenever she chooses to consider the laws of beauty while producing them. Such a voice would not only sway the multitude, but also dumbfound all criticism were it used always as Mme. Butt sometimes uses it; but it only brings grief to the judicious who know the rarity of such a treasure when it is employed as she employed it yesterday in nearly every song she sang. Song recitals by great artists have come to be reckoned as one of the great educational assets of the metropolis. Singing teachers go to them to get helpful suggestions, and pupils for the pleasure which comes from observing how the accomplished overcome the difficulties which vex and weary their souls. It is to be hoped that none of those in the great audience at Carnegie Hall yesterday was misled to accept Mme. Butt as an exemplar in any particular. In that way danger lies not only for the student, but for the taste of the ordinary listener as well. It is a pity, for though the lady's technical equipment cannot compass the florid style of the eighteenth century classics, she might, if she but would, be an inspiration in the pure sustained style. But her desire to amaze and confound by the mere power of her voice has led her into paths which lead far away from the realms of beauty.

The programme of the Kneisel Quartet consisted of Brahms's Quartet in C minor (Op. 51, No. 1), a quintet for three violins, viola and violoncello, by Charles Martin Loffler, and Grigg's Quartet in G minor. In the performance of the first number there was a lack of brilliancy of tone for which, perhaps, the composer was more to blame than the players, for the style of Brahms is one of the things with which Mr. Kneisel has saturated himself and which he never fails to communicate to his companions. But the slow movement was radiant with a beauty upon which a shadow never fell for a moment. Its melodic lines were exquisitely spun by all the instruments and shone like dewy threads of gossamer in the light of early morning.

Mr. Loeffler's quintet is one of the Boston master's early works. It was written at least twenty years ago and was heard here once before at a Kneisel concert—in 1902. It has not been published, probably because it no longer speaks the composer's artistic creed. But it is beautiful music full of a haunting, exotic loveliness, some of which is due to its employment of melodies which either came from the Orient or were inspired by the spirit of the East. One theme, that of the middle section—the quintet is in a single movement—is indubitably Russian. It is a folksong, "Notchka," but Mr. Loeffler has changed its heavy-hearted minor mode and mood into the more cheerful major. No matter what the source of the other themes, they are fascinating in themselves and have been made thrice fascinating by their ingenious and thoroughly musical treatment. The five instruments sing incessantly and it was a sluggish fancy which was not stirred into activity by their song last night, which was of the highest order to which masters of the loftiest form of music can give utterance. H. E. K.

Kneisel Quartet Favorites.

What is the favorite quartet of the very "high-toned" audience which frequents the Kneisel concerts? One felt inclined to think, last night, that Grieg's quartet in G minor was "it." Though this audience frequently lavishes on Messrs. Kneisel, Letz, Svecensky, and Willeke the cordial applause they so well deserve, it is very seldom that the four men have to rise quite so often in response to the applause as they had to last night—twice after the first movement, twice after the second, and three times after the third. The playing was imbued with the Norse spirit, and when thus played, the Grieg quartet makes an irresistible appeal to all music-lovers by its exotic and captivating rhythms, its individual and tender melodies, its striking modulations, and "juicy" dissonances, as Hanslick called them, and its almost orchestral variety of coloring. The Romance, and the Spielmann's Lied, which is the theme of the first movement and enters again in a thrilling way in the last, are two immortal melodies. Jan. 15 '13

This quartet was preceded by a quintet for three violins, viola, and violoncello (an unusual combination), by Charles M. Loeffler. It is in manuscript, and was composed some years ago before Mr. Loeffler became more Debussyan than Debussy himself. Harmonically, there is little of interest in this quintet in F major. The themes are borrowed from the realm of Russian folksong. The best thing about the work is its brevity; it has only one movement, and lasts only a quarter of an hour. A welcome innovation. The audience applauded this work vigorously.

The concert opened with Brahms's quartet in C minor, opus 51, No. 1. This, too, the Kneisels played superbly, and after the quaint allegretto, the players had to get up three times. Mr. Kneisel was a personal friend of Brahms, and he plays his music as one who loves it. Brahms is usually at his best in chamber music, and this quartet is one of his masterworks, brimful of ideas, ingratiating melodies, and striking details of working out. Altogether, the concert was the best the Kneisels have given this year.

CONCERT OF MME. BUTT.

Jan. 15 '13

Her Husband Unable to Appear Because of Cold.

Sun

Mme. Clara Butt was heard in a concert given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The entertainment was not carried out on the lines originally planned because Kennerly Rumford, baritone and consort of Mme. Butt, was to have sung, but failed to appear. On the previous evening he contracted a cold and yesterday morning he was so hoarse that all thought of singing had to be abandoned. In this emergency the manager, Loudon Charlton, was obliged to call in the aid of one of his other musicians to fill out the programme. This was Edouard Dethier, who endeavored to occupy the space left vacant by the non appearance of Mr. Rumford.

Mme. Butt sang the numbers set down for her and a large audience rewarded her with liberal applause. Her programme was characteristic. It began with two old Italian airs, continued with two German songs of the highest type, then glided gently into an old Breton air arranged by the untiring Bourgault-Ducoudray, next made an excursion for two numbers into the fantastic land of Debussy and suddenly emerged into the placid and shallow waters of the English "pop" school.

Throughout the concert the traits of Mme. Butt's art, already described in this place, were again exhibited. She sang "Rendil Sereno" from Handel's "Sosarme," however, much better than she sang anything else, and in a style to call for some commendation. Her delivery of "Lasinghe piu care" was uneven in tonal quality and in some places rude in style. Her singing of Schubert's "Die Allmacht"

was disappointing, for she ought, with her huge volume of voice, to have made a striking effect whereas, owing to bad management of the medium register, the number fell rather flat

She sang the air of *Lia* from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" with insistent fervor, but her presentation of the familiar "Mandoline" was altogether wonderful in its compendium of all the things that one should not do. This song, like some others, had to be repeated, but it rarely escapes this tribute to the ingenuity of the composer.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

Brahms, Loeffler, and Grieg Played at the Third Concert.

Mr. Kneisel's programme for the third concert of his quartet last evening was in the modern vein, but not the aggressively modern, that sometimes causes darkened brows and glowing thoughts and regretful sighs, when he preaches the evangel of the new and wholly unfamiliar. Brahms's quartet in C minor, which has repeatedly figured on Mr. Kneisel's programme, has not lost any of its freshness or power, nor any of its characteristic originality. It could be only Brahms. Some have found it stern and forbidding music, or at least the first and last movements. They do not seem so as the Kneisel Quartet plays them; they seem vigorous, even drastic, strong, masculine music; and yet even these "corner movements," as the Germans call them, are breathed upon by the romantic spirit that penetrates so deeply into the Romanze and the Allegretto. And Mr. Kneisel plays this music with authority. He knows, and can say of his interpretations, so Brahms has heard it played and so he wished it—for there was here a direct laying on of hands.

He can say the same, too, of Charles Martin Loeffler's quintette in F major, which was the second number on the programme. He has played it in New York before, but not since 1902. In dates, at least as far back as 1895. It is, in fact, "early Loeffler." There are few composers of real stuff who do not show by their growth in art differences in style. Mr. Loeffler at this period had not listened to the siren notes of the whole tone scale, and his harmonies and harmonic progressions in this composition inflict no torture now, even upon ears that lag a little behind the advance guard. What he had listened to, to good purpose, were the folk songs of Russia, and many, if not most of the themes ni this quintette, are derived from that source. They are full of an individual flavor and beauty of their own, and Mr. Loeffler's use of them has been skillful and imaginative. He has used them as thematic material out of which he has, by the workings of a creative and by a true development, and artistically sensitive mind, produced music that profoundly impresses through its beauty and originality. It is singular in form, for there is but one movement in which the composer has said all he has to say. He has employed the unusual combination of three violins, viola, and violoncello, and has produced a rich tonal fabric, something of remarkable sonority and varied tonal coloring, and peculiarly apt in the expression of his musical thought.

In the quintette Mr. Kneisel and his associates had the assistance of Mr. Samuel Gardner, violin, who seemed worthy. There was at the end Grieg's vehement and sometimes boisterous string quartette, which has been in the repetory of the Kneisel Quartette for many years.

Mme. Butt's Recital.

Mr. Kennerley Rumford, who was to have shared the recital with his wife, Mme. Clara Butt, was unable to appear yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, owing to excessive hoarseness. His place was taken by the violinist, Mr. Dethler, who played a suite of Sinding, the Pugnani-Kreisler Prelude and Allegro, an Adagio by Brahms, and Sarasate's Spanish Dance. Although the audience was disappointed at not hearing Mr. Rumford, they were pleased with Mr. Dethier's playing.

From the point of view of singing, pure and simple, Mme. Butt was far more satisfactory than she was at her recent concert with orchestra. The piano did not seem to inspire in her such a desire to use the whole volume of her voice as did the orchestra, and the result was more agreeable to critical ears. There was much less of the heavy, ugly chest quality, and in such work as Handel's "Lusinghe piu care" Mme. Butt showed a surprising vocal facility and the ability to sing with a light voice. She has as many voices as Scalchi was credited with, and any one who has heard her sing the "Nussbaum" only, would have decided she had a deep mezzo-soprano, with an excellent, carrying medium register. On the other hand, she brought the massiveness of her voice to bear on Schubert's "Alimacht," although she wisely excluded most of the disagreeable heavy quality of the lower tones and the pushing up of the chest register. As an encore she added Schubert's "Wanderer," in which she dropped to a final low D of a beautiful quality, with amazing ease, a thing few basses can do. Jan. 15 '13

The surprising thing about Mme. Butt's singing is that at times it is so good, while in the next phrase, perhaps, it will be bad. She seems both to know and not to know how to sing. At this recital it was the singer that triumphed. It is a pity that an equally favorable artistic impression was not made at her first appearance. Like most English singers, she commands a diction which is admirable, in whatever language she may sing. Post

Debussy's Recitative and Air of Lia from "L'Enfant Prodigue" is a curious mixture of unformed Debussy and Massenet. Mme. Butt did full justice to its dramatic character. The often-sung "Mandoline" followed, and was repeated. Mme. Butt sings it more slowly than most singers, which is an improvement.

Graham Peel's "Early Morning," in English, brought back the strange tenor with which Mme. Butt frequently surprises her hearers. The audience seems to like this peculiar misuse of a noble voice, which is perhaps one reason why Mme. Butt has fallen into this method of vocal emission. Following this was a song "Women of Inver," the words by Ruth Sawyer and the music by Raymond Loughborough. Unfortunately, the music is not as good as the beautiful words. Its tragic mood suits Mme. Butt well, and as she sings it every word tells.

At the end of the concert Mme. Butt added several encores.

SOME AMERICAN MUSIC

Jan. 16 '13

Songs by a Women's Choir and Francis Rogers.

There were tow concerts in Æolian Hall, yesterday, at which there was considerable exploitation of the American composer. In the afternoon, Mr. Francis Rogers and Mr. Howard Brockway appeared together in a recital, at which Mr. Brockway played some of his pianoforte pieces and Mr. Rogers, besides a group of songs by old and new masters—Handl, Sarti, Brahms, Rubinstein, Sinding and Greig—sang some of Mr. Brockway's songs, and wound up with an old French, a Scottish and an Irish (or is "Off to Philadelphia" only pseudo Irish?) song, and a sentimental production by Charles B. Hawley. In the evening a choir of women's voices, the St. Cecilia Club, conducted by Mr. Victor Harris, gave a concert for the benefit of the People's Symphony Club, the programme of which displayed a rather astonishing array of American names—G. W. Chadwick, Bruno Huhn, Ethelbert Nevin, R. Huntington Woodman, Henry K. Hadley, Victor Harris, H. Clough Leighter, Charles Gilbert Spoors and Charles Cadman.

Here we have eleven American composers and two occasions in one day on which the much discussed class to which they belong received the kind of encouragement which every article on the subject of native musicians tells us is the one thing needful for their development. Any music publisher's catalogue would supply two or three times as many names more, a fact which justifies a little curiosity as to who it was who told Miss Maggie Tuyte in Chicago recently that the American composer did not exist. It was, in a way, a fortunate speech, however, for it induced the gifted little lady to undertake a search which, it is pleasant to report, had good results. In an article in "The Record-Herald," full of an American patriotism which was scarcely to have been expected from a Briton, Miss Tate informed a benighted world that the American composer did exist, but that his work had deficiencies which were due to the fact that he wrote from a plenitude of inspiration and a paucity of experience, for which he was not to be blamed, "because he is rarely given a chance to hear himself and to judge of his shortcomings." And then Miss Teyte announced her unselfish determination to encourage American writers of music to "higher and better endeavor" by singing their songs—which is very good of her, very good indeed. She also pitied their youthfulness. This drawback is one which they will outgrow, and with the "encouragement" which they are now to receive from Miss Teyte it may be said that the day of the American composer is dawning. Perhaps yesterday's concerts are particularly entitled to a kindly record, as being supplementary to Miss Teyte's generous enterprise. All of the music was graciously received by the hearers, even though Mr. Rogers was not in good voice, and Mrs. Harris's choir could not stir the emotions very deeply because of the lack of the masculine element in its tone. H. E. K.

ROGERS AND BROCKWAY.

The Baritone and the Composer-Pianist Appear Together in a Recital.

Francis Rogers and Howard Brockway gave a recital together yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall in which they afforded each other mutual aid and comfort; for Mr. Rogers sang a group of Mr. Brockway's songs and Mr. Brockway played all of Mr. Rogers's accompaniments, and likewise a group of his own pianoforte pieces Both are excellent musicians and both are well-known in New York. Times

Mr. Rogers seemed not to be in his best voice, and his tones were somewhat clouded and were not at all times produced with fullness or apparent ease. His fine vocal skill, however, stood him in good stead and brought him success in a number of his songs. He was at his best in two airs of Handel "Come and Trip It," and the "Furibondo Spira il Vento," from "Partenope," in his most magnificent florid manner. In the first the singer's finely pointed style and actions were admirable in effect, though they served also to emphasize Handel's carelessness in the musical treatment of his text. He gave an exquisite piece of singing in Rubenstein's song, "Der Asra," both technically and in the exact reproduction of the spirit of its spirit. It was so well appreciated that he was called upon to repeat it. He was apparently somewhat hampered by his vocal condition in his delivery of Grieg's "Eros," a sonorously declamatory song that seems to have escaped the notice of most singers; but his conception was on broad and dramatic lines. The group of songs by Mr. Brockway delicately express tenderness and amorous sentiment; except "Aghadoe," which partakes more of the descriptive ballad style and is contsructed on broader lines. Mr. Rogers's diction, especially in his English songs, was of a clearness and finish fittingly enforcing his advocacy of better things in this direction.

The piano pieces of Mr. Brockway are in the nature of miniature bits of programme music, small in scale, finished in detail, ingeniously wrought, but making no deep ruffle upon the surface of the musical waters. He played them with much grace and charm, and his accompaniments to Mr. Rogers's songs were highly artistic.

ISOLDE OF ISOLDES SINGS

Mme. Fremstad Appears in Part for First Time This Season.

The Isolde of Isoldes sang last night. It was Mme. Olive Fremstad who appeared in the part for the first time this season. A queen such as there is none other upon the stage to-day, a woman radiant and tender, an avator of tragedy. It is useless to speak of her acting, of her plastic beauty, of herexquisite singing. No words can express what she expressed last night. Praise, praise, only praise, can be her portion. All that those who love what is beautiful can do, is to bow in gratitude and wonder before her. It was a great privilege to have been present at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, a privilege such as comes once in a lifetime. Jan. 16 '13

Mme. Fremstad's associates, Mr. Burrian, Mme. Matzenawr, Mr. Weil, Mr. Griswold, were all inspired by the spirit that Mme, Fremstad shed about her, and praise must be their portion, too. Mr. Toscanini led the orchestra.